

# The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 144

## Why you, a Baptist, Should Join the Local Baptist Church.

1. Because it is an evidence and expression of your loyalty to Christ and your denomination.

2. Because it increases the effectiveness of Christian work. (a) Through the concentration of effort in your own community. Non-residence dissipates energy. (b) Through the increase of power and efficiency of Christian forces in your own community. Localization of effort leads to this. It means the union of the many instead of the few. Non-residence is a source of weakness in church life.

3. Because it removes certain difficulties due to or accompanying non-residence. (a) That of time and expense, which are increased by non-residence. (b) That of proper support of the "home" church; made almost impossible by non-residence. (c) That of trying to support two churches, the "home" and the "local." (d) That of spiritual declension and often as a result loss of membership in the "home" church. Non-residence offers a real occasion to backsliding.

4. Because it aids the Christian life. (a) Through the opportunities for Christian service it offers and the Christian activity it makes possible. (b) Through the occasion it supplies for the immediate application of personal power. It is easier to work near by than far away. (c) Entrance into active work in the "local" church will make it less hard.

2. It is difficult to become acquainted with the members of the "local" church. (a) Meeting them half way will diminish this. (b) Constant attendance on church services will obviate this. (c) Active work will entirely remove it.

3. It is troublesome to transfer one's membership. Not so, for the officials of the respective churches take full charge of that.

Trusting that God may guide you into a realization of the importance and necessity for such a step as is here advocated, and that you may be led to come in among us and work with us for the glory of God, I am,

Your would be pastor.

## Beer for Christians.

Mark was a hard-working blacksmith, accustomed to the daily use of beer. He thought he needed it to assist his digestion, and to give him strength for his daily tasks. He was a young convert, but he had not learned the truth about beer. He thought it was good, and so his conscience did not tell him to give it up. His pastor reasoned with him, and other friends pleaded so far in vain. But doubts of its value crept in, and then conscience reproved him, and he became restless and irritable. He even went so far as to return a sharp reply to his pastor on the subject, as they walked together to the prayer meeting.

There were great searchings of heart that night, and he became convinced that it was the indulgence of his appetite, and not the need of the beer, that stood in the way. Before the close of the meeting there was a season of silent prayer, and while on his knees at that solemn moment he resolved to give up the beer. He lost no time in telling his pastor, his wife, and his fellow-Christians of his vow, which he faithfully kept. Often since that time we have heard him say: "My brethren, I am now convinced that I cannot be a true Christian and yet indulge in a glass of beer."

We do not say that no true Christian drink beer. So great is our infirmity and so many are our imperfections that we fear very many of our practices are not pleasing in the sight of a pure God. But because He bears with us, that

is no reason why we should persist in a bad practice. It is our duty to find out the truth about beer at once, and act upon it. If it poisons and debases and injures others, it will do the same to us. It is never a help to Christian life, and it will be likely to lead our hearts away from God if we persist in it. Through such practices many are weak, many are defiled, many make shipwreck of faith, and those who rise to the higher walks of Christian life feel constrained to practice total abstinence from all that intoxicates. Certainly in this favored land, where temperance and Christianity go hand in hand, and where the true nature and effects of the use of beer are so clearly explained to all the people, each one of us might join with Mark and say "As for me, I cannot be a Christian and drink beer."

## The Cross of Christ.

By John Humpstone, D. D.

Salvation is both a deliverance and a discipline. But it must be the former before it can be the latter. The primary purpose of the death of Christ is our redemption from sin. Any other operative result of that death is sequential. Only as this principal purpose, this constitutive intent, of that offering, is realized, may its other and subordinate results be expected. Deny its efficacy as a sin-offering and you destroy its power as an example of life and duty. Dilute and weaken men's appreciation of it as a satisfaction on account of their sins and you diminish, in proportion, the energy by which alone it can separate them from the world into God. In man's recovery from a physical disease it is the active principle of the administered remedy to which the physician must have solicitous regard. If that has been adulterated, recovery is imperiled, and with it all the possibilities of action and reaction which depend upon a cure for their realization. Salt saves from corruption unto use, but if the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? So of the death of Christ. Its active principle is redemptive. Minimize that and you imperil all. Every other efficiency of the cross depends upon its efficacy as a sin-offering. It must be recognized in its God-ward operations with reference to sin before it can be felt as a force separating men from the world. The cross has first to do with broken law. It procures the removal of penalty by making a satisfaction. It secures the pardon of the sinner by the payment of a price for his ransom. The cross constitutes a sacrifice or it is nothing. We must begin here if we would begin scripturally. We cannot effectually look to the cross as an example of the denial of self, unless upon it Christ, in the denial of Himself, gave Himself up for our sins. Men will never be constrained to a new life of the love of God by sufferings that are merely exhibitiv and not procurative. The death of Christ is the price paid voluntarily by Him for our deliverance from the penalty due to our sin. We have done what made His death necessary if we are to be forgiven, and saved from the death indeed. The sins are ours. He has done what has made our new life possible. The offering that sets us free is His. The final purpose of his ministry, both in life and death, was so to identify himself with us that he might, not as a fictional arrangement, nor yet as a transactional device, but in the very exercise of his vital relation with us and ours with him, receive upon and within himself the deadliest consequences of our sins and thus free us from both sins and consequences forever. Without the full and undiluted declaration of this fact Christ is not lifted up; is not set forth crucified among men. We speak of the cross as a magnet to draw men to God. That is what makes it magnetic. Without this the attraction of the cross is wanting. A cross that merely proves an example but does not furnish therein a saviour is not the cross of the New Testament. It may be the cross of literature, of art, of personal

