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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1885.

No. 6.

—Read the account of what the Wolfville Church has done, in response to the appeal on behalf of Foreign Missions. The example of no church should have more weight than that of Wolfville, for it represents the professors at Acadia, and the general spirit which pervades our Institutions. We are glad the interest in our work, at this centre of influence, is so warm and general. This is, as it should be, where our future leaders are being trained for their work. May God bless Wolfville, and may other churches be fired by her noble example to come to the help of our straitened Foreign Mission Board.

There is wisdom, too, in the hint that special donations can be made consistently, only on the understanding that the full contribution be made to the general Convention Fund. It is worse than useless to rob other objects in order to fill the Foreign Mission treasury. Our home work must go on, or the source of supply for outside operations will soon be dried up. Press the Convention Scheme, and do what you can besides. Let all our pastors urge on this work, and great results will follow.

Since the above was written, the list containing the responses of some of the churches in St. John and its suburbs, has been handed in. It will be seen that they have done well. Let all the rest of our churches do as well, and there will be no lack of funds. Is there any reason why they should not? Is there not every reason why they should?

—Neither must the sadly comic spectacle of our two hundred sects—all of them right and all of them wrong—tempt him (playwright) to a smile or a sigh, though one would fancy that the wasteful joke of starting two hundred agencies to the same end, the existence of each one implying the uselessness of the other one hundred and ninety-nine, must be some apparent to the originator of it.

So says Mr. Harry Jones in the last Nineteenth Century, in an article on "Religion on the Stage." Of course Mr. Jones is an Agnostic, and has no religious belief. It is easier to have uniformity on this ground. One thousand sects would have no differences on this score. But is it just fair to say that no one religious body regards the efforts of any other as servicable? Mr. Jones probably has kept so free from all religions, that he is not a good authority on the point. We had supposed that each "sect" recognized many, if not all others, as assisting in some way to do good.

—At last it would seem that polygamy is to be dealt with in a stringent way by the government of the United States. One Rodger Clawson, of Salt Lake, a few weeks since, was convicted of polygamy, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$300, and to be imprisoned four years. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has confirmed the decision of the lower tribunal.

—One of our Southern Baptist exchanges, last week, mentions the cases of three, Pentecostal ministers who have recently been led to adopt our views. Southern Baptists believe in speaking out, on the question of our distinctive principles. These others are forced to examine our views, and the searching which is begun for purposes of defense, ends in conviction of their truth. When we enter into a compact of silence, the truth always suffers. We believe the central principle of our faith—religion, a personal matter between each soul and God; the church, a body of those who have new life from Christ; and strict obedience to Christ in all things—must commend themselves to all who read the Bible. Instead of being ashamed to proclaim our distinctive truths, we should glory in them, and seek to make them known, for the good they are fitted to do, and the evil from which they guard the church of Christ. We owe it to our Master to be faithful to all his truth, much more to truth which involves the whole constitution of the church, and the fundamental principle of Christianity. Would not a little more plainness of speech here, be of service?

In the United States, just now, many ministers are being unsettled because of taking sides in the late presidential campaign. Of course the reason is: a minister should express no opinion on political questions, if he has one. It isn't because his politics are opposed to those of a large part of the church, O no! Yet those who agree with the pastor don't find it a question of conscience that ministers do not take sides in politics. Still, pastors have a higher work than to dabble in ordinary party politics. But they must stand like a rock when principle is at stake.

—The fall of Khartoum has fallen like a bolt from a clear sky upon the British public. When the Egyptian expedition appeared in the fall tide of success, this disaster has been experienced. Of course the blame of it is laid upon the Gladstone government, and it may lead to its overthrow in the near future. Much will depend upon the vigor with which operations are now pushed: for it is evident that the British public are determined to have no half measures any longer. While Gladstone's foreign policy may have been a little weak, because his chief attention was engrossed by great home reforms, it is more than doubtful if Jingo rule, with its "glory and gaspander business," would be safe, at this time when the general political situation in Europe is so strained.

The evil resulting from this success of the Mahdi is already seen. Friendly Arab tribes are dropping away to the false prophet, the "sick man of the Bosphorus" has changed his simper into a snarl, as he denies England's right to deal with Upper Egypt, and even the Khedive ventures to lean a little on Turkish support, and not as though he were not a mere shadow and a name. Doubtless, also, France and Germany will take any opportunity they find, while England is fully occupied, to continue their land grabbing. This is a time when general prayer should be made to the God of battles, for the success of the right.

