

Messenger and Visitor.

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NO. 42

THE ACTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.
—The triumph of the conservatives among the Congregationalists at their annual meeting at Springfield, and the approval of the action of the Board in refusing to send out as missionaries those who favor a probation after death, has aroused the new theology man greatly. The secular press, which generally sympathizes with the latter, have said a great deal about narrowness, bigotry, &c. The pulpits, generally, the Sunday after the meeting at Springfield, rang with strong utterances on one side of the burning question or the other. The new theology men are considering the question whether they shall cease to contribute to the funds of the Board. Some say, some advise the people to continue their support, in the hope that their sentiment is gaining ground, and that they shall be able, before long, to secure the reversal of the decision just reaffirmed. This much is certain: sentiment is fast crystallizing into its permanent form.

BAPTISTS IN IRELAND.—The ex-president and the vice-president of the English Baptist Union have visited Ireland, and report through the *Baptist* the result of their investigations. The Baptist cause in Ireland is not so strong as it was in 1844. Then there were 35 churches in the country, now there are but 19. The decline is partly attributable to emigration, and much evil has been done by the Plymouth Brethren. Lately, a new spirit seems to possess many of the Irish Baptists, and they have some able leaders. These officers of the Union strongly advise that the direction of the Irish mission be handed over to the Irish Baptists themselves, as they think them able to manage the affairs of their own people more efficiently, and they hope this will help them to greater independence. The Baptist membership in Ireland is but 1,700. The population of the whole country is divided as follows, denominationally:

Romanists.....	3,960,891
Episcopallians.....	639,374
Presbyterians.....	470,784
Methodists.....	48,839
All others.....	84,369
No denomination.....	530

It is thought that Orangism is the best ally of Rome, as it makes the Romanists impervious to Protestant influence. Where kind relations subsist between Protestants and Romanists many of the latter are led to the truth, although few formally leave their church.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.—Dr. Nevins wrote the following pertinent sentences. We commend them to our readers and recommend them to follow his advice:
Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the church! A follower of Christ, praying daily, as his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing or caring to know what progress that kingdom is making! But I must not fail to say that this person takes a secular paper? Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. How can a professor of religion answer for discrimination in favor of the world? How defend himself against the charges it involves?

The time is approaching when people decide upon the newspapers they will take for the coming year. Are there one of our readers who will rule out the religious paper? Can those who provide no religious newspapers for their families hope that their children will become interested in the Lord's work? Let not any cast its silent and varied power out of the house to save three cents a week, or to give place to a paper which deals chiefly in politics. We are glad that so few subscribers to the *Messenger* and *Visitor* have discontinued in the past. Let them be still fewer this year, and let its friends make an effort to increase the number of its readers.

AS FAR AS IT GOES.—Dr. Edward Judson is quoted as saying:
"We need rich men in our churches, and when they are soundly converted, they do vast good with their money and influence. To get the rich man we must lay hold of the poor boy."

This is a very true statement. The most of the rich men of America were poor boys. Those who inherit wealth usually live only to spend it, while those who have had to toil to make money alone are fitted to keep it. Those, therefore, who expect to possess the rich men must lay hold of the poor boy. But this is not all. They must keep hold of him, and this is no easy matter, especially for denominations who depend for success upon spiritual life rather than social influence. These poor boys who become rich

have a terrible temptation to a life of absorbing worldliness. They have to throw themselves into business, and strain every energy in the race for the goal set before them. By the time they have won wealth, their nature will have become shaped by the habits of a long life, and they will be little inclined to be active Christians. They are exposed to the full force of worldly motives, and in very many cases will drift away into churches that make less demands upon them for consistency and Christian activity, and will allow them more license or give them a so-called higher social standing. What is the way to guard those of our people who become rich against these temptations? The only way we can think of, is to take every care to engage them in direct Christian work during all their career. This will preserve them from the worldliness which, if left to the mercy of the struggle for wealth, will leave them, in the end, with dried up spiritual life. They must be encouraged to give liberally during their whole life; if they are allowed to be niggardly, on the plea that they will give largely when they have made a fortune, by the time they have made it, the disposition to give will have been lost. It must be remembered, too, that giving of money alone, will not be a sufficient safeguard. Habits of Christian activity must be formed and sustained. If we can get our thriving young men to begin to devote a goodly portion of their gains to the Lord, and to keep up habits of liberal giving and earnest personal work for Christ, there will be no danger but that we shall hold them to our churches. We know of no other way to do it.

