

Messenger and Visitor.

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Directions to Subscribers in Remitting their Subscriptions.

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All our Pastors are Agents.

MISTAKE.—In the MESSENGER AND VISITOR of April 21st appeared an offer to send the paper from May '86 to June '87 for \$1.00. As may well be supposed, this was a misprint. It should have been from May '85 to January '87.

THE LOSS OF PROHIBITION.—The liquor party always ring the changes on the loss which will be sustained, if a city accept prohibition. This was one of the chief objections of the opposers of prohibition in the struggle at Atlanta, Georgia, some months ago. But prohibition was carried, and is being enforced, and what is the result? The following clipping from an exchange tells the story:

One of the results of prohibition in Atlanta, Ga., is that property has been assessed \$1,000,000 above that of last year.

How could it be otherwise? For thousands to spend large parts of their earnings for what adds nothing to the material good of the country, but much to its crime and pauperism, is not the way to ensure prosperity, except to ruin sellers.

GOOD.—It will be seen by our personal this week that several prominent churches have secured the services of students to assist their pastors during the summer months. This will be of service in many ways. It will be good for the students to be associated with veteran pastors, in this way, for a short time, before they are required to take full responsibilities as pastors themselves. They will be able to gain many valuable hints which may save them from mistakes and bitter experiences, in their future work. It affords the students an opportunity to labor before prepared to assume the full strain of a field of their own. It may let the pastor free to begin work at neglected points. It will give him opportunity to give more attention to denominational work in connection with our associations and convention. He will be able to take a much needed rest, perhaps, and not have the perpetual worry of the thought that the church work is being neglected in his absence. It also gives more openings for students seeking secular occupations during their course of study.

THE SEDUCTIVE MONSIGNOR CAPEL, formerly such an effective recruiting agent for the Romish church, is reported to have relapsed into the bosom of the Anglican church and accepted the British chaplaincy at Boulogne. This shows that the point at issue between the Anglican and Romish churches is a swivel point.

THE WIND AND THE SPIRIT.—On the train, the other day, we had a conversation with a couple of young soldiers of the Salvation Army. We sought to find out their reason for neglecting the ordinances instituted by Christ. They said first that the baptism of the Spirit was enough; but on being asked if they thought there was no baptism in water commanded by the Savior, they could not deny it, neither could they deny that the baptism of the Holy Ghost, if there be any such baptism today, was a privilege to be enjoyed through an act of God, not a command to be obeyed by our own act. On being pressed with the question, why do you not obey this plain command to be baptized in water? they said if the Spirit reproves us for the neglect, we will submit to it. But, was our reply, do you want anything more than the plain command of Christ? Do you think the Spirit can endorse a refusal to obey him? Still they persisted that they were not bound to obey without the call of the Spirit. It can readily be seen that this idea relaxes the force of all God's law, and leaves men to be guided by feeling. Yet this is the tendency of General Booth's whole teaching, in his Manual.

BEAUTIFUL.—How the power of the Christ-man is spreading! How it works in hearts and upon human lives as nothing else does! The wonder of it grows more and more to me. Against the dark background of the world's pain and sin, I seem to see Him plainer and more clearly revealed every year of my life. His garments seem a white light, and how great He is in simple truth and love. The pain and sorrow of humanity flow into my heart even if I only read of them. I do not wonder that Christ died for it. When the heart turns sick at thought of the pain hidden under the beautiful face of the world, it is

only a look at that Figure, (I seem to see Him always walking upon an incline of earth), that can keep down bitterness and a terrible sense of wrong. But for Him this world would seem to have been a lost venture.

The above is extracted from a private letter of a lady resident in Nova Scotia to a friend on perusing the recent Home Mission number of the *Canadian Baptist*. "I do not wonder that Christ died for humanity." Great and beautiful words. Only when we have the Christ Spirit can we say them,—the mind which was in Christ Jesus. If we have something of the passion for helping and saving sinful men that He had, we shall be able to say: I do not wonder that Christ died for sinners. These are great, reverent, pathetic words if burdened with a garden of love. The incarnation, the revelation of the holiness and tenderness and grace of God in the face of Jesus Christ, was not an after-thought, but the glorious manifestation of an eternal purpose. This world was made for Christ, for the incarnate Word. It will yet be gloriously His.

