

The Messenger and Visitor.

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All our Pastors are Agents.

A New Departure.—It will be seen by the report of the W. M. Union, that the sisters propose to widen their work so as to take in home missions. If our sisters are to work in an independent organization of their own, by all means let them take in all our enterprises. No department of our work can afford to be robbed of the equal support of these earnest workers; neither can they afford to have their sympathies less broad than the utmost limit of this work. Not only do Home and Foreign Missions need their support, but our College likewise. Of course we have a firm conviction that God intended men and women to work together in the one organization he has given, and we see danger in the sisters doing all their work for the denomination by themselves. The general work of the church cannot prosper so well, if those whose sympathies are keener and whose hearts are warmer are not among those who need their presence all the more, because they are not so much in earnest. Still, if there is to be this separation, let the sisters take in all the work of the denomination, by all means. While we cannot endorse the system as a whole, we are in the heartiest accord with every movement to widen the work which the sisters undertake.

Taken For Granted.—How often do we see something like the following: A brother takes upon himself a great burden of work—enough to wear him out before his time, perhaps. He may be a pastor, or one of our workers for the denomination. For a few months, it may be, while the contrast with what has been before or with what is elsewhere is fresh in the minds of the people, he may have a little extra sympathy. Then the measure of his work becomes the standard of expectation. The greater work he takes upon his trembling shoulders, the more opportunity there is for criticism, and it often happens that the only special recognition the efforts of the overworked man receives, is in special criticism. The man who expects only what he can easily do, has less opportunity of him, and his efforts are often better recognized, because he is less obvious to the criticism; to which the more intense worker exposes himself. Still, the man would allow anything of this kind to lessen his ardor. He would, in that case, prove himself a true servant and a man pleaser rather than a true servant of Christ. It has ever been the rule that the men who have attempted most for the church and the world, have had the most to bear. Our Lord who attempted the most of all, endured the most of all. Every servant should be satisfied to be as his Lord.

Familiar.—Does not the following description sound familiar to some in our communities?

"Comitators" is the name chosen by a band of men and women who claim unusual holiness, and whose mission is to preach "Come out of her, my people." Of course they repudiate the name that they are given. Their only creed, so far as that of the Bible is a rule of faith, and that people of other denominations should come out and join them. The difference between them and some other sects which might be named is in their name, and that is not a recommendation. "Gentle-souls," or "Up-and-at-em-ers" would express their disposition toward other Christians with equal accuracy.—*Herald and Prebyter.*

The Watchman. has the following item about one of our province boys, which will interest many of our readers. It is evident the Maritime Provinces are enriching the ministry of the U. S.:

Rev. G. A. Cleveland, of North Berwick, Me., has accepted the call given him by the church in Melrose, N. H., to the rectory of that calling him, and not a little to the sorrow of those from whom he is called away in his usefulness among them, where he has been doing a thorough and effective work, his fasting, as well as beneficial, results of which can be safely predicted. He is conspicuous as an intelligent and energetic worker, whose well adapted works will follow him wherever he goes, from one field to another, and those to whom he goes will be gainers of an ordinary description.

The Commission.—The Commission, which might be a very lucrative one, indeed. This last year he has issued no less than 1761 of these permits. Each of these covers one package, the total quantity so reported being of whiskey 2,739 gallons, ready 718, beer 5,322, wine 766, gin 691, rum 844, alcohol 814. The total quantity is nearly 10,000 gallons. It would appear as if the Governor

Resolution on Temperance.—The following resolution was adopted by the Convention in St. John:

Resolved, That in view of the appalling results of the blighting liquor traffic in the past, and especially its serious hindrance to the successful spread of our common Christianity at home and on our foreign mission fields, we record our approval of advanced legislation to suppress this worst of all evils, and urge our people to use all legitimate means in their power to lessen and finally destroy this terrible business, looking forward to the early enactment of a full and ample prohibitory law as the only sure remedy for this acknowledged curse.

Welsh Baptists.—The Baptists are making more progress in Wales than in any other part of Great Britain. They hold to strict communion. The increase for the last twenty years is given below:

In 1866, when the Union was established, the figures were as follows:—Churches, 539; branches, 70; members, 62,113; and scholars, 57,261. For 1885 the figures were—churches, 704; an increase of 165; branches, 71; an increase of 1; members, 86,155, an increase of 24,042; and scholars, 94,081, an increase of 36,820. When the statistics for the current year (1886) were completed, it would be seen that the numbers showed for Wales and Monmouthshire further accessions of several hundreds.

