

# Messenger and Visitor.

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

It was also resolved to give the paper to all old subscribers at and from the beginning of the new year at the rate of \$1.50 per year, if paid within 30 days from the beginning of the year, and to new subscribers at the same rate, from the date of subscription, if paid within 30 days from the date of subscription. If not so paid, the price in all cases will be \$2.00 per year.

WE LEARN that, in order to give the Governors of Acadia College more time to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Rand, the Faculty have rearranged some of the studies of the course, so that the work may be carried on till Christmas without any addition to the staff. It is expected that the Board of Governors and the Senate will meet in a few weeks.

THE SECRETARY OF OUR COLLEGE ALUMNI asks us to endeavor to stir up those who have not paid this year, as the money is greatly needed to meet pressing claims. We trust that the statement of the want will be all that is necessary to bring in from more or less tardy Alumni the funds to meet all demands.

TWO FRIENDS, visiting the Menai Bridge when in course of construction, were creeping along over an unfinished part overhanging the sea. The foremost, about yielding to that strange fascination of terror that often lays hold of men in such places, muttered, "John, I must let myself fall into the sea." John's reply was to squeeze his leg so tightly against the iron that he cried out with pain. John's presence of mind, however, was rewarded. The new pain dispelled the old terror and saved from the danger.

When the Lord gives us suffering to bear we do not always—perhaps not often—appreciate His purpose. He tells us that He does not willingly afflict, and His declaration agrees with all His dealing that we can trace. Can we not believe that, even when we do not see, the sharp pain may be given to save from the greater danger?

WE ARE AUTHORIZED to state that it is an entire misapprehension that the revised course of study in Toronto Baptist College discriminates against Acadia by requiring four years' attendance of its students. The full course at McMaster Hall for all college graduates is three years, as is clearly laid down on page 19 of the recently issued catalogue.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is being sorely tried. He seems to be sincere in his desire to introduce the reforms promised during the election contest; but he is much hindered by the professional politicians who care more about party than country. He has had many disappointments, over which he is feeling very sore. It is said also, that some of the old abuses in the departments at Washington which were tentatively abolished at the beginning of the new regime, are creeping back again. It is to be hoped, however, that much permanent reform in the corrupt civil service of the United States will be accomplished. Much will depend upon the attitude of the Democratic party at the elections this fall.

YANKEE COLLEGE is in trouble. Dr. Caldwell resigned the presidency last spring. Since then the trustees have been seeking a successor. Many eyes were turned toward Dr. Balaban Anderson, late president of Chicago University, at the coming year. At the 3rd meeting of the trustees to appoint a successor to Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Anderson received a majority of votes, but not a sufficient number to appoint him to the place. The *Examiner* declared that the opposition to his appointment grew out of an old college feud generation ago. Dr. Anderson, then a student, was induced to apply for membership in one of the secret societies of the college, on the assurance that no oaths were to be taken. When partly initiated, he was asked to take a terrible oath, which he refused to do, and he was expelled from the college, on the assurance that no oaths were to be taken. When partly initiated, he was asked to take a terrible oath, which he refused to do, and he was expelled from the college, on the assurance that no oaths were to be taken.

THE appointment of Yassar is about to begin its years work with no president. Dr. Kendrick has been asked to act in this capacity until a permanent head may be found for this grand institution for young ladies.

THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE of New York evidently mean business. They are determined that Prohibition shall be made the great question in the politics of the future. As it is at present, the chief question is how the out get in and the stay in. It does seem strange that a christian country can have its whole attention absorbed in the trivialities which distinguish party from party, while such a monster evil is preying on what is most precious in the family, the community, and the nation. At the Prohibition Convention held at Syracuse to nominate a candidate for governor of New York state, 500 delegates were present, and 1,200 visitors and alternates, while the attendance at the mass meeting was between 3,000 and 4,000. It took a long time to raise slavery into a political issue; but it became one, at last, and so must it be with the question of prohibition, before many years go by.

