

Messenger and Visitor.

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VOL. I

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NOTICE—At a meeting of the Directors of the Maritime Baptist Publishing Company, held at Amherst, N. S., Aug. 22nd, it was unanimously resolved to offer the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to new subscribers from the date of their subscriptions to the end of the year 1886, for \$2.00, if paid before the end of the year.

It was also resolved to give the paper to all old subscribers at and from the beginning of the new year at the rate of \$1.50 per year, if paid within 90 days from the beginning of the year, and to new subscribers at the same rate, from the date of subscription, if paid within 90 days from the date of subscription. If not so paid, the price in all cases will be \$2.00 per year.

ALL OUR READERS will be glad to hear the good news from Wolfville. It is confidently expected that this will be the most prosperous year in the history of our Institutions there. The attendance at the Academy and Seminary, and the prospect for an increase of students later, and for the attendance at the College, were never better.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE LEADERS of England must, many of them, be in a state of great ignorance when they know so little of what has recently been done for them, as the following incidents seem to show:

A clergyman from the Midlands describes the bright condition of his flock. "One man uttered a short, loud snuff" on being told he had a vote. Two cobblers smilingly said that the parson was a man who must have his little jokes. In another village one of the young ladies of the parish distributed some handbills, being noticed of a political meeting. A man who received one went to the parson. "Be obliged to go to this meeting, sir?" "Certainly not, if you do not like." "The laborer scratched his head, and said: "Because, sir, Miss have served I with a sonnet."

How often do we hear the remark, when one is called upon to do some form of service for the Master, "I will engage in it if Mr. or Mrs. X does also." What a low sense of individual responsibility is revealed in all such statements! Does our Saviour excuse us from duty because others are neglectful? He trod the wine-press alone for us, and it is the least we can do to serve Him, even though we have no one to aid us. Our Saviour wants each of us to care for His will only, and not have our action determined by that of others. And yet, how much of many lives is governed by other considerations than the wish of our Lord. How few who will serve the Saviour and seek to leave the last, all the same, whether there be many or few to help them. We all need a greater sense of individual responsibility, a greater regard for what our Lord requires, and for that alone.

WHAT might be done were all our church members to give one-tenth of their income, is seen in the amount contributed by the Methodists. They enforce the tithing system, and less than 175,000 of them contributed, last year, \$3,000,000 for missions. Neither does this system make them poor, as the amount of the tithes demonstrates. Why cannot our people do this much, at least, for Jesus' sake? Some have adopted this rule, and are blessed in it—why should not all? On a similar scale, the Baptists of America would give about \$42,500,000 for missions each year, and our Maritime Baptists over \$600,000, or over 42 times the amount at present given.

ONE OF THE "OLD-TIME" PREACHERS used to say that "you might as well talk of an honest thief, or a faithful liar, as of a 'dear Christian.'" It does seem strange that one who has been saved by the blood of Christ, and who believes in the merits of heaven and hell, can be so foolish during the little time he has to rescue the perishing who are on all sides. Reader, are you an earnest worker for Christ and men, or are you a sluggard in the face of the cross of Christ, of death, and of eternity?

Bro. D. G. McDONALD has published a leaflet on baptism. It contains much argument into a small space, and puts the case in a most convincing way. It is well fitted to assist candid enquirers, and will be helpful to all.

How much more pleasure we should enjoy did we have an supreme regard for the will of God. No man can be truly happy who governs his life and who has his feelings ruled by what men may think. If we but try and do right, we always know what our Heavenly Father thinks of us, and there is never any danger of misunderstanding. When at the mercy of public opinion, we are never sure of satisfaction, for it changes with little reason, and we are seldom certain what it really is. It is this role regard for the approbation of God which has been the secret of the most part of all the moral heroisms of the past, and

no man is strong until he gets in the habit of looking up to God, and seeking in His smile the recompense for the frowns of men. Let us get up a little higher this year in regard for the divine approbation, and get some more of the strength and joy it gives.

—Mr. ETHELIDGE, F. R. S., of the British Museum, London, a first-class working scientist with one of the finest opportunities for study to be found in the world, gave the following testimony, recently, on the evolution theory of Darwin:—
"In all this great Museum there is not a particle of evidence of transmutation of species. Nine-tenths of the talk of evolutionists is sheer nonsense, not founded on observation and wholly unsupported by fact. Men adopt a theory and then strain their wits to support it. I read all their books, but they make no impression on my belief in the stability of species. Moreover, the talk of the great antiquity of man is of the same value. There is no such thing as a fossil man. Men are ready to regard you as a fool if you do not go with them in all their vagaries. But this Museum is full of proofs of the utter falsity of their views."

