

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
Volume LI.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Volume XXXIX.

VOL. III.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1887.

NO 14.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—Dr. Robinson, of Brown University, declares that treatises on the Evidences of Christianity are valuable to confirm the faith of believers, but of little avail to convince sceptics. Is not this very true? How few sceptics will take the trouble to read a treatise of the kind! The trouble, in most cases, is with the heart. They do not care to be convinced. When the heart has its yearnings after truth aroused, the head will not remain long unconvinced. Hence, it has always been found that more sceptics are cured by a powerful word of grace, than by all dry arguments, because this acts upon the heart, and arouses its longings after what Christ alone can supply. There may be a few sceptics who will be helped by a logical setting forth of the evidences; but the most are not disposed to consider them candidly, and are not in a position to weigh them, if they did. The preaching of the simple gospel, backed by the Spirit's power, must ever be the chief reliance.

WELL DONE.—The *Intelligencer* has the following, showing what can be done by one energetic temperance worker. It may be necessary for ministers to take the lead, in enforcing the Scott Act, as did this brother, and as Bro. Welton and his fellow-pastors are doing in Sussex, N. B.

MR. GAUKIN.—A young Methodist minister, in Canterbury, N. B., has done good service in prosecuting rum-sellers in that section. Last week he had three of them brought to this city and convicted before the Police Magistrate. John Eakin of North Lake, was sent to jail for six months, and Wm. Wise for two months, and John Donovan paid \$65.50 and went home.

CLARENCE.—A friend calls our attention to the fact that we did not notice, at the time, the settlement of Bro. J. H. Robbins, at Clarendon, N. H. The Baptist Church, in this place, over which he became pastor last August, is one of the largest and strongest in the state. We clip the following reference from an exchange:

The church congratulates itself upon the possession of a pastor who can so eloquently present the living truth on Sunday, and on week days exemplify the truth in his cordial and sympathetic mingling with the members of his flock. All feel that they have a friend in Pastor Robbins, and their eyes turn with new interest to the Province where he was trained for the work he so ably carries forward in the land of his adoption.

LIBERAL TEMPERANCE.—As some of our readers know, Mr. Goldwin Smith is at the head of an organization called the "Liberal Temperance Union." It is, in fact, a society to promote moderate drinking of the best liquor (i.e. the cure for the drunkard's cure). This gentleman recently visited our city, the Minister of Instruction for Ontario, who is a Baptist, by the way, to protest against pupils in the public schools being instructed in the pernicious effects of alcohol upon the system. Mr. Smith is afraid this will hinder the success of his attempt to do away with drunkards by encouraging people to become moderate drinkers. There is very little doubt that this will be the result, but Mr. Ross seemed to think it would help cure drunkards in a less absurd way—by promoting total abstinence—and refused to listen to the redoubtable chief of the *Byestander*. Good for Mr. Ross.

DISPARITY.—The value of the tobacco last year amounted in the United States to about \$235,000,000. In 1886 the production of cigars was, in round numbers, 250,000,000. Last year the consumption had reached nearly 3,600,000,000.

The whole amount given for missions by the Christian world, is thought to be about \$15,000,000. Over four dollars are given per inhabitant of the United States for tobacco, and over fifteen dollars each for intoxicants. Should the members of Baptist churches in the United States give equally for missions, it would put over \$15,000,000 into the treasury. Were the Baptist church members of the Dominion to give at this rate, it would mean over \$1,400,000 poured into the mission work; the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces alone, there would be \$400,000 contributed. What can we say to these things, brethren?

people, it would, in the end, infuse new life and lead to a prosperity in temporal and spiritual things hitherto unknown. This is the clipping:

The *Christian World*, of London, says that through loss of income from titles and glebes, the rural clergyman of the Established Church in England "have been fast drifting downwards from a social position of pastoral ease into the depths of absolute penury, in which, after sales of horses and carriages, neglect of the vicarage garden, discharge of servants, parting with books, furniture, and apparel, withdrawal of children from school, the sending of daughters out as governesses, and the pledging or discontinuance of life-insurances, they have come to know what it is to want sufficient fuel for firing, and proper food to eat."

TYRANNY.—The tyranny of the Knights of Labor is becoming more and more apparent. No one denies the right of any man, or any number of men, to refuse to work for a man, if they are dissatisfied with their wages or the nature of their work. But when they assume to dictate to an employer whom he shall hire, they are going beyond their right, and are seeking to limit another's liberty, and this is tyranny. An example of this is seen in Patterson, New Jersey. The silk business there employs 20,000 hands, and pays out \$100,000 per week in wages. Because the silk manufacturers will not engage not to give work to any except those approved by the Knights, a strike has been declared, and this army of workmen are required to give up their employment, and to lose this large sum weekly.