IT SEEMS as though Champlain, the leader of the radicals in England, stands as good a chance as any to become the head of the liberal party, should Gladstone be unable to continue in this place. The gravity of his position as a member of the late government, and the difficulty of grappling with questions of reform, seem to have sobered him, and made him less extreme and more moderate in his views. He is a man of great ability, of fearless energy, and thoroughly acquainted with the questions which affect the commerce and material prosperity of his country. He is at present taking a leading part in addressing the public meetings, even his opponents admit his speeches to be masterly. While he has developed moderation, he has evidently decided of character, and seems to be the only one of the leaders on either side, who has, as yet, matured a definite policy, and has the boldness to press it. This is giving him a great advantage over all others, and he may yet compel others to accept his view. His stand on the Irish question commends itself to the most thoughtful, as just and wise. He would grant to Ireland as much self government as shall be consistent with the integrity of Great Britain. Still there are many liberals who would never submit to the leadership of a radical, even of a mild type, and the safety of this great party seems to depend largely upon Gladstone. His health is improved, and it is hoped at the decisive moment he may give forth his electric utterances to the electors of Great Britain from Mid Lothian, and may declare a policy which shall unite the various sections of the liberal party, and insure victory in the coming election.

REV. W. D. POWELL, a Baptist missionary in Mexico, is in trouble. In exposing the evils of Roman Catholicism—unregenerate church membership, the substitution of infant sprinkling for believer's baptism, tradition as well as the Bible accepted as the rule of faith and practice, a church government not modelled on the New Testament plan,—Protestant and Pedobaptist missionaries take offense. So he asks the editor of the *Index*:

Please tell me how to combat the Romish errors above alluded to without giving offence to these pious saints who hold the same tenets and are earnestly propagating them among this people. What distinctions must I draw between the same identical errors as held by Romanists and Protestants? The latter say that for the sake of peace I should not say anything about these errors.

The following is the reply:—

1. There is no way to combat Romish errors without giving offence to those Protestants who practice them. But you are not responsible for the offence.
2. It is not possible to draw a distinction where there is none. If Romanists and Protestants hold the same error, that fact is no reason why the error should not be combated.
3. Peace is desirable, but it is not cheap at any price. It costs more than it is worth if it can be maintained only by sacrifice of the word of God, or of any part of it.
4. It is just as proper to combat error in Mexico as it is to do the same thing anywhere else. Truth knows nothing of latitudes and longitudes, nor of "peculiar circumstances." Preach the word as you find it, and leave the consequences to God.
5. One of our devoted home missionaries tells of an aged sister who walked seven miles to have the opportunity to be baptized, and who came up out of the water praising her Lord for the privilege of obeying and confessing Him. This sister had also taken her stand for her Saviour alone. How often it is that obedience to our Saviour is regarded as a duty and not as a privilege. Especially is this so when duty is easy. The more we deny ourselves in order to follow Christ's commands the greater privilege it is usually thought to be. The old martyrs who suffered such terrible things for the sake of Christ were the ones who counted themselves most highly honored and blessed in obedience. It is not the man who has a sincere faith

government who it counts the greatest privilege to do service for his country, but the man who storms batteries and faces death. If we wish to be joyous servants of Christ, and prize obedience to him as a high privilege, let us do self-denying service. Only then can we have the full sweetness of the consciousness of doing for our Saviour, and the full blessedness of the present reward which he gives to the faithful. If we all served to the point of pronounced self-denial, sacrificing time from business, if need be, for the cause of Christ, giving till we felt it; doing until we grew weary in the work; etc., we would have more joy in service, and would esteem it a greater privilege to be a follower of our Lord. Shall we not begin this more devoted, more self-denying service, now, if we have not hitherto, and learn, in this way, more of the blessedness of service to Christ?

### The Unsuccessful Minister.

There are several well defined qualities which are essential to make a good preacher. We do not say to make a good orator, or a good theologian, or a good layman, but to make a preacher successful in all that a preacher is expected to accomplish. Among the prime qualities may be mentioned: good sense, an active mind, a fair degree of mental training, sprightliness of thought and of expression, a warm heart, depth of moral conviction, fervent piety, and an agreeable manner. Of these qualifications and of others which will readily suggest themselves to the reader, some are natural endowments and others are more or less acquired. A good preacher is both born and made. He is first of all what God made him, and then he is self-made.

