

# The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 148

## The Theology of Christ.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS BY PRESIDENT FAUNCE.

1. What did He believe about the fall of Adam and the imputation of his guilt to humanity?

In his "recorded utterances" Christ never once mentions the name of Adam. That does not imply that He had no occasion to introduce his name into His teaching. Revelations that were already explicit did not need to be repeated. If in the absence of a "recorded utterance" one still asks for a statement of His belief, the answer is that Christ believed what had already been recorded as an utterance of the Holy Spirit. The account of the fall of Adam is recorded in the third chapter of Genesis. The involvement of his posterity—the names and extent of it—is fully set forth in all the scriptures that follow. Sin or sinfulness or a sinful nature was more than imputed; it was inherited. In the eye of God a sinful nature is treated as a sinful action is treated. Of the two it is the more deadly because it is the source of all sin. The only way to escape from this estimate of Christ's belief is to say that He did not know as much about the Old Testament as did a common Jew, which is to charge Him with gross ignorance; or knowing what the Old Testament taught, He did not believe it, which is to charge him with always quoting from writings which he regarded as a fraud. In the judgment of God a sinful nature and sin are one.

2. What did He believe about the union of two natures in His own person, or of three persons in the divine nature?

As to two natures in His own person, Christ simply believed what every human being believes about His own self: that the nature of his father and the nature of his mother are united in a new personality in himself. In that composite personality are seen certain characteristics, certain dispositions and certain talents which come from the father and certain characteristics, certain dispositions and talents which come from the mother and these twain are one. Nothing different from that is seen in the two natures blended into one person in Christ. Christ's personality was made up of a nature derived from His Father and a nature derived from his mother. If Christ had been only an ordinary human being he would have known that much. Christ was continually acting out a nature like that of Mary. There is no mistaking the fact of the two displays. He was like His Father and He was like His mother—the same as all of us are. He was like God and He was like Mary. Where did he get that part of his nature that was so like God in all its workings and manifestations. He certainly did not get it from Joseph, for Joseph did not have it to give. The assertion that some make nowadays that Joseph was his father makes us face a contradiction of the first law of nature, that every effect must have an adequate cause. A Joseph could not have generated a Christ. The dilemma we are led into by those who oppose supernatural generation is worse than the one they profess to be escaping from. That God could beget a nature like his own is natural, but that Joseph could beget a divine nature and a divine disposi-

tion and divine aptitudes would be to surpass any case of the supernatural we ever heard of—would furthermore be setting all natural law of cause and effect at defiance, and would cap the climax of absurdity in logic and psychology.

As to the three persons in the divine nature. The father was one person—a person in himself, a distinctive person. Of course Christ believed in him and talked with him and about him and quoted him on all occasions. He was not talking to himself nor about himself under another name. There is no alias in the Godhead. Then he believed in his own personality—that makes two. Then he spoke of the Holy Spirit as a person. "I will send 'him.'" When he is come he will guide you. This makes three distinct persons; and Christ believed in them all.

3. What did he believe about the end of the world—was it to come soon or late?

What Christ believed about the end of the world is well set forth in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew. In that place he spoke of two distinct "ends": the one was the end of the Jewish state and the destruction of its capital city Jerusalem, and the other the end of the world. Some of Christ's utterances on that occasion apply to one event, some to the other event and some to both events. In this blending of the two events Christ spoke conformably to the rule of all typology in the Bible throughout, where an earthly event is made the mould on which to set forth a heavenly event—a carnal condition or experience the tree on which to vamp a spiritual condition or experience; thus an animal sacrifice was made to typify the lamb of God; an earthly Sabbath a heavenly Sabbath, an earthly tabernacle a heavenly tabernacle, an earthly king a heavenly king, an earthly high priest, a heavenly high priest, and so on through scores of similar duplications. It is a feature of the divine method of teaching. The end of Jewish state was a type of the end of the world, and Christ spoke accordingly of two events in one form of phraseology. He believed in the end of Jerusalem and he believed in the end of the world. He believed that the first event was now nigh unto the very doors; he believed that the second event was remote, and therefore he spoke a parable to correct the misapprehension of those who thought the Kingdom of God was immediately to appear.

This much to begin with.

WILLIAM ASHMORE.

