

# The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 141

## True Prayer.

By Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D.

Fervent and effectual prayer is an exercise of the soul freighted with wondrous power—as a duty it is most constantly urged upon us in the entire Scriptures. Its nature, necessity, purpose, and needs are most explicitly taught. The commandment is emphatic: "Watch and pray."

The manner is likewise indicated, "When thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut the door." The promises are unequivocal. "Thy Father who seest in secret shall reward thee." " whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do."

A well-known writer has given one of the principal conditions for effectual prayer by quoting John 15: 7, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." He says that prayer is both one of the means and one of the fruits of union to Christ. As a means it is of unspeakable importance, and it is because we abide in Him that we can ask what we will and it is given to us.

There are many reasons why this must be so. (1) Abiding in Christ and having his words abiding in us, teaches us to pray in accordance with the will of God. (2) Abiding in Christ we can fully avail ourselves of the name of Christ. (3) Abiding in Christ also works in us the faith that alone can obtain an answer. (4) Abiding in Christ keeps us in the place where the answer can be bestowed.

The increase of grace and knowledge, and holiness in believers, their growing devotion to God's work and their power for that work, the effectual working of God's power on the unconverted through the means of Christ. But it cannot come except as it is looked for and desired, asked and accepted, believed and hoped for. And this is now the wonderful office performed by the Holy Ghost, for to Him has been assigned the task of preparing the body of Christ to reach and receive and hold fast what has been provided in the fullness of Christ the Head.

For the communication of the Father's love and blessing the Son and the Spirit must both work. The Son receives from the Father, reveals and brings nigh, as it were, blessings from above, while the Spirit beckons the soul to come and meet its Lord. As indispensable as the unceasing intercession of Christ, asking and receiving from the Father above, is the unceasing intercession of the Spirit, asking and accepting from the Son what the Father gives.

We need to be more and more alone with God. "As much with Him as with the world," is the way the men of other days put it. Surely such communion was never more needed. We must learn to wait on the Lord.

Take time to be holy,  
Speak oft with thy Lord."

God has a plan for every life and for every week. We would save ourselves from many mistakes, and often have much less work to do, did we but learn to wait upon Him and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." We shall have the sense of God's presence in proportion as we shut the world out, and unless we have some place where we may frequently meet Him, we are deprived of blessing which comes in no other way.

Two rules certainly need to be observed: (1) Wait on the Lord. Do not hurry, for better a moment of clear vision than an hour of meaningless prayer. (2) Be still. Prayer is not always talking to God. It is very often God talking to us. "When we have the sense of His presence, difficulties will vanish—when He is at our right hand we shall not be moved."

## Facts About Alcohol

Alcohol is a subtle, bewitching enemy of human happiness; an insidious poison, that has produced more misery, disease and death than any other—perhaps I might say than all other poisons put together. It is not properly considered one of the creatures of the beneficent Creator's hand. When "in the beginning" He created the heavens and the earth He did not create alcohol; nor was it evolved from molecules or "star dust" during the six days or epochs of the Adamic formation. It exists as a constituent element in no vegetable or animal organization. It oozes forth from no bud or blossom, fruit or plant, or natural spring or fountain. It is an enemy, an intruder—like sin, miasma, and death,—being the product of rot and decay.

The following facts are affirmed by intelligent physiologists of alcohol viz.: That it is an irritant, that it will blister the skin and inflame the stomach; that it is a narcotic, and as such paralyzes the nerves and benumbs the sensibilities; that it destroys or vitiates the blood. It causes heart disease by changing the heart-tissues into fat. Alcohol produces apoplexy; it does this by weakening the blood-vessels and causing congestion of the brain. It weakens the muscles. Various experiments prove that a man can lift more, endure much more fatigue, and accomplish much more work, without than with alcohol. It wastes the vital forces and causes consumption. It dissipates the vital heat, and travelers in the Arctic regions are obliged to be teetotalers. It causes a paralysis of the brain. A man dead drunk is a person whose brain is temporarily paralyzed. It will destroy every organ of the body; it hardens the liver and renders it useless; it produces the whole troop of nervous diseases; it generates ulcers, cancers, dyspepsia, tumors, and all kinds of derangements in the human organism. Alcohol is found to produce more than two-thirds of the diseases found in the hospitals in our large cities. It generates paupers and tramps spontaneously. It is one of the most active of all causes of crime and insanity. Alcohol shortens life fifty per cent. according to the statistics of life insurance companies. It serves no useful purpose in the human system, and is everywhere an enemy of life and happiness, costing the people more than their bread. It is the devil's masterpiece in delusion and mischief; and, so far as its application to the human stomach is concerned, "it is evil, and only evil, and that continually," whether we call it a dram or a tonic, or a catholicon. Moderate drinking and dosing are both alike tricks of the Old Serpent to lead men and women to the drunkard's grave.