adorment, but it is not the cross of Christ. It is not the cross that is signified in the symbolism of the baptismal grave. It is not the cross that is set forth in the broken bread and the poured wine of the memorial supper. It is not the cross of Him who said in connection therewith: "This is my blood of the covenant, which is shed for many unto remission of sins;" it is not the cross on which the God Shepherd gave his life for the sheep; it is not the cross whereon, as upon the altar of the ages, was laid "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

God forbid that I should speak as if there were no mystery here. Rather is it all a mystery in the highest, holiest sense. As that celestial cross of the southern heavens hangs radiant in the depths of the fathomless sky, so does this cross reveal itself against the background of the impenetrable dark. Into its essential secrets we cannot look. What our Lord saw on the cross none knows but He. What he felt on the cross he alone understands. None of our theories can exhaustively define, nor all of them together explain, the cross. Is it not time to have done theorizing about it? As our theories multiply is not the cross itself losing power? Preach the mystery of the cross, the power of our deliverance from the mystery of iniquity which binds our race into a dismal unity of guilt and weakness. There is power in mystery. God is so much to us, because even when we are most intimately conscious of his indwelling, he so far transcends our thought and its expression. Life is so sacred because both as existence and experience it is so inexplicable. The strange power of the overarching firmament to bring a hush upon man's spirit, and to evoke in him the feelings of responsibility and reverence—a power most felt by the men who have ranged farthest after the ultimate truth; such men as Kant and Carlyle—in what does it lie but in the suggestions of the infinite, as the worlds swim in their ethereal ocean, myriads of mysteries in an illimitable sea of it. The telescope only reveals, never resolves this mystery. If it did the sky would become at once trivial and commonplace. What makes the Bible the most vital of books is this same penumbra of the unexplored about the book itself and the truths it conveys. Continuously it is a revelation. We never exhaust nor overtake it. Even so is it with the cross. It must ever baffle our analysis but it will ever win and hold our hearts. An old Greek manuscript explicates our Lord, so I have read, "By Thy known and Thy unknown sufferings, good Lord deliver us." And must not the unknown ever exceed the known? Herein is the love that passeth knowledge. When we would reach its height it is as high as heaven and we cannot attain to it. When we would sound its depth, it is as deep as hell and we cannot penetrate it. We seek its length, and it is as illimitable as the life of God, which who can know? We ask for its breadth and it is immeasurable as man. Knowledge falters, understanding fails. But here, exactly here, devotion and self-surrender begin:

"Love so amaz ng, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

## Too Much "Sitting Capacity."

Moderator Sample, of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has in his make-up a streak of quiet but keen humor.

Years ago, in a clerical gathering in New York, a quaint remark of his went further than some labored and learned arguments. A good brother had been advocating a very literal interpretation of the book of Revelation, and when it came to be Dr. Sample's turn to express his thoughts, he brought down the house (figuratively) by saying: "Brethren, I am afraid of this literal theory when applied strictly. For instance, take the woman who sat upon seven hills. Taken literally, this statement calls for a sitting capacity beyond all precedent." There was an attempt at reply.

## The Home Mission Journal

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER XII.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS."

At Sebastopol Henton did what he could in a quiet way for the moral welfare of the English-speaking seamen in port. Inasmuch as Russia is in the grip of the bigoted hierarchy of the Greek Church, it was not possible to do much missionary work ashore without being subjected to the annoyances of a call from the police. Yet Henton did manage to slip a few Bibles, printed in Russian, into the hands of a few people who seemed to be hungry for better teaching than is afforded by the priest-ridden Church to which they nominally belonged, but in which they found small comfort for the heart.

