

Messenger and Visitor.

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ATTENTION!—If our brethren intend to help the circulation of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR on their field, now is the time. Hundreds are ready to take the paper if asked to do so. Who will give a day to this work this week?

—CAN IT BE TRUE?—We see it stated by the Ontario correspondent of the Chicago Standard that "of the forty-six graduates of the Baptist Theological School (McMaster Hall) forty-four are in the United States." We can scarcely believe this statement to be correct; but if it is anyway near correct, it shows that a theological school of our own is not the remedy for the emigration of ministers which is draining away our best hope of progress. It is well said that about the only "commodities" in which there is free trade between us and the United States are ministers and rogues. But in this, as in most cases of intercourse with our shrewd Yankee cousins, they have the best of it; for they get all the ministers and we get all the rogues. Still, we shall have this consolation, the land that raises ministers for export—rather than rogues, has something in its favor.

—HOME INFLUENCE—In the course of our ramblings, we called upon one after another of the members of a family who had married and settled down near the old home. We were struck with the bright cheerfulness of them all. On enquiry we found they had had one of the happiest of christenings. We needed no further explanation. Then the thought came to us, what a heritage of blessing is a happy home. If the children have such a home, in which to pass their early years, it sends a ward glow down through all the coming time. Happiness is somewhat a habit, and if the child is kept in a sunny atmosphere, the disposition becomes fixed for the future. Is there not here one of the strongest inducements to seek to make the home life of the children as cheery and bright as possible? All homes may not be luxurious; many must be poor; but nearly all may be made joyous, and the after life of the children be blessed with a great glowing reserve of happy memories and dispositions.

—MR. SPURGEON—The Baptist Union has had a special session to consider Mr. Spurgeon's withdrawal. The particulars of the action have not reached us. It was decided to send a delegation to him, to see if he could not be induced to return. At first it appeared as if the leaders of the Union were inclined to take no public action, but the wide sympathy awakened by Mr. Spurgeon's notice as changed their apparent determination. It is next thing to amusing to read some of the references to Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, &c., by some of the liberal people. In their churches spiritual life has decayed and worldliness is rampant. In Mr. Spurgeon's work of God is going forward grandly. And yet they talk of Mr. Spurgeon's stand in reference to doctrine as if he were unworthy of much consideration in this progressive age. Until their preaching shows better results than Mr. Spurgeon's, they had better hold their peace. Some of the most trusted Baptists of England, however, think his withdrawal not the best course. He replies he has tried to get the Union to set in reference to the new doctrine creeping in and has failed, and that there was no other resource left.

—ROMAN BAPTISTS—Our denomination is making rapid progress in Russia, in St. Petersburg and vicinity. While it is considered an offence punishable by government, for a member of the established church to adopt any other religious belief, there are as many as 2000 Russian Baptists, besides a large number of German Baptists, residing in the Czar's dominions. The Baptists are treated with more leniency than any other body, which is the reverse of what is true in any other country. The reason is that the established church of Russia—the Greek—practices immersion, and seeing that Baptists immerse, they think our religion must be very like their own. A wide field is thus cleared for effort to evangelize the Russians. A separate Baptist Union for Russia has been formed. Russia was previously included in the German Union—and representatives sent to America for help. The Foreign Mission Board in Boston have made an appropriation, and are disposed to foster this work.

—ARMENIAN MISSIONS—As we have before noticed, several Baptist churches have arisen among the Armenians of Turkey through independent study of the Bible. These appealed to American Baptists for aid. The Missionary Union did not see its way clear to undertake a mission there; but the Publication Society recently advanced special contributions toward their behalf. At the May meeting in

Minneapolis, the Publication Society requested the Missionary Union to take the work off their hands, and a strong committee was appointed to take the whole question into consideration. This committee has had a two days' session, and have decided it would not be advisable to undertake a new mission, while so many of the older missions are inefficiently manned and supported, through want of adequate resources. It is too bad that openings which appear so evidently made by God for us to enter, have to be passed by because our people do not give at all as the Lord has prospered them.

—GOING FURTHER AND FADING WORSE—A Mr. Jolly has left the Congregationalists of England because, as he says, "Congregationalism assumes more than is true, viz., that every member of the church is born of the Holy Spirit, and is under the rule of Christ, and under that false assumption welcomes into co-governorship with pastor and elders all such members, how ever unfitted they may be for such a responsibility." To get out of this difficulty, forthwith, he unites with the Established Church, where a large share of the clergy are admittedly unregenerate, and where the members of government and of Parliament, many of them noted for their wickedness, have the rule. How beautifully consistent!