## Leading—Following.

By May Field McKean.

O, glorious, wondrous leading!  
Our own poor plans exceeding,  
As when the women sought their spice to bring  
To a dead Lord—and found a living King!  
Be quick mine eye to see  
Each path He pointeth me!

O, following, safe and grand  
In paths eternal planned!  
There even toilsome climbing bringeth rest—  
And peace and joy by worldlings never guessed.  
Be swift my feet to tread  
The path where God hath led!

New York.

## What is the Bible For?

By Albert C. Applegarth, Ph. D.

The Inspired Word does not profess to be an encyclopedia of art, literature, history, or science. God never gave His revelation to teach these things. It would have been unnecessary. There are hundreds of human productions, fully competent to instruct in these branches. Every book has an object. So has the Scriptures. Its avowed purpose is to furnish mankind a knowledge of those sublime, spiritual verities, which no earthly genius, no matter how transcendent, could ever have discovered or reasoned out. The Bible discloses the way of salvation. It is the heavenly force, which renovates fallen humanity. It restores the alienated creature to the Father's house. It endows the children of men with celestial wisdom. It sharpens the moral vision. It gladdens the sensibilities. To the Scriptures we owe our knowledge of God in the moral aspect of His character—His love, energy, forgiveness. In a word, to the Bible we owe our knowledge of salvation, our knowledge of the future.

This is what confers upon the Scriptures its incomparable worth. This is what makes it soar above and beyond all human literature, as the one absolutely unique volume of the world—the Book of Books. No wonder that Milton speaks of the Scripture, "as that golden key, which opens the palaces of eternity." No wonder the Psalmist regards the Bible as earth's greatest treasure—sweeter than honey, more to be desired than fine gold. But if such were his opinions, having only the earlier portions of the Old Testament, should not we who know the Christ and His love, add new strings to our harps, and enrich our melodies with fresh octaves, caught from heaven's choirs.

Huntingdon, Pa.

## Impatient Heart Be Still.

By Rev. B. Franklin Rattray.

Impatient heart, be still, be still,  
And wait thy Heavenly Father's will;  
Compose thyself and be at rest,  
He ever knoweth what is best.

If through deep waters be thy way,  
If clouds shut out the light of day,  
If boisterous winds thy bark assail,  
Fear not, His strength can never fail!

In hottest fires, in fiercest storm—  
List to His voice, behold His form.  
His presence shall thy fears dispel,  
His voice assure thee, "All is well."

Does Satan hurl with hellish might,  
His javelins of fiendish spite?  
God is thy sure defence and shield,  
To Him all powers of darkness yield.

No vessel guided by His hand  
Ere struck on rugged rock or strand;  
Then, O, my soul let trouble cease,  
He'll bring thee to the port of peace.

Then shalt thou see and understand,  
The wisdom of His guiding hand;  
His grace abundantly distilled,  
And all His promises fulfilled.

Then murmur'ing heart, be still, be still,  
And wait thy Heavenly Father's will;  
Compose thyself and be at rest,  
He ever knoweth what is best.

## The Home Mission Journal

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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

Henton's face grew very grave. The yacht was well into the harbor, and if its anchors dragged, there seemed no hope for it. Suddenly a big lubberly brig began to drag its anchors and to bear down upon it. Down, down, down came the brig! It seemed certain that it would strike the barkentine and shatter it like an egg-shell. The looming sides of the brig, which was light in ballast, seemed already to be towering above the low decks of the yacht. Grace's blanched face appeared above the companion-way, but Henton motioned her to keep below! A few awful moments of suspense—during which Henton sent a few prayers lightning-like to heaven, meanwhile watching the brig closely—and suddenly the approaching ship was lifted on a wave more than usually large, and swerved a trifle to one side. That gave Henton his chance.