It was a quick run back to Constantinople, across the Sea of Marmora, out through the Dardanelles, past the Troad and the ruins of Alexandria Troas—where Paul left the parchments, and where Eutychus fell out of the window—down to Smyrna. Again at Smyrna there was a "Rest" to visit, and many delightful meetings were held in its pleasant quarters near the quay, attended by sailors of many nationalities. While the *Glad Tidings* lay at anchor at Smyrna the Hentons did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity afforded of visiting the sites of some of the seven churches of Asia, including Ephesus, once a stately city by the sea, but now a mass of silent ruins cut off from the blue waters of the Aegean by many acres of silt and sand which the passing centuries have deposited in its once famous harbor.

From Smyrna the *Glad Tidings* in leisurely fashion took a run over to Athens, anchoring in the harbor of the Piræus, and remaining there a week, while its owners strolled about among the beautiful relics and noble monuments of ancient Greece, not failing to visit Mar's Hill, where once the Apostle to the Gentiles confronted the assembled majesty and wisdom of Athens, with the new strange doctrine of a resurrection from the dead through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of course the Hentons admired the Parthenon, and revelled in the antiquities and art of Greece, while not failing to note how great was the lack in that old "sunny paganism" of truly joyful inspiration, and regretting that so often art was debased to picture forth but a rude and coarse heathenism.

There were Protestant believers, too, to visit in Athens, whose evangelical witness in the metropolis of Greece is steady and strong, though refused by the majority of the shallow and superstitious modern Greeks, to whom the forms of religion are more than the faith which makes alive.

But soon these pleasant experiences came to an end, and the *Glad Tidings*, weighing its anchor, spread its white wings for a further voyage, and after many delightful hours spent in skimming the billows of the Mediterranean, arrived before long at Beirut, where the Syrian Protestant College was visited, and many delightful hours were spent with the members of its Faculty and the missionaries of the city.

After a pleasant stay there of some days, the *Glad Tidings* dropped down to Alexandria, whence the Hentons took a run by rail to Cairo and the Pyramids. On their return the yacht was navigated to Port Said—the open door to the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and India.

Port Said was perhaps the worst place Henton had yet visited. It was surrounded by a low-lying country, and filled with disreputable odds and ends of all nationalities. There the Armen-

ian merchant was of much assistance, as he knew many languages. There was no Sailors' Rest, but Henton set to work to establish one in rented quarters, placing in charge of it the willing and faithful Armenian. Just off the quay a big Russ an man of war was moored. It pained Henton to see how on Sunday the sailors, after a season of shore leave, would come back helplessly drunk, to be unceremoniously tumbled into the boats, taken to the ship and perhaps put under the knout the next day. If ever there seemed to be a God-forsaken place, it was Port Said. Yet John Henton tried earnestly to do a good work there for Jesus Christ, and many will meet him in glory who, though once poor abandoned sailors, were reclaimed by that Saviors' Rest and restored to manhood by the grace of the Redeemer.

It was no part of Hentons' plan, however, to tarry long in one port, as the world is wide, and opportunities for usefulness offer themselves everywhere. So the *Glad Tidings* began to make its way slowly through the Suez Canal—that famous ditch in the desert cut by what was practically slave labor.

Midway in its course the canal widens out into the pretty Lake of Ismailia. As the *Glad Tidings* rounded to into the lake Henton was surprised to find at anchor in that island sheet of water a yacht, the *Vixen*, flying the Stars and Stripes, and near it a big English yacht. Civilities were exchanged in due form. The English yacht belonged to a wealthy lord, who had made his money and gained a peering out of brewing beer. The other yacht was owned by an American speculator, not personal immortal, but apparently without a thought or a care regarding religion.

"Would that I could win these rich men to Christ!" thought John Henton.

The Englishman proved to be unapproachable, being inflated with an extraordinary sense of his own importance as a beer-made peer. The American, however, took a liking to John Henton, and Henton was drawn to him. Courtesies were interchanged, and many pleasant hours were enjoyed together. But the manners of some of the company were too free, and their talk was ill-guarded. Henton accordingly did not refrain from letting it be known that such behavior was not congenial to him. He ventured to ask permission for the sailors of the two yachts to meet on board the *Glad Tidings*. This permission was grudgingly and condescendingly granted by the Englishman, and laughingly accorded offhand by the American yachtsman, who bore the name of William Bixby. Henton determined that if he could, he would influence Bixby for good. One evening they were pacing the quarter-deck of the *Vixen* under the awning.

