

# The Messenger and Visitor.

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**MESSENGER AND VISITOR TO JANUARY, 1887, FOR \$1.50.**—Let all who desire to see the MESSENGER AND VISITOR in all our Baptist families do what they can at once to get new subscribers. More can be done these last weeks of the year than at any other time. Send in the names at once. The pay may be remitted any time before February.

**—WORTHY OF Imitation.**—It is the practice of the church at Melvert Square, to have a public missionary service once a month, on the evening of the Lord's Day. It is social in nature, several of the more talented brethren giving addresses as well as the pastor. It is held to be very interesting as well as very helpful to the missionary spirit of the church. A collection is always taken for missions, during the service. There may not be many churches that have so many members able to speak to edification, as this; still, we believe much might be done to stimulate interest in the great work of evangelizing the world, were all our churches to attempt something of the kind. Many churches have week night missionary prayer meetings; but these do not reach so many as a Sabbath service of this kind, and do not touch those who are the most sluggish, in this great cause; for they will absent themselves. Let all the churches have their missionary prayer meetings; but could not very many have these services also? And do not forget that home missions claim a share of sympathies and prayers, as well as foreign. The souls of the destitute at home have, at least, as great a claim upon our tender regard, as those of the heathen. We should take in all for whom Christ died.

**—EXAMPLE.**—Last week two vessels were wrecked on the beach near Setaite, Mass. In the driving storm, the first of them took a wrong course in making the harbor, and was driven on the shore. The second, a fine vessel ahead, supposing it had its bearings, followed its lead, and drove upon the shore, and was dashed in pieces by the waves. How like this it is in life. Many take a wrong course, and their souls are wrecked; but this is not all. Each one usually has, at least, some one to follow his lead and share his fate. How careful this should make each be to take the course which will lead to eternal blessedness. Reader, are you pursuing the course that will help those that follow you to blessing? Parents, are any of your leading your children on to eternal shipwreck of hope and happiness?

**—DR. MACGEE.**—This man of mark in the Baptist ministry of the United States, has just died, aged seventy-six. He was a self-made man. When a young man he was a mason by trade. He assisted the irrepresible Ben. F. Butler on an education, and paid his own way by his trowel during a ten years' course of study. He earned a wide reputation as a preacher and writer, and is described as an independent, broad-minded, large-hearted man.

**—SCOTT ACT IN YORK CO., N. B.**—In this county, the Scott Act has been most fiercely contested by the rum party. Every imaginable obstacle was thrown in the way of its enforcement. For a long time it seemed as if the efforts of the temperance people would fail. But they persevered, and fought out equal, and was appealed to the higher courts. At length the rum party have exhausted their last artifice, and the act is found to be capable of enforcement, to the cost of the liquor dealers. Since March last, the police magistrate of Fredericton has tried over ninety cases, and all but three have resulted in convictions. The fines are collected, except where they are allowed to stand over, on promise of refraining to sell liquor in the future. It is said that the city of Fredericton and the county are pretty well cleared of the traffic in liquors, up to the limits of the restrictive power of the act. Let the case of this county encourage the temperance people of other places to continue the effort to enforce the act. One by one, the quibbles of the rum party will be exhausted, and victory will finally be gained.

**—WHAT DR. DUBOIS SAYS.**—Dr. DUBOIS of Boston, recently, in the course of his prophesying talk, outlined the tendency to multiply societies, within the churches. There are organizations, he said, for all sorts of objects, until nothing is left for the church to do, and it becomes simply a collection of miscellaneous societies.

**—IS THERE NOT A danger here?**—See what was the church instituted? Think it over, but remember the church is a place for work, not a hive for drones.

**—GLEANINGS.**—We commend the following beautiful words of Dr. Cuyler on gambling to the serious attention of the young.

This perilsous practice, which so often becomes fatal to character and to the immortal soul, begins just as drunkenness begins, by playing with fire. At the bottom of the first glass of wine that the tippler sipped with, lay an adder. Underneath the first glass of beer that he ever sipped down in a house of pleasure, is concealed a serpent. When a young man makes his first bet, or puts up his first stake at a match or a race,

or risks his initial penny at a card table, he puts a coal of fire into his bosom which is not easily extinguished; it may kindle into a conflagration which will "burn unto the lowest hell." The step that costs is the first step. Gambling for a dime is essentially a sin as gambling for a thousand dollars. No sin is a trifle. My dear youth! the moment that your conscious excuses the slightest departure from absolute Right as a "mere trifle," that moment you have let the enemy slip in his little finger. It will not be long before you are in his fatal grasp. When you lay down your first stake, even if it is only "in fun," you are actually gambling. Remember that there is always a first inch at the top of every precipice. Stop; for you begin!