"Haul in the hawsers!" he shouted—through the megaphone—for the wind was howling at a terrible rate about them. The steam-capstan was set going, and by hauling aboard a few fathoms of the cables, the *Glad Tidings* just managed to escape the brig, which swept by to its own destruction on the rocks just off the sea walls of the city. As the brig was carried past, a big spar fell crashing on the deck, near by the companion-way—so it was just as well that Grace had gone below!

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henton, "one danger passed!"

Getting a firmer grip on his cables with the steam-capstan, Henton anxiously awaited developments. He closely scanned the shore, which was lined with anxious throngs watching the tossing ships to see whether their anchors were holding. Suddenly Henton's face grew more anxious yet. The anchors were dragging! He had his only two anchors down, big ones both, of the most improved type, but they began to slip through the ground as though through so much mud. What could be done to save the yacht? Absolutely nothing, now it seemed. The breakers, scarce a half mile off, were thundering against the rocks at the base of the city walls, where already a half dozen ships were beating to pieces. Nearer and nearer drifted the *Glad Tidings*. There seemed nothing to do—except to pray. That might be done—and must be done!

Calling the crew hastily together—those of them who were not actually at the post of duty—Henton assembled the men under the lee of the deck-house and prayed fervently that God, who holds the tempests in his hands and can overrule the raging of the deep and make the storm a calm, would even in that hour of direct extremity interfere to save the *Glad Tidings* from utter destruction amid the jutting rocks.

When he began to pray Henton's mind seemed confused, agitated, almost irresolute, but as soon as he concluded his prayer his judgment seemed to clear at once, and a deep calm came over his spirit. A thought shot through his mind as by an inspiration. He had put out already his only two anchors, but there was a little kedge, stowed away in the fore-hold, which had never been used. It was seemingly an insignificant factor in the ship's equipment. A kedge might be useful in a quiet way to warp a boat in or out of a harbor, but of what avail could it be in a howling gale? Nevertheless, Henton felt a strong impulse, evidently sent to him in direct answer to prayer,

to make the experiment of seeing what the little kedge could do. He ordered a hawser quickly bent on and one end made fast aboard the ship. Soon the kedge—with almost hopeless desperation—was hove overboard.

Now occurred the marvel of the whole experience. No sooner had the cable been paid out sufficiently than it tautened, and to the wonder of the whole ship's company, who could scarcely believe the testimony of their eyes the yacht bowed obediently to the tension of that single strand, and while one neighboring craft after another drifted by to destruction the *Glad Tidings* under the protection of God, and held by the little anchor passing within the watery veil, triumphantly and securely rode out the gale.

The little kedge plus prayer had accomplished what the big sheet anchors had been powerless to effect. It had held tenaciously while they had dragged ignominiously.

Towards the evening of that memorable day the wind abated its violence, and the next morning the harbor was calm again. Then Henton bestirred himself to get the yacht towed to a neighboring shipyard, where he could have repairs made to the engines. The two big anchors were readily hauled aboard, but the kedge could not be so easily moved. In vain the crew tried this and the other device to lift it. Finally they were obliged to call in the help of a tug, which bent a cable onto the hawser from another direction, and after a great deal of labor the kedge at last was started from its holding ground in the harbor's bed. How heavy that kedge had become! With much toil and exertion it was finally hoisted to the surface of the water, when the mystery of its tenacious hold was explained.

The kedge had brought along with it a huge old Spanish anchor, lost over from some proud galleon a hundred years or so before. Through the ring-bolt of that heavy old anchor one of the flukes of the tiny kedge had passed and caught. The kedge would never by itself alone have held in the slippery bed of the harbor. Thus it had not been so much the kedge itself as its grip on the strength and immobility of the old anchor deeply embedded in the silt of the harbor that had saved the *Glad Tidings* from drifting on the rocks.

The big Spanish anchor with its valuable weight of old metal was sold in the harbor of Malta, and Henton gave the proceeds to a little Sailor's Rest of modest proportions which had just been established in the port by English evangelists.

