

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
Volume XLIX.

Published Weekly by The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

(THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
VOLUME XXXVII.)

VOL. I

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1885.

NO. 43

Remember! the "Messenger and Visitor" for \$1.50 a year to all new subscribers who pay within thirty days of the time of subscribing.

A COMMITTEE of the Senate has been investigating certain parts of the government of New York. Among other things, the mystery is solved how the worst characters have been able to get licenses to sell liquor in the face of unfavorable police reports and protests from the best citizens. It is now found that the Board of Equal Commissioners who have the granting of licenses, have been accustomed to take bribes and violate their oath of office generally.

—FAYTON HOOD, in his "Scottish Characteristics," tells of a youth, who, the day before the family were going to the seaside, "said his prayers over and over 'till midnight, to last him during the holidays." The idea of prayer according to weight and measure is bad enough, but are there not some professed Christians who do not pray at all, and is this not worse? We pray professed Christians; for real Christians do pray.

—THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN Bible Society determined last year to issue an edition of the New Testament at two cents a copy. In nine months 950,000 copies were sold. And yet there are people who say that the Bible is losing its hold on the masses.

—When HENRY MONROE MILNES, (afterwards Lord Houghton), the poet, visited Toronto, Canada, a few years ago, a handsome church was in process of erection on Jarvis street. "Of course it is an English church," he said, and when told that the Baptists were building it, he exclaimed, "Well! the presumption of these dissenters!" Would he have Baptists like the man of whom Robert Hall tells us, who was "so modest that he seemed to be asking everybody's pardon for being on the face of the earth?" Well, they are not—quite, at least.—Index.

—Out at the Glens Valley Association, and Old Landmarker asked Dr. Curry if in his criticisms in Pedobaptism he was not encouraging them in their false doctrines. Dr. Curry replied somewhat after this manner: "When you were courting your wife, did you sit off and lecture her about her faults?" "No," said the Old Landmarker. "I got up close to her and took her hand in mine and told her how good and sweet she was." Dr. Curry: "Why did you do that way?" "Because I wanted to win her." "Well, brother," continued Dr. Curry, "you must win Pedobaptists somewhat in the same way. Give them credit for all the good they do, and speak lovingly to them, if you would have them in a good frame of mind for considering the points on which we differ from them. To pursue any other plan is to build up Pedobaptism and overthrow our own faith."—Religious Herald.

—In his volume of "Sermon Notes," Mr. Spurgeon gives many illustrations as unique as they are rare. Discouraging, for instance, on the character of Rehoboam, he tells of one who was frequently an attendant upon his ministry, who said, "I am like a multi-colored doll when you are preaching; you can make me into any shape you like; but then I get back into my old form when you have done." The text is Job, "Will he always call upon God?" recalls a prayer said to have been uttered by an American child: "Good-bye, God, we are all going to Saragosa, and pa and ma won't go to meeting or pray any more till we come back again." In contradiction to a dissent which frequently finds utterance on very inadequate grounds, Mr. Spurgeon testifies: "As a rule, the children of godly parents are godly." In these days of sensational revivalism, it may be well to remember what he says of some "old practitioners," who repeatedly undergo "conversion's of sin." Of such people he says: "Easily affected, their piety itself is an affectation; they are little easily hypocrites, but yet there is no little depth in them that they are next door to it. They are a sort of people whom even the Gospel does not bless—marries which even the river of life does not fertilize."

—A PRESBYTERIAN minister in Pennsylvania has recently become a Baptist, his name is Philip Bany. He throws out a challenge in which he agrees to pay to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions one hundred dollars on the following conditions:

1. If any one prove from the New Testament that sprinkling was a mode of baptism sanctioned and practiced by Christ and his apostles, or

2. If any one prefer to prove from the New Testament the christening of infants, the same will be paid where the proof is given.

3. In case no one is able or willing to prove the above, then I myself stand ready and willing to prove from the New Testa-

ment that Baptism, as ordained by Christ and practiced by John the Baptist and the apostles, was by immersion, with believers for subjects, or, in case of failure, to pay the \$100 as above stated.

4. In case the decision cannot be reached without a referee, then the discussion is to be referred to that eminent Presbyterian scholar and divine, Prof. Philip Schaff, D. D., LL. D., of New York City.