—Will not all read Bro. Eichen's communication in the news from our churches. The course he commends, as best fitted to bring about union between the two Baptist bodies, and the general criticism he makes, are, in our opinion, eminently wise.

—Will the subscribers to the Messenger and Visitor please send, in their subscriptions as soon as possible. Be sure and register all letters containing money.

—Press on the canvass for new subscribers, brethren. In some localities where our pastors are able to give attention to the work, our list has doubled. Could any one do better service than to put a high-toned religious paper into the families of a community, to do its silent work in shaping character and impelling to a better life?

—We have finished work on our mailing list. If papers still fail to reach our subscribers in a satisfactory way, we shall take it as a favor if any one should inform us. We are sorry to learn that some subscribers in Halifax have had cause for complaint. We can only say that the bundle for Halifax is put into the office early Tuesday afternoon.

—We wish to remind the old subscribers of the Christian Messenger and the Christian Visitor that the present proprietors of the Messenger and Visitor have no interest in the back debts of the Visitor prior to the beginning of this year, and of the Messenger prior to Nov. 1st, 1884. We have no responsibility in the collection of the same. Those of the Visitor belong to Dr. Fopper; those of the Messenger are collected by Dr. Saunders. For convenience sake those who owe for the Christian Messenger for the year 1884, can pay the full amount to either Dr. Saunders or the Rev. C. Goodspeed and they will account to each other.

—One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.—Bisher.

MR. MOODY.

(The following is from the Richmond Rel. Herald. It is the most vivid picture of the man and his way of working, we have yet seen. We are sure it will be read with great interest by all, especially just now, when efforts are being made to secure the services of Mr. Moody in Halifax and St. John.)

THE MAN. Mr. Moody is forty-eight years of age. He is about five feet and nine inches in height. He has a body built for strength—compact, well rounded and radiant with vigor and health. He has a large head, a prodigious chest, strong, short limbs, and an invisible neck. His hair and beard are brown, with a tinge of red and a few streaks of gray. His weight cannot fall far short of two hundred and forty. His eyes are small, with heavy brows, but they have in them that peculiarly winsome laugh and light which bespeak a strong and peaceful soul. He dresses in citizen's style, and has nothing in his garb, gait, or tone, that suggests the preacher. His voice is rugged, sonorous, penetrating and irresistibly pathetic. It can be heard by ten thousand persons, and, when at its best, it rings through the soul like a trumpet from heaven.

HIS CAPACITY FOR ORDER AND LABOR is simply wonderful. It strikes the people dumb with amazement. We can understand how a merely mechanical evangelist, who has a few sleek and superficial sermons, whose chief strength is in manipulation, and who expends no nervous force in his performances, can equal Mr. Moody in the number and length of his services. But Mr. Moody is no such ghost of a man as that. He is a reality. He is a personality. He is a cauldron of passion. When he preaches, his soul glows like the fiery furnace, and emits enough heat to melt thousands into sympathy. His gigantic frame often throbs and quivers with emotion, and his eyes frequently stream with tears. At times he makes us think of a heaving volcanic mountain, with fire bursting from its mouth, and yet standing firmly on its base. He is often racked with passion, and yet grided into a sublime self-mastery. His reserve power is immense.

HIS SERMONS are no smooth and easy declamation, whipped off without thought, or without a strain upon his strength. They may not, in all cases, be built according to the homiletical maxims, but they are mines of gospel truth, rich in instruction, interwoven with quotations, packed with facts, and illuminated with brilliant and elaborate illustrations. They call into exercise every faculty of his being. Preaching with him is, in every respect, what he would call an "awful solemn" business. He preaches with his hands, his eyes, his mouth, his shoulders, his feet, his mind, and his soul—especially with his feet; for sometimes, though not often, when in a moment of wild and towering excitement he brought down his feet upon his little platform, we instinctively looked around to see whether Arctury Hall was not coming down all at once, and in a pile.

HIS SEVEN YEARS OF TRAVEL except when trying to illustrate some gospel truth, and he was so busy in his work for others, while in Richmond, we never could find time to ask him any questions about himself. But he has a superb body, sloping like a log, does not worry about anything, does not hate anybody, and loves God with all his heart. We never heard him allude to one of his sermons during his stay in Richmond, and we doubt whether he got a compliment while here. He does his best every time he preaches, and when he is done, he forgets that, and begins on something else.