But the kedge—whose use had been suggested as a direct answer to prayer—John Henton would not have sold for any price. He had it cleaned, polished and handsomely mounted on a hardwood stand, and placed as a memento of deliverance in the cabin of the *Glad Tidings*, while on a plate on the case was inscribed the verse read that morning at prayers: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that which is within the veil."

It was a glad Thanksgiving service which was held on board the *Glad Tidings* a day or two thereafter. The English evangelists were invited and made addresses, in presence of all the crew, including even the stokers from the fire-room, while hearty choruses were sung and devout praises offered to God for his wonderful interposition on behalf of the endangered yacht. John Henton in broken tones acknowledged the divine mercy—and the power of prayer in all emergencies of life, in providing deliverance as well for the body as the soul—and called upon all in the ship's company to consecrate themselves anew to the Master's service who when he walked the earth called two sailors into the membership of the apostolic band, and stilled the raging of fretful Galilee. Then the Christian yacht owner exhorted his men, before the darkness of death should come upon them, to put their trust in the Redeemer of souls, whose grace supplies the hope that enters within the veil, even as the anchor firmly grips the holding ground beneath the rolling sea.

To be Continued.

The requests we make of God interpret our character. They show us as we are.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.*

Ever and everywhere the religion of Jesus is a cult of hope, of brave joy, of cheery optimism.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### To our Subscribers.

In the last issue of this paper we intimated that we might have to send an agent to collect what is due from each subscriber; but we find that it will cost more to pay such agent than he will collect, and therefore we most earnestly request each one who owes us anything, or will owe at the end of this year to remit the sums due before the year closes. We need every dollar due us to run the paper to Jan. next. The manager may possibly be able to visit some centers, such as Moncton, Hillsboro, Havelock, etc., but will not be able to go round and see all the subscribers in those neighbourhoods, but will ask them to come to his stopping place and settle with him while there. Now lest there should be any who may not understand what is, or will be due the last of this year, we will try and make it plain to all. The date to which you have paid will be marked as usual, either on the wrapper of your paper, or on the paper itself, if in a single wrapper it will be marked on the wrapper. But if your paper goes in a package to your postoffice then it will be marked on the paper, and it will be either Jan, or July, the beginning of the year, or the middle of the year, and we hope that all whose year ends now, July 1904, will let it continue until the end of this year, and will pay the extra 25 cts. at the close of the year. Those whose date is given Jan. 1903, will owe one dollar at the close of this year, and those whose date is Jan. 1902 will owe one dollar and fifty cents at the end of this year, and fifty a year for every year back of Jan. 1902, and those whose date is given July 1903 owes 50 cents, and to Jan. 1905, 25 cents more, making 75 cents to be paid to Jan. 1905. Any who owe for any years back of July, 1903, will need to add 50 cents for each year. Now dear friends we are hard pushed for funds to keep the paper up, and we do entreat you to send in payments for your paper to the close of this year—as soon as possible, and so help lift this burden from off our hearts. If any mistakes are made in the dates of payments please let us know at once and we will rectify it.

Yours in the work and faith of the gospel,

J. H. HUGHES.

To those who appreciate a treatment of doctrinal subjects the following paper will be most interesting and instructive. We are glad to note that among our American brethren there are found those who stand for a pure gospel and valiantly defend the true character of our Lord Jesus Christ. The piece we subjoin is divided for convenience into three parts; we hope every reader will give it a careful examination.

#### Deity or Divinity—Which?

##### PART I.

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.

Both these terms are in a sense synonymous and expressive of the God-head; but the latter—divinity—is also used in a wider sense. The science which treats of God and salvation, or theology, is spoken of as "Divinity." The term is also applied to that which is supposed to partake of the nature and character of God. In this latter sense it is understood in the heading of this paper, and has reference to the Lord Jesus, Deity or Divinity—Which?—that is to say, is He God, manifest in the flesh; or is He simply a being, partaking of the nature and character of God, but not Himself God?

