

The Home Mission Journal.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 11, 1904.

WHOLE No. 143

Why He Stopped Drinking.

No, I won't drink with you today, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

His words were greeted by shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up; tell us what it is?"

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same I have been a drinking man all my life ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Trembling he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed, the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

Concerning Angels.

Albert C. Applegarth, Ph. G.

The angels are a company, not a race. They are not male and female. They neither marry nor are given in marriage. Angels therefore are not developed from an original stock. With them, there is no such thing as descent. Each one is a special creation. Consequently, they have no common character nor history. Neither have they any common nature, binding them together, as is the case with man. The fall of one is no wise involved the destruction of the other. To be sure, some lapsed into sin. But others remained holy. And this may be one reason why salvation was never provided for the fallen angels. Jesus Christ could join Himself to humanity by assuming the common human nature, for all men are the children of Adam.

But the impossibility of doing this with the angels becomes evident. To rescue them from ruin, a separate atonement would have to be made for them individually.

The House Beautiful.

"Where there is Faith there is Love.

"Where there is Love there is Peace.

"Where there is Peace there is God.

"Where there is God there is No Need."

A "House Beautiful" indeed, with such apartments as Faith, Love, Peace, God, No Need! "In my Father's house are many mansions."

FAITH, the quiet, stately hall of subdued lights, classical furnishings, ennobling art! Noon's glare does not enter. A cool, restful, sanctuary for gentle talk, deep meditation, fervent prayer. "Have faith in God." "Without faith it is impossible to please Him."

LOVE, the "living room" of light and books and music and family and friends! "Love never faileth." "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the children of God."

PEACE, the secluded chamber of deep and blissful repose! Here, weariness, burden, care, give place to strength, courage, hope. "My peace I give unto you." For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

GOD, the tower room of boundless horizon! By day, fields, forests, mountains, sea; by night, stars. By night and day, human life, human need, human possibility. "For in Him we live and move and have our being." "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory."

NO NEED, the spacious banquetting room of the soul. "He brought me into His banquetting house and His banner over me was love." "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

REV. JOEL B. SLOCUM.

Faith in Impossibilities.

By C. H. Wetherbe.

In these days when rationalism is controlling an increasingly large number of people, many of whom are professing Christians, it is especially necessary that the office of true faith should be frequently set forth and emphasized. It is a noteworthy fact that Christian faith triumphs most gloriously where mere human reason utterly fails. It is because a high type of faith, as represented in the lives of noble men of God in the past ages, apprehended many things which mere reason declared to be impossibilities that we have a Bible of such marvelous history as it contains. It is safe to say that our Bible would never have come into existence if the leading men in all Bible times had not exercised an unflinching faith in what mere reason asserted were impossibilities. If the records in the Bible which state occurrences that natural reason pronounce

impossible were to be taken from the book, it would not only be a much smaller volume than it is, but it would be far less divine, much less glorious, and vastly less mighty in meaning and moment. A Bible containing only such statements as pure human reason would accept as being true and sensible, would not be a divine book, nor even a divinely inspired volume. Noah would not occupy the place in Bible history which he does hold if he had not exercised a most practical faith in relation to coming events which sheer reason said were impossible to transpire. He believed God's word as against all human reason. Hundreds of thousands of people in his day said that it was utterly impossible that such a flood as Noah described would come upon the land. It was Noah's faith in the impossible that linked him with a salvation which preserved him and his family, while the many thousands of other people, governed by their reason, and hence refusing to believe the unreasonable, were destroyed by the very thing which they said would be an impossibility. Furthermore, there are many great truths, brilliant lessons, and most inspiring sentiments which are wrapped up in those Bible statements that rationalists pronounce to be impossible history; and those precious riches of thought, of inspiration, and helps to Christian hope, are available to those who gladly believe in impossibilities.

Holland Patent, N. Y.

God's Plan.

Don't forget the fact that God has a plan which covers the entire history of this world. Sometimes we lose the impression of this great fact. In the Old Book you will read again and again the words: "And it came to pass." "And it came to pass." "What was it that came to pass? The answer is: The things that fulfilled the will of God. Our heavenly Father has planned everything; not a sparrow falls without His knowledge, let alone the deaths that occur, the history that is made, the conversions that take place, the struggles that go on, and all the other things that make up the lives of the inhabitants of this world, singly and collectively. You will find everything work out to the glory of God and the happiness, the eternal happiness of His children. He has so planned it, and moreover again and again stated it in such expressions as the following: "To them that love God all things work together for good."