Monte Carlo.—Notwithstanding the efforts made by some titled people last year to induce the petty prince who reigns over this place, to shut up the notorious gambling halls there, they are going on as usual. The terrible nature of the mad frenzy there reigning can be judged of from the following:

A woman who lost nearly \$60,000 by gambling at the Monte Carlo table, has committed suicide near Grenoble, France, making the seventy-sixth case of suicide owing to losses at Monte Carlo since the beginning of the year's "season."

Intolerance in Turkey.—Since 1880 the Turkish authorities have become more and more intolerant of Christian schools. Christians are not allowed to take advantage of the national schools, to which they contribute their proportional part; because it is thought wrong for the infidel dogs to read so holy a book as the Koran, the text book of the Government schools. Before they can open a school of their own they must get a permit from the government. When this is attempted, they are referred from official to official, until it is soon found that the object is to make it impossible to secure one, and the attempt has to be abandoned. The Christian children are, therefore, virtually denied all means of education. Considering that the "sick man of the Bosphorus" has been held in his place, for many years by Christian England, this is very ungrateful, to say the least. He may need Christian help again, very soon, as things now look. If so, no doubt he will again, as in the past, be on his good behavior once more.

Presbyterians of the U. S.—In the five years from '81 to '86 this body has grown from 891,401 to 661,909, a gain of 80,408, or an average of 16,081 each year. The contributions, for all purposes, at home and abroad, have increased from \$3,674,291 to \$10,892,331. The largest item of this is for church expenses, this being, in '86 \$7,640,855. While adult baptisms have grown, in this time, from 8,174 to 18,474, infant baptisms have increased from 17,489 to only 21,616. This denomination is one of the grandest in its contributions to benevolent objects. Its advance is not rapid; but it is very substantial.

Riot in West China.—An angry mob of Chinese have wrecked and looted the mission premises of the various Christian bodies at Chungking. They have heard of the mobbing of their countrymen in the United States, and this is in retaliation. But the heathen Chinese was not so bad as the Christian (?) American. The former chased the Europeans forth, and handled some of them a little roughly, when they resisted. The American mob shot down scores of Chinese when they did not resist. It is little wonder the Chinese resent the outrages done to their countrymen. Of course they are not able to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty; but regard all of the same race as equally to blame. The saddest feature of the whole bad business is the danger it will bring upon devoted missionary workers, and the hindrance it will be to their work.

Liquor in the North-west.—There is a law in the North-west territories prohibiting the importation, sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The Governor, however, is permitted to issue special permits, for its sale or possession. Governor Dewdney has not been slow to use this privilege, which might be a very lucrative one, indeed. This last year he has issued no less than 1761 of these permits. Each of these covers one package, the total quantity so reported being of whiskey 2,739 gallons, ready 718, beer 5,322, wine 766, gin 691, rum 844, alcohol 814. The total quantity is nearly 10,000 gallons. It would appear as if the Governor

granted about all the permits asked for. Our governments know how to leave loopholes in temperance legislation, so as to allow the rum interest to hold on its way. It would appear as if our only hope were in a temperance party, out and out.

Samuel Morley.—This noted non-conformist layman, a man forward in every good word and work, died last week. He had won for himself the respect and esteem of all parties and denominations. His death is a general loss to the cause of truth and goodness.

Earthquake.—Saturday week a terrible earthquake visited Greece, wrecking six towns and damaging twenty others. As many as six hundred are supposed to have perished in the ruins of their homes, in the Morea and the islands. Shocks were also felt in Italy and Egypt. This week earthquakes have visited a large area in the United States, extending from Alabama to New York. It was most severe at Charleston, S. C., where many houses were shaken down and 33 were killed and over 100 wounded. The panic has been fearful.

