

ery, gambling, would cease to flaunt themselves in public. The Almighty Father seems to have done this very thing in many cities of America; and yet more is required. God works by means, and he asks his children to go and disciple all people. Perhaps he wants the number of Baptists in Eastern Canada largely increased; it was not done in the last decade. But what about "Fore-ordination?" If the Almighty wants it shall he not have it? Yes, but he wants us to want it, and to want to do it, which is a much more difficult matter with a lot of "Free agents" and independent thinkers such as he has to deal with in our Maritime Baptist churches. How gladly would the angels (yea the archangels) rush down to this earth and compel all to come in to the feast, but God forbids. He has chosen a better way; I hope for his own dear self; I know for his weak and erring children. Suppose there were twice as many Baptists in St. John, Fredericton, Moncton, Charlottetown, Truro, Sydney, Halifax and Kentville, would these towns be better or worse than now? I answer if the new inflow were like some already there, there would not be much improvement. But if they ran as the best or a good average there would certainly be uplift in manners and morals. The business, the politics and the churches would all appreciate the better tone. As we cannot get so many more Baptists, (is it because there would be too much leaven for the mass?) the next best thing is to put into the hands and homes and hearts of many more thousands, (1) the open Bible. (2) Baptist principles and practices as explained and illustrated in MESSENGER AND VISITOR and other liberal Christian tracts, books and papers. Each church should be a pillar of intellectual and religious fire, not just holding its meetings for its own members; but reaching out all around and compelling the ignorant and careless to come into the freedom wherewith God doth make his people free. But how, how can this be accomplished? I do not give all the means,—preaching, teaching, training, exhorting, singing, exemplifying, printing. Others can suggest more ways. Suppose that the MESSENGER AND VISITOR were sent regularly for the next ten years into 2,000 homes in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island outside the Baptists, wouldn't the moral world be much strengthened? That would be a hundred thousand papers a year and a round million in the decade.

And the good no man can measure. But this immense number of papers means only an average of 5 subscriptions a year for each of our 400 churches. A small backland church with a smart committee on Literature could not only have a copy of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR in every member's home, but could place 5 copies more weekly into homes of their neighbors. Is it worth doing? Is it worth trying? Is it even worth thinking about? I strongly think "Yes." And that is one "Why" for having a committee on Literature appointed by our Convention and the same in every church or B. Y. P. U. This work seems especially adapted to our Young People's Societies and it is commended to them. It seems easier for them to get out of the old way where literature was not thought much of and strike across the broad field of God's mercy which we call the world. Wouldn't it be grand for the beginning of this Century to have literature spread by our churches as above suggested? It would be superb. It would be "Grand" if only half our churches were thus standing on the walls of Zion. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will help some churches to at once put these suggestions into action. I for one shall be so glad to read the news in your columns.

This beginning of the Century finds Christian Literature occupying a place and moving forward. A hundred years hence it will be immeasurably advanced. And it will have carried this dull dark world along into the higher purer brightness. It is lovely to look to the end of this century and imagine the then glory, but it is better though not so brilliant to gaze into the face of the present and do our parts so well that we will be making it brighter and helping it rise up towards the dreams of one hundred years to come. Many well to do individuals might send the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to 5 or 10 persons of intelligence who are not Baptist. Such a New Year's present is beyond money value; and how glad and grateful the bright young persons will be to become weekly members of the M. & V. family.

J. PARSONS.  
Halifax, Jan. 16, 1904.

### The Holy Spirit "Not By Measure." Unto Christ.

BY REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D. D.

Lecture delivered in St. George's United Free Church, Edinburg, on Sabbath Evening, May 31.

It must often have struck you with wonder that not one word is said in the whole of the New Testament about our Lord's intellect; only his heart. The four Gospels say not one syllable about our Lord's bodily appearance; no, not one syllable about the talents and the endowments of His mind. Neither the strength of His understanding nor the tenacity of his memory, nor the brilliancy of His imagination, nor the eloquence of His speech—not one of all these things is ever once referred to; only the meekness, and the lowliness, and the tenderness of His heart.

But, after what cast our Lord's human mind was made;

to what family of mind His human mind belonged—if it belonged to any of our families of mind—of all that we read not one word. Nor are we ourselves able, after all our study of our Lord, to say a single word about the peculiar talents or special endowments of His human mind. Not one word. Only, every page of the four Gospels is full of the meekness, and the lowliness, and the love of His heart. Every page, both of the four Gospels and of all the Epistles, is overflowing with His amazing humanity. His obedience unto death, and His unquenchable and unconquerable love to God and man. In one word, it is the holiness of our Lord's heart that fills the New Testament full, and makes it the unparalleled and unapproachable book that it is.

It is never once said that our Lord had intellect without measure, though I must suppose that was so. The one thing that it is ever said He had without measure was the Spirit of God. His whole inner man was so saturated, as we say, with the Spirit of His Father that it was no more the man, Jesus of Nazareth, with His inherited mind and heart, that spake and acted; it was much more the Holy Ghost who spake and acted in Him. He said it long before Paul said it: "I live, yet not I, but the Spirit of my Father liveth in me; and the life that I live in the flesh I live by the power and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost." Till the fruit of the Spirit in Jesus Christ was, as never before nor since, love without measure, joy without measure, peace without measure, long-suffering without measure, gentleness, goodness, faith, and all the other fruits of the Spirit, and each one of them without measure.

Every fruit of the Spirit you ever read or heard of was found in its season in the life of our Lord and all without measure.

