

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XI.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1888.

NO. 21.

—GOOD BAPTISTS.—A correspondent of the *Western Recorder* expresses the opinion that "more Presbyterians leave their Church for the Baptists every year, than for all the other denominations put together."

Yes, and they make the staunchest, most intelligent Baptists, too.

—DEATH BED REPENTANCE.—We fear it is all too true that much of death bed repentance is no better than the following:

Sandy Wilson, when at the point of death, sent for a neighbor with whom he had long been in feud, his conscience sharply reminding him that he ought to leave this world at peace with all who were in it. The reconciliation was effected, and the visitor was about to take farewell leave, when Sandy said, in a faint yet resolute voice: "No, Jimmy, my man, I'd like to die after 'as' while there's life, y' ken, there's still hope—things 'ill just be as they were as they were afore. Ye'll understand that."

—HARD HIT.—One of the speakers at the Baptist Union related the following, to illustrate the point that more was needed than culture to reach the villagers of England:

The scene, a village on the Eastern Coast. On the top of the hill stands a chapel, chiefly noted for the zealous ministry of an uncollected man in the village. On a Monday morning, the clergyman of the village met this man, and said to him, "Well, John, how did you get on at the top of the hill yesterday?" "First rate," said John; "the place was crowded to the very doors." "Ah," said the clergyman, "I wish I knew the secret of it." "Monday morning, the people might come to the village church," John replied, "I can tell you how to do that, sir." "Can you," said the clergyman, "I should be glad to know the way." "Well," said John, "you come and preach there yourself two Sundays."

—SOUTHERN BAPTISTS.—This has been a good year for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptists. There have been raised for all purposes \$176,567. There have been 287 missionaries employed and these have baptized 4,857. The following is a summary of the work in Cuba:

Missaries, 17; church members, 1,100; baptisms, 300; pupils in Sunday schools, 1,500; pupils in day schools, 450; raised on field for support of the mission, \$4,610; net proceeds of cemetery, \$1,763.17; number of churches, 6; of stations, 19. The work is in progress to the westward. Repentance has been heavy, but the faith and courage of our people are strong and unbroken. Work does not surpass by any in the history of modern missions. Pray for Cuba.

—FALLIBLE INFALLIBILITY.—Dec. 4, 1886, Pope Leo XIII. gave his infallible benediction to Henri Lasserre's French translation of the Four Gospels. It is a little surprising that he should have done this, inasmuch as in the preface the translator accuses the Roman Catholic Church of withholding the water of life from the people. Perhaps the Pope is himself surprised at his own act, for he has now recalled his blessing, and stigmatized Lasserre's work as one *dammata aique proscripta*. Meanwhile the book is having an increased sale.—*Non's Advocate.*

Yes, and his Holiness was alike infallible when he blessed the book and when he cursed it, as Romanists must believe.

—THE SQUEAL.—We noticed the escape from justice of Hamilton, the cold-blooded murderer of Gambrell, the young editor of a prohibition paper at Jacksonville, Miss. A young fellow editor took up his case and has been denouncing Hamilton and his partisans in his paper, the *New Mississippian*. On May 1st this young editor, Martin by name, met Gen. West Adams, one of Hamilton's unscrupulous supporters, on the street. A duel ensued, which ended in the death of both. It is proved that Adams fired the first shot, and it is charged that one of his friends assisted in slaying Martin. It is well the murderer did not escape this time. The serpent of the liquor traffic will strike its fang into the heel that attempts to crush it.

—VETOED.—Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, does not believe in prohibition as he does not practice total abstinence. He wishes to make the liquor business respectable by securing a better class of saloons and a better quality of intoxicants. His ideal of temperance legislation is a high license measure. He has used all his influence to secure such a measure from the legislature at Albany. A high license bill was presented, but was passed by a majority of one, it had the fee for license reduced one half, we believe. Finally, the governor has vetoed it. What now will the temperance people do who wish to limit the traffic but are not ready to co-operate in its total suppression? We prophesy that the third party will be helped by the tricky action of the politicians, if dealing with this bill.