You will therefore see that another expression much like the first that I have given has its place in our thought here. I refer to this one: "And it shall come to pass." Here God manifests His authority, and as we hear Him speak and as we ponder His words, we are led to realize the fact more than we have ever done so before, that this old world and those that live in it are all under the touch of our omnipotent Father, and that He is leading all things unto a glorious consummation, even to the complete fulfillment of His plan of this world's history. And as He is the God of Peace we will certainly find that He has an indescribable and wonderful peace which this world is to eventually enjoy and which will be universal and eternal.

A fool's voice is known by multitudes of words. Eccl. 5:3.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble. Prov. 21:23.

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Daight.

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CHAPTER XI.

It was a night's run over the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople. Henton and his sister were early on deck, that they might enjoy the experience of the approach at sunrise to the city of the Sultans, which defies description for beauty and weird charm. Before them rose the gray old towers, the ample domes, and the tapering minarets of Old Stamboul the gilt crescents on the tips of the minarets glinting brightly in the steadily increasing light, as the sun rose over the rounded hills of the Asiatic shore. On the star-board quarter were the famed Princes' Islands, while off the port bow the San Stefano point of Russo-Turkish War renown appeared, marked by its graceful light-house. Ahead was the mouth of the Bosphorus, with its beacon, "Leader's Tower." When the gray dawn, which had seemed to enfold the dim outlines of the "Gate of Felicity"—as the Turks call Constantinople—with a cloudy haze of dream legend and fancy, gave way to the clear light of a full-glowing morn, the mosques, kiosks, and fire-towers of the Turkish capital came out in sharper outline, and seemed to gleam as though with burnished gold. It was a scene to live long in the memory, and threw Grace Henton into a flutter of excitement, which increased as the *Glad Tidings* tied up to a buoy in the Bosphorus—to which it was assigned by a pompous Turkish officer, the very tassel of whose fez seemed to bob about with an air of extreme importance, as he boarded the yacht from a caique to examine its papers. On the one side of the yacht, as it lay moored just above the mouth of the Golden Horn, was Europe and on the other side Asia. Wheezy little steamers went puffing across its bows, while every now and then a deep-laden tramp steamer carrying grain or oil from Black Sea ports, dropped anchor near by. Occasionally a big Turkish, Greek, Austrian or French steamer would steam by, bound up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea; and each evening, before sunset, there would be a general exodus of steamers bound out toward the Mediterranean, timing their start so as to arrive at Chanak-Kalesi by daylight—past which point no vessel is allowed by the jealous Osmanlis to creep at night.

The Hentons' visit to Constantinople was full of pleasant incidents and many useful ministries. Of course, they visited the Bible House, Robert College, the American College for Girls at Scutari, and paid their respects to the United States Minister. They were taken to many meetings of the Armenian and Greek Protestants, and made the rounds of the churches and schools. The Annual Meeting of the Western Turkey Mission was in progress, whose sessions they attended with much interest. The Hentons made charming guests in missionary homes, and in turn entertained with abundant hospitality on board their yacht—giving many parties on board, conducted in such fashion as to make it most natural that before the company broke up songs of praise should be sung and a few fervent prayers offered. There were rides and excursions in and about Constantinople, and caique trips by moonlight, which were greatly enjoyed. Meanwhile Henton did not forget to visit the "Rest at Galata, where faithful English workers were carrying on against many difficulties an effective work for seamen; nor did he neglect to

learn all he could regarding the particular features of such work as carried on under the shadow of the Sultan. Henton contributed liberally to the work of the Rest, and took great pleasure in sending his own launch around to the various steamers anchored near the *Glad Tidings* to gather as many of the members of their crews as would come to gospel meetings on board the yacht.

Finally the moorings were cast off and the *Glad Tidings*, using its engines to stem the strong current of the Bosphorus, steamed up into the Black Sea. It was a pleasure to the Hentons to take with them a party of missionaries returning to the interior, who found the opportunity to travel in this superb yacht, in the company of Christian fellow-countrymen, a most refreshing and delightful experience.

