Messenger and Visitor.

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Directions to Subscribers in Remitting their Subscriptions.

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All our Pastors are Agents.

—SCOTT ACT IN HALTON.—It is repeated over and over again by the friends of the liquor traffic that the Scott Act has been a failure in Halton. Just before each Scott Act contest, the testimony of some of the rum party in the courts is published and used as though it were the most reliable possible. The facts are given by Mr. Lucas in a late issue of the *Montreal Witness*. After three years of its operation, when another vote was taken, it had 500 more friends than when it was first carried. Compared with the contiguous counties where the Act is not in force, the following statistics from official documents speak volumes:—There were convicted and punished in 1883 (when the Act had been in force in Halton nearly three years) in the County of Wentworth, touching Halton on the West, 1796 persons; in the County of Wellington, touching Halton on the North, 573, and in the County of Halton for the same period only 39 persons for all crimes, not counting violations for the liquor laws in any of them. To put it in the form of proportion to population you have in Wentworth, which rejected the Act, one in every thirty-two persons in the county, a convicted criminal for that year. In Wellington, which was a transition state (having since adopted the Act), one person in every one hundred and twenty-seven a criminal, and in Halton, where the Act has been in force three years or over, one criminal for every five hundred and sixty-four. Wentworth, 1 for every 42; Wellington, 1 for every 127; Halton, 1 for every 564.

Take now the evil which the Scott Act is especially intended to cure. There were convicted for being drunk and disorderly for the same year, Wentworth, 666; Wellington, 235; and in Halton, 31! That is to say, in Wentworth, 1 for every 98; Wellington 1 for every 312; and Halton, 1 for every 7,836. In the face of these facts and official figures the opponents of the Act have never given up the cry of "failure." Those who say it to-day are the same parties who said it two years ago, when Halton re-affirmed her confidence in the Scott Act by a largely increased majority. I wrote to Toronto for the report of the Inspector of Prisons for 1884, and I find the following figures. Convicted and punished after trial for being drunk and disorderly.—In Toronto gaol, 1,262; Hamilton, 328; London, 193; Peterboro', 37; Guelph, 24; Cayuga, 18; Milton, (gaol for Halton) 1.

—LAY WORKERS.—In the Presbyterian synod of London, England, the subject of lay preachers to do mission work was brought up by Dr. Dykes. He asserted that recent methods, in which regularly ordained men alone are encouraged to preach, were insufficient to meet the pressing needs of the home field. The proposition was referred to a committee, and will come up for further consideration next session. The Baptists and Methodists of England are doing an immense amount of work through lay preachers. Now the conservative Presbyterians are taking up the question and will probably follow suit. When shall we on this side be able to do more in the same direction?

—THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—The *Nonconformist* gives the following account of the last hours of the Rev. J. Brown of Wrentham, England, recently deceased. How blessed to die thus:—

"On the memorable Sunday morning, as he sat in his arm-chair in his bedroom, his thoughts were engaged with the work of his life—preaching Christ. And when the hour of divine service came, he imagined he was in his pulpit, and to the surprise of those about him, he gave out a hymn, read portions of Scripture, offered prayer, and then announced his text: 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.' With occasional incoherence his language was, on the whole, most expansive, and many of the truths he spoke very beautiful. The sermon over, he gave out another hymn, then pronounced the benediction, and then leaning back he folded his arms across his breast. A calm beautiful expression came over his face, and those who watched him said, 'He is asleep.' And he was asleep—asleep in Jesus."

—PLEASANT.—The students all speak in the highest terms of Mr. and Mrs. Keddy, and their conduct of the boarding department at Acadia. This is one of the most difficult positions to fill. It speaks well for them and the students that the year has passed so pleasantly.

—CROWDED OUT.—The report of the May meetings of our American Baptist brethren at Ashbury Park is crowded out this week.

—STUDIO.—The increase at the Seminary, and other reasons, make it most desirable, if not indispensable, that there be an improvement at the Studio. It is to be hoped this matter may be taken in hand during the summer. The great question is money.

