

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1885.

No. 3.

—Rev. J. L. Shaw is our authorized agent in St. John, and is empowered of us to receive money and subscriptions on our behalf.

We should have mentioned before that we have asked all our agents to act as our agents. We also respectfully request all agents of either the Messenger or Visitor to continue their valuable services, in connection with the pastors of their respective churches.

—Owing to the large number of new names sent in last week, we are sorry to have to state that our edition did not hold out. This will explain how some did not receive their paper. It shall not occur again.

—Let the aim of every pastor and well-wisher of the Messenger and Visitor be to introduce it into every Baptist family of the land. We believe it must, by its constant presentation of what is good and pure, decide the eternal destiny of many. Help it to do its work by gaining its readers! If each old subscriber would attempt to get one new one, how much might be done.

—The Freeman, started as a cheap paper for the masses, and in opposition to the Canadian Baptist, has collapsed. Its first issue will be its last. Our brethren in Ontario are thus saved from division, which always weakens. The lesson can be easily read. Once before a similar attempt was made, and after a struggle of a year or two, it had to be abandoned, as it did not pay. The most of our people who wish a denominational paper, are willing to give a little more in order to have the best. Where a cheaper paper is started in the interest of discord, its prospects of success are still further lessened by the fact that the great mass of true-hearted, thoughtful men and women in our body, cannot, in good conscience, favor it. If a cheaper paper is needed for a class who cannot afford to pay two dollars per annum, it had better be provided by those who control the larger paper, and thus all discord will be prevented.

—For three weeks we have been trying to get clear light through our mailing lists. We hope success has, in the main, crowned our efforts. If any irregularity or mistake occurs, will the friends kindly inform us at once, and it will be attended to.

—R. G. Ingersoll recently lectured in the largest hall in Louisville, Kentucky, where, a year ago, he had a full house. The audience was less than half as large, and composed largely of the foreign scum of the population. We hear that in other places he is having a similar experience. This is what is to be expected. Men's hearts and souls "fry out for the living God." Few besides the degraded and brutalized can be satisfied to have God cast out of the universe, and to give up the hope of another life than this. The cultured agnostic tears this hope from his soul, with a shudder and a cry of pain—witness J. Stuart Mill and others. We know some will say that these innate longings and convictions which exist independent of reason, do not prove anything. But if they exist by virtue of the constitution of the soul, we hold they do prove much, if there is any proof of anything. They either point to what is real, or our whose nature is built upon a falsehood. If the instinct of the lower animals is true to external facts and realities, why should we suppose our innate longings to be fallacious, and to point to nothing but dreary void and emptiness?

—In the list of stockholders as published two weeks since, instead of Wm. McLennan, please read John McLennan, and for Rev. L. Read, Rev. J. L. Read.

The non-paying church members are divided into two classes, those who have no money, and those who have no liberality. The Lord knows to which class you belong, and so do you.—Nashville Advocate.

For the Messenger and Visitor,
Florida Baptist Convention.

Lovers of Bible truth will be glad to hear of its progress in this flowery land. Seeing a notice of the Florida Baptist Convention, to be held in Orlando, Orange County, December 11, 1884, I resolved to attend it. The Convention met on Thursday and continued in session till Monday noon. Five years ago this body met with but two delegates in attendance. This year there were nearly two hundred delegates and visitors. At that date our Association reported eighty church members. Now it reports eight hundred. This year one Association raised as much money for missions as was raised in the whole State four years ago. The Convention, in men, their work and their way of doing it, reminded me of our own Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces. They believe in the Trinity of Foreign Missions, Home Missions and Education. Their Women's Mission Aid societies are increasing, and much stress was laid on this department. In Foreign Missions they work with Southern Baptists. In domestic missions they aid the general Home Mission South, by which they are aided in their own State mission. In education they cooperate with the College and Theological Seminary, at Weresborough, Georgia, with the Freedmen's Institute at Live Oak, Fla., and intend this year to found a Baptist Female College for the State of Florida. They have a State Sabbath-school missionary. They appointed a temporary committee to cooperate with the State Legislature for thorough prohibition. Rev. T. E. Langley presented a strong report on finance urging the adoption of 1 Cor. 16: 1. Dr. Tichenor, Secretary of Home Missions, suggested that every Sabbath morning when the family are seated around the breakfast-table, before the blessing is asked, the box or bag be laid on the table, that every one according as the Lord has prospered their deposit in the Lord's treasury. How blessed such a course would be to all concerned.