Address to Rev. J. F. Kempton.

At the last meeting of the Lunenburg county Ministerial Conference, held at Lunenburg, on Monday last, I was directed to forward to Rev. J. F. Kempton some expressions of our fraternal regard for him, and regret that it is his intention to leave this county for New Brunswick; and was also requested to transmit a copy of the communication for publication in your valuable periodical. You will greatly oblige the Conference by placing the following in your columns.

To Rev. J. F. KEMPTON, Chester, N. S.
Res. and Dear Sir and Brother,—As Chairman of the Lunenburg county Baptist Ministerial Conference I am directed to convey to you the fraternal greetings of my brethren, and to give expression on their behalf to the feelings of deep regret with which we have learned that you are about to vacate your present field for another and distant sphere of usefulness.

The cordial relations, which have always characterized our intercourse with you, only augment the sense of loss which we shall sustain by your removal from us, which is shared in likewise by the churches of the county at large. Your earnestness and zeal in the Master's cause, your fidelity to the truth, and your arduous and abundant labors, have endeared you to the hearts of very many, and especially to us—your co-laborers in the Kingdom and pallbearers of our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot do less than assure you that your brotherly counsel, your wise and gentle admonitions, and your faithful exhibitions of the gospel have been highly appreciated by us, and we are sure that they will secure an abundant and glorious reward.

Our sincere prayer is that a rich blessing will accompany you to your future home; and that yet more abundant success may crown your labors there. With kind remembrances and best wishes for your future prosperity, and also your faithful and devoted companions and family.
I am, my dear brother,
Fraternally yours,
STEPHEN MARCH,
Chairman of Lun. Co. Min. Conference.

From Dr. B.H.

I thank you very much for your excellent editorial report in your last issue, of the discussion on Baptist Union in the recent session of the F. C. Baptist Conference at Midland. As an eye and ear witness, I feel much pleasure in testifying, not only to the correctness of the report in the minute particulars, but also to the common sense inferences drawn from what was seen and heard. My impression was, that only for the temporary blockade to which you refer, the *Unit's Assn.* would have passed, if not unanimously, by an overwhelming majority. Our Free brethren see that the track for organic union is, on our part, clear; and that the responsibility mainly rests upon them to say when that union shall be consummated. I anticipate a speedy removal of these obstacles, and a blessed realization of our fondly cherished hopes. What a grand host of ministers and people to come together, having the "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," thoroughly organized for Christian service in church building, to Home and Foreign Missions, in Sunday School, in all the higher forms of Christian education, and in soul saving at home and abroad. The Lord hasten it in his time.
L. B. BELL.

P. S. My sermon in the pastorate of St. Martins, Rev. W. F. Parker, is doing excellent work, and I rejoice in any winning golden opinions from the people generally.
I. S. S.

Faith's Lesson.

"It is all humbug; I do not believe there is any religion in it," said Roy Wellington to himself, as he glanced around the beautiful and costly church, and at the elegantly dressed people who worshipped there.

He listened to a sermon which, unfortunately for him, happened to be a doctrinal one; to the music, beautifully and artistically rendered by the choir; and to the prayers that seemed to pray for everything and every one except him, and he concluded, with a bitterness partly due to an uneasy conscience, that it was all "humbug."

He had reached a point in his life where he no longer felt satisfied; when the soul within cried out for better things; but, following in the footsteps of many older people, he tried to satisfy it with intellectual food. No young fellow in college worked harder than he, and no one was a greater favorite with pupils and teachers, for he was upright and honest, generous and kind-hearted. Yet he felt that he lacked something. What was it?

And just here the plea for religion came in; but he made himself believe, honestly enough, that religion was a thing of the imagination—a superstition; beautiful, truly, in a certain sentimental way, but producing no real effect on the hearts or lives of those who professed to possess it. "If I knew some one who had been greatly changed by religion, I would believe in it," he used to argue with himself. Roy Wellington had come up to the city on a short visit to his friend and former room-mate, Willis Morgan. He had arrived the evening before, which accounted for his being in the Morgan pew that morning, and fighting over again this old question, which would keep coming up, if it was only a superstition.

"You must go to your uncle's while you are in the city," Mrs. Wellington had said; and Roy had promised he would; but he sighed dismally as he thought of it that Sabbath afternoon, when he lounged so comfortably in his friend's luxurious room.