Passing by all that work of grace, without which no man is converted and put into the ministry, we have to say of the elements somewhat common to all men upon which success in the ministry depends. There are failures too frequent and painful, among those who enter the ranks of the ministry. Their own expectations and those of ardent friends are severely shocked when one breaks down from any cause.

There are reasons for every such failure. If the man were a machine the defective piece could be removed, possibly replaced, and the work continued. It is more difficult to detect the man's weak point, and harder still to supply its remedy. A careful examination of all the inefficient men who have entered the ministry, would undoubtedly show that the failure comes more often from defect in the acquired than in the native qualities of the man. He falls in what he has done rather than on what God has done for him—through his neglect to fit himself for his mission, and not on account of defective natural endowments.

The world will forgive a man for not having a mind strong by nature. In their admiration of his zeal and energy they will be patient with his plodding thought. Won by his fervent sincerity, they will forget his contracted lungs and unmusical voice. The absence of a high order of talent may cut down his congregation and confine him to a field of narrower influence and smaller salary; but it will never keep him from success.

We grant that the minister must have natural fitness for his work in order to have the largest success. He ought to be thankful for the best gifts. But we insist that the measure of these gifts will only increase or lessen the measure of success without changing at all the character of the life and service. And by a wide variety in the measure of these endowments God seems to be fitting a ministry to reach all ranks of society, and all conditions of humanity. The very fewest of ministers really called to the work, fall through poverty of natural gifts.

As soon, however, as the most shining or the most modest talents are associated with the self-made part of the ministry, they are subject to failure. The preacher who fails to study diligently has no excuse for his break down. The laws governing a preacher's work are unbending in their demand that he shall thoroughly improve every opportunity of fitting himself for the best results; and they visit a full cup of penalty on his neglect. People will charitably overlook what he cannot help, but they will not allow him to neglect the gift that is in him.

The same just law holds in reference to the moral-life of the minister. He must be an honorable, honest, upright man, and so conduct himself as to command the confidence of everybody. Nothing below the highest standard of rectitude is used to measure him, because he can be that sort of man he must be such. And if he falls below the requirement, he is not merely removed to a narrower field, as in case of meagre endowments, but he is universally denied a place in the ministry. A failure to pay honest debts is not the same as a failure to be eloquent. Quarrelsomeness is different from sluggishness of intellect.

The later will be forgiven, the former never. In natural endowments God lays the foundation to please himself, and thereafter initiates the manner of superstructure he desires erected; the world admits his right and offers no protest. But popular sentiment will not consent for the superstructure to be a fraud; the added material and labor must be good, or the effort is judged a failure.

There is no class of men more generally or more thoroughly honest and efficient than ministers. That such exactness is required of them in proof of the high esteem in which their work is held. Great and good results are expected of their labors. It becomes them, therefore, to look after the vulnerable points in their qualifications, and to guard against falling by the way; for, if what we have said is true, the failure is traceable to the self-made as distinguished from the God given part of the minister.

—*Can. Baptist.*

**Why Not Do It Yourself?**

"Will you not go to prayer meeting to-night with me, Ruth? Come, it will seem like old times to have you going to the old place again. I'll have the horse, round in a few minutes."

"I'll go, John, but don't bring the horse. Walking will be pleasanter than riding on a summer evening like this."

It had been a long time since John Wentworth's sister Ruth, long ago married and gone away, had made a visit to the old homestead. Her older brother, now with a suspicion of grey in his hair, was his master in the place of the old father who had for so many years held an honored position in the well to do farming community.

"I'm a little sorry," returned John, as they began their walk, "that I can promise you much good by going."

"Good," she echoed, in some surprise, "I always thought you considered prayer meetings rather good places to go to."

"Yes, John, but I mean you're sure to find a lick here, Ruth. We need stirring up of the dry bones about as badly as any church you ever saw. Our prayer meeting is such a dead sort of a place, I sometimes think there is little edification to be found there."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh, no life about things. None of the brethren seem to have any readiness in giving a lift, and little fervor when they do make an effort. They sit and sit and let things drag. But I think if someone would only make a vigorous start and lead off, the others would be glad to follow. It really seems a shame that such a state of things should keep on among Christian people."