MR. MOODY IS A MANAGER. He has an eye for details. He takes in the points of a situation at a glance. His management of a meeting is a study: When he steps on the platform, his first act is to hide his face behind his hand and ask God to help him. He

always does this, and it is done so quietly that it hushes everybody into stillness. When he opens his eyes, he begins in a moment to shape things so as to enable the people to hear the gospel to the best advantage. He has regard to their physical comfort as well as to their spiritual quickening. If the ventilation is not exactly right, he detects it in a moment, and tells the ushers what to do, and if their necks depended on his nod, they could not obey him more speedily or implicitly. We saw him on one occasion stop a prayer in order to request a man not to walk so heavily up the gallery steps, and that too when the steps were one hundred and fifty feet from him. And yet he did this in the most courteous and reverential spirit.

HE BELIEVES IN SONG. He pleads for variety in singing. He loves the old hymns, and yet introduces one or two new pieces every service. He has the power of stirring the musical spirit in his audiences. We believe, however, that if his salvation depended on his singing the long metre doxology, so that others could understand what he was driving at, he would be inevitably shut out of heaven. His enjoyment of music is wonderful. He really worships through the praises sung by others, sometimes keeping time to the music by the quiet movement of his whole body. We usually sat near him, and observed that he often repeated the words of the hymn—perhaps he supposed he was singing, but the dear brother, while inspiring others to sing and making melody in his heart, made not the feeblest approach to melody with his voice.

HIS DIRECTNESS OF PURPOSE helps to make him strong. His art is born of his heart. He makes no parade of his ingenuity. When he wishes to do anything, he does it in the simplest, simplest way. He makes no apologies, depends on no indirections, and despises shifts and tricks. He inspires confidence by his manly earnestness.

HE STAKES EVERYTHING ON THE WORD OF GOD. He believes in the Bible thoroughly—all of it from Genesis to Revelation. He has the fullest confidence in the power of Christ to overcome all evils and to save the worst. He preaches a tender, manly, earnest gospel. He never denounces, nor berates, nor accuses, nor threatens the people. He talks to them as a man who loves them, and has good news for them. He presents the message of God, and leaves it to do its work.

IT WAS indeed refreshing to see what power the gospel had in his hands. He slew the people in great numbers. He crushed hard hearts, stirred lifeless Christians to new purposes, and caused many to turn their faces to God.

HE IS an earnest advocate of faithful, personal instruction for inquirers. Every night at the close of his sermons, he invited persons interested in religion to leave the Hall and meet him in a church. He took with him a body of picked workers the best he could find, and after scattering the inquirers into different portions of the room, he assigned an instructor to each inquirer. He insisted on patient, thorough work. He said that one could well spend an hour, or even a month, in attempting to direct a soul that was asking the way of life. He seemed utterly displeased with some of his workers, who were disposed to fit from one person to another, saying a few general words to each.

MR. MOODY IS A MIGHTY PRACTICER. He is a man, and is not always at his best. He is not generic in his methods of sermonizing. He knocks grammar into confusion, and now and then mixes his figures, but these things do not mar the effect of his preaching. His sermons are all sensible, scriptural, pointed, and made for immediate execution. Some of his discourses were simply magnificent. They were ribbed with truth, luminous and overwhelmingly im-

pressive and powerful. We do not think we have ever heard more thrilling sermons than those which he preached on Daniel, the New Birth, Confession and Assurance, and we must add that we considered his address of How to Study the Bible as, by all odds, the most masterly and thrilling address that we have ever heard from any man. We love Mr. Moody most of all, because he has such simple and exalted regard for the work of God.

Smitten Down, But Not Destroyed.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The best proof of a good constitution is that it recovers after a severe wound, or from a serious attack of sickness. The physician does not bring one ounce of strength in his medicine-box; he simply aims to aid nature in clearing away obstructions, so that the patient who is smitten down may not be destroyed. The vigorous constitution then conquers the disease, and is not conquered by it.

Every day brings its spiritual conflicts. One of the best evidences of spiritual health is that we have the grace to recuperate. Paul gives a very striking description of the process of getting on the feet again. He says (according to a very literal translation), "We are pressed on every side, but not perished; we are perplexed, but not unto despair; we are pursued, but not left in the enemy's hands; we are smitten down, yet not destroyed." We see an illustration of this in the different ways that people are affected by temptations. They come alike to the Christian and to the ungodly. They may even both be overcome by the tempter. But the difference between grace and no grace is: the one sinks without recovery; the other repents, and is restored. Temptation sent David down to a frightful abyss of crime; but he did not glory in it; he had grace enough to abhor his sins and abhor himself and to struggle up again out of the mire. Poor Peter also—top-heavy with self-conceit—had his terrible fall, and would have sunk out of sight forever if there had been no recuperating grace in his heart. Christ set him on his feet again. He was smitten down, but not destroyed.