Some of the missionaries left the yacht at Samsoun, whence they took their departure by springless native arabas over the steep hills to Marsouan, Sivas, and Cesarea, while others of the party continued on the yacht to Trebizond, where centuries ago Xenophon and his worn warriors greeted the sea with cries of "Thalatta! Thalatta!"

At Trebizond the Hentons mingled with the Armenian and Greek Protestants. But dark clouds of trouble had gathered over that little group of Christians. Not many days after the arrival of the *Glad Tidings* a riot, instigated by Moslems, broke out in the town. Many innocent Armenians and Greeks were wounded, robbed, or killed outright. One bright merchant was especially the object of the hate of the Turks because of his fearlessness in testifying to his Christian faith. The young man had escaped the first massacre, and after the excitement had subsided a little, obtained his passports, properly viséd, to leave for Europe. But in Turkey one official in hope of receiving backshish, or from motives of spite, will often seek without just cause to frustrate the action of another. So it happened that the merchant soon learned that opposition would be made to his leaving, although he had a clear right to go.

In this dilemma, John Henton, learning of the Armenian's danger, offered to give the man passage in his yacht. Plans were laid accordingly.

A bargain was "cut," as the Orientals say, with some hardy Turkish fishermen, whose cupidity was stronger than their fanaticism, to row the merchant out to the American yacht the first dark night. The embarkation was to be made from a point a mile up the shore. On the appointed evening not long after sunset—when all things come to a stop in Turkey—the Armenian ran fleetly up the beach to the designated spot. The surf was rolling in quite high, and it was no easy matter to launch the clumsy boat. But the difficult feat was finally accomplished. Captain Henton had promised to have his launch meet the boat a half mile off-shore.

All went well for a half hour as the caiquejees bent vigorously to the oars—urged on by the promise of a small bag of clinking gold liras which the merchant gripped tightly in his hand. The fishermen were slowly making headway toward the yacht, whose lights were barely discernible in the offing, when suddenly a sharp hail rang out over the waters.

"Dour! Dour!" (Stop! Stop!)" Here was a dilemma! Somebody—perhaps one of the fishermen—had betrayed the Armenian refugee. The hail came from a Turkish patrol boat. The men in it were the kind to fire first and explain afterwards. They had abundant means to make trouble. If the Armenians once fell into their clutches he would forfeit his life, or at any rate would languish for the rest of his days in prison. While his caiquejees were backing their oars the Armenian thought fast and hard. He gave one rapid glance around. The yacht was far away—miles it seemed to him then! He knew he had a legal right to leave port, and his conscience was clear. These Turkish officers were abusing their privilege. Yet they had him in their power. He tried a word of parley—

"No harm, gentlemen! We are not rogues!" He began another sentence, but never finished it—for at that precise instant was heard the whir of the screw of a tiny steamer. A launch—its helm turned dexterously by the tried hand of Captain Henton—swirled alongside the boat.

Henton motioned to the Armenian to jump in, and into it the merchant sprang, not forgetting, as he did so, to toss his bag of liras to the boatmen. Like a flash, a sailor in the bow of the launch shoved off with a boat-hook, and the boat with the fishermen in it quarreling over the gold drifted off, as the launch under full speed shot ahead into the darkness, almost brushing the sides of the slow Turkish launch as it went. So quickly was the whole thing done that before the Turkish officers could cock and fire their revolvers, the American launch was several fathoms distance to seaward. The balls from the discharged revolvers, rattled off in the general direction of the Crimea, but beyond tearing through the canvas hood of the launch did no other damage. Only the impotent rage of the officers disappointed of their prey, followed Henton's fleet little launch, as it fast disappeared into the thicker darkness seaward. The other launch indeed made at first a feeble attempt to follow, but it could no more catch the spry American-built launch than a turtle can catch a hare.

Long before daylight the *Glad Tidings* was far away on the Black Sea, and after awhile dropped anchor at Sebastopol, where no telegrams from corrupt Turkish officials could interfere with the peace of mind of the Armenian merchant, who hoped that by the time the yacht reached Constantinople on its return the incident would be forgotten, as indeed the event proved—so many more massacres of greater horror having in the meanwhile taken place in Anatolia.