Men ought to be in the vocation that they are best fitted for. If they can turn out better shoes than sermons let them work on the cobbler's bench. It is told of a young man in the middle West who asked the advice of a wise old merchant as to what calling he should follow in life and received this answer to his first inquiry: "Well, young man, what can you do and do well?" The young man laughingly replied: "I can make good pickles; I used to make them on the farm for the country store. But I want to be a lawyer, or a banker, or an editor." The old merchant replied: "If you can do one thing and do it well, bend all your strength to that—make pickles."

The young man followed his counsel, and his various brands of pickles and condiments are in the leading stores of the world. The professions are crowded with people who should be working with the plane and trowel, because they could do that well, whilst they are miserable failures as they are.

## Professing and Performing.

Christ came not only to die for us but to live for us and to teach us how to live for him; leaving us an example that we should follow in the steps of his life and be made like unto him. He arose from the dead to give us strength for a new life and raise our fallen nature by his resurrection. Christianity is not mere idle talk about what Christ has done for us, but it should mean a life of work and self-sacrifice in imitation of his blessed life. He came to teach us not to talk only about Christ, but to live Christ.

There are plenty of professors in the different walks of life who are miserable performers. So it will not do to be satisfied with merely professing and calling ourselves Christians, we must show that we are Christ's disciples in something more than in name, for a consistent life is the strongest argument for the truths of Christianity; men forget what we preach, but they remember what we are and what we do.

A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO ARE IN ARREARS WITH PAYMENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Dear Friends:—As we will not be able to call upon you before the end of this year, when we shall have to stop the publication of THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL, we earnestly request you to remit to us whatever balance is due the paper before this year expires, as we want to settle all bills against it at that time. We cannot afford to employ an agent to go about and collect for us, for it will cost us more to do so than he would collect. We will enclose addressed envelopes in your paper for you to use in sending payments. You will see dates on your paper giving the time to which you have paid for it. Jan. 1904 means that it is paid for to that date, and July 1904 means paid to that time, leaving a balance of twenty-five cents at the close of 1904. And so any dates given on the paper or on the wrapper of it means payment made to that time. Now there are over a hundred dollars due us on the paper, which if we could get it, it would clear us of all financial liabilities for it. We may possibly see some of you before the close of the year if health will permit, but do not wait for us to call upon you, but without delay send in what you owe, and very much oblige and relieve, yours in the work,

THE MANAGER.

## The Home Mission Journal

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Daight.

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

The barkentine was off the coast of New Guinea one moonlight night. Henton had bought the latest chart of these waters when in Colombo, and had carefully consulted it. He had given orders to the second officer on the bridge what course to pursue—the correct course shown by that chart—and then before midnight he turned in.

Hardly had Henton dropped asleep when there came a rude shock. The whole ship quivered from stem to stern. Running on deck Captain Henton rubbed the sleep from his eyes and blinking looked around. The whole sea looked yeasty with a curious white froth. Hailing the second officer who was on the bridge he demanded to know what the matter.

"We're aground, Sir!" replied the second officer.

"Call all hands!" ordered Henton.

A hasty examination was made, while the whole ship's company came tumbling up on deck. The officer conning the ship had, it seemed, mistaken for cresting waves a touched sily white by moonlight, what were really breakers tripping gently over shoals. Fortunately the sea was smooth. The barkentine had run on an uncharted shoal—for the best of n-a-n-a-d charts, unlike that perfect chart, the Bible, are unreliable or deficient at certain points.

The yacht had ground softly and was resting easily. Yet it could not be stirred with the engines, even when the steam was turned on. Henton's face grew grave. That was a pretty predicament to be in, off an unknown coast, and out of the usual course of ocean travel! But perhaps the tide would help, when it ran flood in the morning. Yet when morning dawned, after an anxious night, the *Glad Tidings* was still fast.

"John," said Grace slyly, "I will now say un-to you as Paul said unto the centurion, 'Sir, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have gained this harm and loss!'"

"Just like a woman to say, 'I told you so!'" growled John rather crossly.

Grace discreetly kept silent, while her brother with vexation and chagrin written plainly on his face, walked forward to take a look at things from the top-gallant fore'side.