That He is simply divine, but not God, is a view that has been and still is held by many. To the Unitarians, who speak of Him as divine, and of His Divinity, He is a mere man, naturally

endowed with a very superior moral and religious genius. Others, who would resent being classed among Unitarians, regard Him as divine, in the sense that every other man is divine—His divinity differing not in kind, but only in degree from the divinity in men in general. Others regard His divinity as an effluence or energy, proceeding from Deity and entering His humanity—a kind of indwelling inspiration kindred to that of the prophets. Others, as the greatest of the different orders of spiritual beings that emanate from Deity; not in any proper sense God, yet divine, since He proceeded by way of emanation from Him. This was the Gnostic view. They believed as Christian Scientists today, that His body was only an appearance and not a reality. Others regard Him as a creature, created before all worlds, through whom God made all other things, and in that sense only divine; and who became incarnate in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. This was the Arian view and is held by some today. Others again regard Him as a divine person of a glorious essence, like to, but not identical with that of God the Father, and from eternity begotten by the Father, by a free exercise of will and power, and therefore subordinate to and dependent upon Him. This was the Semi-Arian view. While these views differ in some particulars, they are all agreed in the main. To each, to all, the Lord Jesus is only a creature—a man—an angel—a super-angelic being—an emanation from Deity—Divine, but not in any proper sense absolutely and essentially God.

But is this the Christ of Revelation? Whatever else may characterize that revelation, one thing is quite evident—that "from beginning to end it is an elaborate exhibition of a Person, and that Person, Jesus Christ. He is the central figure of the volume." Everything revolves around Him; all other personalities are infinitely dwarfed in comparison with Him; Adam, Enoch, Noah, Moses, Abraham, Jacob, David, Isaiah, Peter, Paul, John and other minor figures retire into utter obscurity before His overshadowing glory. They indeed sought the shade for themselves, that they might only exhibit the Messiah, either as to come or actually incarnate. No other inspired Teacher seemed at all concerned to exhibit himself, his only cry was—"Behold the Lamb of God." But who is this, God introduces with such pomp and majesty to our notice? Is he a mere man—a mere creature? If so, is there not an infinite disproportion between the means and the end? But if Jesus Christ be, as Francis William Newman words it—"A great unique;" if He be "God manifest in the flesh;" Jehovah stands justified from raising expectations which the event does not warrant. The very style in which the Scriptures set the Saviour forth, leads us to expect in Him, One infinitely distinguished in the point of greatness and power from all others. To use the words of Massillon, "If you consider the ministry of Jesus Christ by the pompous array of oracles and types which announced Him, its lustre is such that if Jesus Christ is only a man like ourselves, the wisdom of God Himself is chargeable with the error of those who adore Him." But is the wisdom of God thus chargeable? Deity, or Divinity, Which? We unhesitatingly answer Deity. Deity, or Divinity incarnate. Divine, not in degree—not as man—or angels, or any creature is divine, but as God alone is divine. Divine, as being *One* with God; God's equal; Himself, very God. That He is man, perfect man, man in every sense of the word—sin only excepted—we readily admit; but we also maintain that He is God. We do not say that the man is God, or that the God is man; that were no doubt a contradiction in terms. But we do say that the Eternal Logos identified Himself with the man Christ Jesus, not merely by afflatus and inspiration, but by a linking of the Infinite to the finite; the God to the man, so that these two distinct natures are inseparably joined together and constitute but one person—"Emanuel, God with us"—"God in the flesh."

I must every day have fresh grace from heaven, and I obtain it only in direct waiting upon God Himself.—*Rev. Andrew Murray.*

## Religious News.

We are now at Aberdeen FLORENCEVILLE, with Bro. Rideout, God is blessing our work there. Eleven have been baptized and others are moving in our meetings, one candidate was baptized at Tobique by Bro. Miller, June 7th, and others there will be baptized on our next trip, we go up there D. V. for the 17th inst.

A. H. HAYWARD.

Our annual Business Meeting was held at Hopewell Hill on Wednesday afternoon 29th ult. Financially the church has made a good record during the past year, over \$2100 having been raised for all purposes. The debt on the parsonage is paid. Our former clerk, Miss Edna West resigned, and Miss Flora Russel was appointed in her stead. Correspondents will please note the change. The retiring clerk was remembered in a substantial donation, as an expression of appreciation for the very efficient and faithful way in which she performed the work. The church, unsolicited, unanimously voted the pastor one month's vacation to be taken when he so desired. It was a gracious favor given in a graceful way. Let all our churches do likewise. Don't wait for your overworked pastor to beg of you a little time for rest. We are anxious for a spiritual blessing and are waiting for it at the throne of Grace.