—TRUE.—The *Western Recorder* thinks the reason why some church members think the world is growing worse is because they take only secular papers which are full of evil news, with the doing of the world, the sin, and the devil. This is true. If these brethren would but take a few-class religious paper, they would find that there never was a time when the Christian world was more stirred than now.

with activities to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. It does seem strange that Christian people should be willing to know only of the sin side of the world's life, while they do not care enough for the work of God, in which they profess to take chief interest, to pay a pittance of three or four cents a week to secure information of what God and the angels are chiefly concerned in.

—HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.—Both Jeremiah and Ezekiel declare that Nebuchadnezzar should attack and conquer Egypt. Hitherto there has been found no account of this conquest of this mighty king. The records of his achievements, on the monuments, are occupied with his buildings rather than his conquests. Just now, however, in Egypt itself, there has been found a number of tablets inscribed in the Babylonian character. They are reports sent to the king at Babylon by the governors of Egyptian provinces. Although they do not mention Nebuchadnezzar's name, they mention the names of contemporary Egyptian kings, and show that they belong to his time. They also imply that the Babylonians had occupation of upper Egypt, at this time. Here we have a proof of the fulfillment of prophecy and of the truth of the Bible. In all the new light upon the allusions of the Old Testament to ancient history which has been shed from the inscriptions deciphered in the last half century, nothing has been found to prove its most incidental statements untrue, while much of it has been confirmed. Of what other ancient writing can this be said?

—DISAGREE.—We clip the following from the *Christian Index*:

Dr. H. J. Van Dyke in a recent lecture, devoted to "Presbyterianism and the Sacraments" and delivered in Louisville, said: "To apply this sacrament to one whom we know to be unregenerate, would be a solemn mockery." "Every child lawfully baptized, until the contrary appears, ought to be recognized as presumably regenerate. Do not treat up a child for conversion at some future day, but let him grow up a Christian and never know himself to be otherwise."

But the *Christian Observer*, the Presbyterian paper published in Louisville, says: "From this position of the lecturer, we must dissent widely. We cannot agree with him that an infant is 'presumably regenerate' at the time when the seal of the covenant is applied to it. Rather it is presumably unregenerate. For we have the word of God that the infant is born in sin, but no word to show that those infants who, in the providence of God, are to live to years of responsibility are regenerated at, or before the moment of infant baptism." The doctrine that we are to regard the infants of our household as 'presumably regenerate' in infancy is as dangerous as it is unscriptural. Teach it to the parents and they will become ruminants in labor for the conversion of the children. Teach it to the children and they will rely on the idea, and omit to seek the Saviour."

The act of baptism on the understanding upon which it is given by the one, is a solemn mockery to the other, as the understanding on which the other baptizes the infant is dangerous and unscriptural to the one. They are both right and both wrong. Dr. Van Dyke is certainly right in declaring that baptism is to symbolize regeneration, and where that is absent, it is a solemn mockery. Instead, however, of saying infants are presumably unregenerate, and therefore are not to be baptized, he is determined to hold to infant baptism and therefore must do violence to the teaching of scripture in making the change which baptism professes and declares, to have taken place in the infant. The *Observer* is right in holding that infants are presumably unregenerate; but he will give them baptism and so must hold that baptism does not necessarily signify regeneration, and, therefore, he makes it the seal of the new covenant, without the shadow of scriptural warrant. The only way to get out of disagreement and difficulty is for both to accept the truth that baptism is the sign of regeneration; and that infants are presumably unregenerate, and then for both to accept the necessary conclusion from these positions and reject infant baptism. We wonder what the *Presbyterian Witness* thinks of these views? Don't be too "canny," friend *Witness*, you already owe us an answer to several questions.

—PROGRESS.—The Bishop's address to the Methodist Episcopal Conference of the United States, estimates that 450,000 have been added to that body since the last Conference four years ago.