But now a new difficulty presented itself. As the yacht had been running along the coast the precious day John and Grace had amused themselves watching the canoes of the wild Borneo tribesmen dancing up and down on the waves near the shore. But now they did not at all relish the sight of a small fleet of canoes that began to creep out toward them in the forenoon watch! What if those canoes, which now seemed fairly to swarm over the waters, contained ferocious head hunters? The *Glad Tidings* was unarmed, except for a small saluting cannon. Henton ordered that hastily loaded with old spikes, while the few rifles on board were distributed among the cool st members of the crew, who could be trusted not to fire before they were ordered.

John Henton was no man of blood, and was sorely perplexed. Was it right for him to fire on the savages, or was there some bloodless way of repelling their advance? How could he be sure that an attack was really intended? Clearly it was his duty to defend the ship and his crew. Putting up a hasty prayer to his Master to forgive him for his folly in cruising out of his proper course, instead of continuing his gospel work

in well-frequented ports, Henton quickly matured his plans, making ready for emergencies. Nearer and nearer came the canoes, their occupants grinning hideously and brandishing their rude weapons. Henton could see that fortunately the savages possessed no fire-arms. Were they bent on barter or blood-shed? It was time to find out. The crew of the *Glad Tidings* were now all on deck, armed with what weapons they could secure, including marling spikes and bayonets. Grace at her brother's urgent request had kept below.

Henton, running up to the bridge, made a sign to the savages to keep off. A few hideously painted figures stood up in the bows of the advancing canoes and brandished their weapons in fierce defiance.

There could be no doubt now but that the savages meant mischief of the worst kind. Henton ordered the yacht's cannon fired at an angle, just clearing the canoes to warn the wild men. The spikes went flying over the water, dashing a few flecks of foam into the canoes at one end of the line. Still the canoes began to come on though more slowly now. Henton's nerves began to creep. "Must I fire point-blank?" he asked himself.

Just then a bright thought struck his mind. "Gear up the fire-hose!" cried the captain. Several lengths of hose belonging to pumps both fore and aft were brought out and trailed along the deck, while trusty men were detailed to hold the nozzles. Telling the men who were armed with rifles to hold their fire as a last resort, Captain Henton ordered the pumps set going. Engineer Henderson saw to it that the pumps did their work as they had never done it previously, and before the astonished savages, who now had crowded nearer the ship, knew what to make of the queer kind of rain shot out in their direction, they were sprinkled with hot water mixed with steam. A few moments of this watery bombardment were enough to make the crews of the foremost canoes paddle back out of range. So powerful were the pumps and so far did they throw their streams that the savages thereafter were only able to hurl their spears and shoot their arrows from a range so distant as to render their attack harmless to the *Glad Tidings* except for the scratching of a little paint or the snapping of a bit of rope-yarn here and there. All that forenoon the yacht lay securely protected within a safety zone of hot water mixed with steam. An admontory shot now and then with a rifle or with the cannon, sending a metallic missile popping into the water near by the canoes, helped to enforce the less n-intended. For some hours the canoes kept bobbing up and down just outside the range of the steam-pumps, until the head-hunters, thinking that they might have better fortune ash-ore, slowly paddled to land and disappeared in the woods.

Things might have gone badly, however for the stranded barkentine that night if a small frigate steamer which had been diverted from its accustomed course had not providentially turned up in the early afternoon. The "frigate" at once proceeded to the assistance of the yacht, and, after some hours' work succeeded in hauling it off the shoal. Henton was glad enough under the circumstances to pay a round sum for the timely help afforded by the frigate steamer. The *Glad Tidings* was not seriously injured, and continued forthwith on its voyage for the Chi-a-Sea. But John Henton had received a salutary hint, and resolved that he would not again seek to navigate uncharted seas.

While passing the China Sea, Captain Henton kept a bright look out for dhows, stray junks, or other nondescript craft, and at empty no perilous experiments in navigation, keeping close to the more frequented lanes of marine travel. He was heartily glad that he did not have to depend upon sails alone as a motive power, for the crews of many a good ship, because of the pirate invested waters, have been overpowered by boards of cut-throats.

