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"A WELL REGULATED liquor traffic is preferable to a constantly violated law." So says one of our N. B. exchanges. The "well regulated traffic" to which he alludes is a license law. How well regulated the traffic is, under these circumstances, can be seen in the case of St. John, Halifax, and many other places. We never knew that people would buy any less rum because the seller paid a certain license fee, or that the consequences of drinking it would, in this way, be rendered any the less evil to the drunkard or his family. The only difference is that in this case they get drunk, and beat their wives, abuse their children, and sink into drunkenness and a legal way, whereas when there is a prohibitory law, if they do this, it is recognized as illegal. For our own part, even if we could limit theft and dishonesty and murder by licensing a man to do all this kind of thing, we should decidedly prefer to keep the strong arm of the law as a terror to all evil doers, than as a shield behind which a part might hide. We feel about the same in reference to the rum traffic, which is the chief source of all crime. We decidedly object, as one of those who rule our Parliaments—the high and mighty Senate does not recognize the power of the people—to take the responsibility of all the evil and crime wrought by the rum trade, by licensing it, and thus protecting it in its fell work. Let us treat this traffic as illegal, and a public sentiment will finally be nurtured which will relegate it to the realm of the blackleg and the criminal; where it belongs, and all decent and respectable men will give it a wide berth.

—Dr. Atkinson, chief superintendent of schools in N. S., has come to the conclusion that no satisfactory theory could be framed to justify the national interposition in education, in any shape or form or degree, which did not justify the state taking under its wings the higher and more advanced education as well as the lower. We are unable to agree with this statement. Education, up to a certain point, is possible to all, and should be sought by all. Beyond a certain point it is not possible to all, and cannot be obtained by all. It is very easy to see that education, so far as all may share in its advantages, may be supported by the general funds of a country, to which all contribute, while, at the same time, it would not be fair to take money from the general treasury of the country to provide a high priced education which is only for a very few. We have long been inclined to the belief that the education which is above the highest point in the reach of the people in general, should be provided by voluntary contribution. It seems unfair to tax all to secure advantages to a certain class. We know something can be said on the other side, to the effect that highly educated men and women are necessary to the good of all; but this is true at least; if this higher education can be furnished by voluntary offerings, let it be provided in that way. It is a fact that religious bodies and large hearted individuals have afforded the most of the higher educational facilities of the past, and still continue to do so. Why should our governments take the money contributed by multitudes, who cannot share in the gains of higher education, to provide institutions merely to compete with those already furnished on the fairer basis of voluntary offerings? This is a fair question for consideration.

—SIR FRANCIS HICKES, one of Canada's veteran statesmen, died at Montreal last week under circumstances of peculiar interest. In the absence of his family, he was smitten down with small-pox, a single instant being his only attendant during his last hours. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1807, being the youngest son of Dr. Hickes, a well known oriental scholar of a generation ago. From the time of the rebellion of 37-8 down to the year 1854 he was a foremost actor in the political affairs of Canada, and was a delegate to these provinces in 1852, on the subject of the Intercolonial Railway. After spending 15 years as Governor of various British colonies, he returned to Canada in 1869, and was in Parliament for five years, devoting himself mainly to writing on financial affairs. His public service was on the Ontario boundary commission, along with Chief Justice Hartson of Toronto, and Sir Edward Thornton, British minister at Washington. As one of the fathers of responsible government in the upper provinces, his name will be imperishable in Canadian History.

—OUR REMARKS, a week or two ago, in regard to resolutions passed, concerning a pastor at his resignation, have called the editor of the Jo. real and Messenger (Circularist) to his feet, to relate a recent experience, which we sincerely hope may not soon be repeated. This is what he says, after quoting some of our statements:—

ed that the deacons had, in accordance with a vote of the church, given the pastor a written document, declaring its regret that, "because of ill health," he had been constrained to resign, etc. The brother said to the pastor: "Please let me see that paper," and taking it, he read it carefully, and said: "There, that paper contains three lies." Then he proceeded to point them out, and, reading a few words—"That is lie number one." Then reading a little further—"That is lie number two." And so he went on. As a matter of fact, the paper said that the pastor resigned because of "ill health," when both the pastor and the accompanying brother testified that the ill-health had not been mentioned in connection therewith, and that the true cause was a financial one, which it was said could not be mentioned because it might have had influence upon the future of the church.

It must not be inferred that all resolutions are as regarded the truth as was the paper referred to, but it is too frequently the case that resolutions are devised to cover up, rather than to set forth, the truth. It was a remark of a celebrated diplomatist that language is a means of concealing thought; and it often seems that the things set forth in resolutions of the class referred to, are used to cover up the truth, and that the thing said is precisely the thing that is not true.