A CONTRAST.—What a contrast between Berlin and St. Petersburg during the last week or two! In Berlin, there are high festivities; the houses are brilliant with decorations, the people are full of joyous enthusiasm. The centre of all the magnificent celebration is the aged Kaiser. He is the object of the grateful and loving regards of a great people. At St. Petersburg, fear and dread covering the city like a pall, detectives everywhere, soldiers on guard, police making indiscriminate arrests, a Czar hidden away behind the massive bulwarks of his palace, afraid to have any but a few of his nearest officials approach him; suspicion, fear, gloom everywhere. What makes the difference? Kaiser William, whatever else may be said of him, has looked upon his subjects as his children, and has lived a God-fearing, simple life before them. What war has come he has sympathized with the suffering, and the progress—not so great as it might have been—it is true—has been toward liberty to the subject. The Czar has clung to his despotism. He has given no sign of pity for his suffering subjects. They have been but chattels to be used for his purposes. He has determined to dam back the sweep of the world's current toward popular government. He is not one with his people. Hence, to-day he covers in fear, while William is the object of his people's reverence and love.

WORTH REPEATING.—The following has been referred to before with regard to the baptisms on the day of Pentecost, but it will bear reproduction: It has often been denied that it was possible to baptize 3,000 persons in one day, as Baptists have always believed was done on the Day of Pentecost. But July 3, 1878, there were 3,222 Baptist converts baptized in a river a little north of Ongole, India. The baptisms were performed by six native preachers, only two of whom officiated at a time. The ceremony was performed in the most orderly manner, the baptismal formula being repeated in each case, and the time occupied was about nine hours. As the writer heard a Presbyterian, Dr. Ward, once say, "This puts a quietus on the question of the possibility of the immersion of 3,000 on the Day of Pentecost."—E.

ARGUMENT FROM SILENCE.—Who has not heard of the argument for infant baptism based on the silence of the New Testament about it? Of one thing we are very well assured, if the silence of the New Testament is not an argument in its favor, it has nothing to favor it in the New Testament. Probably those who urge this as an argument for us do, on this point. The *Interior* (Presbyterian), however, is not satisfied with this argument, as is seen from the following from it:

"We would not think of employing it. The sound doctrine proposition is just the reverse of that, namely: that what is not commanded in Scripture, is in the way of church ordinances, is forbidden. If there were no authority in Scripture for infant baptism, we would not hesitate to say that it was forbidden."

That is good Baptist doctrine: The *Interior*, however, does not tell us where the support for infant baptism can be found in the New Testament which could permit its acceptance on the principle stated. Will some of our Pedobaptist contemporaries enlighten us?

—In the parish of St. Peter, Cornhill, the rector receives \$2,300 a year, and there is only one bona fide resident ratepayer, and he is not a member of the Church of England. This is what the *City Press* calls "a curious anomaly."

Caring for Men's Souls.

Hearken to a revelation I have to make. It is a startling statement. It will surprise you that I must prove it as I go on. Instead of this total indifference all about you in regard to your soul, I have to tell you that heaven, earth, and hell are after your immortal spirit. Earth to cheat it. Hell to destroy it. Heaven to redeem it. Although you may be a stranger to the Christians in this house, their faces would glow and their hearts would bound if they saw you make one step heaven-ward. So intricate and far-reaching is this web of sympathy, that I could by one word rouse a great many prayers in your behalf. No one care for your soul! Why, one signal of distress on your part would thrill this audience with holy excitement.

If a boat in any harbor should get in distress, from the man of war, and from the sloops, and from the steamers, the flying squad would pull to the rescue. And if now you would lift one signal of distress, all these voyagers of eternity would bear down towards you and bring you relief. But no. You are like a ship on fire at sea. They keep the hatches down, and the captain is frenzied, and he gives orders that no one shall pass the vessel. He says, "I shall either land this vessel in Hamburg or on the bottom of the ocean, and I don't care which." Yonder is a ship of the White Star Line passing. Yonder one of the National Line. Yonder one of the Cunard Line. Yonder one of the Lusitan Line. But they know not there is any calamity happening on that one vessel. Oh, if the captain would only put his trumpet to his lip and cry out, "Lower your boats! Bear down this way! We are burning up. Fire! Fire!" No, no. No signal is given. If that vessel perishes, having hailed no one, whose fault will it be? Will it be the fault of the ship that hid its calamity, or will it be the fault of the vessels that, passing on the high seas, would have been glad to furnish relief if it had been only asked! In other words, my brother, if you miss heaven it will be your own fault.

