

# Messenger and Visitor.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
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VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1888.

NO. 38.

**BROTHER AND SISTER CHURCHILL'S BEHAVIOUR.**—A letter just received from Bro. Churchill informs us that their boy was a victim to small-pox. A cooley they had befriended and whom they had done some work about their house had been stopping when the dread disease was had, and had his clothes full of the infection. Bro. Churchill was ill about the time when he would take the disease, and he feared it was the small-pox, but he recovered again without an attack. It is a pity that all danger is passed. Brother and Sister Churchill find their home very quiet and sad now that George's voice and footsteps are no longer heard. May they be lovingly sustained and preserved.

**VERY FORBEARING.**—The Presbyterian Witness remarks on Dr. Dowling's case and some of his statements: It is impossible that the Baptist denomination should permanently remain in a position so unchristian as "close communion." At the Table of the Lord all true disciples should be cordially welcome, and all should in peace and comfort of the Holy Ghost rejoice together. How unlike a true and noble body like the Baptists to introduce dubious ritualistic questions to separate God's saints! However, all have their imperfections and weaknesses; and it is certain that we Presbyterians are not without our share! It is a small thing that we should be patient and forbearing in discussing the conduct of our erring brethren.

This is all very well, but we have it on undoubted authority that the brother who penned this paragraph is a close communionist in the precise sense in which we mean that he would not receive anyone to the Lord's Table unless, in his estimation, baptized. How can he term that error in us and use it as a reproach, which he and his denomination hold as truth and right, passes our comprehension. The need of patience and forbearance is not all on his side. Would he kindly give the scripture which proves that for Baptists to refuse to receive the unbaptized to the Lord's Table is an error but that for the editor of the Witness and the Presbyterian body to refuse to receive the unbaptized to the Lord's Table is according to truth?

**SUGGESTIVE.**—An exchange says: One thousand one hundred and fifty-five young men have professed conversion in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Illinois during the past nine months. Of this number 216 have united with the various churches. That is to say, one-fifth of those who professed conversion in the Young Men's Christian Associations of this state have united with churches. The remainder, over eight hundred strong, go to swell the numbers of the unattached. Probably in other states and provinces it is about the same. There is great significance in these figures. It shows that the greater part of the results of the work of the Y. M. C. A. does not help the churches. The most of the converts ignore the organization God has stamped with his seal, and go to increase the great army of what some have called church tramps. The indifference and want of conviction in reference to the truth of God which is thus revealed, is most distressing. While all most rejoice at the conversion of souls; yet it is permitted to have a deep regret that there is not associated with the conversion the edification which would build up the strongest Christian character, a character most loyal to truth and to the institutions of Christ.

**PRESBYTERIANS OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The statistics of the Presbyterians of the United States have just been published. From these we learn there are 6,534 churches, 732,071 communicants, 18,799 adult baptisms, 23,869 infant baptisms, 793,443 Sabbath-school members. The gain in membership during the year has been 26,364. The growth of the body is not rapid, but is very steady. The increase of communicants for the last six years has been 121,376. Their benevolent contributions continue to increase rapidly. This year there was given to Home Missions \$944,605, to Foreign Missions \$743,495, for all purposes, for support of pastors and for the work at home and abroad \$12,917,783, an increase of \$1,719,171 over last year. These statistics reveal substantial progress all along the line.

**PROFIT AND LOSS.**—The great English brewing firm of Guinness, Son & Co. made a very profit of a few dollars short of \$4,000,000 on last year's operations. This is all the profit there is in the business. What want and wretchedness and demoralization a business in liquor so great as to secure such an enormous profit must represent in well nigh fearful to contemplate. How men who grow rich on the misery of thousands can crush out conscience so as to sleep quietly in their beds, we cannot imagine.