During all his journeyings around the world John Henton, while seeking to do good as he had opportunity unto all men, did not neglect the spiritual welfare of his own crew. Morning prayers were held regularly attended by all the men off watch, and many other meetings were held as the weather or other circumstance per-

mitted. A few of the crew still resisted all Henton's appeals to give their hearts to Christ. Henton felt especially concerned for a Portuguese by the name of Antonio—nobody seemed to know his other name, not even the man himself—who had shipped at Colombo, in place of a sailor who had been sent home invalided to America, and also for the Lascar, and labored prayerfully and earnestly to impart to both men some clear idea of the real value and meaning of Christianity. Yet the fact seemed to be not so much in belief that the men could not as that they would not learn of spirit-ual truths. They appeared to take no interest whatever in that "wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin."

Both men slighted their work, and finally one day the Lascar angered at some slight provocation struck down a shipmate with an intent so evidently murderous that Captain Henton promptly clapped the man in irons, and kept him manacled for several days, on a bread and water diet. Then as the Lascar seemed penitent he was released with solemn injunctions to behave himself in future.

The Lascar, however, was evidently like the fool in Scripture who being often reproved hardeneth his neck. He knew now that he was watched by his officer—a fact which he fiercely if silently resented. Even a good man like John Henton cannot expect in this world to have all men speak well of him. And it was evident that another enemy he had on board was the ex-ma-jor's-war's-man, Bailey.

It was some nights afterward, when the wind was freshening, causing the captain and the first officer a good deal of anxiety, that Henton, clad in his oil-skin coat, sought the bridge of the yacht to spend the night on duty. The *Glad Tidings* was then surging along under close-reefed topsails aided also by its engines, which were put in operation in order more effectively to handle the boat in the heavy sea way. Henton had just been consulting his charts in the chart room, and knew that the yacht was about one hundred and forty miles east of Cochin-China, not very far from the Paracels, those isles and reefs in the China Sea which give the navigator many an anxious thought as he passes in their neighborhood.

As Henton with his faithful first officer, Nickerson, paced the bridge, hailing the lookouts forward every now and then to make sure that they were awake, he thought anxiously of the engines wondering whether shaft and screw would endure the strain and pounding seas. Eagerly he listened to the *thud, and* of the cranks and churning screw. Yes, all seemed to be going right. He breathed a sigh of relief, and had just begun to take a cup of hot cocoa which Grace had sent up to him by the hand of a cabin-boy when—crash! *whir! bang!* The sound of a furious grinding came up through the engine-room hatch. Then there came a roar and rush of steam, and—hardly to be heard through all the uproar—the float dock to the bridge from the lookout forward the startling cry—

"Breakers to leeward, Sir, over the starboard bow!"

Carefully setting the cup in his hand down at the foot of the binnacle on the bridge (Henton always wandered in later days at his own foolishness in doing this) the young captain sprang to the speaking tube and called down to the engine-room demanding what had happened? With difficulty he made out the reply of the engineer.

"Nothing very bad, Sir, I hope! Have shut off steam. Am examining the engines!'"

Relieved now of one source of anxiety Henton found himself confronted with as great a peril. He had now only his reefed courses to depend upon, and he dared not in that gale set more sail.

But there were the reefs—the outermost of the Paracels—close aboard, and that too, to leeward! The situation was desperate. Ejecting a prayer to the God of storms for his direction and aid, Henton hurriedly consulted with his experienced first officer. At first he thought of wearing the ship. But there was hardly room to wear, and if they missed stays, nothing could save them from going on the reef, where the cruel white breakers were angrily racing. Another but desperate method must be tried.

Under the immediate direction of Nickerson, who ran forward to carry out Henton's well-considered orders, the lee anchor was cleared away. A hawser was bent to its ring, led in at the lee

quarter and stretched along the deck. Hands were stationed near by. Then came the sharp commands:

"Ready about! Keep her full for stays! Ease down the helm! Helm's a lee!"

"Let go the anchor!"

With a splash that could be heard even above the rush of the gale the heavy bower plunged into the sea. As the anchor fetched the yacht up she swung head to the wind bringing the wind sails aloft.

"Man the hawser and head-traces! Veer away the cable!"

As the watch on deck jumped to execute these orders the stern of the yacht was sprung around by the hawser. Then when the sails began to take the wind, came the command:

"Cut away the hawser!"