(To be continued.)

Angry Liquor Men.

The Wine and Spirit Journal expresses strong indignation over the passage through the House of Commons of Mr. Law's Bill for the amendment of the Canada Temperance Act, of which we have already informed our readers.

The Journal is specially annoyed at the idea that the men who defy law and make money out of the degradation of their fellows, should be subject to the indignity of hard labor when sent to jail for their wrong doing. It wastes no anger over the lawlessness of these offenders. It shows its desire to stand by the liquor traffic in law violation as well as in law observance and in this takes a position which must antagonize all respectable citizens whether they believe in prohibition or not. It says:

An amendment to the Canada Temperance Act has recently been introduced and passed its third reading in the House of Commons that for absurd stringency, is almost without parallel in the annals of liquor legislation. This bill makes it optional for a magistrate, in trying breaches of the Scott Act, to impose penalties involving imprisonment with or without hard labor. As is well known, there is no appeal from the conviction of a magistrate in this class of case, and to give the power of imposing hard labor—and from which there is no appeal—opens up the door to the rankest kind of persecution.

In cases of breach of the Scott Act the magistrate is usually in strong sympathy with the prosecution, and judgment is often recorded against the defendants without adequate proof. That the magistrate should have power to impose hard labor is intolerable, and this addition to the Act should carry with it a provision affording every opportunity to appeal. It seems almost incredible that a Parliament composed of men in their right senses can have passed such a bill, and it is equally hard to conceive of its receiving ratification when it comes before the Senate. It is an outrage on the British sense of justice, and The Journal trusts that something will be done to at least make it less inexorable before it becomes law.—Pioneer.

Reformer—"I'm getting signatures to a petition to do away with patent medicine advertisements. Of course, you will sign."

Doctor—"I will not. Those things increase business. People read them and come to me thinking they are sick."

Religious News.

HILLSDALE, N. B. On July 24th we held our 9th annual Roll Call. The response was good and the congregation excellent. Bro. Frank Tabor was ordained deacon. Sisters Dollie and Lizzie Scott were baptized and received into church fellowship. For mercy drops we are thankful. For showers we pray.
R. M. BYRON.

GLENCOR.

It is with a spirit of thankfulness that we are able to report the blessing that God has bestowed upon us. On Sunday the 24th inst. large congregations gathered at the preaching services both forenoon and evening. At the close of the forenoon service a large company of people gathered on the banks of the Nashwaak river to witness the ordinance of baptism administered to eight happy believers, all young people. This is the first time the ordinance has been administered in this community for about 7 years but we trust that before the summer is over we may again have the privilege of visiting the baptismal waters.

C. W. SABLES.

COLLINA, N. B.

Evangelist Beatty has been preaching with great acceptance at Collina for the last four weeks. God has blessed these services in the conversion of precious souls. It was my privilege to baptize sixteen converts on the afternoon of July 29th and to receive into the Studholm Baptist church fifteen of these the following evening. Among those baptized was Bro. Ezekiel Kelly father of Rev. E. W. Kelly, missionary—so widely known and loved in these provinces. This dear old brother is in feeble health having reached seventy-five years. Nevertheless God gave him strength to go forward in obedience to Christ's command. He was very happy in taking this expression of faith and obedience. His dear companion, who is a sister of Dr. Kierstead of Wolfville, was filled with joy in witnessing the one for whom she had been praying for years take this stand for Christ and honor Him in this ordinance. A very large congregation was present both at the waterside and at church in the evening. The people of Collina have been wonderfully blessed and encouraged by these services and are very grateful that God directed Brother Beatty to their community.

W. CAMP.

PENNFIELD.

On Sunday 26th, I baptized two into the fellowship of the Pennfield Baptist church. We had a good day which makes us long for more.
F. M. MUNRO.

We have just concluded a series of special meetings here. The power of God has been manifest in leading men and women to Christ. On last Sabbath nine happy converts were buried by baptism in likeness of Christ's death to newness of life. Bro. Wilson remained over and conducted the services of the day while the pastor filled his appointments down river. This week we purpose holding meetings at Lower Ludlow. Pray that God may still continue to bless this work in this part of the province.
C. O. HOWLETT.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT.