**ANALYSIS.**—We clip the following from the Watchman. Ingersoll does not relish having his conduct exposed. An abusive assault of words was made by Robert G. Ingersoll upon Joseph Cook at Rogers' Back Hotel, at the north end of Lake George, on Monday, August 13th,

when the former in the presence of the latter, who had not spoken a word, used the most insulting and profane language, concerning the object of his indecent abuse, to whom he soon said directly, "You are a liar and a dirty dog, and I have half a mind to give you a licking now." This profanity and vulgarity was called forth by the appearance in *Our Day*, a monthly publication by Mr. Cook, of the evidence that Mr. Ingersoll headed a petition to Congress for the repeal of certain clauses in the postal laws, which interfere with the transmission of infamous publications and instruments of vice. Mr. Cook was undisturbed by the threat of personal violence.

**DENIAL OF EVIL REPORTS.**—As we have not the denial referred to in the following, we gladly publish the facts as therein stated by a reliable correspondent in N. E. Marquette: On June 15th and June 22nd last, there appeared in the columns of the *Island Reporter*, then published at Baddeck, C. B., now at Sidney, articles stating that one I. G. McPherson, formerly of Cape Breton (Margaret), had been arrested in Lewiston, Maine, for having been implicated in the great Bennett robbery case, which took place at Plymouth, near Bangor, when something like \$50,000 changed hands. The paper referred to went so far as to give minute particulars of his arrest. The report went far and wide to the detriment of McPherson's character, who is respectably connected and has numerous friends here. Upon inquiry, the same has turned out to be a mean, low, lie, the information having been furnished to the editor of the *Reporter* by some designing villain. Upon request, the editor of the *Reporter* has righteously and justly denied in their columns the report.

**METHODIST MISSIONS.**—The following is the general statement of the mission work of the Methodists of Canada. In the domestic missions there are 397 mission fields with 407 missionaries, 48,459 members; Indian missions, 45; total paid agents, 91; members, 4,437; French missions, Montreal conference, 3; total paid agents, 12; members, 243; Chinese mission, British Columbia conference, 1; paid agents, 4; members, 26; Japan missions, 10; total paid agents, 555; members, 46,442; total income, \$219,480.

**PATRICK AND LUDICROUS.**—Mr. Frank Hall, a Royal Academician has recently died. He was famous as a portrait painter. The following incidents relative to two of his most eminent sitters—Gladstone and Bright—are slightly judicious as well as pathetic:

Of course, during the many hours' sittings which posing for a portrait involves, plenty of opportunity occurs for conversation, and of such opportunities it was Mr. Hall's wont to avail himself to the utmost, not only for the sake of obtaining greater insight into the characters of his sitters, but also to a view of self-improvement, as well as from a desire to avoid any approach to boredom in the sittings, which were necessarily protracted in the face. One of these I think I may, without charge of indiscretion, recount as he told it to me. When he was painting the portrait of Mr. Bright he incidentally mentioned that he was about to perform the same operation on Mr. Gladstone. "It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright," he remarked, "that after all these years you should have found cause to sever your connection?" "Indeed it is," responded Mr. Bright, with a sigh. "To think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder, and side by side, we should be forced apart in the evening of our lives! And by what? By a bogey that has risen within him and is becalming him away from duty and sense—by a Frankenstein. Do you know, Mr. Hall, I seriously fear that my dear old friend's mind has really become unbalanced." "When he was at Hawarden, the subject of the artist's portrait of Mr. Bright cropped up. "Ah!" said Mr. Gladstone, with much interest, "and how did you find him?" "Fairly well, and he spoke very affectionately of you, Mr. Gladstone." "Did he, indeed?" replied the sinner, mournfully. "Did he indeed? That was a cruel blow—what a lifetime of mutual esteem and of good work undertaken and carried through together we should be divided on so clear a question! Tell me, Mr. Hall, and here his mouth stretched, for he was evidently struggling with great emotion—"tell me, did you notice anything in the manner of my old friend which would lead you to believe that his reason was becoming unbalanced?"