"What's the trouble, old fellow?" inquired Willis; "you look solemn enough for a funeral."

Roy laughed, "Well, the fact is," he said, "it's enough to make any one look solemn to even think of going to Uncle Harry's, let alone, actually going there, which dire fate lies before me."

"Really," said Willis, "this grows interesting. Do explain."

"There is nothing exciting about it," answered Roy, "and it isn't just the thing to talk about one's relations; but I must say, a visit to that house gives me the blues. They are poor, you know; that is, Uncle has only a salary, and not a very big one, either, and Aunt Fannie is bound to live as though they were rich; and she worries and frets all the time because they can't. Then the children copy after her, I guess, for they are always crying for what they can't have. Why, I've seen the whole family, except poor Uncle, who is off at night in the office all day and half the night, sit down and cry over some foolish thing, instead of getting up and going to work."

"But how about Faith?" asked Willis. "I thought you were rather fond of your Cousin Faith."

"Well, so I am; she is pretty and smart and very ambitious in school; but at home she is just like the rest; hates to work; and, instead of trying to help when things are at sixes and sevens, will go off and bury herself in a book."

"It's a bad case," admitted Willis; but I don't see any help for it."

"Nor I; but I mean to make a very short stay in so discouraging a place." But Roy had reason to change his mind: it was not so discouraging at his uncle's after all. Uncle Harry himself appeared in better health and spirits than he had before in years; the children were less fretful and more content; even Aunt Fannie was better satisfied with the existing state of things than ever before. There seemed to have come a great change over the entire household, and what was the cause? Roy saw and pondered, and finally concluded it must be Faith.

It was Faith who kept the house in order, and helped with the other work; so they had no girl, which lightened the household expenses and made things more comfortable all around; it was Faith who helped the children off to school in the morning, and assisted them with their lessons at night. It was Faith's smile and cheerful word that made their home the pleasant place it was. The children came to her with all their joys and sorrows, were full of sympathy and help; the mother grew cheerful and encouraged with the loving help of a daughter, and the father seemed to find home once more home; and Roy looked on and wondered to be contradicted by her with the selfish, self-loving girl of a year before.

"Faith," he said, one evening when the children were in bed, the young girl came down-stairs and entered the pleasant sitting-room, "Faith, have you given up the education you used to think so much of?"

"No, I hope not," said Faith; then she added: "I had to stay home this year; that is, I thought I ought to, for we could not afford a girl, and it seemed the only right way for me to stay at home and help mamma."

"So you will lose a whole year."

"Yes," answered Faith, quietly, "but I may have a chance to go to school yet; if not, it will be right anyway. Surely what He made is the best," she added softly, as if to herself.

"Faith," said Roy, abruptly, "is that it?"

"Is what it?" asked Faith smiling.

Roy made no reply for a moment, then he asked earnestly:

"Faith, are you a Christian?"

"I hope so," answered the girl; "I believe so."

"Then that accounts for it," exclaimed her cousin.

"Accounts for what?" asked Faith, in a puzzled tone. "What are you talking about?"

"You," replied Roy, "and that was all she could get him to say."

It was six months later and Faith Milton stood by the open window, an open letter in her hand, which she had just finished reading. It had been a hard winter for the girl. She sometimes grew so tired of the daily round of duties that were finished one day only to be taken up again the next.

"What is the good of it all?" she would think bitterly, "and what am I doing for the Master?"

That very morning she had been so discouraged, so despondent, and now had come this letter. The first of it was filled with family news and talk of school work and plans for the future, but at the last came this: "I cannot close this letter without speaking of one thing more. When I came to your father's house last fall I was an unbeliever, and thought religion merely a pretty, sentimental notion; but when I saw blushed forth in the sweet usefulness of your daily life, I could no longer refuse to believe. It has been a long, hard struggle; I had resisted too long for it to be easy for me; but it is all right at last, and from this time on the Master you serve will be mine also; and I have you dear Faith, to thank that it is so."

And Faith, as she read, rejoiced and was glad. Suddenly the world had grown bright again. She felt the breath of spring in the air, and somewhere in the trees a little bird poured forth a burst of melody.

In Faith's heart was melody and the breath of reviving life. "I will never doubt again," she cried, "but take my life as God pleases it; for where he puts me is my place; and the work I do there is the thing he would have me do."—*Journal and Messenger.*

What Industry Does.