REV. OUV.—We had received so large a number of names of new subscribers that our edition of last week is exhausted. We are, therefore, unable to supply all with the issue of May 12th.

MINISTERS' MEETING.—At the St. John ministers' meeting on Monday, after the report from the churches, a very clear and instructive paper was read by Bro. J. W. Stewart on Baptists and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The subject is to be continued next meeting. We hope to give some of the facts presented to our readers.

SOCIAL UNION.—The Baptists of St. John and suburbs have organized a Social Union. The chief object is to care for mission interests within their bounds. It is hoped that it may also help to keep up that fraternal and co-operation which are so necessary to the best interests of the cause. There is a fine field for work in St. John, and it is to be hoped that great vigor will be thrown into the new effort.

The Lower Lights.

A few evenings ago, when the sun had completed his course and was about to bury himself among the western hills, there suddenly shot a gleam of sunshine into my room, although it was on the eastern side of the house and the shadows had begun to thicken there. On quickly arising to discover the source of those golden rays, I found that a window across the street had caught the beams of the setting sun, and was making my room luminous with its reflected light, which banished for a time the shades of evening.

This little circumstance started in my mind a train of moralizing. How many lives there are which are beginning to be darkened by the withdrawal of the light which once gladdened them. A twilight, prophetic of some coming night, is closing about the pathways of many people. The clammy hand of disease may be tightening its grasp upon them; the pangs of sore bereavement may be seizing them; the troubles of a business calamity are, perchance, clouding their course; possibly some great temptation assails them. Under the power of the evil that burdens their lives, they have turned their eyes from the great Sun of Righteousness, and the gloom is deepening about their souls. They have closed their ears to the divine voice that says to them, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Their lips refuse to repeat, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and staff, they comfort me." The shadows over their lives lengthen and deepen, as when the dark and growing shadows of evening mantle the earth.

Is there no help for these sad ones? Must a night of despair, full of doubt and danger and unillumined by one bright ray, settle around them? This may be true of many, and will be true of many more if those who are themselves "enlightened" do let their light shine upon and cheer the hearts of the cheerless. But this is the high duty and privilege of Christians, for they are lights in the world, and are to hold forth in their characters and lives the word of life, which is a lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path. If the light of Christ, "the light of the world," shines upon us and shines through us, the night of many a soul, instead of being hopeless because of its pitchy blackness, will be brightened by a full-orbed moon and many a beaming star. To be a luminary—that, my brother, my sister, is your duty in this world. Don't refuse to run your appointed course, in do your appointed service, because, forsooth, your light must at its best be so small, and you reflect the full glory of your Master so imperfectly. "Let your light shine before

men" though it may be only as the scintillation of a firefly. God can use a single ray to bless the heart of some benighted one. The faint rays of a tallow candle, shining from some cottage window, and struggling through the deep and dangerous darkness, have more than once been a saving light house to a ship-wrecked crew. Others, with superior powers, splendid talents, and far-reaching influence, may and ought to send a flood of grateful light over the troubled waters of human life, and many noble deeds of theirs will be heralded far and wide. But, do you, humble Christian, confidently and joyfully hold forth the little taper that God has entrusted to your keeping? You may not occupy a lofty eminence, but from a lowly position you are able to send out light and salvation which will reach some of the perishing, and for which, in the eternal world, they will call you blessed.

"Let your lower lights be burning! Send the gleam across the wave! Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save."

—Religious Herald.

Signs of Spiritual Decline.

1. When you are averse to religious conversation or the company of heavenly minded Christians.
2. When from preference, and without necessity, you absent yourself from religious services.
3. When you are more concerned about pacifying conscience than honoring Christ in performing duty.
4. When you are more afraid of being counted over-strict than of dishonoring Christ.
5. When you trifle with temptation, or think lightly of sin.
6. When the faults of others are more a matter of censorious conversation than of secret grief and prayer.
7. When you are impatient and unforbearing towards the faults of others.
8. When you confess, but do not forsake sin; and when you acknowledge, but still neglect duty.
9. When your cheerfulness has more of the levity of the unrestrained than the holy joy of the children of God.
10. When you shrink from self-examination.
11. When the sorrows and cares of the world follow you further into the Sabbath than the savor and sanctity of the Sabbath follow you into the week.
12. When you are easily prevailed upon to let your duty, as a Christian, yield to your worldly interest or the opinion of your neighbors.
13. When you associate with men of the world without solicitude of doing good, or having your own spiritual life injured.