THE FOLLOWING correspondence in the Halifax Herald explains itself.

EXPLANATION GIVEN.
To the Editor of the Herald:
Sir,—The following communication appeared in a recent issue of your valuable paper:

"A late issue of the Christian Messenger and Visitor, of St. John, N. B., contains the following remarkable statement, as part of an editorial article, a question concerning the relation existing between the Baptist churches and the B. and F. Bible society. It seems to us a little hard that Baptists, who have more converts on the foreign field than all their Pedobaptist brethren together, etc.—the rest of the sentence it is not necessary to quote. Here is a claim that the Baptist denomination is doing more, and more successful mission work in the foreign field, than all other evangelical churches combined. There would be a ludicrous side to this boasting were it not so far from the mere semblance of truth, and had it not been found in the editorial columns of a religious weekly. Certainly this extraordinary assertion cannot have been published in ignorance, nor dare it be hinted that there was intention to deceive.

Will the editor rise and explain, or will he kindly correct the error, or be more modest in the future. J. S. G. ANGLIN, Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 25th.

We are happy to explain. We had in mind the American missions, when making the statement to which exception has been taken. According to tabulated statistics in the Missionary Review of July and August, there are 117,841 communicants in the mission churches of the various branches of the American Baptists, while there are 161,491 in the mission churches of all the other denominations combined. All that should be remembered, however, that some are received into Baptist churches but those who not only renounce heathenism and give mental assent to the truth of christianity; but who also give evidence of regeneration. According to the published statement of a returned Methodist missionary, the practice is very general among our Pedobaptist brethren to reckon all as church members who accept christianity as true, whether converted or not. Bearing in mind the greater strictness of Baptist missionaries and mission churches in the reception of members, there can be little doubt but that there are more real converts in our American Baptist mission churches than in those of all the other denominations combined. We do not speak of this boastfully. We rejoice in the work done in the mission field by all denominations, and desire to see it blessed and enlarged an hundredfold. Perhaps this explanation will satisfy Mr. Anglin.

EDITOR MESSENGER AND VISITOR.
St. John, Sept. 11th.

THE FOLLOWING, from Mulhall's Statistical Dictionary, will surprise many. The murders to every 10,000,000 of population is as follows in eleven of the greatest nations: England, 237; Belgium, 240; France, 265; Scandinavia, 266; Germany, 279; Ireland, 284; Austria, 310; Russia, 323; Italy, 504; Spain, 533; United States, 829. It thus appears that murder is nearly four times as frequent in the United States as in England, and much more frequent than among the dirt-using Italians, and the revengeful and fiery Spaniards. Neither can we attribute this pre-eminence in crime to the foreign element in the United States. Statistics show that in cultured Massachusetts the proportion of criminals among the native population has more than doubled in the last thirty years. The Christian at Work attributes this dark showing to the spread of infidel doctrines, of cheap sentimental literature, the decadence of family training, and the ease with which divorce can be had. These are, no doubt, among the chief reasons; but we believe another is the ease with which justice can be defrauded and capital punishment evaded. The Christians of America need to redouble their diligence and stand firmly for the religion which helps make men's consciences a terror to criminality.

—THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR one year and four months for \$2!

The Consolation of Doing Good.

BY MRS. S. M. READ.

The sad countenance of Mrs. G. was ever expressing the thought, "Never grief like my grief." Sorrowful and despondent, she had come back to her childhood's home with one child, a bright little boy of six years. Ten years before, she went from that home the happy bride of one well calculated to appreciate with her the social, literary, and religious privileges of a home in the suburbs of a large city. Her expectations were great, and she was not disappointed. Her husband was kind and considerate. She ever found it safe to follow his loving and wise advice. His strong arm was always ready to give her needful support. They were happy in each other and especially happy in what they considered the crowning glory of their home, the children that came, four in all, a blessed heritage from the Lord.