While industry is not itself genius, those who have genius always employ industry. In fact, it is the distinguishing trait of men of genius; Napoleon, all admit, possessed remarkable genius; but no one exceeded him in activity and industry. Balzac is another example; he wrote in all 269 different works, and all of his manuscripts evinced great care; some had been written ten times.

It is remarkable what stress the great writers lay on industry. A young man asked Anthony Trollope how to become a successful writer, and received this reply: "When you sit down to write put a piece of shoemaker's wax on your chair." And on his own writings Trollope spent a certain amount of time each day, no matter whether sick or well. His aim was to write forty pages of 250 words each every week.

Charles Dickens also believed in industry as the main thing. He would take down names that struck him, and also peculiar conversation he heard while travelling. All this demanded work; in fact, his recreations were spent in work of this kind, seeing things and writing them down.

Martin Luther was one of the most industrious men the world ever saw; he published during his life-time 750 volumes; he translated the Bible into German, itself the work of a life-time. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and yet learned eighteen ancient and modern languages as well as several dialects.

George Eliot was a wonderful example of untiring work. It is said she read one thousand books in preparing to write "Daniel Deronda." The amount of preparation for "Romola" was equally immense.

Glennie is a wonderful "Latinist" and a wonderful man. One of his recreations is to translate English into Latin or Greek into English. He takes long walks, thinking nothing of stress and strain, and to cut down a stout oak tree before breakfast is an especial pleasure.

Bismarck is another hard-working states-

man. He rises early, and is able to tire out clerks and correspondents with writing. The discussion of the treaty of peace with the French occupied three hours, and then it was seen that Thiers was completely exhausted. While he rested and slept for two hours, Bismarck went on writing his dispatches and letters, and on the awaking of Thiers, resumed the argument apparently strong and hearty.

Longfellow made one of his translations during the few minutes he was obliged to await each morning for his coffee. Elihu Burritt became a learned man by having a book before him as he blew the bellows in a blacksmith shop.—*Treasure Trove.*

Girls in Africa.

A father looks upon his girls as being of the value only of so many goats, and he is ready to sell her as soon as any man offers him the required payment. Thus, while she is quite young—perhaps only four or five—her life and liberty may have been sold away by her own father, and sooner or later she must become the wife, the slave, the drudge of her owner. While at Mayumba, near the mouth of the Congo river, I one afternoon heard a child screaming frantically behind the house where I was staying, and going out I found a little Benalla girl not more than four years old, who had just been brought down the lagoon from her home away in Mamba Hills, where she had been bought by a Mayumba man. The crew of the canoe in which she had been brought down—six big, ferocious-looking men—were standing around the little prisoner, pointing their guns and spears at her just for the sport of seeing her shake and scream with fright; and a band of women were dancing with delight at the heartless game. It was impossible to save the poor child from the cruel treatment just then, but that was only the beginning of a lifetime of suffering for her in the midst of a strange people, with no friend at hand to help or protect her.

One morning a woman came to the mission-house at Victoria carrying a sick infant, for whom she wished medicine. I feared the child was dying, but went to get some medicine ready for it, when I heard outside the mother's voice break out into the wild dirge, which told me the little one had died. Ah! I felt I could leave the spirit of that little one in the hands of a tender loving Christ; but, just at my side, there was a bright little lassie of six or seven, who had been only a short time in the mission, but who had learned very quickly, and into whose heart we treated the light of the knowledge of Jesus had begun to shine. She was bright, healthy, happy; death was not yet for her, but something worse awaited her. A day or two after, a stalwart Bakwili man came to the mission-house and asked if we had a girl called Bekwamber? "Yes," "Then I want her; she belongs to me." And so she did. Bright, winsome little Bekwamber's day of joy was over; she had been sold to this man, and now he came to claim her. We pleaded with him to let her stay; it was no use. We might have bought her from him, but that we felt would be wrong. And the poor little girl was taken away from all Christian teaching and help to a heathen town to grow up after the fashion of heathen parents, and be the wife of a heathen man, all against her own wish. Can you think of anything sadder?—*R. W. Hay.*

Shining for Jesus.

The influence of a life of communion with Christ can not be measured by exertions put forth. Over and above these, there is the unconscious but powerful influence of a countenance which tells of peace and joy within.