—PRINCELY—J. L. Sullivan, the champion boxer of the world, is being hoisted in Great Britain. It speaks ill of the times that this knicker should receive attention of this kind. But the worst of all is that the Prince of Wales sought a private interview of him as a special favor. The best man in the world would, we fear, have to live a long time before receiving any such attention from the prospective ruler of the British realm; but he humbles himself to a man who lives to give the most brutal of all exhibitions. Princes are not always princely. When the head of the aristocracy of Great Britain shows such tastes, we cannot hope for a continuance of the elevating influence which our Queen has exercised upon her court, by her successor.

—NOT SO MUCH USE—We clip the following from an exchange: More than 100,000 sermons are distributed every week in Berlin, Germany, among non-attendants at church, by a corps of 2,000 colporteurs. Yes, and the general irreligion of Berlin proves that people who have the chance to go to church and listen to preaching and will not, won't profit much by reading sermons at home. Still, no doubt these colporteurs are doing a good work; because many who are unable to attend may be affected by the truth conveyed to them in the sermons, and some may be induced, by reading written words, to come and listen to the spoken word of the preacher.

—THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES—The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that individual States have the right to suppress the liquor traffic without compensation to those engaged in it, is making a good deal of stir among the rum people of the Union. It is admitted that this ends for them their struggle in the courts, as this is the highest court of appeal, and as never reverses a decision, and that it will clean out all breweries, etc., from prohibition States. Already, in pursuance of this decision, the Supreme Court of Kansas has ordered the marshal of the State to close up a great brewery in Lawrence. The brewers of Sioux City, Iowa, have determined to give up the struggle, and have closed up business. The decision of the Supreme Court is on the ground that breweries, etc., are a nuisance.

—DR. GORDON OF SANCTIFICATION—It is often asserted that Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, agrees with those who hold the instantaneous and entire sanctification view. This is very wide of the mark. This will appear from the following quotation from a sermon, as given by a correspondent in the Chicago Standard: "Sin is progressive as holiness is progressive." "I can no more comprehend a sudden collapse, or toppling over into some great sin, than I can comprehend a sudden mounting up into sanctification"; "God's method of keeping and Satan's method of killing are precisely analogous."

—INTERESTING STATISTICS—A correspondent of the National Baptist gives the following statistics: 60,000,000 population of the United States, estimated; 7,000,000 Roman Catholics; 55,000,000 Protestants; 13,000,000 under ten years of age; 48,000,000 over ten years of age; 12,000,000 of the 40,000,000 are church members; 28,000,000 not church members. Let us analyze some of these numbers, beginning with the 12,000,000 Protestant church members: 3,000,000 are under twenty years of age; 3,000,000 are girls or young women; 1,000,000 boys or young men; 9,000,000 over twenty years of age; 6,000,000 of these are women; 3,000,000 are men. Of the 28,000,000 not church members, 9,000,000 are under twenty years of age; 3,000,000 are girls or young women; 6,000,000 boys or young men. Of the remaining 20,000,000, 8,000,000 are women; 12,000,000 are men.

Refuge

BY REV. O. C. S. WALLACE.
O, Father Almighty,
I flee to Thy breast,
Bewildered by danger,
By terror distressed.
Thou, Father, my Refuge,
A Fortress and Rock,
A Shepherd who comforts
His storm-worried flock.
No threatening alarm me
When safe-sheltered here,
The Almighty my Helper,
No tempest I fear.

Resolutions

Such is the undisciplined weakness of the human will that good resolutions made on New Year's day are reported to be broken before the end of January. The young man resolves he will give up some bad habit. In a fit of enthusiasm he starts down the track of the new year.

At the end of a week he sakes himself why he made those resolutions. Then his will gives way.

Let no one, however, be frightened out of an honest resolve to make the new year better than the old. The harm does not lie in the making of resolutions, but in the breaking of them.

The writer recalls even now, with some regret and a sense of chastened humor, a boyish attempt of one to begin a new year with a clean record. He had a Christmas present of a diary, and on the page marked Jan. 1 wrote, early in the morning, before breakfast, the following resolutions:

"I am resolved to leave off all bad habits.
"I will be polite and pleasant to Jim Rogers. It was a mean trick in Jim to spoil my snow-fort last week.
"I will get up in the morning when father calls me.
"I will try to get along on one piece of pie.
"I will get all my lessons in school, and not tease the teachers.
"I will bring in the wood for mother on wash-days.
"I will be kind to the baby, even if he does tear my kite, and I will try not to pull the cat's tail.
"I will forgive all my enemies and leave off playing marbles for keeps. Jim Rogers was all mine last time.
"To all this I set my hand and seal, hope to die."