—CHARLOTTE TOWN.—Our readers will be shocked to learn that the Baptist house of worship in Charlottetown was consumed by fire on the night of Monday, the 14th. The fire started in a skating rink, near at hand. Although the church building was insured, the proceeds will go on the debt, and the church will still be \$4,000 behind. Bro. Whitman's residence was also consumed. This will be sad news for our brethren, who are absent in the United States. We take the above statement from error reports, not having any word from the church, direct.

English Correspondence.

[We give below a part of a communication from Bro. Brown. The rest of it was forestalled by us last week.—Ed.]

It appears that so far as Mr. Spurgeon is concerned the controversy ceases. He has said all he has to say, and seeing it is of no avail, and it at anything further which he might say would be equally in vain, he liberates himself from the toils and entanglements of the controversy, and intends to pursue his own work in his own way. May the Lord be still with him, and grant him greater success and blessing than he has ever as yet enjoyed.

In his "Notes" in the *Sword and Trowel* he says:—"The error in the Baptist denomination is ten times more widely spread than we knew of when we wrote the 'Down Grade' papers, and we are bound not to withdraw a syllable, but to emphasize each word with all our might. We did not at first aim at the Baptist body, for we thought most hopefully of it, but the controversy has revealed what little dream of the Lord in mercy bring back the many wanderers."

"The Larger Hope" theory seems to have taken possession of a great many, with some amounting to almost a dogmatic belief. Yet strange to say the line in Tenaxion which contains the phrase is singularly undogmatic, it runs:—

"And faintly trust the larger hope." A more misty and mysterious sentence could scarcely be conceived. First we have no indication of the hope of which this hope of which he writes in the larger. Next it is only a hope, then a trust in this hope, and next the trust is only a faint one.

I wonder whether those who profess to believe in probation after death have the courage of their convictions, and pray for those who are undergoing that probation. If men in a similar state (*vis. of probation*) here, are fit objects for prayer, why should not those also be who have passed out of time?

The following figures speak well for the ministers who have been trained in the Pastor's College, (the writer not being one). The 370 who furnished returns for the past year report 4,770 baptisms, and a clear increase of 3,855 members, or an average of 70 per church. This is more than double the increase of the 1800 in the Baptist Union including themselves. The increase during the year in the Union is 1,770, or an average of less than one per church.

Comparisons are said to be odious; if so in this case, they are also very suggestive, and leads one to ask "Is there not a cause?"

According to the *Baptist*, to which I am indebted for these figures, "if the Pastor's College men had been out of the Union, the secretary would have had to report a decrease of over 2,000 members for the past year." Surely this ought to lead to serious searchings of heart.

All the meetings were of a high order, the missionary meetings in particular. Two good stories were told at one of the meetings, the one amusing, as told by Mr. Glover, the other pathetic as told by Mr. Baynes. Mr. Glover in speaking of finances told how a man said to one of his deacons who had asked for a subscription for the Missionary Society, "I cannot give you a guinea a year, but I have no objection to give you a shilling a week." Possibly after all that might be quite true. Mr. Baynes said: "I was walking across Trafalgar Square where I was touched upon the shoulder, and turning round saw a thin, spare woman, sparsely clad, with a pale face, and she said: 'I want to thank you, Mr. Baynes, for *The Missionary Herald*, I have just come from Exeter Hall, and I want you to take this, and she handed me something wrapped up in paper. As I looked into those clear eyes under the gleaming, and glowing with the passion of love to Christ, she said: 'I get my living by making shirts. Last year, in Exeter Hall, I made a vow I would give, out of my eight shillings a week, something every week for the mission, and I have saved that,' and before I could understand it the position I saw her fall from hurrying, into the darkness, by the National Gallery; I opened the paper and found that sovereign. Unknown and unnoticed, she has passed into the hurrying life of London; but to Him who sitteth over against the treasury, surely there rests for that brave, heroic spirit the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