In Accordance with God's Law.

I am sitting, on a summer's day, in the shadow of a great New England elm. Its long branches hang motionless; there is no breeze enough to move them. All at once there comes a faint murmur; around my head the leaves are moved by a gentle current of air; then the branches begin to sway to and fro, the leaves are all in motion, and a soft, rushing sound fills my ear. So with every one that is born of the Spirit. I am in a state of spiritual lethargy, and scarcely know how to think any good thought. I am heart-whole, and there comes, I know not where or whence, a sound of the Divine presence. I am inwardly moved with new comfort and hope, the day seems to dawn in my heart, sunshine comes around my path, and I am able to go to my duties with patience. I am walking in the Spirit, I am helped by the help of God, and comforted with the comfort of God. And yet this is all in accordance with law. There is no violation of law when the breezes come, stirring the tops of the trees; and there is no violation of law when God moves in the depths of our souls and rouses us to the love and desire of holiness.—James Freeman Clarke.

Dark Places.

I was recently looking at a photograph, one of the most perfect I had ever seen. Every feature was reproduced with the utmost exactness, and the artist had caught the original's happiest expression. I marveled at its beauty and perfection, and, with the picture still in my hand, fell to musing on the art of photography and its constant improvement and development. I repeated to myself, half unconsciously, the Greek roots from which the word is derived, *photo*, *grapho*. Yes, thought I, it is the work of the light; it is literally light written. And is it not thus that the image of Christ is reproduced in his children by the Sun of Righteousness, God's Spirit, his love?

Vaguely wondering how it was, and why I, like many others, was such a poor copy, I closed my eyes and—did I dream? Per-

haps. The burden of pain and sorrow was heavy upon me, and my mind did not forcefully grasp ideas, but thoughts came to me in dreams, half waking, half sleeping. Something spoke to me:

"Yes, it is light written; the work of the sun is indeed marvelous. But you forget one thing. This picture had to go into the dark place, else it had been but a blur. The artist's most important work is done in the dark. Keep that in mind and learn a lesson. The clouds that are so black above you now have not blotted out the sun. It is shining just the same. You are only in the 'dark place' for a little while. It must needs be, if you would reflect the image of him who was made perfect through suffering. The Great Artist knows best. Trust him and wait in patience."

While yet my eyes were closed my heart was warm and comforted. I wrote to feel that angels had ministered unto me. Faith re-grasped my hand, and we have not since parted company.

Then take thou comfort, fellow-pilgrim. Believe with me that God smites not in anger, but always for our highest good, and that some day we shall thank him for the "dark places" in our lives as well as for the sunshine.—*Christian Weekly*.

The Lost Chord.

"Touched by a loving hand, weakened by kindness,"

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more." So runs the hymn, and some of us who seem so placed as to be able to contribute nothing to the harmonies of earth and heaven should carefully consider if it be in reality impossible for us—even us—to set immortal chords astir. There are so many ways of rendering life useful, so many opportunities that go by, lost.

"I go regularly to that place of worship," said a workman. "When I chanced in they gave me a friendly word and shake of the hand, and now I've settled down and feel at home."

The kind grasp and greeting cost little to the giver, but who knows where their influence may lead? "I will speak to her next time," thought a lady, shyly, of a stranger of whom she had some slight knowledge—a traveler from a far-off land—stood near her at the close of a communion service.

"Next time" the stranger was in the "father's house," and the friendly words unspoken must be mute till eternity. "As we have opportunity," let us tread in his steps who went about doing good, whether the only service we can render be a lenient word of cordiality to a fellow-workman, a letter or visit to the sick, or comfort and peace brought to a fretful child, perchance one of our own household.

One very instance here is a proof that in some way or other we have a special work to perform. In one of his sermons, Rev. Mark Paine related that a piccolo player at Handel's retirement stopped playing, thinking his instrument would not be missed amid the crash of cymbals, but Sir Michael Costa hushed the music of the whole orchestra, raising his arm. So God may be waiting and listening for music which is in our heart and within our power to walk.—*The Quiver*.