**—TRUE WORDS.**—Dr. Hiden, in the West on Recorder, tells of a certain church member whose business absorbed his entire time and energies. His little three-year-old girl, who was spending on the question of her relatives were likely to go to heaven, said: "Well, I reckon mamma will go, and Sister Mary, and Aunt Susan and papa?—No, I don't reckon he will go, because he can't leave the store."—Standard.

How many there will be who will fail of reaching heaven, because they could not leave their store, or farm, or workshop? How is it with you, dear reader?

**—THE PRAYER LOOK.**—A little girl on going home one day from Sunday school said to her mother: "Oh, mamma, you ought to have seen our teacher's face to-day." "Why, my child? What did it look like?" "It looked," replied the little girl, "it looked like a prayer."

That teacher would not want for attention. Let all Sabbath school workers but have such a yearning over their scholars that the expression of their faces shows the unmistakable longing, and their words will have power; for it is words from hearts on fire with strong desire to save, that the Spirit fills with his own efficacy. Is this the way you teach, worker in the Sabbath school?

**—THE "VOICE."**—This is the sprightly organ of the Third party—the Prohibition—in the United States. It has been a single sheet, published for \$1.00 per year. It has been changed to a double sheet, printed on the best of paper. It is still to be published at \$1.00, provided 100,000 subscribers can be obtained. If any one wishes to know what the temperance people of the United States are doing, let them send one dollar to Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 12 Dey Street, New York.

**—JUST RIGHT.**—The temperance people of Fredericton have held a public meeting in view of the approaching Municipal Elections. At its resolutions were passed in which the temperance people pledged themselves to support no candidate who was not committed to the enforcement of temperance legislation. Measures were also taken to secure temperance candidates in each ward. Let the temperance people of other places take similar action, and much might be done to secure the enforcement of the Scott Act where it has been carried. The time has also more than come when temperance people should make their power felt at the polls in the Dominion and Provincial elections. There may be doubt in many minds about the propriety of temperance people organizing a third party; but all friends of temperance should be agreed that no man should have their support unless he be a man that has a clear and consistent record on this great subject. There is no issue in politics so important to-day as that of prohibition.

**—FAY HOUSES AND POOR CHILDREN.**—The Daily Telegraph states that 254 packs of bounties are kept in England at an annual cost of about \$17,500,000. We published, not long since, the mere pittance given by the titled people of England for the spread of the gospel. With the heathen perishing, and thousands of people on the verge of starvation at home, it does seem no less than a crime to spend an amount such as this upon one form of amusement, and that a cruel one too. Evidently, to many of the wealthy of England, a good dog is of a great deal more worth than the souls of the poor. It is this kind of thing that is arousing many a strong to a frenzy of madness. It is not so strange that Socialism is gaining many adherents, when dogs are fattened at fabulous cost, and thousands of the poor are starving. In line with the above, we read in an English exchange that a lady has just left \$50,000 to a Dog's Home at Battersea, and \$500 to her executor, a poor paragon with a large family.

**—WHO WILL DO IT?**—We clip the following from a correspondence in the Evangelist:

I have come to regard the introduction of a religious paper into a family as the best thing I could do for it, socially and morally, as well as spiritually. And so where does a little scattering of good seed show such large results as when some thoughtful member of the church takes this pains to introduce a good religious paper into a family that has not had one before. The present of a religious paper for a year is the best Christmas or New Year's gift that you can make to a family that is without it. The influence of this kind of reading is soon manifest in the home life by the increased refinement of old and young. And the reading family is sure to be more interested in the work of the church than the non-reading family.

