

MARRIED

Lunn-Gamblin

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of the groom's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bell, Mars Hill, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, Oct. 22nd, when Miss Elizabeth Angelina Gamblin, of Fort Fairfield, was united in marriage to Mr. Barry Lunn, of Mars Hill, by Rev. Perley Briggs pastor of the Reformed Baptist Church of Fort Fairfield. The parlor was tastefully decorated with streamers and colored lights for the occasion, the marriage taking place under a pretty floral arch. A large number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties were present. The groom was supported by Earl Kearney, while Miss Eva Sears made a charming bridesmaid. The large number of beautiful presents spoke of the high esteem the young couple hold in the hearts of their friends. After the ceremony a dainty lunch of cake, ice-cream and fruit was served. Mr. and Mrs. Lunn left for a week's stay in Boston and other new England cities, after which they will reside at Mars Hill. The best wishes of their many friends follow them.

Parris-Bolstridge

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Fort Fairfield, Saturday, Oct. 18th, at 10 a. m., Miss Florence Bolstridge, of Fort Fairfield, was united in marriage to Mr. William Parris, of Grand Falls, N. B., by Rev. Perley Briggs. Only near friends of the parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Parris left by auto on a trip through Maine. They will reside at Grand Falls.

Burbee-McMann

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Fort Fairfield, Me., on Nov. 3, Mr. Hector Burbee was united in marriage to Miss Mary McMann by Rev. P. W. Briggs.

Peace-Sukeforth

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage Wednesday evening, Mrs. Vinnie Sukeforth and Mr. Herbert Peace were united in marriage by Rev. P. W. Briggs.

THE INNER SPIRIT OF THE CROSS

Rev. G. D. Watson

The act of crucifixion is one thing, but the spirit in which the crucifixion is to be borne is another. In some respects the act may be brief and finished, but the inward heart disposition that should pervade crucifixion is a continuous principle extending through life, ever widening its range over a multiplicity of applications, and growing in intensity to the end. This divinely beautiful spirit of self-immolation cannot be defined. It can only be faintly described. It is a heart quality, a soul essence too fluid to be held in by words.

If we could get a vision of the soul of Jesus from the last supper to His death on the cross, and have a clear spiritual discernment of all the thoughts and feelings, and affections, and sympathies, and every quality of disposition that was in His nature during those long hours, in such a spiritual vision we should see the full-sized mind appropriate to crucifixion.

Thousands have had in greater or lesser degree a spiritual revelation into this history of the soul of Jesus. Such an insight can only be given by the Holy Ghost, for it is infinitely beyond the natural reason and imagination.

In the same proportion that we discern the

inward spirit Christ had during those hours, in that proportion can we drink of that spirit, until we can suffer, bleed, and die in our measure, with the very same disposition He had.

It is a silent spirit. It suffers without advertising the depth of its suffering, it can be subdued, scolded, criticised, misunderstood, misrepresented, and checked and hindered in a thousand ways without a groan, or a kick or a trace of threatening or imprudence (I. Peter 2-23).

It has calmly signed the death warrant of self. It can have a thousand little gifts and treasures, and harmless earthly pleasures, and pleasant hopes and friendly ties snatched out of its hand, without clutching the fingers to hold on to them. It can obey God and be rushing at full speed on lines of service and duty for Him, and then at the touch of God's Providential air-brake, it can be brought to an instantaneous standstill without shaking the train to pieces by a single jar, or the least jostling of the will from its perfect repose in Jesus.

It is a flexible spirit with no plans of its own. It can be turned by the finger of God in any direction without a moment's warning.

It can walk into a dungeon, or a throne, into a hut or a palace with equal ease or freedom.

It partakes of the movements of the Divine mind, as a floating cloud partakes of the movement of the air which encircles it.

It can wear old threadbare clothes, and live on plain food with a thankful and sweet disposition, without even a thought of envy or coveting the nice things of others. It looks with a quiet, secret, joyful contempt on all the honors and pleasures, learning and culture, and the honourable splendours of earth. It inwardly despises what other people are longing to get hold of.