Other Cases.—A few weeks ago we referred to the conversion of the Cuban, Mr. Diaz, and of several Armenians to Baptist views, and of the work they were beginning to do among their respective countrymen. It seems as if a Baptist mission were about to be started among the Bulgarians, in a similar way. We copy from the *Christian Secretary* the facts as they are summarized from a letter of Dr. H. K. Trask, Principal of South Jersey Institute, to *Zion's Advocate*. Referring to two young men, under his instruction, he says:

"One of them, Mr. Shoosoff, is the son of a wealthy nobleman who is Supervisor of schools in Bulgaria. He became a Baptist in Sophia, from reading the New Testament. The missionaries in Bulgaria wanted to sprinkle him into the church there, but he refused, telling them he did not find that in the Book. At that time he did not know any Baptist, though he says there were many who believed as he did and wanted to be immersed. His father, who belongs to the Greek Church, disowned him as a disgrace to his family, and so the boy left his home. He desires to prepare himself to preach the Gospel to his countrymen; but he is hindered by his father, who is a member of the Greek Church in Roumelia; but he is desirous to read the Testament for himself, he became a Baptist, and he, too, wishes to go back to Roumelia to preach to the Roumelians and Turks. Neither of these young men ask for pecuniary assistance. They are working to pay their way. Dr. Trask adds: 'I am called upon by our Presbyterian brethren not to give them any encouragement, on the ground that it will be 'unfriendly' to the cause in Bulgaria.'"

Day by Day.

Everything difficult in life is met with far greater success when the duties of each day are taken up in their natural order. Anxiety as to the future is not consistent with a just view of God's superintending care. To neglect that which belongs to the day and become absorbed in future service is therefore not wise. When this habit is fixed we are prone either to choose without regard to God's will, or to attempt present burdens in our own strength. There are few persons whose daily lives could not be improved at this point. We have need to learn well the lesson that the best work, however insignificant it may seem, is that which comes to us in God's appointment, and which is performed at the time His providence indicates.

Christ had a perfect idea in His mind of the work of each day to be done on that day. He was fully able to meet that perfect ideal. All strained effort to compass the task of to-morrow was foreign to Him. He said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He exemplified all this in His own blessed life. How did he observe this rule? In any hard Pharisaical manner?

Was to-morrow an utter blank in His thought? We cannot suppose this, for Jesus lived upon earth, a man in all His experiences, interested in human pursuits and full of His official work to be accomplished at Jerusalem. He commended with Moses and Elias respecting His future. To-morrow was in His mind. But it was there not to hinder, but rather to stimulate the activities of the present. In all this He was the perfect example. A proper regard for our future is always consistent with the work of each day, and helpful to it.

Our peril is found in an *unlawful anxiety* concerning the things of to-morrow. The experienced Christian knows how great this peril is. He feels this to be his weakness, and often mourns that his power for usefulness is in this way taken from him. The All-Perfect One was free from this calamity. We are always subject to it. This danger will be best averted if we will imitate Him.

But to do this successfully we must dwell in Him and be loyal to Him.

Spiritual food we must have "day by day" if we would be strong in God. To anticipate some special religious feast in the future, some holy convocation of saints on the morrow, without drawing fresh supplies for this one day through which we are now passing, will be only to reverse the Divine order. These promised blessings can only become real when we act our part well in the living present. There is, then, a preparation for future good; the heart has an appetite to receive spiritual nourishment which it has been all along the precious days engaged in right living. It is suicidal to all vital religion to live in the present a life of self-indulgence, to neglect daily prayer or God's word, thinking that in the future we will attend to spiritual matters. However rich the opportunities may hereafter be, we never can become through them what we might have been if we had been constantly faithful through all our previous history.

Anything that robs us of the heavenly manna for this day is to be avoided. God's order is in all things the best. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice," is a most suggestive Scripture. He has a blessing for every one to-day in the closet, at the family altar, in the act of ministrations to others, in the many endeavor to obey the Golden Rule of the Gospel, in the hourly watchfulness against secret pride, in the habitual mildness, while engaged in earnestly service of that spiritual realm which is out of sight, but which is more real than anything in this visible universe. O, may we follow our Divine Lord in all things, especially in this His word: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work."—5el.

A Great Picture.

The following description of Dore's great painting, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium, so long on exhibition in London, is from the pen of Margaret J. Preston, and was published in the *Sunday School Times*:

The moment of action is, I believe, entirely original in its conception. It represents Christ descending the broad marble staircase leading from the praetorium, just after his final condemnation by the Roman governor. This broad staircase occupies the centre of the picture, and down its shallow steps our Lord descends. The august figure moving forward in its awful solemnity is the central point towards which every face in the multitude is directed, and which holds the eye of the spectator with a fascinated gaze. He is clothed, not in the dead white of linen, but in the softer lined, undyed woolen toga. There is not an accessory about him to divert attention from the divine humanity of the straight-forward-looking face. The arms are dropped on each side; there is no acrobatic about the head, or, if any, it is so faint as not to attract attention. There is a total avoidance of that meek beauty, that feminine auburn hair, that delicacy of complexion and feature, and that characteristic softness, which mark all the heads of Christ in the pictures of the old masters, not even excepting Raphael's.