**—TO OUR AGENTS AND ALL LOVERS OF THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR.**—Now is the time to get subscribers to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. This is the season when people are deciding what papers to take for the coming year. If their attention is called now to their own denominational paper, many will subscribe who will not later, when they have committed themselves to take another paper. All our people should take the MESSENGER AND VISITOR in preference to any other. A host of them do, and with a little kindly effort on the part of those already interested in the paper, very many more could be found to do the same. The editor is doing all he possibly can, and he has many helpers; but could not do more unless he had more help. Take names now to begin the first of the year, and send them on as they are obtained, and we will put them down to begin at that time. Let us try and add at least 1,000 new subscribers to the list before the first of January next. We are pleased to find that scarcely any drop the paper who once take it.

### Dakota Correspondence.

A letter from this quarter for the columns of your excellent paper is now more than due, and I must postpone duty no longer. Since my last, our broad prairies have, save put on their cold weather attire; and with the coming of the "beautiful snow," our old familiar and affectionate friend "Jack Frost" has also put in an appearance, and that in more than ordinary proportions. After such a remarkable summer for drought, and hail storms, as we have had, weather prophets are here, as elsewhere, very busy prognosticating as to what the winter will be; and the prophecies are as varied as the wishes, fears and fancies of the prophets. To many, a severe winter would be a very trying calamity, as crops generally have been very scant, and many have been completely stripped of every vestige of crop, so that food for man and beast is somewhat limited, at least in the northern part of the territory. It is true, in some localities, the yield of grain was something surprising, considering the almost complete absence of rain during the entire season. There has been in some parts of the Territory a general emigration to the Red River and other rivers, and to the small towns and villages, for the sake of water for their selves and their stock. At the time of "haying," there were great complaints of scarcity of prairie hay, and then, before the snow fell, immense quantities of the hay, procured with great exertion, were destroyed by prairie fires. The result is that now hay costs about three times as much as usual, with the prospect of higher prices, before the next prairie grass comes to the rescue; and poor beef is more plentiful and cheaper than formerly, with the expectation that before spring it will be more abundant, poorer and cheaper than it is now.

A few weeks ago, we had our largest denominational gathering in this new mission field—the North Dakota Convention. It was held this year at Fargo City, and as it is in a central position, we had by far the largest representation of missionaries and workers we have ever had. There were over twenty missionaries present, and a number of visitors, prominent among them were Dr. W. M. Haigh, of Chicago, superintendent of missions for Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota, Rev. C. F. Tolman, Foreign Mission District Secretary for the North West, and Rev. A. R. Cameron, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Convention for Manitoba and the Northwest, and editor of the North West Baptist. These brethren from a distance added greatly to the interest and profit of the meetings, by their kindly Christian spirit, their wise counsel and their able sermons and addresses, both during the sessions of the Convention and on the following Lord's day. Not a few Canadian acquaintances, both lay and ministerial, were met by some of us. The writer had the pleasure not only of visiting with, but also of preaching for, an old co-laborer, from old Canada, Rev. W. Ewing, a fellow pioneer, in Winnipeg, in the good old times before the "boom."

The Convention was attended by more than one delegate who gloried in the appellation, "Blisscom." Nearly, or altogether, one-half of the missionaries in North Dakota, are from Canada, and a large proportion of them have lately immigrated from the Canadian Northwest fields. Several more are talking of coming; and they will come, if the churches in Eastern Provinces do not wake up and take hold of their work there properly, with spirit and determination, and keep the laborers there at work and keep them from suffering, as they have not been doing during the last few years. Already the true history of Canadian Northwest missions could record rather thrilling tales of privation and peril, as well as pluck, on the part of missionaries, more creditable, by far, than those to those who ought to interest themselves in their welfare and work, but who didn't. But enough, the

whole history will be read some day, causing shame and blushing on the part of the sons and daughters of the now passing generation of Eastern Canadian Baptists.

Mr. Editor, pardon this episode, but I must speak out. Among the interesting incidents that should not be omitted, was the presence and a brief address, before the Convention, of a German brother, who has gone to labor among the Romanians Baptists, some three hundred in number, that are settled in Northern Dakota, who thither escaped from continental persecution. This brother seems thoroughly devoted to the work and has a very important field.

In addition to the Convention proper, here was, on the previous morning, afternoon and evening, a ministerial union held, when very interesting papers were read, and addresses of point and power were given on various topics connected with our work as Christian ministers and missionaries. Another episode in connection with the Convention, was the ordination of a missionary elect, Brother Charles A. Rice, to the gospel ministry. And, Mr. Elliot, let me say, were you present at that three hours' close catechizing, keen, careful and orthodox as you are, you would feel that Baptist orthodoxy, alias spiritual teaching, was not altogether a thing of the past in relation to Dakota missionaries; and that the ark is likely to be safe in their keeping, in the meantime, at least.