No one care for your soul! Why, in all the ages there have been men whose entire business was soul-saving. In this work Mannan went down under the knives of the cannibals, whom he had come to save, and Robert McChayne preached himself to death by thirty years of age, and John Bunyan was thrown into a dungeon in Bedfordshire, and Jehudi Ashmun endured all the malaria of the African jungle, and there are hundreds and thousands of Christian men and women now whose passing, soiling, preaching, living, dying to save souls.

No one care for your soul! Have you heard how Christ feels about it? I know it was only five or six miles from Bethlehem to Calvary—the birthplace and death-place of Christ—but who can tell how many miles it was from the throne to the manger? How many miles down, how many miles back again? The place of His departure was the focus of all splendor and pomp. All the throngs facing His throne. His name the chorus in every song and the inscription on every banner. His leading-place a castle-pier, malodorous with unwashed brutes, and dogs growling in and out of the stable. Born of a weary mother who had journeyed eighty miles in severe unhealth that she might find the right place for the Lord's nativity—born, not as other princes, under the flesh of chandeliers, but under a lantern swung by a rope to the roof of the barn. In that place Christ started to save you. Your name, your face, your time, your eternity, in Christ's mind. Sometimes travelling on mule's back to escape King Herod's massacre, sometimes attempting nervous sleep on the chilly hill-side, sometimes aching in His breakfast by the carpentry of a plough. In Quarantania the stench of the field, by their shape and color, looking like the loaves of bread, tantalizing His hunger. Yet all the time keeping on after you. With drenched coat treading the surf of Genesareth. Howled after by a bloodthirsty mob. Denounced as a drunkard. Mourning over a doomed city, while others shouted at the sight of the shimmering towers. All the time coming on and coming on to save you.

Indicted as being a traitor against government, purged witness, swearing their souls away to insure His victory. Flogged, spit on, slapped in the face, and then hoisted on rough lumber, in the sight of earth and heaven, and hell, to purchase your eternal emancipation. From the first infant step to the last step of manhood on the sharp spike of Calvary, a journey for you. Oh, how he cared for your soul!

By dolorous unlighted and up the stable, the wintry tempest, the midnight damps, the absence of forty days from food, the brutal Sanhedrin, the heights of Golgotha, across which all the hatreds of earth and all the furies of hell charged with their bayonets, and then dare to say again that no one care for your soul.

A young man might as well go off from

home and give his father and mother no intimation as to where he has gone, and, crossing the seas, sitting down in some foreign country, cold, sick, and hungry and lonely, saying, "My father and mother don't care anything about me." Do not care anything about him! Why, that father's hair has turned gray since his son went off. He has written to all the consuls in the foreign ports asking about that son. Does not the mother care anything about him? He has broken her heart. She has never smiled since he went away. All day long, and almost all night she keeps asking, "Where is he? Where can he be? He is the first thought in her prayer and the last thought in her prayer—the first thought in the morning and the last at night. She says, "O God, bring back my boy. I must see him again before I die. Where is he? I must see him again before I die." Oh, do not let his father and mother care for you. You go away from your heavenly Father, and you think He does not care for you because you will not ever read the letters by which he invites you to come back, while all heaven is waiting, and waiting and waiting for you to return.—*Talmage*.

Art Thou The Man?

There is an old story of a certain minister who, in arranging his toilet for his parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt collar, and all at once the good man's polities left him. He fretted and scolded, and said undignified and unkind things, until the tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room. The hours of the afternoon wore away, during which the person called upon—O breaker Jones, who was all bowed down with rheumatism, and found his patient and ever cheerful; upon young brother Hall, wasting away with the consumption, and found him anxious to be with Christ; upon good old grandmother Smith, in her poor miserable hovel of a home, and found her singing one of the good old hymns, as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her tranquil and serene in the view of God's love which had come to her through her affliction. The minister went home filled with what he had seen, and when evening came, and he was washed in his own chair, his good wife came to him with her needles, he could not help saying, "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! Wonderful! It can do all things." Then the little wife said, "Yes, it is wonderful, indeed; but there is one little thing the grace of God does not seem to have the power to do." "Ah, what can that be?" said the husband. "Why, it does not seem to have the power to control a minister's temper when a shirt-button is gone." This was a new version of the doctrine of grace to the parson, but it was such a version as many another religious man needs to remember. There is many a man who can stand up before a multitude and "confess Christ," who can be most meek when installed in some public place; who can rub his hands and bless God for the power of religion; but who is too weak to keep his temper at home. The value of art in the fitness of the work; the perfection of music in the little acouracies; So the beauty and power of our religion are seen when we manifest grace in little things. As it takes greater skill to engrave words, Lord's prayer upon a five-cent piece than upon a broad steel plate, so it takes more grace to live a good Christian at home than in public.—*Chas. Fiske*.