—EDITOR HONORED.—Rev. Jos. McLeod, editor of the *Religious Intelligencer*, had conferred upon him the degree of D. D. at the anniversary at Acadia last week. He is a representative man in his denomination, and has a fine record as a straightforward man and an earnest, devoted worker. We are sure he will bring to Acadia as much honor as he takes from her. He was present during anniversary week, and spoke hearty and fraternal words. He is earnestly desirous for the day to come when the Baptist brotherhood shall be one.

The other gentlemen receiving honors will wear them gracefully.

—A SUGGESTION.—Could not the division of interest, due to the holding of two distinct meetings at the same time, at our associations be reduced to a minimum by a little care? Could not the Committees of Arrangement have all the routine work of the Associations, perhaps the reading of church letters if need be, in addition, attended to while committees were preparing their reports, and the Ladies' Aids holding their meetings? Think of it, brethren.

—REV. W. B. BOGGS.—We were surprised and gladdened to meet Rev. W. B. Boggs and family on the boat from Digby to Annapolis. They are just from India *via* New York and Asbury Park. Mr. and Mrs. Boggs' hosts and friends will be glad to learn that they are in good health, and propose to spend their time of rest in Wolfville.

In conversation with Bro. Boggs, in answer to the remark, "I suppose this is a pruning time among the Telugu churches after the ingathering of such hosts," the reply was, "Yes; but it is a constant wonder to me that so few are falling back when all the opposition and disabilities to which they are subjected is taken into account."

In the course of conversation the following information was elicited:

In no place do the Christian Telugus have the balance of influence. They belong almost exclusively to the outcasts; they dwell by themselves, and have no influence in the village or town with the caste people. The Christian Telugus, however, are raised much above the heathen of their own class, and are slowly winning the respect of the caste people. In this way, it is hoped, Christianity may gradually work its way up through the castes, and permeate the whole life of India.

Schools are established in almost all the Christian communities. Some of the more liberal higher caste people are in sympathy with this work, and encourage the teachers. In very rare instances, the lower caste people will send their children to these schools.

The form of persecution which prevails is to refuse work to the Christians. This, to those who are attached to the higher caste families as laborers, often reduces to great straits. Many of the Christians have to support life for months together on one meal a day, and a small one at that, and are never free from the pangs of hunger. Although they have to bear so much, the proportion of those who have to be disciplined is not as large as among us.

The work is going on steadily. In Bro. Boggs' own section of the Telugu field, one thousand have been added to the churches in the past two years. In January, three hundred were added to the churches on Mr. Clough's field.

—AGE OF MAN.—Concessions just at this time about the antiquity of man are particularly unfortunate, because prudent archæologists, after thirty years discussion, now admit that man was post-glacial, and the tendency of all the most recent observations on the drift deposits is to bring the close of the Glacial Age within a period of some 10,000 years. Take, for example, the calculations based on the recessions of the Falls of St. Anthony on the Upper Mississippe, and the formation of the Niagara gorge, both of which commenced at the close of the Glacial Epoch, and recent observations of the most careful geologists make the lapse of time about 10,000 years. Dr. Andrews reached the same result from his study of the raised beaches of the Great Lakes.

Now establish the fact that man appeared on earth within this period, and the evolution of man is an exploded theory. The question is settled.—*Prof. J. C. Southall.*

—IS IT RIGHT?—Is it right to license men to make criminals and then punish the criminals?—*West. Rec.*

Yes, it is right to punish the criminals; but it is wrong to license men to make them. It would be best to punish both.

COMMON SENSE:—"When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her Kingdom, and the ex-saloon keepers asked for compensation, she replied: 'Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance.'"—*Lever.*

Make her Chief Justice!

—AMUSING.—The following incident was told by an evangelist at the yearly meeting of Spurgeon's College:

A man, having received spiritual blessing, somewhat emphatically expressed it by jumping up and accidentally knocking his head through the ceiling. Subsequently the landlord sent some workmen to repair the breach, whereupon the man intervened and begged they would not do anything of the kind. "That hole belongs to me," said he, "and you leave it alone." It was very useful to him in this way, he went on to explain. Sometimes he got greatly tempted, and when the devil worried him to extremes he had one effectual retort; he took Satan upstairs, and pointed to the hole, saying: "What do you think of that?" And this was invariably too much for the devil. Satan, concluded the speaker, can never stand such "holy" arguments as that.

Australian Correspondence.