—A CORRESPONDENT, who is a member of a church just now pastorless, says:— "Some have said 'Variety is the spice of life.' This may be true in the material realm, but it does not hold good in the spiritual. Notwithstanding the excellent discourses by the ministering brethren who have visited us, yet our spiritual vitality does not seem so strong as under the regular pastorate, and should this continue, we will become deplorably dead. I hope that brethren March, Johnson, and the editor, may so agree to disagree that good may result from an exchange of views on this important matter, affecting more than the societies named in the letters. We have been led to regret the seeming estrangement that exists between the church and what seems real church work, but done by a body of Christian workers independent altogether of the church.

—THE CHURCHES judge, in his communication on woman's work, makes a slight mistake. The meeting of the Publishing Company last year was not appointed to be held at a time when the Convention was in session; it was a little longer than expected, and did not end until after the Convention had begun its work. We remember that Judge Johnson was very displeased over the fact, as he had some right to be.

A Friend in Need and What Came of His Help.
BY REV. R. F. SMITH, D. D.
The following narrative, which I found in a German periodical, shows how much good may follow an effort to befriended the friendless in time of need:—

One Spring morning, thirty years ago, as I was passing the State prison in the doors opened, and a man came out and the doors closed again. The man looked pale and dejected. As he stood before the gate in the warm May day sunshine, his features were marked by embarrassment and irresolution, and I observed that tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked up and down the streets, then he bowed his head, as if not knowing which way to go.

"Where now, my friend," I asked in a friendly way.

"I don't know, sir," he said sorrowfully. "I was just thinking of throwing up my hat into the air, and taking the direction in which it is blown by the wind. I would gladly go back to prison, but my term is out and they will not keep me any longer."

And then he said, "I don't believe they will receive me anywhere; and yet somewhere I must go. I really do not know what is to become of me. The future is as dark to me as the past."

"I am going to—," I said; "come with me."

"Are you not ashamed to be seen in such company," he said, looking at me inquiringly. "Perhaps you do not understand that I have been serving out a term here for crime."

"I understand," I answered; "we are none of us any better than we should be; but come walk with me and on the way we will talk over matters, and see what can be done for you."

It was a warm and splendid day. We walked slowly and talked a great deal, or rather my companion talked and I encouraged him to do so. He spoke very freely about himself. Occasionally at some unimportant revelation, I could scarcely keep from laughing. At last he said:—

"Holding back was never one of my faults. If I tell anything I tell the whole. That is the way I came to the prison. Had I kept silence, I should have been acquitted; but my heart was sunk deeper than ever from that day, and all broken down under the consciousness of my guilt."

In the course of our conversation I learned that he had been employed in the prison in shoe-making.

"I never had a trade before," he said. "I think if I had learned one I should never have entered upon a life of transgression. If I had been able to live in a regular way

I should not have been lead astray. Now I have as good a trade as any could wish. I have brought this away with me from the prison, besides a bitter memory and perpetual shame."

"It is not the fact that you have been in prison, but the crime which brought you there which ought to give you pain," said I.

"Yes," he answered bitterly; "but those who are not detected escape the shame, and he drew a deep sigh. I hastened to reply, "I think I know a man in this city who will give you work. He is a large shoe-manufacturer, and I am sure he will make a place for you in his shop, in case he is in need of help."

The more I reflected on the matter, the more confident I was that my friend would receive him.

"If I were in your place," I said, as we drew near the city, "I would not mention that I had been in prison."

The poor man stood still and looked at me with astonishment. The hopeful expression vanished from his countenance, his eyes filled with tears, and he said with a choking voice:—

"You have been very kind to me, sir, but I should have been better off without you. I cannot live a lie. Last night I thanked God in my cell, which at first was so dark, but after the Lord Jesus appeared to me became so light, that for the future, whatever might happen, I would, above all things, be true, and I mean to keep my word."

"Pardon me for being the first to tempt you," I said, "and come with me."

I found my friend and told him the whole story. He had a brief conversation with the man, and made a bargain with him. That evening at the time of closing the shop, we three went into the work-room, and the manufacturer said to me:—

"This morning this poor man was released from the penitentiary. I am going to give him a place in the shop, and he will begin work to-morrow morning."

The workmen exchanged glances of displeasure, and one of them replied:—

"If he stays, I shall leave; I will not work with a discharged convict."

"Very well," said the manufacturer, "every one who does not wish to remain in at liberty to go."

Not a man except the one who had spoken left the shop.