And John shook his head in virtuous condemnation of his fellow-men.

"Why don't you do it yourself, John?" asked his sister.

"? Why Ruth, you talk foolishly. You know very well I'm not one of that kind!"

"One of what kind?"

"The kind that take a lead, and stir things up."

"But, why are you not, John?"

"Well, you know I am one of the backward sort. Men are different in their ways. I've always taken my quiet position in the background, and let others to keep things active. So it isn't expected of me."

"But why shouldn't it be? Why are any others more under obligation to do it than you? Are there any who receive more special orders than others to be diligent in the Master's business?"

"Dear me, Ruth, you are so persistent. He had not for a long time been confronted with anything so perplexing as this pressing, 'Why? Why?' from his sister, or any question so hard to answer."

"Well," he resumed, "I don't say there are, except that in every church are to be found those who take a lead, and those who are satisfied to be led. It's right that it should be so, I suppose. And I've never, so far, had reason to think I was called on to do more than I am doing."

"Perhaps your feeling as you do about the deadness is a very good evidence that you are called on."

"Nonsense, Ruth, you talk like a woman."

"As to its being right that some should do the work," she said, with a sober shake of the head, "I can't see it so. I can't help thinking that the members of a church ought to be like a grand army, marching shoulder to shoulder, each doing his own share. Now, if every one in the prayer meeting is, like you, writing for some one to stir up things, how long is it going to wait? It seems to me a sad thing that the Lord's own servants, year after year professing his name, claiming pardon for their sins through his sacrifice, and cherishing the hope of everlasting life through his abounding grace, should be able to come together without having their hearts and tongues glowing with praise or prayer."

She said no more, for she was a woman not given to many words. But, as they finished their walk in silence, there was a dimpled time for relief of the burden which

had been laid upon him by her simple words, "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Why?" He had an answer to make except in a mute confession of duty left undone, and opportunities lost. But, thank God, conviction had not come to him as it comes, alas, to so many of us, too late!

When the pastor, after opening the meeting, looked about him with a glance of appeal for co-operation, joined with a discouraged expression which betrayed his lack of expectation of receiving anything of the kind, Brother John Wentworth arose and poured out his soul in humble confession of past shortcomings, with earnest and heartfelt craving of pardon and help for better things in time to come.

Heart always moves heart. Another voice soon followed his in contrite wonder that the story of the shed blood and the purchased salvation should be so often repeated to deaf ears and stony hearts. Men seemed suddenly alive to the solemn responsibilities imposed upon them by the blessed privileges offered by the sacred hour, and the time which had heretofore dragged its slow length wearily, poorly filled out and poorly improved, was all too short for those whose awakened souls sought, eager expression.—*American.*

**A Very Effective Answer.**

"At a 'labor picnic' at Troy, the other day," says the *Journal*, "John Swinton, the Socialist, made a speech, in which he said that on entering Troy he saw what he deemed the homes of the shrunken and shriveled, sunken-eyed and hollow-checked children of those who built the mills. Those who built the mills did not own them; but that, he said, he considered poor reasoning: 'How did that property get into the hands of the Cornings and Burdens? How did that land get into Cornings' hands where poor Strang was killed?' To this question the *Troy Times* makes the following answer:

"Fifty years ago or more there came to Troy a poor Scotch emigrant. He was honest, industrious, temperate and frugal. He was a master of his trade—that of an iron-worker. He started a little shop on the Wynantekill. His skill in handicraft succeeded in attracting business to him. His little shop grew from its humble beginnings to works of mammoth proportions, giving employment to hundreds of men, enabling the operatives to care for wives, children and other dependent ones, and helping to build up here at Troy one of the great seats of wealth, population and industry. When other men were wasting their substance in dissipation, he was saving the fruits of his labor and investing it in new enterprises for the benefit of humanity in general. When other men were sleeping, he was spending his nights in his workshop or in his study, elaborating inventions to lighten labor and dignify the laborer. He died a rich man; yet he had earned every dollar of his vast estate by industry, enterprise and honest dealing with his fellow-men. He transmitted his factories and mills to his sons, and they have gone on enlarging and adding to them until to-day the Burden works are celebrated all over the country, not alone for their extent, but for the superior character of the productions they place upon the markets of the world. That is the way, John Swinton, a portion of the property you speak of came into the possession of the Burden family. Henry Burden, the man who founded these great industries, was a mechanic, and rose from the depths of poverty to riches—not simply to riches, but to being the friend, benefactor and pride of his race. He never belonged to a so-called workmen's union in his life, John Swinton."