During the conventional year, large numbers were, in some parts of the wide field, added to the churches. And now, in some parts, the work is progressing. In my next I may have something more definite to report about the good work.

A. McD.

### Why Not Do It Yourself?

BY SYDNEY DAVEN.

"Will you not go to prayer meeting to night with me, Ruth? Come, it will seem like old times to have you going to the old place again. I'll have the horse 'round in a few minutes."

"I'll go John, but don't bring the horse. Walking will be pleasanter than riding on a summer evening like this."

It had been a long time since John Wentworth's sister Ruth, long ago married and gone away, had made a visit to the old homestead. Her older brother, now with a suspicion of grey in his hair, was his master in place of the old father who had for so many years held an honorable position in the well-to-do farming community.

"I can't say, though," resumed John, as they began their walk, "that I can promise you much good by going."

"Good," she echoed, in some surprise, "I always thought you considered prayer meeting a rather good place to go to."

"Yes, I do. But I mean you'll sure to find a lack here, Ruth. We need a stirring up of the dry bones about as badly as any church you ever saw. Our prayer meeting is such a dead sort of a place, I sometimes think there is little edification to be found there."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh, no life about things. None of the brethren seem to have any readiness in giving a lift, and little fervour when they do make an effort. They sit and sit and let things drag. But I think if someone would only make a vigorous start and lead off, the others would be glad to follow. It really seems a shame that such a state of things should keep on among Christian people." And John shook his head in virtuous condemnation of his fellow-men.

"Why don't you do it yourself, John?" asked his sister.

"I? Why, Ruth, you talk foolishly. You know very well I am not one of that kind."

"One of what kind?"

"The kind that take a lead, and stir things."

"But why are you not, John?"

"Well—you know I am one of the backward sort. Men are different in their ways. I've always taken my quiet position in the background; and left others to keep things active. So it isn't expected of me."

"But why shouldn't it be? Why are any others more under obligation to do it than you? Are there any who receive more special orders than others to be diligent in the Master's business?"

"Dear me, Ruth, you are so persistent." He had not for a long time been affronted by anything so perplexing as this pressing, "Why? Why?" from his sister, or any question so hard to answer.

"Well," he resumed, "I don't say they are, except that in every church are to be found those who take a lead, and those who are satisfied to be led. It's right that it should be so, I suppose. And I've never, so far, had reason to think I was called on to do more than I am doing."

"Perhaps you feeling as you do about the deadness is a very good evidence that you are called on."

of the head, "I can't see it so. I can't help thinking that the members of a church ought to be like a grand army, marching shoulder to shoulder, each doing his own share. Now, if everyone in the prayer meeting is, like you, waiting for someone to stir up things, how long is it going to wait? It seems to me a sad thing that the Lord's own servants, year after year professing his name, claiming pardon for their sins through his sacrifice, and cherishing the hope of everlasting life through his abounding grace, should be able to come together without having their hearts and tongues glowing with praise or prayer."

She said no more, for she was a woman not given to many words. But as they finished their walk in silence, there was ample time for the relief of the burden which had been laid upon him by her simple words, "Why don't you do it yourself?"

Why? He had no answer to make, except in a mute confession of duty left undone, and opportunities lost. But, thank God, conviction had not come to him as it comes, alas, to so many of us, too late!

When the pastor, after opening the meeting, looked about him with a glance of appeal for co-operation, joined with a discouraged expression which betrayed his lack of expectation of receiving anything of the kind, Brother John Wentworth arose and poured out his soul in humble confession of past shortcomings, with earnest and heartfelt craving of pardon and help for better things in time to come.

Heart always moves heart. Another voice soon followed his in contrite wonder that the story of the shed blood and the purchased salvation should be so often repeated to dead ears and stony hearts. Men seemed suddenly alive to the solemn responsibilities imposed upon them by the blessed privilege offered by the sacred hour, and the time which had heretofore dragged its slow length wearily, poorly filled out and poorly improved, was all too short for those whose awakened souls sought eager expression.—American.