Our Presbyterian friends are very pronounced in their advocacy of sprinkling and infant baptism. Here is a fair proposition and we hope that some of them will avail themselves of it. We wait to see what they will do it.—*Can. Baptist.*

—Mr. SPURGEON, in his address to young men at the Mansion House, London, said: "Lots of people go sneaking away and suppose that all they have to do is to save their own souls. Their religion is only big enough to fill the vacuum between their own ribs. But true religion makes a man a warrior. Nothing should be secular, everything should be sacred. To the true Christian every meal is a sacrament, every robe a vestment, and his house is a temple. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is sanctified common-sense. It is not a thing to be put off and on—that religion which you can part with, you had better part with. True religion is vital and diffusive. The whole life should be made to serve God. Have such amusements as Jesus Christ would have. There is mirth enough in the world without going into sin. Begin every day with God. Don't bury the Bible under the ledger. Do the right whatever may come of it. We can do without lying and cheating. First be a Christian, then a business man, then a politician—all these things shall be added. If you mind God's business God will mind your business. Many a man gets smaller as he gets richer. The man's the man, not the money and the wealth. Keep yourself for God and his Christ. Don't degrade yourself into a mere money grubber. Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily you shall be fed."

—EXAMINATIONS AND TEACHING.—Dr. Wilson, president of the University College, Toronto, made the following observations at the annual Convocation on the 16th inst., in reference to the effects of the "paper University":

"To ourselves it has proved an impediment in various respects, but especially from its ever increasing tendency to begot a process of examination based on mere text books, and not on actual teaching and college work. The mischievous results of such a system, when carried out to its extreme, are now fully recognized in the working of the London University. The organization of the Owens College along with other provincial colleges, into a new northern university for England, is one grand protest against the system; and now the cry gains strength in London itself for replacing its mere senatus and examining boards by a teaching university. A system of paper examinations, wholly independent of the instruction given to the students, effects some departments much more than others; but every experienced teacher knows the mischievous tendency to substitute cram for genuine study, whereas the student has to look forward to the chance questions of a stranger instead of an examination by experienced teachers, on the work of a year. This evil will now, I trust, be removed by arrangements which come into immediate force, whereby the examinations of the second and third years are transferred from the University to the colleges."

Halifax University became effete before opportunity was given to test this matter among ourselves, but there is no reason to suppose that results would have been any more favorable in a paper university at Halifax, than elsewhere."

—THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN, in an article in which it speaks strongly against union revival services, has the following:

"What becomes of the nominal converts who take a religious stand at what are called purely 'union revivals' (3) That they do not unite with the Churches, is clear from the report. (2) And then that the inside life of Churches is not vitalized with new energy, is an indisputable and lamentable fact. (3) Those who started well back, never having allied themselves with Churches, inflict the double injury of being the more difficult to move next time, and of having exerted a pernicious influence over the sinners."

To which the Christian Index sharply adds:

"And our own observation is that when the 'nominal converts' do unite with the churches, (1) they do no good; (2) they get no good; (3) they do harm; (4) they get harm; and (5) finally, they have to be excluded. So we want no 'nominal converts' in any of our Baptist churches."

There is too much truth in both these statements.

—According to the *Congregationalist*, fifty persons, within a few months confessed to a minister that their Christian love had grown cold, as the result of their neglect of scriptural prayer.

The sad process of religious declension usually begins here, and goes on through want of love to neglect of duty, if not into actual sin. If the water falls in the city, it is wise to examine the mains which lie between the city and the reservoir; so, if there is a decline of grace, let the Christian look well to the communication between the fulness in God and his own soul. The fulness in God is ever full. If the channel

between it and our empty hearts be kept open of prayer and fellowship, we can always be filled with all the fulness of God.

—Hon. J. WARREN MENZIES has a continental reputation as one of the most earnest workers of our body. He has been foremost in denominational work; his purse has ever been open to the claims of the cause of Christ; and he has ever been one of the most active workers in the old Cambridge Baptist church. He has been called aside "into a desert place to rest awhile" by reason of declining health, and has had time to review his life and labors, which he has improved. In the prayer meeting of his church a few evenings since, he gave it as his conclusion that, had he his life to live over again, he would forego much of his own church privileges, in order to go out as a laborer among the destitute, unchurched masses. We have no doubt that God would have been better pleased with this earnest layman, had he done, during his active years, as he now feels he should have done. Laymen in our churches, with talents which might make you useful in such work as this, think the matter over, and see if God does not require this of you. Selfish enjoyment, even though it be of a religious kind, is not the great aim of life, it is service. In such a world as this, with its multitudes of men and women unblest of the gospel and lost, and with such a world after this, surely the question is not how can I enjoy myself, but what can I do?

—In Prison.