Surely the passing shadows of sorrow were light and brief during those years—scarcely deep enough to make the life pictures seem real—when, suddenly, the angel of death came, and the husband and three of the children were not. Mrs. G., blinded by her great sorrow, failed, for a time, to see a loving father's hand in her affliction. Her thoughts were filled with her own loss. She considered not that her loss might be gain to the dear ones who were now beyond the reach of life's evils. All the efforts of her friends to comfort her seemed in vain. Even her little Harry's smiling ways failed to bring a cheerful smile upon his mother's face. There would sometimes seem to be an effort towards it, but it would fade away into a still more despondent look.

One afternoon the family were all to be absent. Mrs. G. declined an invitation to accompany them, but consented to their taking Harry. She looked forward to this time, as a season when she could give way to her grief and "have a good cry," with no one to try to reason with her, or say, "Why do ye so?" She was in the habit of indulging herself in this way when alone.

She saw them drive away, and was just about to close the door when she saw old Mrs. B. approaching, with tottering steps. Her first impulse was to close the door and go to her room; for how could she give up leaving this afternoon to herself? Her better nature, however, prevailed. Pity rose in her heart as she saw how difficult it was for the aged and feeble woman to make this short, but to her, hard journey. As she stumbled up the steps, Mrs. G. took her hand, and thus prevented her from falling. Mrs. B. was the sister of a farmer, whose house was just across the way. Her brother had brought her to his home, on account of her age and poor health, and because she had no nearer friends to administer to her wants; and she was kindly cared for. She was partially paralyzed but her sickness had not at all affected her mind. She was a cheerful and happy Christian, notwithstanding her bodily infirmities.

"I saw your folks all going away and I thought I would come over and keep you company this afternoon," said Mrs. B. Mrs. G. seated her visitor in an easy chair, and placed a hassock for her feet; then, excusing herself for a few moments, she went to her own room. On her table lay a little piece of poetry with the words, "From mother," written on the margin. She took it up and read: "Trust in the Lord and do good."

"When thy heart groweth heavy
With a burden ill to bear,
When thy spirit is overshadowed
With a weary weight of care."

"When the world seems vain and worthless
And life's pleasures pass away,
When there seemeth none to love thee
And thine early hopes decay."

"When the Present all is darkened
With the errors of the Past,
And the sky which spans the Future
Thick with clouds is overcast."

"Yield thou not to sad repinings—
There is work for thee to do;
Thou shalt find in earnest labor
Light and consolation too."

"Not the labor that peruseth
Ever selfish ends alone—
Make another heart be lighter,
And less heavy grows thine own."

"To the sick and dying bedside
Sympathy and solace bear;
Shrink not from the humblest service
Which can carry comfort there."

"Seek the poor and unbelieved
With a will to aid and bless;
Shedding gifts which God bestoweth
Will not make him thine own less."

"Yes, the poor are always with us,
Thus in holy writ we read;
And for those who love the Saviour,
Always there are lands to feed."

"Not alone the good intention,
Not alone the gentle thought
Will suffice thee— deeds of kindness
Must with patient seal be wrought."

"Oh! there is a charm in effort
Evil spirits to dispel,
And the cloud of care disperseth
In the light of doing well."

Rich in works of love and duty,
Life attains a newer worth,
And the hope of heaven unfoldeth
O'er the faded hopes of earth."

Mrs. G. was prepared now to return to her visitor, and to say, "I am happy to see you. I am glad you came."

As she sat with Mrs. B. that afternoon she listened to the story of her life, of her home in a distant sea-port town, and of her sailor husband, who was promoted until he would be captain of "a good ship as one would ever wish to see." Then came an account of the storm in which Captain B.'s ship was wrecked, and all on board perished, among them her two eldest boys, who had sailed with their father. "But," said she, "I had hope of them all that they were prepared to go. That hope sustained me wonderfully. There were others whose names were, far greater to me than mine, for they had no hope for themselves or for the friends they lost."

The told of another son lost at sea, and her consumption had robbed her of her youngest child first. For him she lived and wept, but, alas! he took to bad ways, and, under the influence of liquor, committed a crime for which he was sentenced to long imprisonment.

"He will never come out, while I live," she said. "The living troubles that I real trouble. It is that which makes our hearts bleed. But the Lord has been with me in all my afflictions, and I feel sure he will go with me the few more steps I have to take."