J. W. BROWN.

It is with a spirit of gratitude towards God that I report his blessings upon our efforts here. As this is my first communication it might be as well to begin at the first. Just a year ago I was teaching school at my own native home, Middle Simonds, I had preached a few times twice on this field. I had felt for some time that God had a place in his great vineyard for me, and the very day that I closed my school, I received a letter; the purport of which was a call to this field, the Aberdeen and Windsor churches. Having been granted a license to preach the gospel by my home church, I immediately settled and from the very first there has been a hearty co-operation on the part of professing Christians and a good interest manifested by the unconverted. In December last I received an injury which necessitated my going to the hospital for an operation on an injured foot, this laid me aside from the work for three months, but I am glad to say that it did not even leave me lame, as I had been for years before. The hearty welcome I received on my return in April gave an impetus to carry on the work with renewed energy. On the 10th of June we began special work at Foreston which is central in Biggar Ridge, North and South Ridges, Beaufort and Argyle. Brother A. H. Hayward had arranged to be with me and the first meeting gave promise of a glorious revival. We have had interruptions each week, as we have attended both the quarterly and the associational gatherings, and Brother Hayward found it impossible to be with me this week, but we have returned to our work both Sundays and administered the sublime ordinance of baptism in the beautiful waters of the upper Miramichi. On June 19th, seven candidates and on June 26 four other candidates followed the Lord in that blessed ordinance, and we expect others to follow next Lord's day. We had advertised a "Roll Call" at the church at Highlands for the 21st inst. This came in just the right time and we believe proved

a grand success in renewing the family union in our church home as members from all the preaching stations were present to respond to their names. An interesting feature of the Roll Call was the addition of eight new names, six of these being candidates baptized the preceding Sunday and two by experience. Rev. A. H. Hayward gave a historical sketch of the church and Rev. J. D. Wetmore gave an address on "Roll Call." The music provided by the Windsor choir was appreciated by all. In fact everybody felt that "it was good to be there." The four candidates baptized last Sabbath received the hand of fellowship in the evening, and there are a number of others to be received by letter and experience at the earliest convenience. We expect to visit other parts of the field as soon as the interest is done here, and we trust that the same God who is rich over all will manifest his saving power on the different parts of this field.

C. FRANK RIDEOUT.

We are having a quiet work of grace. We are being assisted by C. O. Howlett, who is highly esteemed. We expect baptism next Sunday.

C. P. WILSON.

It has been some time since PENNFIELD AND anything has been sent to BRAVER HARBOR our denominational paper concerning these churches and still we have little to report. The work of the churches and S. schools are progressing as usual. We hope to report baptisms at no distant date.

F. M. MUNRO.

Since our last report a most estimable young lady, teacher of our school at Lake Pleasant was baptized here. Last Sunday two were baptized at Albany making twelve in all since we began special work. Others are coming. We thank God for these tokens of divine favor.

E. E. LOCKER.

July 6, 1904.

## Recognition Service.

A Recognition Service was held at Dawson Settlement, A. Co., on the evening of July 7th, on behalf of Rev. H. S. Erb, who has been called to the pastorate of the Dawson Settlement, Baltimore and Caledonia churches. Pastors present J. B. Ganong, M. Addison and J. W. Brown. A sermon was preached by the writer on "Power from on High, the need of the church." A welcome was extended to the pastor elect by Rev. J. W. Brown as a representative of the N. B. Eastern Association. Rev. M. Addison extended a welcome as Pres. of the Albert Co. Quarterly meeting. Rev. J. B. Ganong addressed the church on the privileges and responsibilities of the Union consummated between pastor and people. Rev. H. S. Erb responded in an earnest address in which he expressed his ardent desire for the blessing of God to rest upon the group of churches to which he had been called as pastor. He also assured the brethren that the denominational work would be kept prominently before the people.

Bro. Erb has a united people and the prospects for a fruitful pastorate seem bright.

J. W. BROWN.

Hopewell Cape, July 8.

**Does the Drink Make You Strong?**

By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**A Clean Life.**

By Rev. G. B. Hopkins.

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

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

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

**Married.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Died.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Baby's Prayer.**

By May Field McKean.

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

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

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

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