I see that Mr. Greenwood, one of Mr. Spurgeon's deacons, has just withdrawn from the Union. In his letter of resignation he says "The revised footnote to the Declaration throws doubt upon the future of the righteous as well as the wicked." The footnote referred to is as follows: "It should be stated, as a historical fact, that there have been brethren in the Union, working cordially with it, who, while reverently bowing to the authority of Holy Scripture, and rejecting the dogmas of Purgatory and Universalism, have not

held the common interpretation of these words of our Lord." The words here referred to are those in Matt. 25:46. "And these shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life." Mr. Greenwood is right; the footnote does throw doubt upon the future of both alike, and there is no getting away from it. The constructors of the footnote may possibly have meant that certain men did not hold "the common interpretation of these words of our Lord" as applied to the wicked, but the selfsame word being used with reference to the righteous and the wicked, and spoken by the same person at the same time, those who do not hold the common interpretation of the one are necessarily driven to reject the common interpretation of the other. From this there is no escape.

It may be worth noticing here that the Greek word rendered "eternal" in Matt. 25:46 is also applied to God. See Rom. 16:26, and also to the Spirit, Heb. 9:14. J. BROWN.

Christ Alone.

There is no such thing as complete solitude. Even Jesus said, "The Father hath not left me alone; I am not alone, but I and the Father." Man may retire from the world, from human companionship, and abide with himself in the solitude of his own reflections, but the fact that he is a thinking being prevents the solitude becoming complete. He has the companionship of his thoughts. Memory abides, and through recollections of the past are present like a band of angels, loving or avenging, and hope with a thousand expectations, delightful or terrific, is not far away. When the soul begins to meditate upon itself in any solitude, however complete, it strikes at once against mystery. What is this, this personality, this something having life and love and power of thought and capacity to suffer pain? What is this body throbbing with vital energy, self-moving, carrying on its most important processes independently of my solution? Who am I? Whence came I? And whither do I tend? Reflections which bring a sense of helplessness, and also a feeling of dependence, so that the solitary thinker becomes essentially religious. He feels that God is near; that divine power beats through his blood; that he is upheld in the palm of the Almighty; that he is not isolated, but intimately bound up with the universal forces, with a personality far mightier than himself. Thus, solitude and reflection are serviceable in bringing to us a consciousness of God, and they can be utilized to reinforce moral weakness; to re-invigorate spiritual power and to give man that self-respect that is essential to his inspiring respect in others; to make his words powerful, rather than noises, spiritual potencies rather than a mere voice, and to make his smallest acts indicative of something greater than the act itself, because linked with a personality that is itself ennobled and exalting.

Any thorough study of the life of Jesus brings before us a sense of his loneliness while on the earth. We are amazed by his activities; we are equally astonished by his solitude. When we have studied him as a preacher, addressing thousands, speaking to groups, talking to one here and there; when we have seen him as the healer, ministering to multitudes of the sick; when we have beheld him confronting the rich and bringing consolation to the poor, and offering himself to all men as a Saviour, we say: "This was the life of the Nazarene Jesus," Yes, a part of it.

Standing before the gigantic California pine one hundred feet in girth, rising three hundred and fifty feet into the air, with timber enough in it to build a great ship, dwarfing the oaks of Windsor Forest or the mighty firs "hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast of some great admiral," we exclaim, "This is the life of the great tree; I see it all." It is astonishing, but the truth is, you have seen none of it. What has kept the tree alive for three thousand years and made it the wonder of the vegetable world has entirely escaped your vision. Its real life is under ground, hidden from the sun, branching into a thousand arms that reach their fingers down into the soil, clasping the strength of rocks and lying in mysterious chemistry on the invisible potencies of earth and moisture, and turning the California soil, age after age, into bark and tissue and leaf, and perpetuating the miracle which calls it to the eyes of spectators from every zone. And how much of what Jesus expended in the way of spiritual and intellectual force had first been poured into his own nature by the hand of his Father in his hour of silent meditation in the darkness of the mountain solitude, in the secret chambers of communion and prayer! If Jesus were always the victor in his outward life, whether meeting Satan in the wilderness or Nicodemus in the solitude of night, the sick in his helplessness or the Pharisee in his pride, it was because he was first the victor