**His Lessons.**

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think hard at the time, but they'd thank him in after life."

"What sort of a course?" we asked.

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college; and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me in business, after I'd 'swelled' round a while at the clubs and with the horse flesh."

"Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if possible."

"If the boys got the right stuff in him, let him prove it, I heard father say to another one day. 'I worked hard for my money, and I don't want to let Ned squander it and run himself beside.'"

"That very day father came along and handed me fifty dollars, remarking, 'Ned, take that money, spend it as you choose, but understand this much; it's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account.'"

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, 'I—why—I—want to go into business.'"

"Business!" exclaimed father, contemptuously, "what do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet, before you talk to me of business." And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property."

"I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fog, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose."

"For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and, at length, I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at \$400 a year."

"Another bit of father's stinginess" at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year.

"At the end of my first year I had laid aside \$200, and the next year my salary being raised, I had \$500 laid by."

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than \$100 had previously."

"At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with \$1,500 of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, \$2,000, at six per cent. interest."

"To-day I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me put the manhood into me."

"Years afterwards, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over that two-dollar board-bill."—*The Youth's Companion.*

**Personal Effort.**

A young man sixteen years of age heard a minister preach three sermons on Sunday without the least impression being made on his mind, or even his memory, of a single text. But when, on Sunday evening, that minister took him by the hand and expressed an interest for his soul, repeating, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven," that was as effectual as to change his whole moral nature, and make that the power of God to his salvation. Three years after he was a student in college, and had a class of boys in the village Sunday-school. In that class was an orphan boy for whom he felt a deep and tender interest. Years after from him he learned that though he was led into a wicked course of life, and to the bold position of a leader in an infidel club, one passage of Scripture used by his teacher in conversation he could never forget or silence, even in the midst of the wildest riotous scenes—"Thou God see me." This same student, when travelling by steamboat to a theological institution, saw a man at the wheel whose appearance deeply interested him. He knew nothing about him, but his name; but every trip he made that interest increased. He had not spoken to him, for it was not possible. But learning his name, and that he was addicted to profanity and the glass, he ventured, after much prayer to write him a letter. Walking seven miles to deliver it to one of the hands on the boat, without even seeing him, he left it in God's hands. The Spirit made it effectual to his conversion and complete change of life. Months after they met for the first time to give God the glory, followed by eighteen years of sweetest, closest communion and friendship. But one day, in a moment, Captain S. departed for the heavenly shore, and his friend ere long expects his welcome hail.

A thousand of such instances might be named where personal effort brought souls to Christ, and the circle of personal influence widening, as time rolls on, from one starting-point, to reach with a saving power a great multitude which no man can number. None of us lieth to himself.—*Watch Tower.*

**A QUEEN'S MERCY**—Just after Queen Victoria had been crowned—she being only nineteen or twenty years of age—Welling-ton handed her a death-warrant for her signature. It was to take the life of a soldier in the army. She said to Wellington: "Can there be nothing good to be said of this man?" He said: "No; he is a bad soldier, and deserves to die." She took up the death warrant, and it trembled in her hand as she again asked: "Does no one know anything good of this man?" Wellington said: "I have heard that of his trial a man said he had been a good son to his old mother." Then let his life be spared," said the Queen, and she ordered his sentence commuted.

Christ is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before him. The question is asked: "Is there any good about this man?" The law says: "None." Justice says: "None." Our own conscience says "None." Nevertheless, Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh, the height and depth, the length and breadth of his mercy!—*Pres. Witness.*

**THE END**