He signed his name to this last clause, which had a legal twang truly awe-inspiring, and went down to breakfast.

But alas for human nature! Before the week was out he quarrelled with Jim Rogers for climbing over his fence and smashing his new sled. He had risen only once when his father called him, and then a slipper roused him. The baby and the cat both had their backs up against him for playing truant. He was kept after school several times for misconduct, and his poor mother declared that one piece of pie meant starvation for him.

There is an old proverb which runs like this: "What you say on New Year's Day, is good for nought in month of May. Not what you say, but what you do, will live and thrive the whole year through."

He who makes good resolutions and changes them into conduct gains will-power and grand mastery over himself. Mark the purpose of intention, and action of purpose, and begin to cultivate this will-power in youth.—*Youth's Companion.*

He Pays For Me

A lady, who had been recently saved, sought the salvation of her husband, but he stumbled at the great stumbling stone and rock of offence, the stoning sacrifice of the cross. One day, a Christian neighbor entered into the conversation with him about the stoning sacrifice of the Son of God. Coming to a suspension bridge, the Christian handed twopenny to the toll-keeper, saying:

"I that enough for us both?"
"It is," was the tollman's reply.
"Do you think," said the believer to his companion, "that it is fair for the tollman to take the fare of us both from me?"
"Perfectly fair," was the answer.
"Do you think," said the other, "that it would be just in the tollman to demand the fare from you, when another has paid it for you?"

"It would be unjust to do so," was the reply; "for that would be the same as demanding payment twice."
"Well, now," replied his friend, "don't you see the meaning and value of the work of Jesus, the Divine Substitute, who died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring all unto God? Any toll on that side would be to get fourth for your acquaintance in

the gospel, and you will never come into condemnation. Reject him, and you perish."

This simple illustration was the means, it would appear, of leading that unbeliever to the cross. He had not gone far on the other side of the bridge when he saw the way of life in the death of the great Substitute, and, embracing Jesus, could say, "Christ pays for me; I cross the river free. Justice will not meet me at the other side to demand from me what is no longer due, since the Substitute has so gloriously satisfied every claim."

"Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin hath left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

A Hymn's Influence

There is no by no in the language dearer to many hearts than Phoebe Cary's "Nearer Home." The following touching incident in connection with the singing of it is related in a letter of Miss Cary: to her mother in the letter she says—

"I enclose the hymn and story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know that the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852) during my visit in your house in West Fourteenth street. I composed it in the little back second story bedroom next to yours one Sunday morning after coming from church, and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

The following is a copy of this hymn as Miss Cary wrote it, the last three verses of which differ considerably from those printed in some of the hymn books. The "story" to which Miss Cary alludes follows:

FRANK'S HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Came to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where his sunny mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!
Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But that silent, unknown stream
Rolls dark before my sight,
Whose waves on the other side
Break on a shore of light.
Oh! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her rest are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

"A gentleman visiting China had been intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling house. He went thither, but, not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noise, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other about forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterances continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lastly back in the chair while the elder shuffled the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began humming a tune. He went on till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phoebe Cary, as quoted above; the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed:—'Harry, where did you learn that hymn?' 'What hymn?' 'Why, the one that you're singing.' The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned it in a Sunday school in America. 'Come,' said the elder, getting up; 'come, Harry, here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drunk my last bottle. I have no need now, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business.' The gentleman who tells the story saw these two men leave the gambling house together, and walk away arm in arm.—*Standard.*

"An American spent last year \$5,000,000 for opium in India, and Christians spent their money on it."—*Standard.*

Mr. Time and His Passages.

I was sitting languidly on the bank of a river, watching and studying the things of nature, when I was aroused from my reverie by a voice on the opposite bank, saying, "This is no place for the indolent; come go with me; my name is Time."

"Please excuse me to-day, Mr. Time," said I.

"No," said he; "I take everything before me, and as you have come in my way you must go with me."

"I soon saw it was of no use to resist; I was bound to go."

Mr. Time came across and politely assisted me into his carriage. He then drove away at a fearful rate. Sometimes I thought it was all over with me. Finally to break the silence, except the noise of the wheels of his carriage, I said:

"Mr. Time, you do not look much older than you did eighteen years ago when I first saw you."

"No," said he; "I always wear my old wrinkled face and gray beard."

By this time he had such a load I thought he would not go so fast, but not so, he kept at the same rate, neither slower nor faster.

"You must know a great deal, Mr. Time, you have lived so long."