over every temptation to distrust in the hours of his loneliness. Jesus is wonderful in all the relations of his active life, but he is no even more wonderful when alone, with no vision save the inner vision of God, with no auditor except the unseen Father! Some men's greatness comes from outward relations, it is developed or exhibited by contact with other minds. One man is great as a controversialist, another as the leader of a mob, another as a commander of armies, another as a teacher of young men; but Jesus was great in himself, "fed from within with all the strength he needed." Follow him in his lonely hours, in his days of self-exile from the world, and you do not see a Napoleon fretting like a spoiled child in the solitude of St. Helena; you do not see any Elijah unstrung and whimpering beneath the juniper-tree. Jesus in the solitude appears not less than on the Mount of Transfiguration. He took care of the inner life, comprehending in himself, not only the active philanthropist, but the contemplative mystic. His life was not prayer, it was not work, it was "praying and working." We do not enter into the spirit of his ministry, unless we see in our Saviour the divine exile dwelling spiritually in heaven, seeking refuge in solitude from the strife of tongues, from the littleness and meanness of men, and from the exhaustion occasioned by his own beneficence.

It is misleading to emphasize any one phase of the perfect man to the neglect of other phases, but I call attention to his loneliness, to his prayerful separation from the world, to bring before ourselves some very practical lessons. We see the reasons for Christ's solitude of spirit; for I look upon this solitude as belonging to his life, whether he was among men engaged in benevolent activity or whether he was hidden from men in the loneliness of prayer. Think for a moment of the superiority of his nature. Livingstone, spending his years among the savages of Africa, seeing only weakness, barbarism, cruelty, ignorance, depravity, is but a faint illustration of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in his daily life among the men of his time. Even Mary, his mother, with all her greatness of soul was, in a measure, outside the spiritual circle of his life. John the Baptist was removed from him by an unspeakable distance, and Peter, whom he so dearly loved, and with whom he daily sojourned, learned only the alphabet of Christ's thoughts, and was often immediately forgetful of this. Jesus, who lived with him for years, was as much a stranger to the heart of Jesus as if he had already joined his enemies. Martha, the beloved sister of Mary, numbered by her services in little things, troubled the Master because she did not enter into sympathy with his chief thought. Jesus was doubtless likely to find pupils, those needing instruction and willing to be taught. He yearned for companionship. He felt the need of love and of a congenial atmosphere, for he was a perfect man. And in Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and in John, the evangelist, the Lord of heaven appears to have found the only two souls on the earth who furnished in any measure that which his human affections required. But the strength of Jesus did not come from these earthly relationships, but from his prayerful solitude. After his busiest days we see him retiring where

"Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of his prayer;"

and surely, if our Lord, who never needed to pray for forgiveness, required this reinforcement of his nature to meet the demands of the earthly life, the modern Christian should be educated to "go apart and rest awhile" in the garden of spiritual communion with God.—*Rev. J. H. Burrows, D. D., Chicago, in Golden Rule.*

Miss Alcott and Her Method of Work.

[The following is the closing part of an appreciative article in the *Boston Advertiser*.]

Miss Alcott was generally regarded as of Concord, since her father's homestead was in that historic town. But comparatively little of her literary work has been done there, and for years past, she has felt something of a repugnance to employing her pen when at Concord. In her literary work Miss Alcott was largely a creature of moods. Her tales have been, without exception, entirely planned, from beginning to close, within her mind, before a word had been put upon paper. They were written wholly during her moods of inspiration. A story evolved itself in her mind, it may be from some incidents of experience, some thought dropped by a friend, some occurrence of which she has been a casual witness. By day and by night it is creature of her brain would grow upon her, taking on form and shape, becoming more and more a part of herself and of her life. She would leave her home and find friends and seek a quiet room, it may be in some apartment house in Boston, often in the upper story, apart from the bustle of

life, where only the blue sky, and it may be the tree-tops, were visible from her window. Even then, when all was ready, she did not always feel the impulse for the work which she required, and which when it came, was irresistible.