On each side, separated only by the balustrades of the stairway, surge and seethe the shrieking, excited multitude, who cry: "Away with him! away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!"—who clench their fists across the railing, and with demoniac rage fling upon him their ribald revilings, and gloat over his condemnation, with faces of fiend-like vengeance; on the other side crowd the callous-hearted, indifferent Roman officials and soldiers; too much accustomed to the sight of cruelty, war, and blood, to be in the least moved by the majesty of the innocent sufferer.

It will be remembered that at the test of the passer almost every nationality of the then known world was accustomed to be represented; and consequently we have here a fine field for the artist's pencil—the proud Pharisee, the scowling Scribe, the howling Jewish populace, the refined Greek, the stately Persian, the Arab of the desert, the scoffing Roman, the gaping African and the philosophic Egyptian. On these faces every possible passion is depicted—base vindictive wrath, exulting vengeance, stolid satisfaction, haughty indifference, worn, vulgar curiosity, deprecation, gold wonder, and here and there, upon some startled female face, the yearning of aathomless compassion. Between these two opposing throngs moves the Christ in the sublime dignity of His Godhead, with a majesty as calm as the unapproachable Heavens overhead. There is an infinite unconsciousness of the shrieking multitude around Him. He sees nothing. He hears nothing. He is alone between the carriages. His unblinking eye is fixed upon the inexorable Justice that sits upon the everlasting throne. He seems to say, "I shall see of the travail of my soul, and shall be satisfied." The superhuman dig-

nity, the unshaken serenity, the loftiness of purpose, the majestic acquiescence, the transcendent sorrow of the Son of man, surely were never so portrayed by mortal pencil. The sense of separateness (the "treating of the wine-press alone") the miracle of that far away gaze, the suggestion of awful solitariness, are inspirations. We feel as if we must veil our eyes and shrink back from a sight of such sacred awfulness!

A Turning Point.

Last winter the confidential clerk of a firm in an inland town was sent to Philadelphia on important business. He had always been a steady fellow, was married, and was fond and proud of home, wife and child. But he was young, and it was his first visit to a large city. He was clad with the importance of his errand, and had a vague idea of "seeing life." A single secret sip of the intoxicating pleasures of a large city could surely do him no harm! He hid the thought away almost out of his own sight.

Arriving at the city on Saturday night, he went to one of the principal hotels, registered his name carefully, reading it over after the manner of unaccustomed travellers, and went to supper.

Before he had finished, the waiter brought him two letters.

"Already! why, they are from the city! Nobody knows I am here!" he exclaimed.

"City folks mighty wide awake!" ejaculated John.

Our traveller tore open one envelope. Within was an invitation to a variety theatre of bad reputation, that evening, with a hint of a "sacred concert" on the next day, and "unlimited fun."

The young man's face reddened, and his heart throbbed hotly. The door was open for that secret glimpse into inquiry! What harm could it do to him—or anybody? He opened the other letter. It contained a few words:

"DEAR SIR:—In order that you may not pass a lonely Sunday in a strange city, we enclose a list of the churches open to-morrow near your hotel in any of which you will be cordially welcomed. Our rooms and libraries are at your disposal. You will find friends there who will be glad to serve you."

It was signed by an officer of a Christian association.

"These invitations of both kinds are left at the hotel, and directed to each guest as soon as he registers his name," explained the clerk. "Which will you accept?"

The young countryman colored and laughed. "The first is tempting. But that," touching the second, "has the true ring about it. I'll accept that."

He kept his word. It seemed to him as if he was close to his wife and little boy all day. Going to the hotel in the evening, he saw a group of pale, bloated creatures coming out of the "sacred concert hall." One or two were arrested for disorderly conduct.

"They have been 'seeing life,'" said the clerk. "They accepted the other invitation."

The stranger looked after them.

"I very nearly stood in their place," he said to himself, and went to his room a wiser and humbler man.

The incident is true in every particular. Who can say what effect the acceptance of that invitation had upon that man's future?—5el.

A Good Word is Never Lost.