The question at present occupying the attention of the people of Australia is not federation—important as that question undoubtedly is. This is completely outshadowed by a new and impending danger to the peace, progress and prosperity of Australia with which she is threatened, by the annexation by France of the valuable group of Islands—the New Hebrides, lying on the west—almost in the centre of this last island world.

In order that you may better understand the true state of affairs, a little explanation is needed. For many years past an understanding has existed between England and France, that these islands were to remain neutral territory—that sovereignty over this group should not be attempted to be claimed by either nation, except by mutual consent. France now solicits England's favor to be allowed to hoist the Tricolour, and Gladstone would willingly give his consent, but, lo! a third nation is rising in those seas, strong, vigorous and self-reliant, who claims to have a voice in the transaction.

Having known, by bitter experience, the terrible results of the system of French convictism that exists in New Caledonia—an island close to our shores, and the facility with which numbers of the convicts find their way here, it is the almost unanimous demand of the Australian people, that either England should occupy the New Hebrides, or, at all events, that France should be prevented from so doing, and every right-thinking man will say the demand is a just one, and should be respected.

France makes no secret of the use to which she would put these beautiful islands, blessed beyond description by Heaven with everything that tends to the comfort and well-being of their inhabitants. Her intention is to ship off annually, ten or twelve thousand of the vilest, and most hardened criminals of the most wicked city in the world and then, after a brief period of good behavior,—save the mark—to set them at liberty to swarm over the wealthy cities of Australia, a source of trouble, danger and contamination for generations to come.

Is it any wonder that Australia's blood is up? Is it any wonder that thoughtful men are beginning to ask, "Of what use is the tie that binds us to the old country, if our statesmen are so regardless of our dearest and best interests, and in defiance of reiterated protests, are ready to sacrifice those interest at the bidding of a foreign power?" Through the vacillating treaty policy of the Earl of Derby, one half of the important island of New Guinea has been lost to Australia by Bismark being allowed to plant the German flag upon it—and that too, at the very moment that the statesmen of these colonies were protesting against it, but protesting in vain.

The New Hebrides belong to Australia, and to her alone. The inhabitants are not barbarians, far from it. For many years past, in fact ever since 1848, missionaries, mostly Presbyterians, but of other denominations as well, have been at work among these islands evangelizing the nations. At the present moment there are 13 missionaries and their wives besides 100 native teachers engaged there, at an annual cost of £7,800 while fully £160,000 has been spent in mission work among 12 of the islands. Should these islands now fall into the hands of the French a grievous wrong will be done to Christian natives. About ten thousand have already placed themselves under the care of the church, and their sympathies are wholly with us. Knowing the sufferings endured by their brethren living in the islands already annexed by France, they have over and over again earnestly petitioned England to take them under her protection, but in vain, and now should this diabolical French scheme be consummated, not only will the valuable work which has been accomplished at the cost of many precious lives and much treasure be seriously retarded, but the natives will be trampled and crushed to death by a power under the sway and in the name of a religion which in these islands is just as despotic and just as intolerant as it was in the worst days of the dark ages. Should the united protests of the Australian people against any further extension of French dominion in these seas fall, as has been in the past, upon deaf ears, it requires not the gift of prophecy to predict the result.

France may acquire the New Hebrides now, but Australia will nurse the act as a grievance to be redressed, the first favorable opportunity, and it wouldn't be long. Not only will Australian loyalty, heretofore generous and warm, be subjected to a severe strain; but as the neglect and indifference of English Statesmen cost England the loss of her North American Colonies in 1776, so now is likely to be endangered, for the same reason, the safety of the brightest jewel in the Queen's crown. Americans then knew their rights, and how to defend them. Are their kinsmen living under the Southern Cross any the less men?

E. M. BILL.

Melbourne, April 21.

Psalm xxxvii, 3.

She stood by a window looking out upon a meadow, snow-white. The wind blew and whistled. The storm was at its height. There was no sign of footsteps or track of wheels to show that human beings had passed their door that morning.

The young minister looked up from his writing.

"Is breakfast ready, my dear?"

There was no answer in word, but a sound which was very like a sob.

He went to the window and playfully turned the face of his girl-wife toward him. Not the bright, laughing face that usually greeted him. The tears were falling thick and fast.