Our pastor, the Rev. George Howard is about leaving this field to accept a call to Havelock, Kings Co. We need a pastor to go in and out before us. We have

done everything we could to keep Bro. Howard with us, it seems a pity for him to go when there is such a strong feeling all over the field for him all over the field for him to remain. He has been with us eight years and his pastorate has been a great blessing to the church and community, hoping that the good Lord will send us someone to break to us the Bread of Life.

FRED CLARKE, Church Clerk.

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

We have continued to labor with Bro. F. Rideout on his field. July 10th, we baptized 7 more candidates at Fousher, making 18 since the work began. We closed our work there July 11th, we then went to Plaster Rock and spent a few days with Bro. Millen. He is laboring under some disadvantages in not having a horse. July 7th, we had the first baptism ever held at Plaster Rock, a brother and sister being baptized in the beautiful Tobique River at the close of our morning service. We expect D. V. willing to make another visit there in the near future. July 19th we began work at Windsor with Bro. Rideout and notwithstanding the busy season, haying time, a good interest has developed. Yesterday we baptized 3 candidates and gave the hand of fellowship to 5 interesting young people, one of them having been baptized by Bro. MacDonald last spring while attending Normal School. Bro. Rideout is greatly encouraged in his work and has a large place in the affections of his people, may the dear Lord raise up more such young men to gather the precious harvest. Let the church of Christ remember the admonition of the Master, pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest for the fields are white already to harvest.

Aug. 1st.

A. H. HAYWARD.

It was our privilege last UPPER GAGETOWN. Lord's Day, to baptize two more happy converts into the fellowship of the Upper Gagetown church.

R. MUTCH.

The Lord is blessing his DOAKTOWN, UPPER people in this place, three BLACKVILLE, N. B. have been received for baptism. Bro. C. O. Howlett is proving himself an able servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.
C. P. WILSON.

I have resigned the pastorate WOODSTOCK, N. B. of this church to accept the call of the First Hillsboro church. Our stay here has been very pleasant and we believe profitable to the church. The people have been unflinching kind. It is only the call of duty—which is the call of God, that persuades us to break the loving tie between pastor and people. My health has been restored much quicker than I expected when I came to Woodstock. Whoever comes to this church will find a harmonious, kind people. My pastorate ends here the last Sunday in September and we begin the following Sunday in Hillsboro. May the Lord send the right man to this beautiful town to continue the building up of our cause here.
Z. L. FASH.

Personal.

Rev. Matthew George Croker, pastor of the Pilgrim Baptist church, New York City, is supplying, with much acceptance, the Main Street church of St. John, in absence of the pastor, Rev. H. H. Roach.

Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, B. D., pastor of the

Tabernacle church, St. John, has returned from Young's Cove, N. B., where he spent his vacation. He preached to his own people last Sunday.

Rev. B. H. Thomas, of Dorchester, was in St. John on Friday. It is reported that he has received a call to the church at Salisbury, the scene of Father Crandall's labors and the old home of the late Rev. Dr. J. E. Hopper and of Dr. L. E. Wortman of Acadia.

Rev. Christopher Burnett, of Leinster Street is having a vacation of two weeks. His labors are being successful and the Leinster Street people are much attached to their pastor. Under direction of the church open-air services are conducted on Kings Square on Sunday evenings. They are largely attended. Last Sunday evening, Mr. Wilson of the Y. M. C. A. led the service and Rev. M. S. Trafton gave an address.

Rev. S. J. Case, B. C., accompanied by Mrs. Case, is spending a few weeks at his old home in Springfield, Kings Co., N. B. Mr. Case was graduated from Acadia in 1893. He taught two years in Horton Academy and four years in New Hampton, N. H. He has just completed the theological course at Yale University where he took the B. D. degree *Summa cum laude*. This is a great distinction. Mr. Case will return to Yale to pursue post graduate studies in the department of Biblical literature, making a special study of the New Testament and Biblical interpretation. We are glad to record the success of Mr. Case and wish him abundant usefulness.

Rev. George Howard has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Butternut Ridge, Kings Co., and will soon enter upon his work there. His people at Mactaquac were very reluctant to have him leave them. We hope the Lord will provide them another pastor that will be as faithful and successful as Brother Howard has been.