Ten years later the discharged prisoner was the owner of the manufactory, and the man who was unwilling to work with a person of such antecedents, was one of his employees. Thirty years have passed since that morning. The man whom I met at the prison gate is now a respectable man. He said to me to-day: "I tremble when I think what might have become of me if some wicked man instead of a good friend had met me that morning at the prison. God in his loving kindness and tender mercy led me by the right way when I doubted whether I should go. I thank God and praise him for sending me a true friend in my time of need."

Unwitting Witnesses.

In the revised version of the Old Testament the word *hell* occurs sometimes, but not nearly so often as in the old version. The word in the original is *sheol*, and this is sometimes translated *the pit*, sometimes *the grave*, sometimes *hell*, and sometimes it is not translated at all, but simply transferred. By a certain class of people, the fact that the word *hell* is not used so often in the new version as in the old is received with acclamations of joy. This phenomenon is worth looking into, and accounting for. It may be worth while to enquire, in the first place, who are they that are thus rejoiced? They are not scholarly men, for there is nothing in the facts which takes scholars by surprise. These have always known that the word *hell*, in the sense in which we now use it, would very seldom be a proper translation of the word *sheol*. The rejoicing men are astonished men, and this shows that they are ignorant men; and this again shows that the phenomenon is not so important as might be supposed; it is too much like that which Solomon compared to the crackling of thorns under a pot. They are not devout men; for some such regard the real or supposed sanctions of the eternal world as an object of merriment; nor for some reason can they be thought of as men of the least degree of dignity or gravity of character would joke about the dealings of infinite justice with the wicked in the future world. Nor are they well-bred men; for all such, however god-fearing, are governed by the propeties of life, and by the demands of taste. They are not men familiar with the Scriptures, either in the new version or in the old; for if they were, they would know that although the word *hell* has disappeared in many instances, the thing which that word describes is mentioned as distinctly as ever. In Is. 33:14, the prophet says, "Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" And this is the same in the new version as in the old. What

difference does it make whether the word *hell* is used or not? But even suppose that there is not the slightest reference in the Old Testament to the eternal punishment of the wicked, and that some people who lived two thousand years ago took comfort from that fact, of what avail is this to those who have learned from the New Testament that some "shall go away into everlasting punishment?" Mat. 25:26, and that some are "reserved in everlasting chains . . . suffering the vengeance of eternal fire?" Jude 6-7. And what matters it if the word *hades* sometimes takes the place of the word *hell*, so long as the expressions above quoted remain, and are the same in both versions? We have seen what kind of men they are not who rejoice in the slight change of translation referred to; and these negotiations have so stripped them of disguise that we see who they are; they are unenlightened, thoughtless, vulgar, ungodly men. We think that search will be made in vain among them for any man of pure and godly life, or indeed of dignified character, or even for one who is either well-bred or well-read. If for nothing more than for mere association's sake, it would be well not to join in their acclamations.

But why is it that people of this class are so happy? The fact shows that they stand in fear. There is a record outside the Bible which tells of hell; that record is on their own consciences. What interest have they in the subject if they are not conscious of guilt? Their very rejoicing is a confession—a confession that they deserve the pains of hell whether the Scripture speaks of them or not; it is a confession that if there is not there ought to be one; and as God reigns, we may be sure that if there ought to be one there is one. Thus, when they rejoice in what they suppose is a failure of evidence of eternal punishment, they give in that very fact the best possible evidence that they can give, that there is just such a place as hell, and that they are on the way to it. Thus, unwittingly, sinners stumble over their own logic into perdition.

Searching with all his Heart.

Some years since, a prosperous but worldly farmer in this state had occasion to visit the bank in the neighboring town. Upon his return home, he went into his barn to work an hour or two before dinner. Having finished his work, and while passing down the barn stairs, he suddenly discovered that a one-thousand-dollar bill was missing from his vest-pocket in which he had placed it as he entered the barn. Instantly going back to the spot where his coat and vest had hung, he searched diligently; but without avail, for the missing money. He then went to the house, and calling his son, said "James, I have lost a thousand-dollar bill. I know it is in that barn; now come with me, and we will take out one straw at a time till we find it." Resolutely, patiently, did they pursue the task, until after hours of diligent search the money was found. During the evening as father and son sat talking of the event and its happy result, James said, tenderly, "Well, now, father, if you would search as diligently for your Saviour as you did for that money, you would find him." That very night, that father, who had been for years an "almost Christian," sought the Lord with all his heart, and the result need not be told, for the Bible declares that "to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."—*Chr. Watchman.*

Smiles When She Speaks.