"Bixby," said Henton suddenly, "are you happy?"

"Bixby started, reddened, and stammered, "Why—why do you ask?"

"Because," said Henton, "I am trying to make my business to make people happy—by winning them to the Lord I love, and in whom I trust for salvation."

"Strange talk this!" muttered Bixby. "Is this a prayer-meeting?"

"No," said Henton, with a kindly smile, "but it might well be, and perhaps will yet be!"

And then he told his new friend the story of his own life, how he had been a sport and a confessed Epicurean, given to the things that perish. He spoke of the awful fate that befell the dissolute George Oakes off Newport, and told of the religious purpose of his own world-wide cruise. Then Henton took Bixby by the hand, and affectionately invited him to give his heart to God.

The rich man addressed was visibly moved. His voice grew hoarse as he said, "No man for years has spoken to me about my soul. I had almost forgotten that I had a soul. Here on these placid waters of the Lake of Ismailia in the heart of Moslem Egypt you come—a man of wealth and of my own class in society—to inquire whether I am saved. John Henton, I appreciate your interest, I respect your manhood, and I admit the truth of your message. Still, I cannot say now what answer I will make. I do not decide things in a hurry. Yet I will think it over. Yes, I will go so far as to ask that you will pray for me that I may settle it right."

Henton grasped the other hand of his new ac-

quaintance as he murmured, "Indeed I will pray! God will guide you into the sunshine of full surrender. Do not delay! Make this question the main matter under consideration until it is settled right."

And after returning to the *Glad Tidings* that night Henton in his own private cabin prayed long and earnestly for the conversion of his wealthy American acquaintance.

And William Bixby must have prayed too, for the next morning early he came over in his launch, and climbing lightly up the ladder of the *Glad Tidings*, which hung hospitably over the starboard side of the yacht, he routed out Henton from his cabin, and grasping his hand exclaimed with more enthusiasm than he had for years displayed about anything, "Henton, I have decided it right! I have decided for Jesus Christ. I too will be a Christian! God help me to be a good one!"

That was indeed a joyous breakfast that followed in the cabin of the *Glad Tidings*—for Henton soon told the good news to Grace, whose face was now wreathed in smiles over this new triumph of redeeming love.

#### A Pure Church.

By Rev. Charles C. Karle.

It is not the members of the church in the theatre and in related institutions, as much as it is the theatre and related institutions in the church that is the bane of Christianity. Fair festivals, and other secular entertainments produce a worldly atmosphere which is destructive to the spiritual life of the church, and which creates an appetite for secular sensations which the world is ever providing. A pure church is its own salvation and adequately meets all the needs of the soul, for which the church was instituted. When it departs from the sacred ministry of spiritual benefits to meet the so-called social needs of the people, and competes with the world in secular festivities, it vitiates its own life, and also the taste of the people for the things they should relish, and prepares them for the diversions of the world, which far surpass the feeble efforts of the church in this respect.

And those outside the church know full well when the church has lowered its standard and lost its spiritual power, and they are not won to Christ until the church has done its first works over, and been purified and renewed through repentance and prayer, and comes again into communion with God and lives the life of separation from the world. Then the Lord adds unto the church such as are being saved.

#### The Hiring Ministry.

Our good friends the Quakers, are quite apt at their Yearly Meetings to say quite a little about a hiring ministry. There is really very little ground for this. The man who fills his position well, and thinks but little about his stipend, cannot, in any just sense, be termed a hiring minister. It is the spirit that makes the hiring. If a man thinks of that which he is to gain, rather than of that which he is to do, he is a hiring, however he may be compensated. There is nothing of a hiring, on the other hand, about the man whose hand and heart and brain are full of the wants and needs of his people, and who spends, and is willing to be spent, in order that those and they may be met.

There are churches, however, that seem to want to establish or maintain that relationship of a hiring as between them and their pastors. Their pastors are engaged annually just as their hands on a farm are engaged. This, it seems to us, is a cheapening and demeaning thing. It puts too much of the commercial spirit into the transaction, and being hired like a hired man it has a tendency to induce the hired man feeling

in a pastor. In addition it gives anyone who is disaffected a chance to air that disaffection. Few pastors can go on for a series of years and give no occasion for fault finding. If these grievances or fancied grievances are not ventilated, they will do little harm. The yearly employment of a pastor gives chance for their ventilation. We trust there are not many churches throughout the country who act in accordance with this plan, but we know there are some. One pastor in New Jersey has recently resigned because unwilling to submit to this system. We are inclined to think he did a meritorious thing. He protested against a system that he deems belittling. If the church values him, let it seek to have his resignation recalled, and let it change its methods. Let others if there are such, follow suit. The true way, as it seems to us, for the engagement of a pastor is to call one with whom the people are in harmony, and then let the relation continue so long as such harmony continues to exist.