Now, we know, and it is our best knowledge, what were the issues of our Lord's sanctified heart. Go through the four Gospels and you will come on every page on His love, and on His joy in God, and on His peace, and on His meekness, and on His gentleness; in one word, on the Holy Ghost in Him without measure. You may read, and read, and read, but you will never once think of your Lord's intellectual talents; you would feel it to be something almost akin to irreverence and sacrilege were such thoughts to enter your mind about your Lord.

But it is not so when you are arrested by the grace of His heart. You cannot dwell too much on the graces of His heart. You cannot too much put adoring words on the graces of His heart. You cannot too much extol, and proclaim, and preach the graces of his heart. The heavenliness and the holiness of His heart will shine out of every page of the New Testament, and will shine into your heavenly mind and holy heart, till you are changed into the same image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Now, it has never been said about any other human being in this world but Jesus of Nazareth, that God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him. Jesus Christ, the man Jesus Christ, is alone in that, and He has no fellow in that. God has given of His Spirit to many men, first and last, but never to any other man without measure. This is God's appointed way with the children of men, and He has never deviated from this way, and never will. He gave His Holy spirit without measure to His incarnate Son, our Lord, and then our Lord measures out the Holy Spirit to us. It is as Paul has it: "But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

We are all alike to begin with. Unlike as we are in everything else, in body, in mind, in estate, we are all alike in our need of the Spirit of God. Our spirits are all so full of the spirit of evil. We are all such born sinners in this respect, that in reality there is no difference among us. We are all alike in the darkness, in the depravity, and in the ungodliness, of our minds and our hearts. But when Christ, out of His fulness, begins to give us grace, one by one, according to the measure of the gift of Christ, the greatest differences begin to show themselves among us; and differences that will never be removed and equalized in this world; nor till we all receive the Spirit without measure in the world to come.—The Weekly Leader.

### The Clerk's Text.

This young clerk lived in Gates-head-on-Tyne, but his office was in Newcastle, and every morning he crossed the river by that magnificent high level bridge, which is one of the triumphs of engineering science.

One Saturday morning a colporteur had run his Bible carriage up to the corner of a street the young fellow had to pass on the way to business. In a conspicuous position the text was displayed:

"Prepare to meet thy God."

The young fellow saw it and did not like it one bit. Next Saturday morning he saw it again, and liked it less. The Bible carriage was only visible on Saturdays, for then thousands of miners and their wives came in from the surrounding districts, marketing, and the colporteur did a roaring trade sometimes in Bibles, Testaments, and religious literature. A third Saturday this young clerk saw this annoying text, and this time it seemed to burn itself in on his eyeballs.

All that day, he at sat his desk, he saw nothing else on memorandums, and statements, ledger or cash book, or

blotting pad; but, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Ugh bother the pestering thing," he said as he tried to banish it, and think of football. But it had come to stay. Then he made a resolution to this effect, that he would never look upon that text again. That he might not do so, it was necessary for him to take a new road to business on Saturday mornings. He was quite safe other days, as the man with his Bible carriage was not there.

For a number of weeks he dodged the text and was beginning to forget it, when, lo! one Saturday he forgot, and went the old road. Not the slightest recollection had he till he found himself face to face with the hated Scripture. That day he had to confess himself beaten. Rest he could not. Meet God he must, that was a certainty. He might dodge the text, and even that he had failed to do, but God he could not evade. The meeting must take place sooner or later, there was no getting out of it. Prepared for it; indeed, he was not. He had never even thought of it, and if for a moment the thought had presented itself, it was detestable.

And after the meeting, what then? Ah! he dare not think of the probability, nay, the certainty. He was a fool. He would not shirk facing the question any longer. He would throw up the sponge and give in. But who could tell him how to prepare? Ah! surely the man at the Bible carriage would.

Broken in heart and will, he sought the colporteur that same afternoon. Joyfully the old man told him that to be ready was to be righteous, and that Christ was our righteousness. We had none of our own, but the God whom we had to meet offered us Christ as our imputed and imparted righteousness.

There and then, amid the busy din of Saturday afternoon's traffic upon the street, the young clerk found rest, and was no more afraid to meet his God. He, too, used to hate texts like "Prepare to meet thy God." But I did not know Jesus then. What a difference it makes when you know him. Then every word of God is true, and good, and sweet, more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold.

Is that your experience, my reader? If not, well, I am afraid there is something wrong. Rectify it at once by accepting Christ as your righteousness, and all will be well, let the meeting with God come when it may.—William Thompson, in Presbyterian Witness.

### He Had a Kindly Face.

He had a kindly face, and eyes  
That laughed, as clear as summer skies  
His spirit was; no doubt came there  
To shadow off the true and fair  
Philosophy he never knew,  
Nor Science, but his heart was true.  
His view was narrow but not dim  
His light, for love had tempered him,  
Of life he had no fine drawn plan:  
He was a simple gentleman;  
And love and sympathy he led  
For everything that was not bad  
"For what is life," he oft would say,  
But keeping harm and pain away  
For man, and bringing joy instead;  
In feeding others we are led  
He gave consent to outworn creeds,  
But shamed them with his business deeds;  
His life was simple as the truth;  
And so he grew from youth to youth.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT

Salisbury, N. B.

The little lad reading some story becomes enraptured in the fortunes of his hero—difficulties and dangers thicken about him; how shall it end? Excited and eager, he turns over the pages and looks further on. It is all right: the hero lives and triumphs. Now the lad breathes again and with a brave heart faces the course of the fight once more. We, like the little lad, have sometimes trembled for the fortunes of our King. Then it is good to skip the pages of time and to look at the end. It is all right. "Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. And he shall reign for ever and ever."—Mark Guy Pearse.

A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christian, me go to heaven?" remarked Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All right," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinaman into America when you let him into heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor part in heaven.—Ex.

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