Mrs. G.'s thoughts were turned away from her own grief, and she seemed at once to be lifted to a higher plane of existence. When Mrs. B. left she accompanied her, and, seeing her safely seated in her easy chair, she kissed her tenderly and said, "Your call will be a lasting blessing to me." Then she hastened home and prepared herself to give a cheerful welcome to the dear ones who would soon return. She set the table and prepared tea, although she knew it was not expected of her. She busied herself in many little ways in making the rooms and the table look attractive.

They came at last. She opened the door, and will never forget the bright smile that lighted up the face of her little boy as he looked at her. As she stooped to kiss him, he threw his arms around her neck, saying, "Oh, mamma, I am so glad you have found your happy face; and I think papa and sisters and brother, up in heaven, will be glad, too. We all love you so." Mrs. G. no longer repines. She finds that there is a work for her to do; and in doing it she finds consolation.
Still River, Mass.

Professional Honor.

A protest has often been made against styling the Christian ministry a profession. It is very true that it is not a mere profession. There are some ideas connected with professional life, as regarded, for example, in the professions of law and medicine, which are not applicable to the ministry of the gospel. The sacred calling is something higher than a profession or occupation. But while it is proper to insist on the distinction of the ministry from any other profession it is useless to deny that a profession, or that some of the essential characteristics which distinguish professional from other occupations, are and should be characteristics of ministerial service. The late Dr. William Lamon recognized this application of the term when he made the "professional enthusiasm" of Rufus Choate for example for ministers to emulate. The address of Professor Johnson to the graduating class of Crozer Theological Seminary at its late anniversary, was on "Professional Honor," and his suggestions were highly appropriate to the occasion. We cannot better occupy a little space than by an extract:

"It is not the part of ministerial honor to despise doctrine. Doctrine pervades preaching; and without settled beliefs, you must either avoid important themes or rashly declare what you have not duly considered. Professional propriety thus solves one of a young minister's perplexities. His mind ferments. He thinks he has adopted a heresy, and that personal honor bids him to disclose his situation. If personal honor requires this, professional honor forbids it. It is unprofessional to announce doubtful doctrines which for the moment you imagine that you believe. You must not be a quack. You ought not to try experiments on the congregation entrusted to your care. Just as professional honor exacts courage for established truth, it demands of you caution while groping toward the truth. You are to know, not to guess. Wait awhile. Lay the problem aside; and when you take it up again, you may find it half solved. In any case, your professional obligation is to know before you speak. Personal honor and professional honor unite in this demand.

"Now, as you are not an artist whose business is to produce a thing, so it is un-

professional for you to regard your sermon as a work of art, inviting admiration or criticism. The temptation is great; but what I confess for myself I might safely call on all my ministering brethren here present to testify to: that whenever such a consideration is admitted to our thoughts, whether under praise or blame, we instinctively feel it to be a violation of professional propriety, and unworthy of our holy calling.

"Again, as your motive is benevolence, it is unprofessional for you to indulge in chit chat about your parishioners. You are bound to regard them with charity, and not needlessly later to disparagement of their character. If you do, a barrier will at once arise between you, of which they will promptly become aware. Loving regard is not ignorance, but insight, and quick to feel the faults it deplores. Even if charitable as of being desolved your sympathies bearing gives you great power for good. I need not say how wholly unprofessional are envy and jealousy towards other ministers. A just sense of honor will forbid you to speak, or even to think, evil of your brethren."

What the professor intimates that be "need not say," it might not be necessary for him or any one to say. But the needlessness of saying it, some will think, arises out from want of occasion, but from the almost self-evident character of the remark. "How wholly unprofessional are envy and jealousy of other ministers. A just sense of honor will forbid you to speak, or even to think, evil of your brethren." Is the standard of propriety held as high in this respect as it should be? Is it not a too frequent character of the conversation of ministers that they indulge in disparaging references to their brethren, or in that kind of faint praise which has a suspicion of irony in it? Yet all would agree that it is censurable "in the abstract," however they may thoughtlessly indulge it. It was well to remember and to remind the young theologians, however briefly, of this law in the code of honor by which the ministry are bound, even though there were no higher considerations which should lift Christian ministers above the need of appealing to the common law of professional conduct. To fail in the matter indicated is to fall below the level of other professions—to do by their brethren what a self-respecting lawyer or physician would not stoop to do.—E.

Receiving Money.