#### Dedication.

On Lord's day, 7th inst, the new house at Stewarton (Crownwell Hill), Kings Co. was opened for the worship of God. This interest it will be remembered received much attention from the late S. D. Irvine, who, while pastor of the first Springfield church labored with unselfish devotion to secure the erection of a meeting house in the place. For many years Baptists have had some footing here. As long ago as the year 1855 a church was formed, known as the Fourth Springfield, Kars being at that time the Third Springfield. Rev. James Trimble resided in the place and for several years ministered to the little flock. The church book is still preserved and shows a regular record down to 1866, Joseph Paris being the clerk. The preaching services and conference meetings are faithfully reported and among the names of ministers are Bros. Trimble, Lockey, Thorne, Harris, Smith, Springer, Titus, Spragg, Steadman, Bonney and others who visited the interest and preached occasionally for them. The church never had a public place of worship, but assembled in the homes and here kept up its discipline and worship for eleven years. It had some twenty-five members.

Since its dissolution occasional services have been held in the locality by the ministers of the First Springfield church until during the pastorate of the writer in 1884, an agitation began for the erection of a house. But little however was done until the time of Bro. Irvine, when steps were taken to begin the construction of a building. The interest is now regarded as a branch of the First Springfield church, and so will be entitled to regular attention from the pastor of that church. This would have been the better way at the outset and would have secured more permanent results.

The dedication service was held at 3 p. m., Pastor Field being assisted by the writer, who preached from Ephesians V. 27. A large congregation gathered, and an offering of \$30 was taken, nearly extinguishing the remaining indebtedness. W. E. MCINTYRE.

#### A Yoke for Two.

By D. J. Burrell, D. D.

"My Yoke is easy." This is singular. It is a paradox. Yokes are not easy as a rule. Ask the slave in Pharaoh's brickyard, making bricks without straw under the lash of a hard taskmaster, whether he finds his yoke easy; and he will tell you that he wets his pillow with his tears. Ask the captive dragged at the chariot wheels of his conqueror, if he finds his yoke easy; and he will answer: "It is bitterer than death." Ask the sensualist who has pursued pleasure until pleasure has turned upon him with a whip of scorpions—who has lived in self-gratification until the last Sodom apple has changed to ashes on his lips—whether his yoke is easy. Now, ask the old father sitting with his Bible on his knee, burdened with his years,

and searching out with dim eyes the exceeding great and precious promises, how he has found Christ's burden; and he will tell you that it has been light as the feathers on a bird's wing, with which it mounts toward the skies. But why is this? What makes the Christian yoke easy, while all others are so heavy to be borne?

It is because His yoke is always for two. It is not His will that any of His followers should bear it alone. Did He not say, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?" No friend is so near; He is nearer than seeing nearer than touching. His help is more than sympathy; omnipotence is behind it.

Have you been making a brave effort to conquer a darling sin? Have you gone out full armed with holy purpose to overthrow a habit that has gained dominion over you? and have you failed, failed again and again ignominiously? Ah, my friend, you left Him out of the reckoning! Try it again, and try it with Jesus at your side; the Mighty One who never lost a battle, and who longs to fulfill to you His great promise, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against you." It is not you alone who are to get the better of your sins; it is Christ and you.

Have you a difficult duty to perform? Do you shrink from it as hard and forbidding? Remember that this yoke is for two, and when you go to meet this responsibility, say to yourself, "Not I, but Christ and I."

Have you been offering a prayer for years, and mourning because there was no answer nor any that regarded—a prayer, perhaps, for the conversion of a dear friend or the reclaiming of a wayward son? You have sprinkled the mercy-seat with your tears in vain, crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Alas for your intercessory success! You have made your prayer alone. Now kneel again at the mercy-seat and feel that close beside you is kneeling the One who ever liveth to make intercession for you, and say within your heart, "It is not I who make this prayer, but Christ and I."