Instantly the ship's carpenter with an axe dealt it a sharp blow, when the heavy cable, running clear of the ship's stem disappeared in the surges.

"Let go and haul!"

The head yard was swung around. The vessel was then brought by the wind and the helm righted. The agile seamen trimmed the yards, and smartly hauled in the bowlines.

Slowly but steadily, to John Henton's immense relief, the gallant little ship gathered headway on the other tack, and at the cost only of an anchor and a cable, left to rust and fray out in the China Sea, succeeded at last in beating its way westward to open water, until when daylight dawned at last and the gray billows turned to waves of gold the *Glad Tidings* was many leagues distant from the treacherous Paraels. And then John Henton with haggard face but thankful heart, went below to the mid-ship cabin, to hold, with his sister and as many of the crew as could attend, an impromptu but most hearty meeting of praise to the Almighty for his gracious deliverance of his children from perils on the deep.

### I Say Unto You.

BY O. P. EACHES.

Eight times in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus makes use of this expression. Is this egotism, or is it the outcome of a conscious authoritative power as teacher? It is almost impossible to associate egotism with the manner of Jesus' teaching. He taught, not as the Scribes, but as one who had authority. His manner impressed men. This commanding spirit embraces his entire ministry. In his first public discourse at Nazareth he claimed the old Scriptures spoke of himself. He asserted that he was the outcome of a supernatural system, that embraced the past centuries.

His word settled beliefs for the disciples and the first century, at least.

The teachings of Jesus fixed the creed for the men of his own times. His word settled things. The one final authoritative word in the New Testament times, from which there is no appeal was the word of Christ. His words and teachings were the words and teachings of God (John 15: 15). Imagination has a wide sweep in life—but no one can imagine Jesus as giving power to churches or apostles or the human judgement to explain away his words, to eliminate their meaning. Jesus claimed to be, not an opinion, or a surmise, or a happy guess, or one living a century before the times; he claimed to be the truth. Because he was the truth, he had the true conception and spoke the right word. The person of Jesus Christ is the large and commanding thought that comforts us. When we understand who he is we do not wonder at his words or his works.

How calm and how marvelous is the saying of Jesus: "The heavens and the earth shall pass away but My word shall not pass away." Creeds may come and creeds may go, enlarging conceptions may spring up—Jesus abides. The words of Jesus are the final and authoritative words on

the large concerns that refer to life and God. There may and ought to be enlarging conceptions of the nature and power of God, of the meaning of Christianity, of the teachings of Christ. Jesus interpreted God and the Holy Spirit—the servant of Christ—reveals and interprets Jesus. But the Holy Spirit and the enlightened Christian consciousness will never so interpret Christ that his teachings to-day will be antagonistic to his revealed words that have come to us.

Where does authority reside? The Romish Church affirms that the Pope is the authoritative spokesman for Jesus Christ. When he speaks as Pope, his words are as binding as any contained in the New Testament. The high churchman finds in a holy church the source of authority. To the Christian, the service of authority must ever rest in the expressed revelation of Jesus Christ. When we get to know what he meant then we have the final word spoken. Reverently the church must seek to get his meaning, must separate figure from formal statement, must compare his teachings at distinct time with the general spirit of his entire ministry—when we have his thought attained—that is the final word for all the ages.

If we hold with R. W. Emerson that Jesus Christ was simply one of the few great men in whom God richly dwelt and that other men may rise more richly endowed spiritually than he—then we may class Jesus and his words alongside of the Buddha, Augustine and a Kempis. The modern poets, Whittier and others, find no place in their thinking and poetry for everlasting punishment. Their poetic consciousness finds no place for hell in the moral universe. Who shall settle this matter for us, the poets or Jesus? Theo Lore Parker in his rugged frankness, said: "Undoubtedly Jesus teaches eternal punishment. I do not believe it, therefore I do not believe him."