Field Marshal Suvaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army in the reign of Catherine II, was famous for his pithy sayings. He was small of stature, with an ugly face and shabby attire, but by sympathy and tact as well as by masterly military ability he won greater power over his own soldiers than any Russian general before or after.

Just before one of his campaigns he gathered together a number of his best men, and thus addressed them: "We are about to fight the French. Remember, whatever you encounter, you must go bravely forward. If the enemy resist, kill them; if they yield, spare them; a Russian soldier is not a robber, but a Christian! Now go, and tell your comrades what I have said!"

Soon a great battle took place, and the French were defeated. A brave soldier named Mitrophanoff captured, with the help of another, a French officer and two of his men. Mitrophanoff bound up the wounded officer's arm, and finding that the prisoners were faint for want of food, shared with them his own loaf of coarse rye bread.

course linen shirt and tattered trousers, stepped in among them.

Had it been a ghost these fierce soldiers could not have been more abashed.

Skulking away quietly, they had only time to mutter: "The General."

"Yes, the General," growled Suvaroff, "he will assuredly have some of you shot if you cannot learn to obey orders better. And you, Mitrophanoff," turning to the soldier, "who, pray, taught you to be so good? I did not think you were made of such stuff!"

"You taught me yourself, sir," answered the grenadier, proudly. "Did you think I had forgotten what you told us last week, that a Russian soldier should be a Christian, and not a robber?"

"Right, my man," exclaimed Suvaroff, his face all aglow now with the consciousness of a well-taught lesson, "a good word is never lost. Give me your hands; my lad, you shall receive an honest man's reward. You will be a sergeant to-morrow, and a right good one you'll make, too!"

True to his word, the Russian general promoted Mitrophanoff the next day, and all but one of the few words of counsel which had fallen upon his heart and made him tender and true, altogether changing his mode of action.

Giving by Little.

The wife of a Presbyterian minister canvassed a part of the parish to obtain pledges from the people to give a special amount for the conversion of the world. Among other places, she entered a shoemaker's shop, and enquired of the old man on the bench if he would be willing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly instalments, for the salvation of the world. He replied: "Eighteen Dollars and twenty-five cents! No, indeed, I seldom have such an amount of money. I would not promise one half so much." "Would you be willing to give five cents a day, or thirty-five cents each Sabbath for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as much more." "I do not wish to play any tricks, nor spring any trap on you. If you will multiply five cents by 365 days, it will make just \$18.25." "Don't say anything more to me about the \$18.25. I am good for five a day. Let me take your memorandum." It pledged himself for thirty-five cents a Sabbath. He took the book to his wife; for she took in washing and ironing and so had an income. She cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day. Their daughter was a seamstress, and she wrote her name for four cents a day. Weeks and months passed, and the shoemaker said: "I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents more than I ever gave before. It gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."—*The Christian Offer.*

Danger of Delay.

The late Rev. I. S. Spencer, D. D., of Brooklyn, in a sermon which was published after his death, made the following pastoral estimate, drawn from his own pastoral experience and observation, of the growing improbabilities of conversion as persons advanced in life:

Out of every 1,000 professing Christians, it is found that—

548	were converted	under 20 years of age.
337	"	" between 20 and 30 yrs.
86	"	" " 30 " 40 "
25	"	" " 40 " 50 "
3	"	" " 50 " 60 "
1	"	" " 60 " 70 "

He once made careful examination in respect to 253 hopeful converts who came under his own observation at a particular period, with the following result:

Under 20 years of age,	138
Between 20 and 30 years of age,	85
" 30 " 40 " "	22
" 40 " 50 " "	4
" 50 " 60 " "	3
" 60 " 70 " "	1

He adds these impressive words: "Beyond seventy, not one! What a lesson on the delay of conversion! What an awful lesson! How rapidly it cuts off the hope of the delaying, as they continue on in life, making darker and darker the prospect as they are nearing the tomb! How rapidly the prospect of conversion diminishes! far more rapidly than the prospect of life! Let the sinner delay till he is twenty years old—he has lost more than half the probability of salvation he had at twelve! Let him delay till he is thirty years old, and he has but three-fourths of the probability of salvation which he had at twenty! Let him delay till he has reached forty years, and only twenty-nine probabilities out of a thousand remain to him! Let him delay till he has reached fifty years, and beyond fifty there remains to him only fourteen out of a thousand! What a lesson upon delay! What an emphatic lesson!"—*Watchman.*