—Is one of Bishop McTear's Beacon-laureate sermons he says: "I was once in a furniture shop. Lying on the floor I saw several pieces of timber. Speaking to the foreman of the establishment, I said, 'Why do you not use this. It is of fine grain and looks very beautiful.' The foreman said, 'Yes, we have plenty of that, but we cannot use it. It is too soft to be polished.' Young men, if you are too soft to be polished, God will put some of it on you." Yet the softest are often the most vain, supercilious, and pretensions. —If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*Otlet Wendell Holmes.*

## Contentment

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL ELDER.  
The sky is clouded still,  
The light is wan and cold,  
The mist wreath round the hill  
Like ghastly shrouds are rolled;  
My soul the earth's dark hue hath caught,  
Wrapped in the gloom of sombre thought.

Mysterious sympathy,  
Through which the spirit clings  
By many a viewless tie,  
To earth's material things;  
Reflecting like the faithful glass,  
External changes as they pass.

So must the spirit be  
While in this coil of clay,  
Till He who made shall free  
And bid it spring away.  
In glad divorce from cumbering earth  
To live a life of heavenly birth.

I would not antedate  
The time by God decreed,  
From this terrestrial state  
Impatient to be freed;  
But look to my celestial home  
Calmly, till he shall bid me come.

Nor shall my heart complain  
That He hath formed me so,  
To thrill with joy or pain  
With every ebb and flow  
Of that mysterious atmosphere,  
That ever floats around me here.

I bless Him for each day  
On which the sun is seen,  
For every golden ray  
That glads me with its sheen,  
For the sweet winds whose power doth cheer  
Ere I am conscious they are near.

Nor shall I cease to praise  
When heaven's blue cope is filled  
With clouds that quench his blaze,  
And the sad heart is chilled.  
The strong winds obey His will,  
Peace, O my spirit, and be still.

Correspondence from the Alps.

[We are permitted to publish the following letter from Dr. T. E. Rand to Dr. S. T. Rand. Our readers will peruse it with a double interest.—Ed.]

VAL DE CHAMONIX,  
August 14, 1888.

My dear Dr. Rand,  
I have not infrequently thought of you during the summer, and it occurs to me that you might enjoy a word from me. Hence I write this morning, glad to be in the shade and away from the dazzling glare of the sun blindingly reflected from the snowy peaks of the Mt. Blanc range, which rear themselves directly over this beautiful vale. Of course one thinks of Coleridge's hymn in connection with this place, and although one of his biographers says he was never here, I find it very hard to credit the statement, after reading the poem on the spot. One thing seems clear, he could not have more artistically seized upon the great features of the scene, nor given voice more grandly to the emotions stirred in one by this stupendous presence. I don't know whether people read Coleridge nowadays, but he has always had a word for me in certain moods,—more of what he suggests than fully utters.

I think I wrote you from Woodstock, Ont., intimating that my health was a matter of some anxiety, and that I might be obliged to hold up for a time. The Board of Governors gave me leave of absence for a year, but matters in connection with our work in Toronto are not such a condition as to permit me to remain away. We (wife and I) left Woodstock two months ago yesterday for England. After resting for a time by the sea and in the hills of North Wales, we spent ten days in London, amidst its vast throngs and smoke—seeing some very interesting and instructive sights. Among them Dore's great pictures as never be forgotten. Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, Christ leaving the Praetorium, and other of his pictures, to which a whole gallery is given. You would have enjoyed them exceedingly, and I doubt not you would have had suggested many graphic and truly dramatic representations of Scripture events and scenes. I shall never forget the outlines of the scenes in your sermon on Peter's delivery from prison. From London we came over to Antwerp, where we had some rare sights (rare for us) of the work of the Flemish masters, especially Rubens. His descent from the Cross, and Raising of the Cross, are truly magnificent and full of dramatic power. They made a very deep impression on us. Of course we here enjoyed a sight of the old Cathedral and of the works of art everywhere to be seen. During our visit one afternoon—a week day of course, for I do not visit Roman Catholic churches on Lord's day—we saw the threatened of the virgin (quite unexpected to us); it occurs every afternoon, I think. The purest paganism, and so revolting to my spirit that I left the church in the midst of the service, feeling that I was guilty in being present at what seemed to