BY REV. G. H. WETHERS.

There never was a time, I suppose, when there was not some sort of disgrace attached to one who was being imprisoned. The prisoner might be innocent of the crime for which he was apprehended, and for the trial of which he was awaiting, while in prison; yet, for a while at least, he is put to shame, and a cloud of obloquy stands over him. It matters not how innocent he may be, there are those, everywhere, who quickly surmise that the prisoner is more or less guilty; and, even if he be legally acquitted, there are certain ones who still insist that some degree of blame is attached to the accused. It is not always so, but it is often the case. We may suppose that it was so, in Paul's case. He was never imprisoned, we may believe, upon any just grounds. It was always caused by the spirit and power of persecution. And his persecutors, and their sympathizers, undoubtedly sought to convey the idea, that he was guilty of a breach of some law, and a disturbing element in society. But, whatever might be the appearance of the case, the apostle was always innocent of any violation of both civil and religious laws; and though he might seem to be resting under disgrace, while in prison; yet, being his Lord's prisoner, he was grandly disgraced, and glorified God, thereby. He had no good reason to be ashamed of his imprisonment; and, if any disciples were ashamed of him, while in prison, that disciple was really ashamed of Christ. And one of the best tests of our not being ashamed of Christ, is our willingness to visit those in prison, who have been incarcerated for His sake. It is an easy thing to say that we are not ashamed of Christ, in an abstract sense, or in a general way; but it is not so easy to be not ashamed of Him, in the concrete form, as when our brethren are in prison, for righteousness sake.

—Mother's Hymns.

BY MRS. MARY TRAIL PERRY.

Probably one of the holy influences of our childhood have a greater power for good over us in our maturer years than the hymns our mothers used to sing. The mothers of the last generation used to sing about their household duties much more than the mothers of the present time do. The walls of the old homestead re-echoed the words of hymns that to us are sacred ones, because they are associated with so much that was soul-lifting in the days of early life. And now to many of us who are hundreds of miles away from the old scenes, the strains of music, the peculiar sweetness of the mother's voice, and the helpful words come down to us as if from the choir of the redeemed ones who stand around the throne—so many of the dear mothers' voices have been hushed forever upon earth.

How many of us in days of doubting and questioning have heard, above the din of the great world's confusion, the sweet voice of our mother singing "My faith looks up to thee!"

We remember her unquestioned faith, and light breaks in upon our darkness—the reflection of our mother's faith as it surrounded us in the days of childhood. And when days of sorrow and adversity have come to us, and we have felt that we were forsaken of God, the mother's hymn has come to us again, and we have taken new courage as we listened to her voice singing "His loving kindness, O how good!"

And when the conflicts of sin have been waged against us, and we have come to the close of the weary day on the battlefield and longed for rest, have we heard the mother singing, just as she sang to us when she rocked us to sleep at the close of a long, weary day.

"Yeats, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly!"

And when we have felt no security of earthly things, and longed for something sure and reliable, how these words, the mother sang so many times in the noon-tide of her life.

"Back of ages, cleft for me,"

have come to us, and told us of a firm foundation that could not be moved.

—Those hymns, how soul-inspiring they have been to us on the journey! How many rough places the remembrance of these hymns helped us over! O sing these hymns, mothers of to-day—sing them as your mother sang them, from your hearts. When you are performing your household duties, and the little ones are "clinging to your skirts," sing of them. Only a short time and they will be out in the world, far, far away from the childhood's home, perhaps; but the mother's sweet voice and the grand old hymns she sang will go with them everywhere.

A very touching story of the power of the influence of a mother's favorite hymn was told me some time ago, and I relate it here as it may help some good mother who longs to surround her children with holy influences that will go with them through life.

Many years ago, among the hills of New England, in a humble farm-house a mother died. She had one little boy, and at evening when she rocked him to sleep, she always sang

"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!"

The words were the echoes of the thoughts of her soul. The Lord had caused her to pass through many trials, and the labors of life had been arduous and wearying. To sing of "rest and joy" in the "city of her soul" was very comforting to her tired soul after the day's long, weary work was over. When the boy came home at evening, bringing the cows from the pasture, his mother's voice and the words of the hymn—

"Blest estate! Through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you,"—  
often fell upon his ear, and he knew that they were sorrowful and heavy-hearted. But after a time the mother's voice grew weaker, and the boy heard her sing this verse oftener than any other and in feeble tones.

"Why should I shrink at pain or woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've God's own goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day."