For instance, the present writer knows of the case of a young woman, who was thus awakened to seek the salvation of her soul. While still quite careless, she happened to go to an evangelistic meeting, held in a town in Scotland, where her eye fell upon another young woman, who was joining in the singing of a hymn with evident delight. Seeing her calmly happy face, the careless one said to herself,—"That young woman must possess a happiness which I know nothing of. I wish I had it too." Desire deepened into anxiety, and she sought and found the Saviour.

All cannot speak for Jesus with their lips, but all may thus shine for him. To do so, we must, like Moses, commune with God face to face. Then we shall reflect his glory, though we know not that we are doing so.

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light. Like a little candle burning in the night, in the world's darkness, so we ought to shine. You in your small corner, I in mine."

Jesus bids us shine, first of all for him; "Will he know me and see if I shine for him?"—*do shine.*

He looks down from heaven to see us shine, "Will he know me and see if I shine?"—*do shine.*

You in your small corner, I in mine.

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This, That and The Other.

—Sin is like a nettle, which stings when it is gently touched, but hurts not when it is roughly handled.

—Mr. Spurgeon's is now one of some 3,000 British churches in which unfettered wine is used at the Lord's Supper. —The seed of sacrifice brings forth the fragrant fruit of love, and love always has in its heart the seeds of new sacrifice.—*Rev. Josiah Strong.*

—Bro. Dargen, of Petersburg, Va., said: "Self control is making yourself do what you don't want to do, and keeping yourself from doing some thing you want to do."

—Now, just eighteen years after the opening of the first Protestant chapel in Madrid, there are sixty Protestant organizations in Spain, with 14,000 adherents.

—It is said that the largest sum ever raised for any Missionary Board in this country in a year, was the \$73,000 raised last year for the Northern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

—Russia has increased its debt tenfold since the Crimean war, fighting but one great war in the interval, and since the Russo-Turkish war closed the Czar's government has borrowed \$100,000,000 a year.

—We may have quoted these words of Dr. W. S. Aspery before, but they are worthy of quotation again: "Christ says to every lost sinner, 'Come'; to every redeemed sinner, 'Go.' Come, and be saved; go, and save some one else."

—Spurgeon denies with emphasis the assertion ascribed to him, that "if the Salvation army were wiped out of London, 5,000 extra policemen could not fill its place in the repression of disorder and crime." Just as we expected.

—It is difficult to get a better answer than the following. A little boy was asked what the Bible meant by saying, "Abraham believed God, and he counted it to him for righteousness." He replied: "He marked his soul so high for it that it counted more than all the bad marks he had."

—Old gentlemen (putting a few questions)—Now, boys—can you tell what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?

Small scholar (like a shot)—Please, sir, th' warn't no commandments, then, sir!—*Blacking.*

—The production of precious metals in the United States for 1886, is estimated by the Director of the Mint to have been: Gold, \$85,000,000; silver, \$51,000,000. The production of gold shows an increase over the prior year of \$3,500,000. The production of silver is slightly less than in 1885.

—The Oriental call a fanatic "a one sared wale." It is a delightful and instructive fact that divine Providence has (no doubt wisely) given man two ears; what is this for but that he may hear both sides? Let us not rashly and irreverently set out to frustrate the designs of Providence.—*Nat. Baptist.*

—Dr. Joseph Parker was born and educated among the Independents, but in a division brought about by Dr. Morrison, Mr. Parker, then a young man, joined the Wesleyans, and soon became a class-leader and a local preacher. But when he entered upon his public ministry he came back to the Congregationalists.

—To be good and to do good are the two great objects set before the Christians; to develop a perfect character by rendering a perfect service. True Christian culture leads to and expresses itself in service, while faithful and loving service is the best means of Christian culture.—*Washington Gladden.*

—The native church in Formosa, with 1,473 communicants, has, during 1886, contributed for the support of gospel ordinances and for missionary work the sum of \$2,143.61, more than double the sum contributed in 1885, and more than six times the sum contributed in 1882. The Anglo native church has 1,620 communicants. The sum total of their contributions in 1886 was \$3,453.

—It is related that Prince Bismarck was recently asked for an autograph by a young English girl who professed extraordinary admiration for him, and wrote that she would consider a few lines from him an omen of happiness for her future life. He sent her the following: "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air; they are of all structures the easiest to erect and the most difficult to demolish."—*Evening Post.*

Literary Notes.

General Francis A. Walker's article on "What Shall We Tell the Working Classes?" in the November *Scribner's*, will contain some very vigorous and plain-spoken words on the labor question.