Life Is Immortality.

Does human life, as it stands, look like an integral and harmonious whole? Is there, indeed, any intelligible account of it to be given on which any two men could be possibly agreed? Has it in it any of the signs of a culmination, of a crowning triumph achievement—this blind, mixed, wayward, struggling, perverse, burdened race of ignorant, baffled men? Its efforts—what are they but suggestions? Its wisdom—what is it but the glean of the truth behind the veil? When solution of them is possible, apart from the supernatural revelation? Science, with all its insistence on harmonious perfection, gives no explanation of its utter failure in nature's choicest product, man. The remedy for this deep unrest of the warlike and baffled humanity, lies in the Christian faith that our every-day life is but a stage, a test, a putting to proof; not that we may here learn how to receive our consummation in another and a better kingdom, in Christ Jesus. What is the one, relentless lesson that we learn with every advancing year? Is it not that here on earth we shall never do more than exercise but a tiny fragment of the capacities lodged within us? Have we intellectual interests—then every new year cuts down our chances of satisfying them. The books that must go unread, the languages we know, the discoveries we understand—all must go, except some trifles of fragmentary

knowledge which we can just find time to scrape together. Is our motive benevolence? Labor and toil as we may, we learn at last that we do well if we can here and there touch the fringe of the perplexity of sorrow; if we do not in our best efforts stumble fatally against some blind obstacle before we have even begun. But we believe that nothing shall be wasted. Not here the fullness of our capacities, but only their first tentative struggles. The steady hand, the balanced skill, the formed character, the trained self-surrender—it is these that we are here to win. Here we are but ragged ends, incomplete, experimental, but in whatever lack of personal happiness, under whatever misfortune, depression or ignorance, we can still learn patience and self-denial; still practice love, and train hope and increase faith.—*Canon Scott Holland*.

Don't Step There.

A man started out for church one icy Sabbath morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with choking voice, said: "Please don't step there." "Why not?" "Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who has thus taken it upon himself to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger into which he had fallen. There are many men in the world who have good reason for giving such warnings at this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits, or wine, or beer, has good reason to say to them, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are to-day in prison and convict settlements, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young men tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experience of others, and to be sometimes a duty for those who have fallen by their temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware, and as we remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful lives, let us say to those who are just yielding in such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."—*Baptist Weekly*.

A word spoken in season, how good it is. Such a word *The Independent* speaks in the present season, when revivals are reported from so many churches. A genuine revival is a great blessing; the semblance of a revival may be anything but a blessing. The warning word concerns the latter, and not the former.

We are especially concerned to admonish many of our brethren, who, waking up suddenly to the low state of religion and spirituality in their churches, plan a hasty "revival," send off for a revivalist or an evangelist to come and help them for "three or four days" or "a week or ten days," and confidently expect that the false ground which has been lying idle and thorn-grown for years can be broken up, sowed and reaped during a brief and hurried spurt of evangelistic effort. No; what is needed in our churches, and what is needed both of pastor and evangelist, is thorough, patient and diligent work: trusting in God for results to be manifested in due season, and which we shall surely "reap if we faint not." The hasty revival meetings of modern times cannot be after a divine pattern. More time ought to be spent with the church. The church needs great enriching by wise teaching; it needs great awakening by wise and thorough preaching; it needs to be reclaimed from the world and brought back to consecrated allegiance to Christ and devotedness to his service.

God will not honor those hurried efforts which are intended to condense the worldliness of the church by gathering in a quantity of usurp fruit from the world. We believe in instantaneous conversions, but we do not believe in superficial conversions, a too hasty harvesting of souls, especially when the church is cold, unconsecrated and worldly. Better plan for work so deep and thorough that when it is done it will be done for all time and eternity. Better spend six months than six days in going over the field and hauling up the backsliders, recalling the wandering, reconsecrating the careless, and getting every man who has named the name of Christ, to depart from all iniquity and bravely and vigorously give himself to "his work," than to take three days or a couple of weeks and beat the church into a froth of religious excitement, which will subside as suddenly as it arose.