There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words: "Whom having not seen, I love." That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the Same Image.—*Henry Drummond*.

Deity or Divinity—Which?

Paper read by Rev. Thomas Griffiths, of the Forty-sixth Street Baptist church, Pittsburg, Pa., before the Ministers' Conference of Pittsburg, Monday, May 9, 1904.

PART III.

Such the claims of Christ. They are unique. No prophet or teacher, from Moses to the Baptist, has ever ventured to put forth such claims for himself, and when these are considered in the light of His perfect life, we are shut up to but one conclusion, viz: that he was what the Scriptures declare him to be, God in the flesh. This union of God with man in his person, as has been admitted, is a fathomless mystery; "but we are compelled nevertheless to believe that this mystery is the truth," because, if not, the marvellous phenomena of the life and claims of Christ are not only a mystery, and one even more inscrutable and insupportable, but a direct contradiction.

Some, however, have sought to neutralize the force of all this by suggesting: That the life of Christ as thus delineated in the Gospels, was ideal—the creation of the Evangelists' own minds, and not a literal account of what they and others had actually witnessed. In answer to this objection, suffice it to say, that the intellectual and moral condition of the people among whom the writers lived, together with

their own ideas of the promised Messiah, makes such a creation an impossibility. The fact that such a life as that of Jesus has been delineated by them, is the unanswerable proof that it was actually lived.

Others, by suggesting that he was God only by representation. In Exodus 7: 1, Moses is said to be made God—i. e., by representation to Pharaoh. The Lord Jesus was made man; but it is nowhere said that he was made God to any one. He is God by a sublime necessity of his nature. He is not a delegated, but an inherent Godhead. The Word was, is, and ever will be, God. It is sought also to evade its force by referring to passages which represent him as inferior to the Father. That as the Son of Man, and in his official capacity as Mediator, he is inferior to the Father, has never been questioned by any. But the admission of this does not militate in the least against the maintenance of his essential equality as God, with God the Father. He, emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man; but this emptying to take the form of a servant, does not imply that he ceased to be God, or that the human nature which he assumed as Servant, was defied. The Godhead is not merged in the manhood; nor is the manhood absorbed in the Godhead. He is God-man in one Person. As a natural consequence of these two natures united in his person, we find that some things are ascribed to him generally, which are true only of Christ as man; and that others are ascribed to him, which are true only of Christ as God. We have something analogous to this in the language of every day life: "Man is constituted of body and mind. In every human being these two opposite principles are so united as to form but one Person. The peculiar properties of each remain unchanged, and the acts of each are ascribed to both. We say with equal propriety that man walks, or thinks, or moves, or loves, though one set of these acts belong properly to the body and the other to the soul. Even when the terms we employ are direct contraries, we never hesitate to use them in describing the complex man. It is equally true that he is mortal and immortal; that he is material and spiritual." And so with the complex person of the Christ: He is represented as weeping, praying, dying and in one instance—Acts 20: 28, according to the Authorized and English Revised Version it is said that God purchased the church with his own blood. Not that God shed his blood, or died, or prayed, or wept, but that the Person of the Christ, who is man as well as God,—and as Jehovah's servant,—bled, died, prayed; and so on the other hand, we hear him speak of himself as the Son of Man, who came down from Heaven and who is in Heaven—John 3: 13. Not that his human nature was omnipresent, but that he, as to his unique personality, though on earth, was as the God-man in heaven. And so we are to understand the statement, that—"The Father was greater than I." i. e., in his official capacity as Mediator, and by the way, this last statement, which some have supposed to be a denial, is an assumption on his part, of Godhead. For it he was only a man what need to tell us that the Father was greater than He. "Would we not regard that man as a maniac, who seriously announced that, the Supreme Being is greater than he?" "To compare one's self with Deity, is it not in truth equalling oneself with him? Is there any proportion either greater or less, between God and man, between the whole and nothing?" Thus to admit that our Lord, as Son of Man, and Mediator, is inferior to the Father in one sense, does not do away with his equality in another. To prove that he was man does not shake, or even touch the evidence that he is God. While holding to his absolute Deity, we may also intelligently and consistently accept the blessed assurance that, "He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." While rejoicing in Him as "One touched with a feeling of our infirmities" we are under no necessity to refine away by a subtle and unfair criticism the ascription to His Person of the Name, the Attributes and the works of God. Both natures are essential to his work, as the one Mediator between God and man. Take away either and he ceases to be the Saviour of the world. But being what he is—God man—he is

in the fullest and sublimest sense, "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

Married.