Jesus Christ is himself Christianity, centre and circumference. What he was and did and teaches makes up the Christian system. The tendency of much of modern thinking is to place the seat of authority in the human reason, the human judgement, the human consciousness. A recent Baptist writer says: "The final ground of certitude is being recognized as centering in man's personal religious experience, confirmed by the innured witness of the Spirit, and attested by the men of the Bible and the saints of all ages, recording a like experience." So far as Christ is concerned he nowhere appears in any direct way in this statement. The emphasis is placed first upon the human experience. What good men living or dead, have unitedly thought—that gives a foundation for certitude. For centuries before the Reformation the great body of good men thought in a vastly mistaken way. When Jesus Christ obtained an opportunity of speaking to men through the New Testament, he changed the whole current of thinking and created new beliefs. It was the change of authority from the Church to Christ that created the era of the Reformation. The supreme need of morals, of theology, of society to-day is that Christ shall be allowed to reconstruct and control things. On many questions Christ does not speak, on the large commanding questions of man's nature, the method of solution the nature of God's moral government, the future existence, on these Jesus speaks definitely. Where does Christian certitude dwell? The answer is not in a book, not in a church, not in a consciousness, but in a person, whose dimensions are commensurate with God. When he says: "I say unto you," if we can get to know the meaning of his words, that meaning alone will give certitude. We are as sure of the words of Jesus as we are of

the words of Caesar or Cicero. Back of these words is a living Jesus Christ—his thinking and authority shine through them. If Jesus were to speak in an audible way to-day, that articulate word would be a foundation to rest upon, that word would define the thing to be believed, the outline of faith, the assured divine certainty. It is inconceivable that the source of authority in the domain of Christian thought to-day can be anywhere but in the person of Jesus Christ. He is God manifest in the flesh, he is truth incarnate; he not only has knowledge, he is knowledge. That man, whether he be a plowboy or a theologian, is acting in a sane and reasonable way who makes Christ's teaching and his belief commensurate terms.—*Hightstown, N. J.*

"Fellow Christians," cries dear old Dr. Cuyler "have you never yet won a single soul from sin to holiness? Have you never yet opened your lips to speak of Christ to a dying sinner? Then I pity you when you reach your Father's house in heaven. For, amid the innumerable hosts of the glorified, you will not find a solitary soul whom you were the means of bringing in hither. Among the glittering diadem of those who were wise to win, you, alas, will wear a starless crown. Perhaps God will have no crown for thee at all."

### The Companionship of God and Adam.

BY WILLIAM ASHMORE, D. D.

A marvelous though undeveloped and unelaborated fact in Bible history is the companionship of God and Adam. The relationship between them was not simply that of a creator and created, nor yet of father and son, though these are included. There was companionship, interchange of thought, sympathy of feeling, and all that enters into intimate companionship.

Adam was made the head over a vast estate, herbs, trees, animals and fowls, and the whole domain of nature being put "under him." He was made fully acquainted with the facts, and was formally installed and put in possession. The most conspicuous manifestation of headship and ownership was in the naming of animals. God did not himself give any names. He made the animals to pass before Adam to see what he would call them and whatever Adam called any living creature, that "was the name thereof." Furthermore, God planted a garden, and Adam was put in it to dress and keep it. Instructions were given to him as to how he should use the produce of the garden. And finally it is apparent that God had times and seasons when he himself came into his garden and walked and conversed with his new made children. All these things indicate very close and intimate companionship.

How long the companionship continued before the fall is unknown history. In all probability it must have been a series of years, and possibly a long series of years quite equal to, if not surpassing the duration of an ordinary lifetime. The naming of the animals must have been founded on some study and close observation of their natural disposition and aptitudes. It could not have been a capricious assignment of names without significance as would be "No. 1," "No. 2," "No. 3," etc. There would be a touch of absurdity in that. In old times names were always given to indicate nature, powers, abilities and positions, and these could have been ascertained only by long study. The zoologist of our day spends a good part of a lifetime in investigating the nature of a few only of all the animal existence. Adam must have required a long period of time to have attained such mastery of

his subject that God could trust him to decide finally.

Adam is often, especially by certain kinds of scholars, scientists and theologians spoken of as a crude unsophisticated sort of person. This is all conjecture, and conjecture without any foundation. Good scientific observers are often wretched logicians. They have their minds made up beforehand as to Adams capabilities, and they

MY SERVICE.