Literary Notes.

The *Homiletic Review* for April opens with an exceedingly sensible article on the use of the MS. in the Pulpit by Dr. Wm. Taylor. Dr. Pentecost has a characteristic paper on the burning question, "How Shall our Cities be Evangelized?" Following Dr. Sherwood's article in the previous number on "The Knowledge of Growth of our Cities" is highly significant and deserves the most anxious consideration. Dr. C. S. Robinson writes instructively on "The Best Methods of getting Church Members to Work." Dr. Busis, of Drew Seminary, gives the third article of the symposium on "How Can the Pulpit Best Counteract the Influence of Modern Skepticism?" It deserves for its intrinsic worth, aside from the subject, the earnestness and powerful study of every preacher. But the paper likely to attract the widest attention and be read with keenest zest is a masterly analysis of the qualities of Dr. Talmage as a preacher, by an eminent Professor of Homiletics. While some may incline to think it rather severe on so notable a preacher, yet its kindly spirit, its keen analysis, its discriminating appreciation and the ability of the writer will be appreciated. The sermon—eight in all—set by such eminent preachers as Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, Dr. Berrier, of Paris translated for the *Review*, Dr. Reed, of London, and Dr. Matthews, of London. All the other departments, too numerous to mention, are full of timely, varied, bright and instructive thoughts on scores of subjects of special interest to the ministry. The number, as a whole, is quite on a par with the preceding numbers of this year, and that is saying a good deal. Published by Fiske & Wadsworth, 13 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.00 per year; 30¢ per single number.

That, That, and the Other.

Sydney Smith said, in answer to the question how he kept cool in such warm weather: "Oh, I take off my flesh and sit in my bones." Too many preachers, Dr. Shedd says, take off their bones and sit in their flesh.

Early in the course of the mission in Turkey, a missionary stood between Dr. Schaffner and the Russian Ambassador, in which the latter said that his "master the Emperor would never consent to the establishment of Protestantism in the Turkish Empire," to which the defiant reply was made that "the kingdom of Christ, my Master, will never ask the Emperor of all the Russias where it may set its foot."—*N. Y. Observer*.

John Wesley wrote: "My brother Charles, amid the difficulties of early ministry, used to say, 'If the Lord would give me wings I would fly.' I used to answer, 'If the Lord bid me fly I would trust him for the wings.'"

"It is one of the greatest absurdities in the world," wrote John Vane Hall to his son, "for a professor of religion to think himself safe because he is sick." True. To the old, perhaps, more than to the young, applies the truth: Only who thinks himself unsafe is safe! See 1 Cor. 10:12.

A noble princess asked a courtier when he would leave begging. He answered, when she left giving. God never ceaseth to give, let us never cease to ask.

The Duke of Argyll, in one of his recent works, says: "There is nothing but mind that we can respect; nothing but heart that we can love; nothing but a perfect combination of the two that we can adore."

No Baptist who thinks it just as well to be something else than a Baptist will ever amount to much as a Baptist. Baptists have a reason for their separate existence as a denomination, and the brother who has not found out what that reason is, is a poor "stick" in a Baptist church. Every Baptist ought to make it a point to know why he is a Baptist.—*Baptist Banner*.

The New York *Tribune* delivers a homily with a point to it thus: "A few years ago a play by Alfred Tennyson was enacted in London, in which a typical atheist was represented, as uttering lightly the virtue of chastity. The evident intimation of the dramatist was that atheism tended strongly toward immorality. A member of the British peerage thereupon arose in the stalls and denounced the play as a libel upon all free-thinkers, and in some subsequent public utterances fervently proclaimed chastity to be a cardinal doctrine of infidelity, of which he himself was a living proof. The sequel to this incident was recorded recently, when a Scottish court granted the wife of that peer a divorce from him on the ground of infidelity."

Arrived ex S.S. "Parisian" from Liverpool, G. B., 2 cases of Bibles, in variety of bindings—class, rim and cheap; road, gilt, Persian, reference, and without; Pulpit large type; Family, large type, etc. etc. All to be sold low for cash. Also, a lot of cheap S. B. Bibles and Testaments. Order at once from Baptist Book and Tract Society, Halifax, N. S.