From the rapid settlement of the country, State missions received much attention. It was found that \$500 was due the missionaries. Heretofore those devoted men, rather than impede the work, at the end of each year, had donated to the Society the amounts due them. Rev. Dr. Griffith, of Deland, pointed out the injustice of this, paid a worthy tribute to the self-denying men who had done it, and proposed that the amount be now raised. Bro. Deland started the list with \$200. A few minutes the whole amount was pledged. Deliverance had come. The long pent up waters began to flow. Some of the poor missionaries tried to speak, but were too full for utterance. I never witnessed a more touching scene. Strong men wept like children. A union hymn was sung. The Convention adjourned to meet next year at Jacksonville. Earnest and strong language had been used, especially on the subjects of temperance, and the location of the Female College, but yet it was plain that Florida Baptists are bound to love another.

At a favorable time the writer felt constrained to speak of our Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and their work, and to say that when an opportunity offered they were accustomed to send their fraternal greetings to other Baptist bodies, and that on my own responsibility I would congratulate them. This was reciprocated by a vote of the meeting. This seemed appropriate, as there is scarcely a Baptist Church or a Christian congregation in Florida that does not contain representatives from the Dominion. The pastor, church and people of Orlando certainly merited the warm vote of thanks given them by the Convention for their hospitality. The readers of the Messenger

AND VISITOR are aware of our great loss in the death of my wife, since we came here to stay the winter for her health. But God has in a measure over-ruled our great affliction for our good. Our two sons who were present when their mother died have both given themselves to Christ. Yesterday the youngest of them, Charles Bradford, was baptized by Rev. S. B. Marsh, and joined the Baptist Church here in Citra. Thus our chastening is mixed with blessing. Those who have wept with us will now rejoice with us in God's goodness.

Yours in Christ,
D. FREEMAN.

Citra, Florida, Jan. 12th.

RICHMOND AND ITS BATTLE FIELDS.

SILAS ALWARD, L. L. D.

(Continued.)

Under the escort of the keeper of the National Cemetery, we walked about one hundred yards along the Williamsburg road, and then making a detour into a forest of pines of recent growth, soon came upon traces of the battle. The ground as far as the eye could reach was covered with small hillocks, one or two feet in height, being the graves of the unknown dead, who lie unoffended where they fell. The scanty earth thrown over them having been worn away, in some places, by the action of the elements, leaves exposed the ghastly skeleton forms of the unfortunate who here met their fate. Passing out into a clearing we came upon traces of redoubts and rifle-pits. Both armies threw up earth works, and across the intervening space they charged over and over again, converting a field of springing grass into a veritable Argemada. Between three and four hundred horses were found strewn along where the battle raged the fiercest. They were collected and piled in huge pyramids and burned. On a part of the battle-field, the owner of the land last year raised a crop of corn. In passing over the ploughed ground, pieces of bone were everywhere to be seen. Had I so minded, I could have gathered a cartload of relics in the shape of pieces of exploded shells, canteens, tin-pans, tin-cups and bullets. I was contented to bear away as my only trophy a Minnie bullet. Taking a cross road, we passed over to Fair Oaks, three-quarters of a mile distant, and had pointed out to us the line of charge of the gallant Phil. Kearny, when he hastened to the left to support the hard pressed soldiers of Gen. Casey. Seizing the reins of his charger in his teeth, and waving his sword in his only hand, he met the broken battalions in hasty retreat, and in stationer tones, thundered out—"This is not the way to Richmond." On the second day of the battle, Casey and Keyes, being re-inforced by a part of Sumner's corps, who had hastened to the scene of conflict with all possible despatch across the swollen Chickohominy, were enabled to regain what they had lost the first day and succeeded in converting a defeat into a drawn battle. From Fair Oaks to Mechanicsville is a drive of a few miles. Here rested the right wing of McLellan's army. On the 25th of June, 1862, a little over three weeks after the battle of Seven Pines, Stonewall Jackson made a sudden attack upon his right wing inflicting severe loss. This was the commencement of the seven days battles around Richmond. Blow after blow was dealt by those thunder-bolts of war, Lee and Jackson, until the staggering, exhausted army found shelter at Malvern Hill, under the protection of the gun-boats. During those seven fatal days McLellan lost 40,000 men.