Martyr-Made Man.

"Let him marry, then," was the crusty reply of an old bachelor on being told that a friend had gone blind; "let him marry, and if that doesn't open his eyes, then his case is indeed hopeless."

The meek has been confuted by the experience of scores of blind scholars, whose wives have been eyes to them. Huber, the great authority on bees, was blind from his seventeenth year, and conducted the observations which gave him the facts for his studies through the eyes of his wife. He declared that he should be miserable were he to regain his eyesight, adding, "I should not know to what extent a person my wife is always young, fresh and pretty, which is no light matter."

Blind Henry Fawcett became professor of political economy at Cambridge, an effective debater in Parliament, and a most successful promulgator general, by using the eyes of his cultured wife.

The crusty old bachelor's answer falls flat when it encounters such wives as these—and they are but two out of the many who have made their husbands men of good repute.

Sir Samuel Romilly, the leading lawyer and law reformer of his day, illustrated the experience of successful men when he said that nothing had more profited him, in his public life than the observations and opinions of his wife.

The biographer of Sir William Hamilton, commenting upon the helpfulness of Lady Hamilton, says: "The number of pages in her handwriting still preserved is perfectly marvellous." When he was elected professor of logic

and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, he had no lectures in stock. He began at once to write them, but though he worked rapidly, and far into the night, he was often only a few hours in advance of his class.

Lady Hamilton sat up night after night to write out a fair copy of the lectures from the roughly written pages he had scrawled in the adjoining room. He would take her legible sheets, and read them that morning to the students, who knew not that their professor's success was due to his being a marriage-made man. When paralysis, brought on by mental overwork, had stricken him, she became even more helpful, and by her assistance he was enabled to perform his professional duties until death removed him from his chair.

Professional Faith-Cure.

It is a notorious fact that our faith-cure friends sicken and die just as others do. The principal faith-healer in the country is subject to terrible headaches, although in a convention just held in Chicago "a young woman then explained how a sick headache could be cured by faith. She had been a martyr to that ailment for years, to such an extent that relief could only be found by chloroform. Last Sunday evening, when in the midst of absolute torture, she simply said, 'Lord have mercy upon me,' and a feeling came over her just the same as if she had taken the chloroform, and she fell into a sound sleep. It is not uncommon to hear people this of kind flippantly remark, 'Oh, it is so sweet to go to the Lord with all our aches and pains, and he just instantly heals them. We never have a headache or backache for any length of time now.' Why have them at all? But the aches and pains return upon them all the same, and they grow old and feeble, or die, as Miss Campbell died, when she was at the head of the faith-cure home in Brooklyn; as Rev. Dr. Stanton died and was buried at sea, on his way last summer to a faith-healing convention in London; as Mr. Boardman has just died. Yet if the theory be true, there can be no good reason why any should be fatally or seriously ill. The prayer of faith, which God is pledged to answer in one instance, ought to hold good in every instance, and unless the faith fails, there should be no death. But, somehow, the faith does fail sooner or later, and there is no perceptible difference between those who believe in such healing and those who do not accept it as true. The former are no freer, no stronger, no more exempt from attacks of sickness, no more sure against the approach of the grim destroyer of the race. Indeed, the faith-healers, as a rule, are a frail, callow, cadaverous-looking set.—*Truth*.

His Fatal Fannation.

When once a man has done a wrong thing it has an awful power of attracting him, and making him hungry to do it again. Every evil that I do may, indeed, for a moment create in me a revulsion of conscience, but stronger than that revulsion of conscience, it exercises a fascination over me which it is hard to resist. It is a great deal easier to find a man that has never done a wrong, than to find a man that has only done it once. If the wall of the dyke is sound it will keep the water out, but if there is the slightest hole in it, it will all come in. So the evil that you do asserts its power over you, it has a fierce, longing power after you, and it gets you into its clutches. Beware of the first evil, for as sure as you are living, the first evil taken will make the second seem to become necessary. The first drop will be followed by a bigger second, and the second, at a shorter interval, by a more copious third, until the drops become a shower, and the shower becomes a deluge. The course of evil is ever wider and deeper, and more tumultuous. The little sins get in at the window and open the front door for the big house-breakers. One smooths the path for the other. All sin has an awful power of perpetuating and increasing itself. As the prophet says in his awful vision of the doleful creatures that make their support in the desolate city, "None of them shall visit her mate. The wild beasts of the desert shall meet with the wild beasts of the island." Every sin tells upon the character, and makes the repetition of itself more and more easy. "None is barren among them," and all sin is linked together in a slimy tangle, like a field of sea-weed, so that the man once caught in its oozy fingers is almost sure to drown.—*Dr. Alexander MacLaren*.