I asked the Lord to let me do  
Some mighty work for him;  
To fight amid his battle hosts,  
Then sing the victor's hymn.  
I longed my ardent love to show,  
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,  
Whose life was calm and still,  
And gave me little things to do  
My daily round to fill.  
I could not think it right to be  
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way  
That seemed of earth alone;  
I, who had longed for conquests bright  
To lay before his throne,  
Had common things to do and bear,  
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,  
And asked the Lord once more  
That he would give me work for him,  
And open wide the door,  
Forgetting that my Master knew  
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quickly the answer came  
"My child, I hear thee cry;  
Think not that mighty deeds alone  
Will bring thee victory;  
The battle has been planned by me,  
Let daily life thy conquests see."

SELECTED.

Religious News.

On Sunday, 16th, at 50'clock  
PENFIELD. p. m. quite a large number  
of persons gathered at our

natural baptistry for the purpose of witnessing the baptism of Miss Helen S. Rene of excellent parentage. She comes into the church with culture and refinement, with pious heart and life and will no doubt prove a great blessing to the church and the world. F. M. MUNRO.

The Secret of Good Cheer.

BY J. MERVIN HULL.

They were all quietly seated around the evening lamp, and a girl was earnestly studying her Sunday-School lesson. Suddenly she looked up and exclaimed, "I don't see how they could do it!"

"Who could do what?" asked some one.  
"Paul and Silas, how they could sing at midnight in that prison, all beaten and sore, and bound with chains," said the girl, with shining eyes. "It never seemed so real to me before. It is one of the most wonderful things I ever read. It just thrills me; it's glorious!"

And indeed it is glorious to see the power of a faith that never fails. It shines like the sun beside the many lights that fail. Every one is seeking for the secret of good cheer, but many do not find it because they are deceived by counterfeits. It isn't a "good time," it isn't wealth or success, in themselves, though true pleasure, good fortune and success may all be in harmony with good cheer. But the secret of genuine good cheer is the power to look at things not seen. To know that all is not lost when trials and sorrows come; to be sure of the

light that shines from a place where darkness can never come; to have an assurance of truth and hope and life eternal. That was what enabled Paul and Silas to sing in prison or out. That is what will put the genuine ring into good cheer of life here. It is the crowning joys of happy days; but is more than that, it is a joy which trouble cannot quench nor misfortune destroy; and still more, it is a good cheer that will enable us to lend a helping hand to others in trouble when other good cheer is tested and found to be counterfeit.

Sent From God.

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

"There was a man sent from God"—so runs the inspired record in the opening chapter of the Fourth Gospel. The man sent in this case was John the Baptist. John received a special commission for a special work. Every man, however, who believes in and teaches the gospel of Jesus Christ, is a "man sent" from God, a missionary of good tidings.

But while not underrating at all the great power for good exerted by a man whose personality surcharged with divine grace—and the message delivered by a man must remain the need of every age—it is certainly true in these inquisitive times in which we live that a magazine sent from God may be an untold means of good to all who read its testimonies to truth and righteousness. Of many a noble book, tract, periodical or biblical help it might with perfect reverence and fidelity to fact be declared, "There is a book sent from God." "There is a magazine sent from God!" This is said with entire recognition of the character of the inspired writings of the inspired apostles, with which no book written later can of course compare. Yet in so far as any publication reflects christian teaching, it is sent from God as truly as this or that missionary is a "man sent from God."

We need in this hurrying age when multitudes will not stop long for parley or discussion, a new sense of the importance of the printed page as an advertiser of spiritual values, a spokesman for eternal realities, and a helpful instrument of soul-culture. God can use for the building up of his kingdom an electrotype plate as well as an electrifying preacher. Subscribe for and scatter helpful books, periodicals and tracts, for such are the "good seed" of the kingdom which the Christian laborer in these modern days should go out and sow.

A Common Mistake.

The pressure of immediate necessity in many homes and the general desire on the part of the young to escape from tutelage and accept obligations as soon as they may, combine to push the young too early into the thick of the fight. It sometimes seems as if in America we were jealous of the time it takes for children to grow up. They are hurried from grade to grade in the preparatory schools, hastened through college, precipitated while yet immature upon society that finds them crude and unripe, and naturally, they cease to learn and to grow. For evident reasons, where the want of the hour is not insistent, the preparation for life should be extended. Post-graduate work is not a wasteful expense of time or money for the teacher, the physician, the lawyer, or the student of science. Granted, fair ability and conscientious study on the student's part, it is wise, whenever it is pos-

sible, to prolong the years of preparation and to wait a little while before the conflict with active work begins. In this country and this age, that conflict is seldom relaxed. The man who finds himself in the whirl of an intensely eager and strongly competitive period has not time to take breath, to drop his work, and sit down in quiet.