"O, yes," said he, "I know more than anyone else, some things of which I will delight to show you."

He then went through a dark forest, which was very silent and gloomy.

"You go in the dark as well as the light," said I.

"O, yes; I go everywhere," said he. But in this forest there were some men digging a grave, and in front of us came the funeral train.

"I see thousands of such sights every year," said Time.

"Yours must be a sad life," I ventured to say.

"No," said he; "it has joys to balance the sorrows."

We were now rapidly driving through an open plain, which was all sunshine. Here there was a wedding. The people were all hurrying to and fro; some were laughing, some dancing, some singing, and others were playing games of sport. I saw they were all very happy, quite a different scene from that just passed. Mr. Time drove on just the same, never stopping a moment. We now descended from this table-land, or plain of sunshine, to a low valley. Here I saw hundreds of men drawn up in line of battle, their swords glistening in the sunshine like diamonds, only to be soiled with blood. I heard the canons roaring in the distance, and saw the fire flashing in the towers where women and children were crying and begging, for they were almost starved. Their husbands, sons, and brothers were quarrelling over a barrel of poison, as I would call it, but they would give their nearest friend for it. Some were drunk, and beating their wives and children, which was a horrible sight to behold. After many long days of terrible sights, we came to a beautiful country, where all was still and quiet, except now and then a song by a bird or a maiden in the distance. As it was evening they were gathering home. Now we had gone so far and for so many years that I grew very tired and wanted to rest.

"Mr. Time," said I, "don't you think that we had better have some refreshments?"

"No," he replied; "here is a large mirror with which you can amuse yourself."

I took the glass and looked at it. Who is that old lady with such gray hair? I noticed that it looked familiar, which made me anxious to know who it was. Why, child, that is the image of yourself. For a moment I was speechless. At last I thought, am I dreaming? Is it true? It can not be the strong young girl I once was, such a short time ago, now with hair so gray and face so wrinkled. Is it real? Ah! yes, it is a reality. Time has brought me to this. Now I was so old, and had not been home for so many years, that I wanted to visit my native home.

"Well," said Mr. Time, "you can go and see your old home, but you cannot have youth as you did when you left."

and his wife, my father and mother?"
"O!" said the gentleman, "have you not heard of it? Their bodies have been lying in a country grave-yard for the last ten years."

I could not control myself any longer, I leaped against Mr. Time for support, but he could give me but little comfort. He said, "Those days are passed, and can not be recalled; ask for comfort from higher power."

Recovering myself, I asked for my brothers. The gentleman seeing my grief, told me very kindly, one is in the East, one in the West, and one on the other sea. O! can it be that those little boys whom I used to rattle and play with are grown men, and we are all so widely separated. The next morning was the Sabbath. I went to Church, hoping to see all my old friends and class-mates. I walked in as of old, and to my surprise every one was staring at me, and all were strange faces. I began to think as the gentleman did, that I had gone to the wrong place; but ah! no, Mr. Time had been that way, and the gray-headed fathers and mothers he had laid in the grave-yard long ago, and the prominent men and women were now the aged and gray-haired, and the little children had grown so that I would have never known them. Everywhere I went, Time had been there. My school-mates were scattered far and near; some in the North, some in the South, and some from whom I never return. Soon I grew weary of being in such a strange place, so I started with Time for my far away home. I am now travelling on with Time, who has been my companion all my life, and when Time with me shall be no longer, I shall then be at rest.

"You must know a great deal, Mr. Time, you have lived so long."

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"Well," said Mr. Time, "you can go and see your old home, but you cannot have youth as you did when you left."

"Oh, for the great humility that will make us content to be each a finger pointing to the Christ! His Face is the true Shechinah whence the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines forth, not by way of reflection, but because in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. To gaze into that Face is to gaze into the Face of God. To gaze into that Face is to gaze into the Face of Love. To gaze into that Face is to pass from the dark into God's marvellous light. To gaze in that Face is to be changed into the same image, from glory to glory. It is this vision that the world most needs. It is to this vision that our churches must turn their eyes."

—Statistics gathered in England recently, show the following surprising and interesting facts:

Counting the average of deaths of male adults at 1,000, the deaths of preachers were 556, but little over half the average; of lawyers, 631; of farm laborers, 701; of carpenters and joiners, 820; of coal miners, 691; of masons and brick-layers, 969; of plumbers and painters, 1,202; of 20 per cent. above the average; of brewers, 1,361; of saloon-keepers, 1,521; more than fifty per cent. above the average; and bar-tenders, 2,295; more than double the average.