I am constantly impressed by the different ways in which different persons are handled by adversities. Bitter attacks crush some people utterly; they were only worthless crockery after all. From others the most venomous slanders run off, as mud washes from a marble statue in a shower. Lies hurt no man; it is the truth that crushes a worthless character. There are some who have no rallying power after a storm of calamity; they creep away wounded and die in the thickets or under the bushes. When their property is gone, they seem to have nothing left; too often they take to the bottle to drown their trouble. But after the same calamities, I have seen many a brave child of God struggle up to his feet again, and renew the battle with fresh courage. "This financial gale has carried away all your spare, and swept your decks," I once wrote to a Christian merchant in his bankruptcy, "but you have got enough grace stowed away in your hold to make you right to all eternity." That man of God repaired damages, resumed business, and has more friends than ever. He was only smitten down, but not destroyed. Before the present "hard times" are weathered through there may be many of my readers who will need to get a new and stronger hold on God to stand the storm.

Even the afflictions which are sent of God (for whom the Father loveth he does sometimes chasten) are not intended for his children's destruction, but for their discipline. "Why do you put that knife so deep into that pomegranate bush?" said a gentleman to his gardener, "you will kill it." "No, sir," replied the

gardener; "I do this every year to keep it from running all to leaves; pruning brings the fruit." We pastors often find some of God's faithful ones bleeding under the knife of affliction; but afterwards they yield the peaceable and precious fruits of righteousness, humility, and triumphant trust. It is that "afterwards" that God has in his mind when he sends the trial. Affliction is the school in which great graces are often acquired, and from which grand characters are graduated. "Smitten down, but not destroyed," is stamped on their diplomas.

Why does a true child of God recuperate after being thrown by a sudden temptation, or severe adversity, or a sore affliction? Simply because his graces survive the shock. For one thing, his faith is not destroyed. When a ship loses her canvas in a gale, she can still be kept out of the trough of the sea by her rudder; when the rudder goes, she still has her anchor left, but if the cable snaps, she is swept helplessly on the rocks. So when our hold on God is gone, everything is gone. The most fatal wreck that can overtake us is the wreck of faith. But if in the darkest hour we can "trust God though he slay," and firmly believe that he "chastens us for our profit," we are anchored to the very throne of love, and will come off more than conquerors.

Cheerful hope also is not destroyed. Some Christians never shine so brightly as in dark hours. I know of people who are like an ivory dice; throw in whichever way you will it always lands on a square solid bottom. They are not puffed up when they succeed, or discouraged when they fail; their hope always strikes on its feet after the hardest fall. Not in a true Christian's power for good is destroyed when he is "smitten down." One might have thought that it was all over with Joseph when he was sent to prison, or with Daniel when he was consigned to the lion's den, or with John when he was exiled to Patmos, or with Bunyan when he was looked up in Bedford jail. But they were all in the very place to be most useful.

For really it is often a positive advantage to be smitten down. We learn much, and we unlearn still more. Snopness is often very perilous; it demoralizes some of our church-members fearfully. Slow trains are seldom wrecked; but when you are spinning along at fifty miles an hour, then look out for a broken axle or a collision! Defeat on the other hand is sometimes a great blessing. It is more than probable that "Ball Run" saved this nation from a compromise with slavery. Disasters humble us, bring us to our knees, and teach us to be watchful. If God's grace be strong at the heart's core, we shall recuperate after the severest strokes. Many a soldier wonders, when he reviews all the battles that he passed through, that he survived at all. So when we get home to heaven, we shall look back and see how often we were sore pressed on every side, but not perished; perplexed, but not unto despair; pursued, but not captured; smitten down, but not destroyed!—New York Evangelist.

—One of the most difficult things in preparation for prayer is the restraining of loose and wandering thoughts. I do not know how perfect brethren keep themselves free from every evil thought, for I find myself defeated often when I would shut out these vile intruders. Honestly, I may express my belief that these carnal boosters have as many vain thoughts as other people. The ravenous birds will come down upon the sacrifice, even when Abraham offers it, and it costs infinite pains to drive them away. Intruding thoughts surround us like a plague of flies; they are here, and there, and every where. It is well, indeed, that God should prepare our hearts; for in this one point our weakness is complete.—Spurgeon.