Married.

LENKITE JENKINS.—At the residence of Mrs. G. W. Murphy, Andover, N. H., Oct. 21st, by Rev. B. W. Dennings, Ezra Croukete and Martha Jenkins, both of Freque Isle, Me.

MCCREA PUGSLEY.—At the home of the bride, on the 5th October, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, James Garfield McCrea of Wickham, and Melissa E. Pugsley, second daughter of William Pugsley of Cambridge.

HARRIS TITUS.—At the home of the Rev. B. W. and Mrs. Nobles, St. John, West, on the 22nd of September, Rupert D. G. Harris of Canning, N. S., and Ella Dora, second daughter of Mrs. Harriet Calhoun Titus.

WALLACE WALLACE.—At the residence of William Whitten, brother-in-law of the bride, Jerusalem, Queens Co., N. B., on Oct. 12th, by pastor D. K. Gagnon, Theobert Wallace of Fort Fairfield, Maine to Miss Nettie J. Wallace of Jerusalem.

Died.

CURRIE.—At Jemseg, Queens County, N. B., on Oct. 11th, Charles M. Currie, aged 79 years.

LEEMAN.—At Gowland Mountain, Albert Co., Oct. 15th, Perosis Leeman, beloved wife of Deacon J. V. Leeman, aged 83 years. Our sister was taken into the church when quite young, and has been a faithful Christian.

BERRY.—Deacon Solomon Berry of Turtle Creek, Albert Co., fell sweetly asleep in Jesus on Oct. 18th, in his 80th year since May last. He was a man of honesty and uprightness, kind hearted and obliging, a faithful member of the Baptist Church, and served as a deacon for over forty years. He was largely instrumental in building a fine church edifice, commonly called Solomon's Temple as a consequence.

He leaves to mourn a wife, three sons and one widowed daughter, children of his last marriage. His first wife was Miss Hannah Shaw, who died over forty years ago. Seven of the children by this marriage survive him. His second wife, still living, was Miss Mary Jane Jonah, daughter of Deacon Peter Jonah of Turtle Creek, who passed away to the home on high several years ago. The funeral service of Deacon Berry was conducted by Rev. J. Hughes, assisted by Rev. F. B. Seeley. A large concourse of people showed their regard for departed worth by a tendering on the services. May the dear father above comfort the bereaved in their sorrow.

Beyond the light of setting suns, beyond the clouded sky  
Where beyond starlight fades in night, I have a home  
on high.

A mansion there not made with hands, a place prepared  
for me,  
And while God lives, and angels sing, that home my  
home shall be.

KNAPP.—Death is God's messenger moving among the sons of men. He is one of God's many executives. His arm depends upon God for its strength. His eye depends upon God's omniscience for its vision, and he waits upon God for periods and times. No one attending the Truro Convention could have foreseen that Brother Charles E. Knapp of Dorchester, N. B., was then among us for the last time. He has been a familiar figure at our denomination gatherings for a generation past. No lay brother among the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces was better known than he. His going out will be noted with regret by a large part of our constituency.

On Sabbath, Sept. 18th, the town of Dorchester, and all the adjacent settlements, turned out en masse to attend the funeral services. The Barristers of the County and two justices of the supreme Court were in the immense funeral procession, preceding the hearse.

Pastor Thomas conducted brief services at the house and a full service at the church. The pulpit was heavily draped, as was also the pew as long occupied by our deceased brother. A letter of comfort and tenderness was received from Rev. S. B. Kempton, D. D.

CAMP.—At Jemseg, Q. C., on the 20th October, Henrietta Douglas, the beloved wife of Councillor Abithur Camp, aged 60 years. A member of the Baptist Church, leaving four daughters and two sons with many friends sincere mourners for the well beloved wife mother and friend.

The death of Christ is the tragedy of the ages. It was for our sins that Christ was crucified, and we must never fail to recognize that truth.