We are appointed as ambassadors to preach the gospel of salvation, ascend our pulpit stairs with trembling knees, saying, "Who is sufficient unto these things?" O brethren of the ministry, we forget. This is not our work; we are but underlings. We do not preach alone; He stands beside us in the sacred place. It is not I, but always Christ and I. "Lo I am with you," is His word. And ours should be, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

#### Why the Yoke is Easy.

The yoke is also easy by reason of the *mens conscia recti*; that is, the sense of doing right. In all the world there is nothing so uplifting as a good conscience. I know that it is right to love God. I know that it is right to surrender myself as a living sacrifice to the Lord Christ, who gave Himself for me. I know that it is right to spend and be spent in the behalf of my fellow-men. If a bad conscience makes cowards of us all, by the same token a good conscience nerves the heart and strengthens us like a girdle about our loins.

An old chronicler says of St. Perpetua that as she was brought from her dungeon and led under the great arch to the arena, her inquisitor called her attention to the roar of the lions and said: "There is yet time to speak the word and live." She laid her hand upon her heart and answered: "I have that here which makes me fearless," and so passed on to death. As the wild-beasts fell upon her, she lifted her eyes and hands to heaven and sang: "Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." A little later her mangled body was carried out on a bier; and the old bishop of the city laid his hand upon the blood-stained face, gently parted the clotted hair, and said: "I give thee this joy, my daughter!" A strange word at such a moment. And yet why not? There is nothing better in heaven or on earth than the sense of right doing. There is nothing better to live by, nothing better to die by.

#### The Reward.

And there is still another consideration which makes the yoke easy and the burden light; that is the great reward. No man hath given up aught for Christ but that he shall receive in this present time an hundredfold and in the time to come life everlasting.

In this present time an hundredfold! Here is a rare investment in gold-bearing bonds. If there were no eternity, if there were no heaven, the service of Christ pays for itself here and now. We take of the grapes of Eschol before we reach the Promised Land. There are moments when we enter the closet bowed down under great burdens and meet the Lord; and presently come forth with something glistening on our eyelashes and something throbbing fast in our veins, to tell of a joy the world cannot give, a joy which is found only in communion with God. These are earnest, foretastes partial payments for our encouragement along the way. They are like the chaff which was thrown upon the Nile, to tell the starving people by the Delta that there was plenty and to spare in Joseph's granaries higher up. They are momentary joys given to cheer up while we bear the heat and burden of the day.

How little will seem all the cares and burdens and cross bearings of this present life when we are yonder. In the time of King Herod an indiscreet youth named Agrippa was fond of singing the praises of his friend Caligula, who had a presumptuous claim to the throne. For this he was cast into a dungeon and loaded with chains. One day there was a footfall in the corridor and a voice cried: "Caligula reigns! Long live Caligula!" The door was thrown open and Agrippa was led forth. Purple was exchanged for his rags, a tetrarchy for his narrow cell; his chains were weighed and their weight in gold was given him. O friends, the crowning day is coming when we shall triumph over all. Then what shall be the joy, the satisfaction, the honorable promotion, of those who have followed and faithfully served Him?

Is there one among you who is cast down and discouraged? Has the way seemed rough, the burden heavy? Have you been thwarted, opposed and perhaps inclined to give up? Take heart, my friend, *Per crucem, ad lucem! Per aspera, ad astra!* By the rough road to the stars! I hear the songs of heaven coming this way. I see the light streaming through the gates. The odors of the King's garden flow toward us. O the hosannas and hallelujahs! The glory dazzles like a sunburst. Life! Life! eternal life!

#### Why I Became an Abstemious.

BY B. W. RICHARDSON, M. A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Dr. Richardson, of London, author of the celebrated "Cantor Lectures on Alcohol" and "The Temperance Lesson-Book," published by the National Temperance Society, gives his reason for abstinence in an address in Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, from which we take the following:

"Let me say, that at the commencement of the labors which brought me to the conclusion above stated, I had no bias in favor of or preconceived opinion respecting alcohol.

"Like many other men of science, I had been too careless or too oblivious of those magnificent labors which the advocates of temperance, for its own sake, had, for many previous years, through good report and evil report, so nobly and truthfully carried out. But for what may be called one of the accidents of a scientific career I might, indeed, to the end of my days, have continued negative on this question.

"The circumstance that led me to the special study of alcohol is simply told. In the year 1863, I directed the attention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, during its meeting at Newcastle, to the action of a chemical substance called nitrate of amyl, the physiological properties of which I had for some months previously been subjecting to investigation. My researches attracted so much attention that I was desired by the physiological section of the association, over which Professor Rolleston most ably presided, to continue them, and, in the course of pursuing them, other chemical substances, nearly allied to that from which I started, came under observation. Amongst

these was the well-known chemical product which the Arabian chemist, Albucahis, is said first to have distilled from wine, which, on account of its subtlety, was called acohol which is now called ethylic alcohol, and which forms the stimulating part of all wines, spirits, beers, and other ordinary intoxicating drink. To the research I devoted three years, from 1863 to 1866, modifying experiments in every conceivable way taking advantage of seasons and varying temperatures of seasons, extending observation from one class of animals to another, and making comparative researches with other bodies of the alcohol series than the ethylic or common alcohol.