It is not always the smartest boy that makes the smartest man. Any industrious, intelligent young man who has been brought up on the farm, and who will make up his mind to give farming his life work, is as certain not only to succeed, but to excel in his occupation, as there is anything certain in human affairs. The law of nature is behind him and he cannot fail.

This, That, and The Other.

—The following figures will be interesting to those who make educational notes:—In the United States every two hundredth man takes a college course; in England every five hundredth; in Scotland, every six hundredth; and in Germany every two hundredth and thirtieth. The United States is the only country in the world which spends more upon education than on war or preparation for war.

—How often the man or the woman for whom you have done most becomes your bitterest enemy. The fact that you have done him a thousand favors only makes him the more indignant if you deny him the next.

—A Christian mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children towards him. "There, Carrie," said her mother, "this is what I would have done with you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness. "I'd go to him without pushing."—*Stet*.

—The census of 1881 showed that there were in Ireland 2,951,888 Roman Catholics, 635,670 Episcopalians, 468,503 Presbyterians, 47,609 Methodists.

—Here is Sam Jones's rule for apology when he has hurt people's feelings while preaching; and we don't see how good and upright men can object to it, though it puts all the rest on a par with the man who wanted to stone the guilty woman to death, and Christ said, "Let him that is without sin throw the first stone."

—I get to the point sometimes when they say, "Jones, you say some mighty hard things; you ought to apologize." Ought to apologize! Well, sir, if I say anything while I am in Chicago that hurts a man's pride and humiliates him, and he says, "You ought to apologize," I will apologize. I say I will apologize to that sort every time, but I will not apologize to you, unrepentant Philistine; I won't do it.

—Prof. W. R. Harper, has accepted the professorship offered him by Yale College. Chicago University will lose its most popular professor, and its prospective president, and Yale will secure the foremost Helmsman of America.

—Even the world thinks less of a dancing professor of religion. I have often known dancing to be the first of a train of evils, and I have never known one noted for zeal in dancing to be characterized by great excellence as a Christian.—*P. H. Postle*.

—Reviewing his work during the past two years and a half, Mr. Haygood, Baptist missionary in Constantinople, gives the following statistics: Miles travelled, 5,285; pages of tracts printed and distributed, 330,545; sermons and addresses, 430; prayer meetings, 177; visits made, 4,594; persons baptized, 35; Sunday-schools held, 110; letters written, 1,436; persons receiving free medical treatment, 1,257. Mr. Spurgeon has recently sent Dr. Haygood \$150 to aid him in his good work.

—A Baptist missionary in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families; and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not feed a mouse.

—We are born for a higher destiny than earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in the presence forever.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

—The report of George Muller's Work for 1885 is summarized as follows.—Last year, without applying to a single person, his receipts amounted to \$200,000. He has received in all from the beginning more than \$5,000,000.

—The number of Christians in Japan from 1882 to 1884 increased from 5,000 to 10,000, and the government is favorable to the change. Persecution has been entirely done away and Christianity is advocated by the Chinese press.

—The little son of an English clergyman was asked by a play-fellow who had been boasting of his noble ancestors, if he had lords in his family. The boy thought a moment, and then answered "As for that, I cannot tell you; but my mother says the Lord Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother."

—One of the German papers states that "at Vienna last year no less than 263 Jews became Christians," and another paper tells us that "at no period since the first century have conversions from Judaism to Christianity been so frequent as they are at present."

—In a Chinese village, during a time of drought, a missionary saw a row of idols put out in the hottest and dustiest part of the road. He inquired the reason, and the natives answered, "We prayed our gods to send us rain, and they were not; so we've put them out to see how they like the heat and dryness."