"There isn't a morsel of anything to eat in the house!"

"Or no money?"

"Not a penny."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did last night at the supper table. Don't you remember? I said you might as well finish the crust; it was all there was."

"I do, now; yes."

Then he took her in his arms as he used to do before the care of a church and hard study absorbed his time.

Their salary, on the minutes was $400. That included house rent, provisions and wood, which were given, and the annual donation. In actual money their receipts averaged about $18 a month.

The last collection day had been stormy, and the treasurer had put into the pastor's hand for the month just $4. Provisions might come in, but, economize as best they could, the outlook was unpromising. Now the worst that they had feared had come.

The clergyman who had preceded them, foreseeing such trouble, would have arranged for a fair, or festival, or cake sale, or something and obtained some money. But their pastor was young, and enthusiastic and conscientious. He would not go in debt. He did not believe in making his Father's house a place of merchandise, and spending the time which ought to be devoted to his work in earning the money which should be the voluntary offering of the people. And they? They were good people, and never dreamed for a moment that their pastor often sat down to his table without meat, or butter, or milk, or tea or coffee. Their table was always laden with good things, yet they spent very little money, and it did not occur to them that their pastor's cellar was not stocked with potatoes and turnips and beets and onions, and carrots and parsnips, and squash and pumpkins. That he had no pork barrel. That he was without lambs to butcher and chickens to kill. That in his garret there were no hams, nor sausage, nor cranberries, nor apples, nor nuts. That if he was without money he had nothing. Else they never would have let him suffer for the want of it, for they loved him.

When his wife's tears were dried, and he heard her merry laugh once more, he preached her a little sermon on faith, and then they both knelt and told their father all about it.

Just after the clock struck eleven the jingle of sleigh-bells, and a sharp Whoa! told that Farmer Burns was at the gate. He came in presently, loaded.

"Whew!" he said, shaking the snow from his feet, "We hain't had any such storm as this in the last twenty years. Wife said I was a fool to come out in it, and I reckon I was, but we butchered day before yesterday, and I thought you might like a spare rib, and I hadn't a thing to do. And wife, when she found I was bound to come, said I might as well fetch along part of her batch of biscuit and a pot of butter, and this ere pumkin pie. And I thought as I was comin' I'd put in a bushel of apples and a barrel of potatoes."

He wondered a little, the old farmer, at the warmth of their thanks. He little suspected, as he drove homeward, that he had been sent in answer to a prayer put up from lips which had not that day tasted food. The next morning's mail brought a letter in the handwriting of an old friend. It contained a five-dollar gold piece, and these words:

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

A few days afterward there came a gift of $20 from the Ministers' Aid Association. Their sore need brought them nearer to the Giver of all good. They could not regret it. If this simple recital shall stir any people to know whether their minister is ever cold or hungry, it will not have been written in vain.—*Christian Advocate.*

Ingersoll's Antithetics.

Ingersoll's antitheses are so reckless and sweeping as to be self-destructive. The following are specimens: "There is more spirituality in Burns's poem 'A man's a man for a' that' than there is in the whole of the New Testament." "There is something more spiritual in the sayings of one of Shakespeare's clowns than you can find in all the Pentateuch." "There is more spirituality in the Declaration of Independence than there is in all God said to Moses on Mount Sinai." The concentrated hatred of the lecturer toward the Hebrew writings because of there supposed supernatural character is too apparent. He resembles one of those snakes found by Stanley in the Congo, that project their venom in a stream from a distance of six feet." Laying aside the supernatural character of the biblical writings, and regarding them merely as specimens of the literature of nations long since perished, let us compare them with the productions of Burns and Shakespeare and the framers of the Declaration of Independence.

Burns insists on human equality, the manhood and brotherhood of man in spite poverty on the one hand or titles and dignities on the other—a doctrine abundantly taught in the New Testament—not merely man's worth and friendship, but his *spiritual* value considered as something more than a higher kind of animal, living with reference to a future and higher destiny. Burns would have shrunk with loathing from a comparison of his homely little lyric with the New Testament writings, considered simply as human compositions, without any pretensions to Divine revelation. There is more of Col. Ingersoll's favorite principle of man's equality with man, in spite of accidental conditions, in St. James's single epistle than there is in all Burns ever wrote.