me an anti-Christian service. We visited Brussels, and of course, Waterloo; then Cologne, where we saw the great Gothic Cathedral with its two towers and spires piercing the blue sky 560 feet; one of the most beautiful buildings in sculptured tracery and beautiful figures I ever beheld, sitting as light and airy as if it were carved in snow, instead of massive sandstone—a poem in stone, surely. We ever shudder loving patience and artistic devotion wrought in stone! We sailed up the historic Rhine from Cologne to Mayence, a day of delights. From Mayence we crossed to Heidelberg, thence to Basle, and on by beautiful valleys to Lucerne. Here we found ourselves in the presence, for the first time, of the great Alps with their snowy heads and shoulders in the July sun. The sight filled us with new emotions. Emma said, "It seems like looking up into heaven," and so it did. The scene was so far removed from human affairs, and filled with such sky light. From Lucerne to Interlaken is one panorama of interest to those who love bold scenery, and the way to Berne is very delightful. The latter city, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, is quaint and full of picturesque things. We came on from there to Lausanne and along the eastern half of the northern shore of Lake Geneva. Here came over me with a rush all my early recollections of Byron's "Child Harold, Canto III," and it seemed to me as if I was revisiting scenes of my youth. I could not resist the impulse for a row on the lake, and as we rowed in the evening twilight, in the still, clear air, I felt how well worthy the scene was of all Byron's word-painting.

Of course, we did not forget the name of Madame Feller, the founder of the G. and A. Ligne Mission, Quebec. We stayed two days at Lausanne and a day at Chillon, and visited the Castle and the spacious dungeon of Bonivard, with its "seven Gothic pillars." Read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." Mrs. Rand made an accurate water color sketch of the Castle. Thence we came to Martigny by rail up the Rhine Valley, and by coope 23 miles over mountains and the rough, great gorges in eight hours to Chamounix,—the last hour or two of the ride giving us splendid views of Mt. Blanc. We reached here Friday evening last (this is Tuesday morning). We leave here Thursday morning for Geneva by diligence, and on to Paris by rail, and to London, &c., and hope to sail for Montreal on Sept. 6. You will be glad to know that Mrs. Rand is well, and that I feel some of my old energy coming back to me. I am much refreshed.

I suppose by the time you receive this, the friends will have held their Jubilee at Wolfville. I earnestly hope they may have abundant cause to rejoice, and that the manifest presence of the Master may be with them all.

THEODORE H. RAND.

## Religious Joy.

The well known writer Geo. W. Cable contributes the following to the S. S. Times. True religion is of right the happiest, gladdest thing in the world. It does not merely permit us to be glad. It offers such an opportunity, occasion, and reason for gladness, and turns everything into such a constant source of gladness, as nothing else on earth does or can do. It bids us "rejoice and be exceedingly glad," not to fret over a gloom attending it as we speak and sweeten medicines, but because it removes the cause of gloom from all things, and gives us power to turn the heaviest visitations themselves into blessings. Many other things bring delight, but we are sure to find their streams more or less mixed with things distasteful. They who reject religion, and we in so far as we misconstrue it, close or obstruct the only path to the pure headwaters of joy.