The results, I confess, were as surprising to me as any one else. They were surprising from their definitiveness and their uniformity. They were most surprising from the complete contradiction they gave to the popular idea that alcohol is a supporter and sustainer of the animal temperature.

1. That it is an entire fallacy to suppose that alcohol, in any of its forms as intoxicating drink, is the gift of God to man.

2. That if the habit of drinking intoxicating beverages is never indulged, it is never felt as a want.

3. If this habit be indulged, the difficulties of throwing it off are tenfold increased.

4. You may further teach by history and example—but always better by example—that the hardest work, mental and bodily, is best carried on without the stimulating effects of this agent which so many look to for support in all their labors.

5. That alcohol has no claim, in a scientific sense, to be considered as a sustainer either of bodily or mental life or work.

6. That in alcohol there is nothing that can build up any tissues or supply any force.

7. That in approaching the subject of temperance, and in showing the uselessness of the most mischievous of all agents within the reach of men, you are promoting a good which extends beyond your own time."

**The Foreknowledge of God.**

It is true that all the future lies open to the eye of God as distinctly and completely as all the past? If it be that presence and prescience exactly correspond we must answer yes. God not only fills all space with His presence but He fills all time also. "God is a circle whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere," is a very ancient saying. And all eternity, past and future, lies within that circle, as truly as all space. Therefore God knows the future because he is in the future. Motion and succession are alike unknown to the Almighty. That is, God has not to go to any place in order to be there: for He is omnipresent or everywhere. So he has not to wait till the next century in order to know what will happen in it; for He is omniscient or all knowing. It is sometimes a good thing to have an old and accepted doctrine challenged that we may be set to thinking about it. Dr. James Martineau has denied in the most explicit terms the foreknowledge of God. He says "The belief in the divine foreknowledge of our future has no basis in philosophy. We no longer deem it true that even God knows the moment of our moral life that is coming next. Even He does not know whether I shall yield to the secret temptation at mid-day. To Him life is a drama of which He knows not the conclusion." If this be so then we can think of nothing so dreary and dreadful as to be living

under the direction of such a God. Would we like to ride upon a train whose engineer can know nothing of what is before him, and who carries no locomotive headlight to throw a single ray of illumination upon the track that stretches on into the darkness of midnight? What a torture of perpetual foreboding would it be to travel on such a route! And as we are moving on through time is it possible that we are under the escort of one who knows nothing of what may happen tomorrow? "Then let me off this train," one might reasonably say, "I had rather walk than ride under such circumstances."

But what relief to turn from this opinion of a great man to the clear testimony of the word of God "Whom he did foreknow he did also predestinate." Elect according to the foreknowledge of God."

And as the Scripture is given by inspiration of God, this is God's own testimony to Himself on this great question of foreknowledge. And cannot we see even with our short sighted wisdom how necessary it is that it should be so? Foreordination of course is impossible without foreknowledge. You may manage your little retail business, without knowing what a day may bring forth, and get on fairly well; but we are bold to say that God could not manage the universe on these conditions. All the celestial trains have to be run on schedule time, or God's business and man's business alike will be thrown into inextricable confusion. Suppose the sun were an hour late in getting in tomorrow morning; or suppose that on account of some celestial storm blocking up the roads, it were two or three days behind time, what a panic it would bring on in business, and what a wreck would result in the universe. We cannot conceive it possible that the unvarying order which we see all about now could exist without a perfect knowledge of God's part of all the future. When God sends forth the train of the ages from His presence, all the track over which they move must be foreseen or wreck and collision will be the consequence.