### Literary Notes.

Edward Atkinson, the eminent statistician and political economist, has begun in the Century a series of timely papers. One on the Food Question is published in the December number. In the January and February numbers he will publish two articles on "The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations." They are said to contain the most valuable and suggestive study of material growth of the country yet made by any single writer. Mr. Atkinson will treat in other papers of "Progress from Poverty," "The Margin of Profit," "Henry George's System of Land Taxation," etc.

Christmas stories, merry jingles, and bright holiday articles vie with each other in the December Brooklyn Magazine, which takes on a special and handsome Christmas cover for this issue. One scarcely knows what bright piece of song or poetry to read first, so varied and full is the table of contents offered, in addition to which is given eight sermons by Mr. Beecher and Dr. Talmage as specially revised by themselves for this publication. Our readers would do well to bear the Brooklyn in mind when making up their magazine list for the new year, especially as it costs only \$2 per year. 7 Murray street, New York.

### The Word.

God's word is a wonderful lamp, because it sheds such a light. Think how long it has been burning—5,000 years since it first lighted its faint flicker when the promise was given to Adam (Gen. iii, 15). How brighter and ever brighter it grows as time goes on! Isaiah holds up a beautiful light to us. And so it shone on and on, till the Light came into this dark world. Think how far the Word of God sheds its light. A light-house can only shed its light at the farthest, twenty-five miles over the waters. But this light has come down from heaven, and, lighted up yonder, has sent its radiance quite over this dark world. The light from this camp will enable you to see the golden gates, and the redeemed around the throne, and the Lamb in the midst thereof. Whichever objection men make to the Bible it will light your home. Though you have to go comfortless and in darkness through this world, "hope to the end," and this lamp in your hand, by God's grace, will light you home. This light shines athwart the wildest ocean and into the dreary spots of earth. O the comfort it gives! Does this Bible comfort you when the storms pass over your soul? Do you get your comfort from this lamp? It will give comfort in trial, in affliction, in death. What a comfort to have this lamp through the dark valley, and down to the river's edge. "The blood of Jesus Christ his own cleanness us from all sin." Many a soul has been lighted over the river by that promise to the golden gates.—Ellis Fletcher.

### A Question for a Lawyer.

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in this country, he spent an evening in company where an difficult lawyer tried to puzzle him with intricate questions. At length Hopu said: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us only one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I shall say yes. What will you say, sir?" When he stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said, as the evening was far gone they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started in his eyes and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too, and when they had separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.—Ford of Life.

### Lost in Sight of Home.

A few months ago, during one of the severe storms in Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repaired his own cottage, to the down and die almost in range with the "light in the window" which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come an more; for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that she was lost in sight of home. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home, in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have the open Bible overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward, and yet from all these they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.—B. Weekly.

### This, That, and the Other.

The Baptists now lead in Cambridge, Mass., once the stronghold of Unitarianism. There are now seven vigorous churches, and a chapel was dedicated November 4th.

The report of the Secretary of the National Council shows that there are in the United States 4,171 Congregational churches, with 380,000 members.

As a professor was passing out of his recitation-room the other day, a freshman dropped slyly into his hat a piece of paper on which was written the word "Monkey." The smart freshman, tickled with his joke, told it to all his friends. But at the next recitation, the professor, speaking in his sweetest tones said: "Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday, one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

A Scotch minister from home was anxious about some MS. sermons he had left in the manse, lest they should get damp. He inquired about them, and was told that they were as dry as when he had written them.

John Ploughman in his Almanack for the new year is strongly teetotal, he says: "Pots of beer cost many a tear. Golden cups may carry deadly draughts. Take no roll from the brewer's basket. Cultivate your roses, but not on your nose. Always drinking, always dry. Many a child is hungry because the brewer is rich. When wine is in, wit is out. The more you think, the less you'll drink. Often drunk and seldom sober, fall like leaves in October. Every set will go to pot."

Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was? There is something about him which I cannot understand. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded great empires. But on what did these creations of our genius rest? Upon force. But Jesus founded his upon love; and this very day millions would die for him. I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion, that they would have died for me; but, to do this, it was necessary that I should be present with the electric influence of my looks, my words, and my voice. When I saw men, and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of devotion in their hearts. But Jesus, by some mysterious influence, reaching down, even through the lapse of eighteen hundred years, so draws the hearts of men towards him that thousands, at a word, would rush through the fire and blood for him, counting not their lives dear unto them.—Bonaparte, at St. Helena.

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