Such the mother's voice was forever hushed upon earth, and the little boy was motherless, the light and joy had gone out of his home forever.

The father was a hard man, and the boy had not the grace to endure the persecution which his mother had borne so patiently for years. One night, after his father had dealt very unjustly with him, he stole softly out of his desolate home with his little bundle, comprising his mother's Bible and a few clothes. He went to a large city, mingled with evil associates, and after a time became a dissipated, dissolute young man. He had inherited his mother's delicate constitution, and in a few years after he left his home he was very ill in an upper room of a tenement house.

Owing to the providence of his mother's God, who had not forgotten him, a good city missionary visited him. The gentleman became unusually interested in the young man. He spent considerable time with him every day; he talked with him about his habits of life, of his probable nearness to an exchange of worlds, but for a time the prayers and entreaties of the man of God seemed to be in vain—the dying man's heart seemed impenetrable. One evening, discouraged and broken in spirit, the good man turned away from the dying one, and with his face toward the dingy, broken window which looked beyond the west, he began singing in a low tone of voice:

"Jerusalem, my happy home!"

Before he had finished singing the first verse, the wanderer's eyes were filled with tears. "My mother used to sing that hymn!" he exclaimed. His mother's voice came back to him as if in the years long since gone by. He lived over again the days when he was rocked in his mother's arms; the nights when she kissed him to sleep under the sloping roof of the humble home. "O that hymn!" he exclaimed. "I have not thought of it for years! How many times it called me home again when I had gone out angry at

my father, and resolved never to go back."

His mother's hymn had come to him again to call him back to be reconciled with his Father in heaven. His heart was melted; he threw himself at the feet of the Mediator and prayed for forgiveness. Sweet peace filled his soul. He and his Father were reconciled. In a few days more he passed away, and the good clergyman as he watched beside him, said: "That mother's hymn! It was the means, through Christ, of saving her wandering boy. Blessed be God for such an influence in the dying hour."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

—Evangelist Moody's Religion.

THE STORY OF NOAH AND THE FLOOD AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Evangelist Moody, on the last day of his recent meetings in Louisville, said: "A class of people have got an idea nowadays that we've got two Bibles. There's no difference, so far as inspiration is concerned, between the Old and the New Testaments. Now, I want to say that when I give up the story of Noah and the flood I'm going to give up the Sermon on the Mount. Before Abraham was, I am," said Christ; then people presume to deny the history and truths related in the Old Testament. I believe the old just as readily as I believe the new. People stretch their necks and say, in a very wise way, 'Well, you ain't going to believe the story of Noah and the flood.' Yes I am; I believe that just as much as I believe the resurrection. Could not God have made a whale big enough to swallow a man? A lot of men were on a vessel, and one man scoffed at the idea of God making Balaam's ass speak; said he had examined as ass' mouth, and he knew that it was a physical impossibility for an ass to speak. An old Scotchman said, 'My friend, if you'll make the ass I'll agree to make him speak.' A great many people say they won't believe the Bible because they can't understand it. There are a great many things that you can't understand, but you believe 'em all the same. I don't understand a great many things about my own body, but I'm very sure I've got a body, ain't you? I don't know how I can move that finger, but I know that I can move it; there's no doubt of that."

"I think there are more backsliders in this country than in any other country in the world. They need curing. Give 'em the Bible love and promises. An old friend of mine who knew how to use the Bible (and that is the great secret after all), used to floor the skeptics by quoting the Bible. That's the way; just pour the Bible into 'em and you'll floor 'em every time. What we want is to get right into the book ourselves. I advise everybody to get a concordance before they get their dinner. It was ten years before I could get into the Bible—before I learned how to read it. You'll never understand the Bible in the world until you get to studying it; you won't get it by reading. Go to the Bible and get faith. Show me a man or woman that knows the Bible, and I'll show you a man and woman who have faith. Feed 'em on the very fountain of faith, and faith will grow in 'em. After you once get full of these things there'll be no trouble. Take the Bible for all things. Preachers talk against sudden conversions, but go to the Bible and see if you can find any other kind. This new birth is sudden. Spiritual life can grow, and does grow, but conversion is sudden. 'Right about, face' is the word. 'Let him that steals, steal no more.' He does not tell him to quit gradually, and in the course of a few years he'll be as honest man. There is only one way. 'Again, some don't believe in the atonement, when that is the very key to the Bible. Take that out of the Bible and I don't want it. So take up the subjects—one at a time—justification by faith, for instance, and study them. Take up Bible characters, one by one, and each one will warm up your own heart. Take up one word, 'blessed,' for instance, or 'overcome,' and 'precious' and 'walk,' and you soon become interested. People are sick and tired of text preaching. A preacher will take a text and go sailing away unfrustrated. Oh, we want to teach the people the Bible. We need less big preaching and more exposition of the Bible. People are hungry for the Bible, and instead of feeding them on the precious word, you go firing science and evolution and zoology and such comparatively trifling things down their throats, and you make them sick. And yet you wonder why the church does not flourish. (Here Mr. Moody went into a thorough analysis on the Book of St. John, discovering a wonderful knowledge and memory of the book.) Take all the helps you can. Twenty years ago we got these old question books out of our Sunday-schools, and here come these lectures. You can feed people on sawdust for a while, but they'll soon get tired of it and cry for bread. We should feed those that are hungry. Don't you think people like expository preaching? They 'em on it, and you'll find