This is because it sees into heaven, and is so fascinated with the magnitude of coming glories, that even the pretty and honourable things of the world look ugly to it.

The rugged cross which frightens so many Christians is embraced by this spirit with a secret, subtle joy, because it knows that all suffering will enlarge and sweeten its love. What other Christians shun as hardship, it will gladly accept, as an opportunity of sweeter union with God. It loves its enemies with a sweet, gentle yearning affection utterly beyond what they would be willing to believe. It can be bruised and trampled on, and turn with a quivering, speechless lip, and a tear-dimmed eye and kiss and pray for the foot that under the pretence of religious duty is trampling it in the dust.

It will not receive human honours unto itself.

If it is praised or honoured by its fellows instead of eating it as a sweet morsel, it offers it up instantly to the Lord as the angel did with the good dinner which was presented to him by Manoah. It's highest delight is in sinking into God and being little. It loves to humble itself both before God and man. It shuns debate and strife and theological argument.

It is modest and retiring and loves to get out of God's way, and see Him work.

It does not make others wear its sackcloth.

It would rather take other people's sufferings on itself than to take their joys.

When the soul enters sanctification it is just the beginning of this spirit which is to spread, intensify and brighten, until the

crucifixion life becomes a beautiful flame of self-abnegation, which takes hold of all sorts of woes and troubles, and mortifications and pains and poverties, and hardships, as a very hot fire takes hold on wet logs and makes out of them fresh fuel for more self-sacrificing love. It opens the gate of heaven without touching it.

This is the spirit that wears out the patience of persecutors, that softens the hearts of stone, that in the long run converts enemies into friends, that touches the hearts of sinners, that wins its way through a thousand obstacles, that outwits the genius of the devil, and that makes the soul that has it as precious to God as the apple of His eye.

A REMARKABLE SOUL WINNER

When I was in Melbourne, Australia, as a minister, I kept hearing stories about a woman, a cripple, and I never believed them. I did not think the stories could be true. I went one day to offer comfort to her, but before I had been in the room ten minutes I found it was I who was receiving instruction, broken down, and dissolved in a flood of emotion. When she was eighteen she was seized with a dread malady, and the doctor said that to save her life he must take off the foot. Both feet went. They followed the disease up the body, took off her legs to the knees, still followed it up, and cut as far as the trunk. Then it broke out in her hands. The first arm went to the shoulder, and the second to the shoulder, and when I saw that woman, Miss Higgins, all that remained of her was a trunk, nothing more than a trunk. For fifteen years she had been there. I went to offer comfort, but I did not know how to speak to her, or what to say. I found a room the walls of which were covered with Scripture texts, all of them radiating, speaking of joy, and peace and power.

She lay in bed one day and asked what she could do, a dismembered woman without a joint in her body. Then an inspiration came to her, and she got a friend who was a carpenter to come, and he fitted a pad to her shoulder and then to that another, and a Swan fountain pen, and she began to write letters with it. And remember, when you write, you write with your arm. She had to write; and as there was no joint, she wrote with the whole of her body. There may be clever caligraphists in this place, but I will undertake to say there is no woman who could write a letter one-half so beautiful from the point of view of calligraphy as that woman wrote in my presence, almost like copperplate; and she had received 1,500 to 1,600 letters from people who had been brought to Christ through the letters she had written in that way from that room. And I said to her: "How do you do it?" And she smiled and replied: "Well, you know Jesus said that—'They who believed in Him out of them shall flow rivers of Living Water,' and I believed in Him, and that is all."

If one in such an absolutely helpless condition as this Christian girl could by the help of God accomplish such amazing results in winning souls, who is there of us after this need despair? Who is there so crippled in body or circumstances that cannot in some way be made a blessing to others? God seems to glory in doing the impossible. He still takes "the weak things, to confound the mighty. Nothing is too hard for Him. Give Him a chance.—A Tract.