CAIRNE-BROWN.—At the bride's home, July 27 by Rev. C. T. Steeves, Mariner T. Cairnes of Waterside, Albert Co., to Edna B. Brown of Fairfield, N. B.

BURKE-BARNED.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Fairville, on the 26th ult., by the Rev. A. T. Dykeman, George F. Burke of Cumberland Bay, Queens Co., N. B., to Mary Ida Barned of Carleton, St. John.

MERTHEW-WRIGHT.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Temple, York Co., N. B., July 6th, by Pastor C. N. Barton, Frank E. Merthew, of Canterbury Station, to Lena H. Wright of Temple, N. B.

PRESGOTT WHITNEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Sussex, N. B., on Aug. 1st, by the Rev. W. Camp Joshua, Steadman, Prescott, to Mary Hall Whitney, both of Sussex, N. B.

LIPSETT ROGERS.—At Bristol, N. B., July 6th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Harry Lipssett to Dora J. Rogers, all of Bristol.

NEVERS-SEELY.—At Ashland, Carleton Co., N. B., July 13th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, George A. Nevers to Nellie M. Seely, all of Brighton.

CAIKIN-STEEVES.—At the home of the bride's parents, Moncton, July 26th, by Rev. Ira M. Baird, Roy P. Calkin and Alice S. Steeves.

HARROP-BERRY.—At the home of the bride's parents, Moncton, July 27th, by Rev. Ira M. Baird, Algernon O. Harrop and Agnes E. Berry.

HALEY-BOYLE.—At the Baptist parsonage Moncton, July 30th, by Rev. Ira M. Baird, Howard A. Haley and Agnes O. Boyle.

PARLEE-PARLEE.—At Jofferies Corner, on Aug. 4th, by Rev. W. Camp, Levi John Parlee to Minnie Parlee both of the parish of Hammond, in the County of Kings.

DAVISON.—By Rev. Christopher Burnett, at St. John, on Saturday Aug. 6th, Frank Aaron King of Petticoe and Tean O'Brien Davison of De Bert, Colchester Co., N. S.

MACDONALD-YERKS.—At River House, Cove Point, York Co., Aug. the 3rd, by Rev. Geo. Howard, Edgar MacDonald of Temperance Vale, York Co., and Hattie Yerks of the Mouth of Keswick.

MCCURDY BUDD.—At the home of the bride's parents, Bartlett's Mills, Char. Co., June 15th, by Pastor W. J. Gordon, Frederick McCurdy, of St. Andrews to Mary Budd of Bartlett's Mills.

GILLMAN-BARTLETT.—At the parsonage, Oak Bay, Char. Co., N. B., July 13th, by pastor W. J. Gordon, Frank Gillman of Waweg, Char. Co., and Mrs. Ida Bartlett of Bartlett's Mills.

JEWELL-TILLEY.—At the officiating minister's residence, Woodstock, N. B., Aug. 7, by the Rev. Z. L. Fash, Emery G. Jewell Monticells, Me., and Ertha J. Tilley, Houlton, Me.

TITUS TABOR.—At Hampton Station, Aug. 10th, by Rev. Allan Spiddell, Joseph J. Titus of Centre Hampton, to Lizzie May Tabor of Upham, both of Kings Co., N. B.

PERKINS PORTER.—At Fredoncton, N. B., Aug. 9 by Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Mr. Perry Blaine Perkins, M. A. Principal Leland and Grey Seminary, Townsend, Vermont, to Miss Emma E. Porter, youngest daughter of the late Rev. F. H. Porter.

Died.

MCELLELL.—On July 30th, Doris Leslie, infant son of Leslie and Alice McLellan aged 6 weeks. Of such is the Kingdom of heaven. Interment at Cedar hill.

CLARK.—At Mount Pleasant, N. B., July 24th, Mrs. Darius Clark, aged 76 years. Mrs. Clark was a member of the Rockland Baptist Church. She was baptized by Rev. J. W. S. Young in the spring of 1879. Her end was peace.