And true religion always was the gladdest thing in the world. It is the very recipe for giving everything a permanent gladness. Man has not always given it a glad key-note, but that was always man's fault, not religion's necessity; and "Blessed is"—and always was and will be—"the people that know the joyful sound" of true religion, and key their lives and worship to that note. Religion is not joyous, hilarious, pleasant to the senses; but it is the only influence permanently effective to make us independent of such conditions, and blessed in them and without them. Israel's religion was a silver trumpet call to glad rejoicing. We may go a step farther. Religion never can command half effectiveness until it is "a good tidings of great joy" to all people. Depend upon it, our religion is not quite religion until it is clothed in a shining robe of gladness. It is only potent in degree as it becomes itself a gladness in us. All through the books of Moses we hear the perpetual overtones of an elevenfold commandment, Thus shalt not clothe religion in the garments of heaviness. "And ye shall"—not the mere prose, the command—"rejoice before the Lord your God." "And thou shalt be altogether joyful." In other words,

we are not merely to give ourselves good ground for joy, and let joy spring as it will, but we are to sow joy in that ground, and cultivate and harvest it. We are to strive to make, and feel, and show, every part and aspect of our religion delightful.

And yet again, we are not to rejoice in religion merely as something foreign to this world and life which we have exchanged this world and life for, but as something entering into and informing, illuminating, interpreting, and glorifying this world, this earth, this life. We are to make it a part of religion to enjoy life and nature in all her beauty and bounty. In the very same breath that confesses us strangers and pilgrims, we are to show that by religion we are qualified to enjoy our human existence, and the material gifts of God here below, as none without it can.

What gives religion this vast advantage? First, it is the joy of contrition. Every child that has ever repented, and confessed a fault to a loving parent, knows what that is. Next, it is the joy of atonement; that is, of reconciliation to God and harmony with his purposes and plans. Then, it is the joy of loving and being loved by God. And again, it is the joy of seeing and feeling everything, whether it seemeth for the present joyous or grievous work, and making it work in us the perfecting of that image of God, which true religion makes our supreme desire. And, lastly, it is the joy of God's personal presence with us, and personal and entire care over us; or, rather this is the last,—the taking of all our joys to God, and God into all our joys.

All these things one easily finds abundantly set forth and made operative in the great feasts of the Mosaic ritual. All rejoicings were attended by confession of sin and appeal to mercy, and all confession of sin and appeal to mercy were attended by rejoicings in the divine bounty, care, guidance and salvation. Even the day of atonement, the one only day of the year appointed for fasting and affliction, lay close bound between the feasts of trumpets and the feast of tabernacles, making their chief joy the joy of salvation.

## God Is Never Deaf.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

To those of us whose hearing has been impaired by any physical cause, there are numberless vexations and losses and privations caused by deafness. Over one of the inlets into the mind there is inscribed "No thoroughfare." What a comfort it is to know that our Heavenly Father is never deaf! His hand is never shortened, that it can not save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. Human ears wear out by old age, or they grow deaf by disease; worse still, they are enclosed by indifference or hard-hearted unkindness. The most benevolent people sometimes get impatient under oft-repeated appeals for assistance. Beggary wears out its welcome. But who has ever tired out the infinite Love by oft-knocking at his door, or by his frequent importunities? The oftener we come, the oftener we may. God loveth to be inquired of. It is we who too often give up praying, but He never gives up listening.

I do not believe that the covenant keeping God ever leaves a sincere prayer, breathed to him in faith, unnoticed or entirely unanswered. The answer may be long delayed. For example, a godly mother may pray without ceasing for the salvation of a beloved child. Long years after her lips are sealed in death, the concurring grace of the Spirit may reach that son, and the prayer recorded in God's book of remembrance may be answered. The martyr Stephen prayed for his bigoted persecutors. Among them was that young man Saul, on whose wonderful future that day's scene had a wonderful influence. Perhaps one of the joys of heaven will be the discovery of answers to our petitions which we laid at the throne of grace during our life-time.

God is a supreme Sovereign upon his great white throne. We are responsible free agents down here on his footstool. As a sovereign, he commands us to pray, to continue in it, to pray without ceasing. It is our privilege and duty to pray; it is God's right to bestow just such answers as his all-wise love may deem to be best for us. Faith is that child-like temper of the soul, which submits implicitly to everything which God orders, but never submits to what we can better. If we yield to discouragements which we ought to battle against, or if we submit to the absence of spiritual blessings without wrestling for them, then are we but worthless clods, who deserve to suffer the worst that can befall us. In spite of discouragements we must never grow faint in prayer. Genuine faith, coupled with obedience, creates such a condition of things, that it may become wise for our Heavenly Father to grant what would otherwise be denied.