Providence is equally impossible without foreknowledge. "All things work together for good to them that love God," says the Scripture. How do they work? By the guidance of infinite chance? Wheels within wheels, and wheels playing wheels in the vast system of human circumstances and all permitted to move according to their own sweet will; is this the way in which all things work together for good to God's saints? We know it cannot be so. There must be a divine Superintendent directing all: and He can direct all only as He knows all things from the beginning to the end. Here is a cause; and yonder, twenty years hence, is the effect. Unless God sees the relation of the two, how can he touch the keyboard of causes with His finger today, so as to effect our highest good a score of years in the future. And God works at long range. He is no day-laborer planning only from sunrise to sunset. We believe that our pious grand-mothers praying and studying their Bibles in the lonely cottage among the hills had much to do in shaping our Christian characters. And when now we pray for success upon our labors we seem to hear the Lord saying: "Before thou callest I answered: and before thou knewest Me I girded thee." And we don't believe that God can make all things work together for good to His people unless He begins very far back and looks very far ahead. And prophecy is an overwhelming answer to the denial which we have quoted. God has foretold and He must therefore have foreknown. He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, the fall of Tyre, the rise and fall of the four successive world empires, Persia, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, and innum-

erable other events which have literally come to pass. Let who will believe that all these predictions and fulfillments are only the result of happy guess-work. We cannot believe it. To foretell is to have foreseen. Light travels faster than sound. You can see the flash of fire from the cannon's mouth a mile away, considerably before the noise of the discharge reaches the ear. God flashed the light of prediction upon the pages of His word, and we see it; wait a little and we can see the event itself.

H. A. GORDON.

**J. B. Gambrell, in *Baptist Standard*:** "Gowns, rituals, catchy subjects, etc., will not help Baptists. Our strength lies in preaching the plain gospel in simplicity, with hearts deeply imbued with the spirit of Jesus, and not at all in frills and feathers, fads and folderol, starch and stiffs. Every little catch-minnow device in a church is a detraction from the dignity of Christian worship and a departure from the simplicity of Christ."

**Married.**

**YAIL-YOUNG.**—At Brockway, York Co., Aug. 17, by Rev. C. J. Steeves, James Yail and Nellie Young both of Brockway.

**WARD-BUDD.**—At Lewisville, August 3rd, by the Rev. Ira M. Baird, Valentine Ward of Little River, and Lavonia Budd of Coatesville, Kent Co., N. B.

**STEEVES-JONAIL.**—At the residence of the bride's father, Aug. 10th, by Rev. Harry S. Erb, Mr. Reuben E. Steeves of Salem to Miss Lily E. Johah of Dawson, A. Co.

**WASSON-CAMBER.**—At Woodstock, on the 9th ult. by Rev. F. Allison Currier, M. A. Mr. Arthur Wasson, of Bloomfield, Carleton Co., to Miss Hattie Gabel Camber, of Woodstock.

**MORRIS-DRAPER.**—At Woodstock, on the 15th ult. by Rev. F. Allison Currier, Mr. Moses Morris, of Kingsclear, York County, to Miss Lillian Draper, of Southampton, York Co.

**STAIRS-ANDERSON.**—At Woodstock, on the 18th inst., by Rev. F. Allison Currier, Mr. Wilbert Don Stairs, of Centre Waterville, York Co., to Miss Sevrna Edith Anderson of the same place.

**DUNCAN-SNOW.**—At Woodstock, on the 20th inst. by Rev. F. Allison Currier, Mr. William Duncan, of Medfield, Mass., to Miss Rebecca Helen Snow, of Woodstock, N. B.

**CLARK MOOR.**—At the residence of the bride's father, Marysville, July 27th, by Rev. H. H. Ferguson, Mr. George A. Clarke to Miss Millie Moore both of Marysville.

**HENDERSON SOUTH.**—At the home of Miss Pond, Needham street, Fredericton, July 20th, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. Archibald Henderson, of Durham, to Miss Nancy South, of Fredericton.

**PETERSON WHITE.**—At the parsonage, Fredericton, July 20th, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. Burton Peterson to Miss Mary White, both of Marysville.

**HOWLAND-DEGRASS.**—At Wausli Free Baptist church, July 27th, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. Charles D. Howland to Miss Bessie B. McGrass, both of Wausli.

**Died.**

**GREEN.**—At Green Road, Carleton Co., N. B. Aug. 12th, 1904, Mary, aged 76 years, wife of Deacon Calvin Green closed her eyes in death, caused by a complication of diseases. About fifty-six years ago, during revival services conducted by Elders Pennington and Haskell, at Woodstock, Sister Green professed faith in the Lord Jesus, was baptized by Elder Haskell and at first, united with the Free Baptist body, but afterward became a consistent member of the Baptist church worshipping at Union Corner. She was a good wife and mother, kind to the poor and always interested in the cause of Christ. Besides many other friends, who mourn their loss, Mrs. Green leaves her beloved a husband, one son, two daughters and an adopted daughter. Pastor Atkinson conducted the funeral services. Interment took place in Union Corner Cemetery.