At the battle of Seven Pines, Gen. Johnston having been severely wounded, the command of the army of North Virginia was transferred to R. E. Lee, the greatest general of the war. He bears an honored name,

and died as he lived, without fear and without reproach. From the first of June, 1862, to the 9th of April, 1865, a period of nearly three years, he sustained a failing cause by a series of most brilliant victories, and with a courage, persistence, and display of military genius, that place him in the front rank of the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. From the time he drew his sword at Harper's Ferry until he sheathed it at Appomattox Court House, for he never surrendered it, he did not act to tarnish the honored name he bore or detract from his fair fame as the Chevalier Bayard of America. After inflicting terrible losses upon General Grant in the wilderness, and almost giving him the coup de grace at Cold Harbor, he defended Richmond, for nine months, against overwhelming odds. During the last weeks of the siege against his half-famished army of 60,000 men, whose only food was raw corn, were pitted 200,000 men splendidly equipped and abundantly provisioned. His men would fall at their guns from sheer exhaustion, caused by want of food. His attenuated line of defence, forty miles in length, could be no longer sustained against such odds. For seven days he battled his pursuers flushed with success, and when he finally surrendered at Appomattox Court House seventy miles beyond Richmond, he had only 3,000 men under arms. He bore his defeat with that greatness of soul that might be expected from one of such established reputation. "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity," were among his last words to the army he had so often led to victory. Without a murmur he accepted his fate. When asked by a friend how it was he failed at Gettysburg, for in the South it is generally believed he would have succeeded, had it not been for the tardiness of Longstreet when the charge was made upon Cemetery Hill, he characteristically replied—"Madam, it was so written in the order book of Heaven." And it was so written in the order-book of Heaven, that the civil war should terminate as it did. The people of the South are beginning to realize, it was all for the best. Twenty years have done much to efface the rancor and to blot away as my only trophy a Minnie bullet. Taking a cross road, we passed over to Fair Oaks, three-quarters of a mile distant, and had pointed out to us the line of charge of the gallant Phil. Kearny, when he hastened to the left to support the hard pressed soldiers of Gen. Casey. Seizing the reins of his charger in his teeth, and waving his sword in his only hand, he met the broken battalions in hasty retreat, and in stationer tones, thundered out—"This is not the way to Richmond." On the second day of the battle, Casey and Keyes, being re-inforced by a part of Sumner's corps, who had hastened to the scene of conflict with all possible despatch across the swollen Chickohominy, were enabled to regain what they had lost the first day and succeeded in converting a defeat into a drawn battle. From Fair Oaks to Mechanicsville is a drive of a few miles. Here rested the right wing of McLellan's army. On the 25th of June, 1862, a little over three weeks after the battle of Seven Pines, Stonewall Jackson made a sudden attack upon his right wing inflicting severe loss. This was the commencement of the seven days battles around Richmond. Blow after blow was dealt by those thunder-bolts of war, Lee and Jackson, until the staggering, exhausted army found shelter at Malvern Hill, under the protection of the gun-boats. During those seven fatal days McLellan lost 40,000 men.

When the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags are furled, in the Parliament of man, The Federation of the world. The sons of the veterans, who sprung to arms at the tap of the drum and kept step to the music of John Brown and Dixie, are marching all the while of duty and justice to join the grander army, and keep step to the strains of that more inspiring music, first heard nearly two thousand years ago in a far land by shepherds as they kept their vigils under the solemn stars—"On earth peace, good-will toward men."

Are You Doing Your Part?
BY REV. THEODORE L. COTLER, D. D.

A certain minister was dismissed from his pastoral charge, and the reason currently assigned for his removal was that his ministry there had "not been a success." Very probably that may be true, but whose fault was it? He was thoroughly sound in his theology, exemplary in his life, and faithful in his pulpit presentations of the gospel. He was not a genius, but he was a good pastor. The real reason, I suspect, that his ministry in the parish of—was not successful was that his people did not stand by him, and did not cooperate with him. Or putting it more exactly, they did not stand by their Lord and Master, and do their first duty as followers of

him who died for them and had a divine claim upon them. The people were not a success.