Sometimes God hears and answers our petitions in a way that is quite unlooked for. God sends us something

different from what we expected, and something far better. A man prays that he may be unified in spirit. God takes him at his word, and puts him in a blistering furnace of affliction. The sufferer finds that in that furnace his dross has been purged off, his faith has been strengthened, and his love quickened, and he is ready to cry out, "O God, thou hast tried me, and I came forth as gold." This brother's petition was answered according to its intention, and not according to the letter of the request. We do not always recognize the answers to our prayers when they come. Be sure of one thing, and that is that God is never too deaf to us; or never too busy to attend to us. Paul besought God three times over, to deliver him from that "thorn in the flesh." All in good time the answer came: "My grace is sufficient for you." God did not take away the affliction; he gave him grace to triumph over it.

3. Then, too, we must remember that some of God's promises require time to mature. We get impatient and fail to murmur-g. Things do not turn out as we had hoped for, and we are tempted to think that God has turned a deaf ear to us, or forgotten us. Too often we raise an ado like the weepers and wailers in the house of Jarrus. Unbelief begins to wring its hands, and cry, "It is all over." When Jesus came to that turbulent house of the ruler, he calmly spoke the omnipotent word, "Maiden, arise!" I often think that this story of Christ's restoration of the dead damsel was given us (among other truths) to teach Christians how to behave in times of trouble. Instead of sitting down in blank despair, or instead of letting our unbelief rear and tear its hair, we should call straightway for the Master. Nor should we worry if he does not come at our first call, or if he does not bring just what we expected, or consent to let us dictate. Mary and Martha tried that, and the patient Jesus taught them a lesson which will avail for us when we are in dark hours of sorrow. "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

The bell rope of prayer reaches up to the ear that is never heavy. Let us pull it with a strong hand, and with a patient, submissive spirit. When we have pulled it, let us wait till the answer comes. If we do not wait, we shall never fail to receive what God knows to be the very best thing for us. "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."—*New York Evangelist.*

## This, That and The Other.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon." —The treasurer of the American Road states that the receipts for the eleven months of the fiscal year amount to \$473,575, against \$397,562 for the same period of the previous year. The result is regarded as a vindication of the position of the Board on the subject of Future Probation.

—Rev. T. W. Jenky forcefully says: "Gabriel never knew the worth of his harp and crown, till he saw at what immense cost the lost harp and crown of a sinner were redeemed among the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary." —One Sunday night, at a colored prayer-meeting, after a wayward brother had confessed his shortcomings, a voice was heard from a back corner, saying, "Put de lamp out, put de lamp out." "What for put de lamp out?" asked the leader of the meeting. "Cos de viles sinner done return," was the quick reply.

—The late Dean Burgoon, of Chichester Cathedral, was a man of great energy and much wit of an unconscious sort. He hated evolution and contended against it on all occasions. It was he who cried in a sermon: "O, ye men of science, give us back my ancestors in the garden of Eden, and you may keep yours in the Zoological Gardens."

—Nothing could be more absurd than the idea that the discussion of denominational tenets is unfavorable to Christian union. In order to secure unity there must be oneness of belief, and such agreement can be brought about only through discussion.—*Christian Inquirer.*

—A Chinese Christian recently asked Arch-deacon Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Being desired to guess he said: "It's a little country, perhaps fifteen hundred," and being told that there were twenty-three thousand, said in astonishment: "Twenty-three thousand! Then you can spare one thousand for China." —The Southern Presbyterian church reports for 1888: 1,129 ministers, 2,770 churches, and 156,249 communicants, indicating a net increase of 13 ministers, 44 churches, and 5,861 communicants. The total of benevolent contributions is \$1,463,475, the largest in the history of the church.