PHINNEY.—Mrs. William Phinney of Centrevillage, West Co., N. B., in the 83rd year of her age. She leaves three young children and many friends to mourn. Mrs. Phinney was a consistent Christian and for some years a member of the Baptist church. She

was a great sufferer for a year. She bore her sufferings with Christian courage and resignation. All that medical skill and sympathizing friends could do was done. She died in the hospital, Mass. The remains were brought home and interred in the Midgie cemetery. The funeral obsequies were conducted by Rev. C. S. Stearns assisted by the Rev. E. L. Steeves of Sackville.

JONES.—At her son's on Steeves Mountain July 4th, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones relict of the late Henry Jones of Petticoe in the ninety-fourth year of her age. Deceased was a daughter of Daniel Pugsley of Penobscot. She was a consistent member of the second Baptist church in Salisbury. Her home was always open to ministers, friends and kindred as well as the wayfaring of all kinds. Christ and the Bible were her daily support and meditation. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. H. V. Davies.

PHILLIPS.—At the home of her daughter Mrs. Randolph Brittain, Upper Woodstock, N. B., July 30, Mrs. Mary Ann Phillips passed away aged 78 years. Mrs. Phillips was a widow for 15 years. Her husband was David Phillips. She was the daughter of the late Nathaniel Slaws of Victoria Corner. For 2 years she had been ailing, but the immediate cause of her death was a paralytic stroke. One son Richard of Houlton, Me., and one daughter Mrs. Randolph Brittain, remain. Mrs. Phillips was a consistent member of the Free Baptist church and was a worthy woman.

ESTABROOK.—At Cookville, Aug. 7th, 1904, Mr. Allen Estabrook in the 67th year of his age. Our brother was a consistent member of the Cookville Baptist church for a number of years and one of its largest and chief supporters. By his death the church and community sustain an irreparable loss. During his life, he had the esteem and respect of the whole community. His illness continues through about five months but was without pain. Without murmuring or repining, he lay, awaiting the call of his Saviour and God to service in a higher realm. He confidently entered the shadow of death to find no alarms, for the Lord was with him there. He leaves a large number of friends and relatives to mourn and yet to rejoice in the thought of such a happy death and glorious future. The funeral obsequies were conducted by the Rev. C. S. Stearns, assisted by the Rev. E. C. Steeves of Upper Sackville.

Forming the Appetite.

A young man of education and refinement became an inveterate drinker. When asked how the appetite was formed, he said that when a boy at home, the men in his father's harvest field had rum, and the boys had cider. When he grew up and went abroad, he drank ale in England, beer in Germany, and wine in France, but they do not satisfy him now. The appetite started with cider in the hay-field now demands brandy—and that young man is a wreck.

A Christian man desirous of training his seven sons aright could not be made to see the danger of having a cider press and making his own cider. He was repeatedly warned, but he persisted in his course, saying, "Sweet cider will never hurt me nor my boys."

One by one the boys left the farm, and as they were led into temptation they fell easy victims, the appetite for strong drinks having been already formed by the use of cider. When they became entangled in business, the father sought to help them, and the old farm was mortgaged. Again and again was he called upon till at last the house where his children were born, the broad acres which had been his pride were swept away, and the old man and his wife were left homeless.

One after another the boys died the death of the drunkard. At last, the youngest son, the Benjamin of the family, when life was almost gone, made his way to his broken-hearted mother, and there when life was ebbing away, he groaned out, "If it had not been for father's cider-press we should never have learned to drink."

Oh, the anguish of that father's heart! Childless, homeless, broken-hearted, and all for the sake of sweet cider! Father, beware! Your boys are treading dangerous ground when they indulge in this so-called "HARMLESS DRINK!" If your boy falls a victim to drink, it will be no consolation to you in the last sad hour to hear him say that the appetite was formed on the cider pressed out by your own hands from the fruit of your cherished orchard.

And please remember, he can no more avoid forming the alcoholic appetite if he indulges in cider or any other kind of alcoholic drink, than he can avoid being poisoned when he takes prussic acid. Alcohol is a nerve poison, and the poisoned nerves cry out for the stimulant.