It is, of course, a difficult question to answer, How shall money be provided for all the wants of the church? There is so much that needs doing, and the doing of it involves spending money. But in the long run we believe that even men of the world will give more money in response to an appeal to their higher motives than when the appeal is addressed to their selfishness. The immediate returns from an entertainment of some kind may be greater than from direct appeals for money. Often, however, the apparent gain is a real loss. The profits of a festival or a fair are not seldom less than the cost of the articles contributed, to say nothing of the labor and time wasted upon it. But even when there is some actual profit, on a strict business reckoning, the people have been educated in the wrong direction; they have been taught to give to please themselves, not to sacrifice for Christ's sake. They are no more ready to give to the next deserving object than before; less ready, in fact, for they have been taught to expect some *quid pro quo*. It is an abuse of the word to call it "giving," when one gets a return in goods or enjoyment for every dollar that is parted with. And yet that is the only kind of giving that multitudes of church members are ever known to do. The money they "give" for the support of worship pays for their pew; and to get them to "give" to any missionary or benevolent enterprise they must be lured with a hook baited with a concert, or a plate of ice-cream.

"But this I say, he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully. Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver." That is the Pauline idea of giving. How nearly do we approach it?—Examiner.

Faithful.

An unknown and obscure engine driver on the Grand Trunk Railway has given the world an instance of how men can be "faithful unto death" still. On the old Welland Canal, near Meriton, Ont., there is a railway draw bridge. A few days ago an express train was approaching this bridge when the engine driver saw that the draw was open. He whistled for breaks in time for all to have been well, but the air breaks did not work and the ordinary breaks were not sufficient to stop the train. On he went, right into the yawning gulf. Several train hands jumped and saved their

lives, but the engine driver stuck to his post.

After hours of work among the debris of the wrecked train, when the rescuing party had got on all my ministering brethren here present to testify to: that whenever such a consideration is admitted to our thoughts, whether under praise or blame, we instinctively feel it to be a violation of professional propriety, and unworthy of our holy calling.

Will They Give It in the Lord?

Two brethren of our acquaintance told us the other day that they had been led to give up the luxury of cigars, out of conviction that their work with the Sunday school boys and young men was hindered by the use of this indulgence. They did it for Christ's sake, and for the sake of their influence over boys who were being led behind them for a justification of their own habits. This is well. We asked them, incidentally, how much money they would save by this denial. One said at least three dollars a week, that is, something more than \$150 per annum. The other said not less than \$300 per annum. We only speak of this from its economic point of view. Of course we shall expect to see the benevolent contributions of these brethren increased by a sum equal to the amount saved by the cutting away of this unnecessary indulgence. How plethoric our church treasuries would be if all the brethren throughout the land would cease to burn this costly incense to the flesh, and put an amount equal to the annual cost of their cigars to the service of God. But while we are glad to pass these testimonies on, let it not be understood that the smokers are sinners in the matter of costly-indulgence, above all others. There are scores of other "provisions for the flesh," which are equally costly, which might be laid aside and the cost of them put into the treasury of the Lord's house.

It is surprising how easily we pay out dollars by the day or week for the comfort or gratification of the flesh, and at the same time, how difficult it is to give small amounts at more frequent intervals, for the support of the gospel. We cannot help thinking of these things when we observe the meagre gifts of some Christian men, and know of the large cigar bills which these same brethren incur, without hesitation or grudging. "Think on these things."—Words and Weapons.

Two Brave Boys.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went, not long ago, with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home in Dayton. After a while the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the soldier began:

"Now that the old man has"—
"We do not know any old man," interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman"—said the soldier.

"We do not know any old gentleman," once more interrupted the boy; "he is our father."

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up to his face, and said:

"Please don't use those words."
"Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks."
"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.

Some time ago, I read in one of our papers an account of a boy who, seeing some men in danger of drowning, went in a skiff to rescue them. As soon as he reached them, they seized his boat and scrambled into it, so that it capsized. Two of them were drowned, but the others saved themselves by holding on to the upturned boat.

The brave boy swam to a tree, climbed into it, and was obliged to remain there six long hours before he was rescued.

He was justly entitled to the name the paper gave him—"a young hero"—but my two boys, who dared to rebuke irreverence, and who would not permit even a soldier to profane God's name in their presence, were even braver than he. Do you not think so, boys? And would you have done just as they did under similar circumstances?

—How many old subscribers will send us in a new name this week?