Most Christians are very quick-eyed to discover what their minister's duties are; he is to devote himself to the edification of the flock, and to the conversion of souls. But edification means building up; and how shall that be done if church members refuse to be built? The apostle's exhortation is, "building yourselves up on your most holy faith—keep yourselves in the love of God." The process, as it is elsewhere described, is for each believer to add to his faith, virtue, and to his virtue, meekness, etc., so that he may grow steadily in grace and godly living. The best pastor can no more do this for any one of his flock than he can eat his dinner for him, or repent of his sins for him. Each man, each woman, must do the growing for themselves; and they add the sin of false-witness bearing to the sin of grieving the Holy Spirit if they charge upon their minister the responsibility of neglecting their own solemn obligations. So with regard to the conversion of souls. Faithful, fervent, preaching is one factor; but earnest prayer and personal efforts, and above all, consistent, godly living on the part of the church are equally important factors. Disregard as thoroughly up to "blood-hat" as Whitefield's or Spurgeon's may be completely upset by the counter preaching of a worldly or indolent or prayer-neglecting church. The downward pull during the week is too strong for the upward pull on the Sabbath.

Far be it from me to underrate the responsibility of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. He cannot feel too deeply or give himself with too entire a consecration, to a work which Gabriel might covet. But too much is expected from ministers, when they are expected to do their own work and that of their people also. The current phraseology is misleading. People usually speak of Mr. A's church, or Dr. B's church, or Dr. C's church, instead of regarding all of them as churches of Jesus Christ, with these men as their teachers and spiritual leaders. The people form the church; it is theirs, not the minister's. They are just as responsible to God for their own growth and for the ingathering of souls as their pastor possibly can be. If glorious results are accomplished, then the credit (humbly speaking) is as much due to them as it is to him; the glory belongs to God, but the labor must be shared between the pastor and the flock. Every minister has enough to do if he fills up the measure of his duty—"good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over." He has to prepare each week at least two careful expositions of God's Word, to conduct the public devotions of the sanctuary, to visit all his families, to minister to the sick and the bereaved, and to organize the benevolent enterprises of his congregation. In the large city a thousand extras are piled on the top of these, so that on some days he hardly "has leisure so much as to eat."

For one, I confess that I love to work better than anything else—unless it be to see my people work. And no member of the church I see has any more right to turn over his spiritual labors on me than he has to hand me his market-basket and ask me to buy or eat his breakfast for him. He needs to perform his own duties as much as Christ's cause needs to have them done. What unconscionable condemnation certain professors pronounce on themselves when they drone out their stereotyped prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work," and yet they do not lift a finger to revive their own work. To "revive" is to live again, to gain fresh life, and to live more abundantly. Indispensable as is the Holy Spirit, yet that new life, that fresh and enlarged life, must be lived by the man himself.

What right has he to ask God that the church may be revived, while he, like Jonah, is snoring down "in the sides of the ship," or that sinners may be converted when he never opens his lips to do a sinner good from one year's end to another? Still worse, if possible, is the conduct of him who never enters a prayer-meeting or the Sunday-school, and then talks about "how our church is running down!"

The first question for every Christian to ask himself or herself is, Am I doing my part? Is my pew in the sanctuary, and my seat in the prayer-meeting, and my place in the Sunday-school always filled? Do I present such a style of religion to my neighbors that they will want it for themselves? Am I cold or hot, living or dead? Such questions fit a great deal closer than the question, "What did you think of the sermon this morning?" Perhaps it would be well sometimes to ask the sermon what it thinks of you.

Nehemiah was a capital commander in chief; but the reason why the walls of Jerusalem went up was that "the people had a mind to work." They did the building. Here is the secret of building up a church. Christ is the overseer; faith in him is the corner-stone; the minister is only a master builder, but every Christian must handle a stone and "build before his own door." Perhaps these plain words, spoken in love, may be blessed to the quickening of some backsliding neglectors of their duty. Revive yourself, dear friend, and then you can pray for a revival in your church.—Christian Intelligencer.

Reading Aloud

If you seek quiet peace out of the world, you will tell you that they have been read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as is to be heard in the Arabian Nights of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening, absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up a novel, or knits in silence. If he could read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be a communality of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel can not fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between dinner and bed-time, each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle. There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures, and winter nights, outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinnet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner, and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—in vain, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud. The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.—Nineteenth Century.

Handwritten signature: J. Hammonds