The power of unconscious influence was illustrated recently by a little incident that occurred in Eastern Massachusetts.

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell her employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. H.

"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H., "as we should know who had been here. Can't you tell anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which this lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in the man's heart.

Let us each remember that religion is recommended by the way in which we treat even the servants. The command, "Be courteous," reaches to all with whom we have to do.—*Congregationalist.*

The deepest trust leads to the most powerful action. It is the silencing oil that makes the machine obey the motive power with greatest readiness and result.

the proper disposition of our means, and last for the influence we set afloat and leave in the world. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." "For every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—*Central Baptist.*

Be Thorough.

The Hon. Joshua Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the "smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the latter related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer in Portsmouth. The fee promised was only \$20. Yet, to do his clients full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved an expense of above the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case.

Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," said he, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and won the suit. The court knew he had no time for preparation, and were astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see," said Webster, as he concluded, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston," and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end.

Search for the Heart.

—Aloft on the throne of God, and not below, "in the footprints of a tramping multitude, are the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn."—*Stimmer.*

—The glorious thought that all things work together for good to them that love God, when accepted by the believer is an absolute truth in its application to his own case, is an antidote against all fear, and the destruction of all doubt.

—It avails nothing that the ocean stretches shoreless to the horizon; a jar can only hold a jarful. The receiver's capacity determines the amount received, and the receiver's desire determines his capacity. The law has been, "According to your faith be it unto you."—*McLaren.*

—There are many ways in which it would be well for us all to carry our childhood with us, even into old age, if it were possible, in its trustfulness and open-heartedness and willingness, not only to love, but to show that we love, as well. Why, that last alone would cure many a heartache of today.—*May F. McKean.*

—Nothing like one honest look, one honest thought of Christ upon his cross, that tells how much he has been through, how much he has endured, how much he has conquered, how much God loved us, who spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for us. Dare we doubt such a God?—*Kingley.*

—"Thou God see'st me," is the safeguard of prosperity, of life, of parity, of the soul itself. Public sentiment without God makes detection the only crime. Elementary education without the Bible opens the floodgates to immoral literature and educates the youth in ways of crime, though far removed from the haunts of vice.

—One who habitually looks to the fiery cloud pillar for guidance finds that it gives light in the darkest night of trial, shade under the fiercest hold of temptation. All that the Christian holds most dear "is beyond the reach of robbers; he can never lose his all. What marvel if that man is patient who knows that all things work together for his good—and brave when assured that death itself is but the angel that uncloses the gate of paradise?"

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.—On the Confederate Decoration Day in New Orleans I was standing near the Confederate monument in one of the cemeteries when the veterans marched in to decorate it. First came the veterans of the Army of Virginia, last those of the Army of Tennessee, and between the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, Union soldiers now living in Louisiana. I stood beside a lady whose name, if I mentioned it, would be recognized as representative of a family which was as conspicuous, and did as much, and lost as much, as any other it was—a family that would be popularly supposed to cherish unrelenting feelings. As the veterans, some of them on crutches, many of them with empty sleeves, grouped themselves about the monument, we remarked upon the sight as a touching one, and I said, "I see you have no address on Decoration Day; at the North we still keep up the custom?" "No," she replied, "we have given it up. So many imprudent things were said that we thought best to discontinue the address." And then, after a pause, she added, thoughtfully, "Each side did the best it could; it is all over and done with, and let's have an end of it." In the mouth of the lady who uttered it, the remark was very significant, but it expresses, I am, firmly convinced, the feeling of the South.—*CHARLES DUDLEY WALKER, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

Hints to Young Christians.

Don't be afraid to "show your colors." A cowardly Christian is a misnomer. Shrink from no declaration, from no duty that Christ desires of you. The timid, vacillating course is the hardest and most barren. Be brave, outspoken, faithful. Life is the happiest and most effective.

There are many things you do not understand as yet. But let no doubts or uncertainties prevent you from acting on what you do know. There are some spiritual facts clear enough, plenty of Christian duties plain enough for you; act immediately on those. Do faithfully all you know you ought to do, and the larger knowledge will follow in due time.

Use earnestly every means that will enlarge and strengthen your Christian life. Study the Bible. Pray without ceasing. Don't neglect the prayer-meeting or the Sunday school. Stir up your Sunday-school teacher, and get your doubts explained. Go to the pastor with your questions, and find out the best he knows on the things that perplex you. Keep your heart warm by doing good.

Make your life beautiful in the sight of men, and show them the sweetness and power of Christianity. Be conscientious in little things. Let the Master's spirit shine through every hour of your life.

Gems.

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