But it was surely coming. Day by day these literary impulses grew stronger, until, at last, as she herself has been heard to express it, she "enters the vortex," and henceforth she was lost to self. She entered her solitary room, turned the key upon the door, and gave herself up to an abandonment of literary endeavor. By day and by night she labored as in a daze. She gave little heed to self; little even to her bodily needs. The hours of fitful slumber were filled only with the dreams which filled her time of waking.

Meanwhile, the thoughts which for weeks had been formulating themselves in her mind found their way to the paper. For this literary frenzy had been but the mechanical operation of putting into words that which had already burnt itself into her brain and soul. At length all was finished. The tale was told, with scarcely the essence of a word, so fully had the book been mentally wrought out before the mood of writing had fully possessed the author. Then Miss Alcott emerged from her solitude, in manuscript in hand, but she was only the shadow of what, a few weeks before, entered the charmed atmosphere. Drooping physically and mentally, she felt the full force of reaction which followed.

It was doubtless these fevers of literary enthusiasm in which Miss Alcott produced her books which made of her the physical invalid which she was. Here was found the true literary inspiration, concerning the existence of which some are so skeptical. It is related of the late Helen Hunt Jackson that she once said that her wonderful book, "Ramona," was not her own creation, but something within her, over which she had no control, and whose behest she found herself forced to do.

It was largely so with Miss Alcott. While a story was in progress she lived in it, saw the people, more plainly than real ones, around her, heard them talk and was much interested, surprised or provoked by their actions, for she seemed to have no power to rise thus and to simply record their experiences and performances.

The last book from Miss Alcott's pen was "Jo's Boys," a sequel to "Little Men" and to "Little Women." This book was instantly popular, and the sales have been very large. Indeed, it is said, doubtless truly, that its sale has been exceeded only by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Gen. Wallace's "Ben Hur." For a year or more past, Miss Alcott has been rapidly declining in health. She has suffered from a chronic attack of writer's cramp, by which she largely lost the use of her right hand. But she learned to write with her left, and for months has bravely fought death, which she saw approaching, as the result, no doubt, of her severe and long continued literary labors. Her memory will long be cherished by thousands who never saw her, but to whom she has talked through her writings.

This, That and The Other.

—Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that enables you, but you the place.—*Petrarch.*

—The great mistake of my life has been that I have tried to be moral without faith in Christ; but I have learned that true morality can only keep pace with trust in Christ as the only Saviour.—*Gerrit Smith.*

—A Baptist church in Louisville, Ky., has, during the last three months, received ten converts from the Catholic Church. Such cases are much more numerous than is generally supposed.

—Frederick Robertson defined sentimentalism with great clearness, and force. "Sentimentalism is that state in which a man speaks things deep and true, not because he feels them strongly, but because he perceives that they are beautiful, and that it is touching and fine to say them, things that he feels would feel, and fancies that he does feel."

—A particularly vigorous speaker at a woman's rights meeting, waving her long arms like the sails of a windmill, asked: "If the women of this country were to rise up in their thousands and march to the polls, I should like to know what there is on this earth that could top them?" And in the momentary silence which followed this peroration, a still, small voice remarked: "A mouse!"

—Mr. Henry Tennant, general manager of the North-Eastern Railway, says that if the money annually spent on drink in Great Britain were laid in cofferboxes on a railway side by side there would be sufficient to cover four lines of rails between London and Edinburgh and back. So the Scotch express was able to run from Edinburgh to London and back over golden lines.