that they do. What they want to-day is some one that will unfold to them the word of life. What we want is just to get people right into the Bible. Get a good one, one of good print, and study it. If you hear any one say a good thing, put it down. I don't hear any thing worth remembering in this convention that I don't put it down before night; if it's good for me it will be good for somebody else, and I want to give it to 'em. That is the way I do, and that is the way you ought to do. If you get a coin don't bury it, but put it in circulation. In this way, you'll soon have something worth saving, and people will flock to hear you. You frequently hear men who get up and have nothing to say, and you wish they would keep still. The plan of the gospel is to get and give, and it is a good rule."

—"Too Late."

If there is an "accepted time," there is also a time that is not "accepted." If there is a "day of salvation," there is a day which is not a "day of salvation." Think of this, that that get putting off the time of thy return to God. This is a terrible reflection, and it ought to fill thee with alarm. To-day is the time of this acceptance. To-morrow thou mayest find no place for repentance, though sought by thee in tears. To-morrow strong delusion may have wrapped thee in its serpent folds. To-morrow the harvest may be past, thy summer may be ended, and thy soul may not be saved. Trust not, then, to the future; for the future may bring thee only pain and unavailing remorse.

It is sometimes, even in this life, too late to repent; for the Spirit does not always strive with man up to the moment of his death. It is awful to think that the sad time of such spiritual desertion may be coming on thee, thou perverse neglecter of the "great salvation." It will be too late, when long continuance in sin shall have hardened thy heart, and seared thy conscience, and made thee insensible to the powers of the world to come. It will be too late, when the exhortations and the warnings of the gospel, often heard and as often resisted, effect thee no longer, and fall upon thee as the idle words of an unmeaning tale.

It will be too late, when the calm peacefulness of Sunday, with the outpourings of its prayers and the notes of its praise and the appeals of its sermons, only lull thee to stupidity and rocks thee to a deeper sleep. It will be too late, when, after being conscience-stricken again and again, and having as often relapsed into the Spirit of evil shall go away and leave thee to the hardness of mind and hardness of heart. It will be too late, when death, suddenly raising his giant hand, shall fall thee to the ground. It will be too late, when sickness shall creep upon thee by slow but sure advance, waste thy strength in a lingering illness, put out the light of reason, confuse thy thought, and deprive thee of all opportunity for making thy peace with God. O it will be forever too late, when the day of judgment shall be revealed, and when the angel of Jehovah shall peel these words of horror into thine astounded ears. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Then will it be too late indeed. The time for prayer, the time for penitence and faith, will have been over. The time of wrath end of fury and indignation will have come. Thou wilt then cry out in wild despair, but no voice from mercy or from hope will return to thee an answer. All will be utter confusion and dire dismay. O then, the time of thy acceptance may have passed away, and the day of thy salvation will have set. Then, amid the crashings and groanings of a dis-ordered world, thou wilt see in terror from thy doom. Thou wilt hasten to the rocks and to the mountains, and wilt call aloud upon them to hide thee from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne and on the Seraph of the Lamb. But all thy imploring will be vain; for "the great day of his wrath" will have come, "and who shall be able to stand?"

All, however, is not yet lost, repeating sinner. The day of mercy still shines with beams of love divine. Darkness has not yet entangled thee in her arms of mist and gloom. Happy soul, the waters of redemption still gush forth for thee from out the Rock of Ages. Pile to thee for refuge and for life eternal. Pile to him and say, "Hide me, Rock of Ages, in thy sweet shadow of silence, peace, and joy. Hide me now, and hide me always."

"While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes-life close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

—Western Recorder.

—How many will help us, past the Messenger and Visitor into every Baptist family?