Which one of Shakespeare's numerous clowns uttered sayings "more spiritual than can be found in all the Pentateuch," we are not informed, and hence are in no condition to frame a judgment. Till we know, we are compelled to reckon this extravagant assertion as a single piece of the rhetorical pyrotechnics with which Col. Ingersoll sent the whole atmosphere in a blinding blaze in one of his witty harangues.

In the talks with Moses on the Mount, in connection with much that was Jewish, local, hierarchal, temporary, with which mankind at large may be supposed to have no interest other than literary, God laid down moral codes, laws, and principles accepted by all nations and ruling in all time; enforced to those infant ages and peoples as were the precepts of all ancient law-givers, by real or supposed miraculous sanctions. The Declaration of Independence contains and formulates the essence of the best of those divino-human laws—nothing more.—*Dr. E. Wentworth, in Troy Daily Times.*

Ring the Old Bell.

Dr. Thomas, the President of the Congregational Union of England, delivered an address which made a great impression. Here is an extract:

"Ring the old bell in the pulpit," said he, "and take care that it gives no uncertain sound, and the people will come out of their houses to listen. The man who understands the Gospel, and preaches it in earnest as one who believes, will not fail to draw people to hear him, if there be people to go. The old Park Street chapel, although in a low, out-of-the-way place, and almost deserted, was soon filled when the people found out that a young man occupied the pulpit who had felt the power of the gospel and could preach it to others. The place was soon found to be too small, and the largest tabernacle in the first city of the world was built for the young preacher, and for thirty years he has gathered together the largest congregations that have listened for so long a time to any preacher in any age. The gospel alone can retain a strong hold upon men, and our spiritual religion is imperilled if we depart from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus."

Nearing the Harbor.

BY WILLIAM DEAN, D. D.

I remember on one return voyage from China in a sailing ship, as we supposed about to enter the harbor at New York, I had blacked my boots and changed my dress to go ashore, when there came a head wind and drove us out to sea, where, during four days, we were baffled by storms and tossed by billows in a more furious and frustrating manner than we had been during the whole voyage from the other side of the world. Thus it is with the devil when a man is just about to enter the portals of peace; he raises all the head-winds of doubt and storms of temptation at his command, and if he can't sink the ship at the mouth of the harbor, he will frighten the poor souls on board with the threatenings of *lost*, and lead them in anguish to cry to the Pilot for help. And the longer the voyage and the more prominent the service of the passenger, the more thick and thundering the assailments from the fiendish foe.

In a battle between two contending armies, the sharp-shooter who can see a man wearing a feather or epaulettes, will point at that figure and pick him off if he can. So the enemy of all righteousness, if he find some one promoted, either justly or unjustly, will strive either to foul his plumage or fell his person. The king is in greater danger from the assassin than the beggar, and the man upon his knees has no fear to fall, while the one at the top of the ladder is endangered by his giddy height.—*Standard.*

John Maynard.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake District as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer-afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up, with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here; see the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship; John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "How does she head?" "South east by east, sir." "Head her south east, and run her on shore!" Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain calls, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, 'Ay, ay, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" By "God's help, I will!" The old man was scorched from the scalp. One hand disabled, his knee upon the stanion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God! He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. It is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin, a child from drunkeness, than from fire.—*John B. Gough.*

—Among the humorous things said in Mr. Bool's lecture is the following, suggested by the spluttering candle: "Two men met in a street in London. One said, "P-p-p-please can you t-t-tell me the way to S-s-s-St. James Street?" The other replied, "Y-y-y-t-t-turn to the r-r-r-right, and th-th-then to the left." "Why, you good-for-nothing scoundrel, you are m-m-m-mocking me," said the first one. "No, you rascal, it is you m-m-m-mocking me," was the rejoiner. These two men gabbled, one against another, until they nearly came to blows, when it was discovered that both were suffering from the affliction of stuttering.

Family and church quarrels often arise from common infirmities, and might be avoided by a moment's consideration before we allow our bad feelings to arise.

—THERE ARE to-day in India, laboring side by side, representatives of 13 different sections of the Church, European and American, holding the Reformed faith in the Presbyterian form of Church government. There is something else than close communion preventing the organic unity of Christendom.