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VOL I

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OTHER DENOMINATIONS recognize the importance of their great annual meeting as we do not. They take time to give the matters coming up for action deliberate and sufficient attention. We, however, confine our sessions to three days, and there is often a feverish hurry and impatience which make calm deliberation very difficult. Why can we not come to our Convention determined to stay until its business is thoroughly well done? At least let us all make up our minds this year to stay the full time usually allotted. The last sessions of our Convention are often very thin; because many of our ministers and delegates hurry away before the close. Surely when yearly business which is so vital to our denomination, is to be attended to, we ought to do our best to do it well.

Do we not often waste much of the precious time of our Convention in the discussion of minor points, and in attending to matters of detail? Might we not do more work in committees, and leave more time to the Convention to concentrate its attention upon the topics of chief interest? Very often trivial matters are discussed to death, and the more important are hurried through at the last moment, when brethren are ready to vote for almost anything in order to finish the business and get away. Could we not save time by having epitomes of our reports read, rather than the extended reports themselves?

We are glad to notice a new departure on the part of two of our leading churches. They have given calls to pastors without hearing them. We hail this departure with unqualified satisfaction. There are many of our best men who regard the candidate system as a degradation of the ministry. They do not like to put themselves on exhibition before an audience of critical hearers. They feel as though they were being asked to show off their pace, much as a horse is exhibited before the buyer. We admit, in the case of those who are beginning to preach, or who are strangers in the denomination, there may be need of mutual acquaintance, before there is committal on the part of either church or minister. In the case, however, of those who are well known, their past record where they have labored gives a truer idea of the man than any few sermons he may preach while "on trial." If we may use the degrading word, sermons, under such circumstances, are usually the true index of a man's power. Some men do their best then to preach a few of their not very many very good sermons. Others can never do justice to themselves when subjected to such a test. Besides, a minister's preaching power is but one of the elements of success in his work. If he be called to regard, to this alone, he may disappoint, nevertheless. Churches are wise who judge of men by the record of years, and call them because they are known to be the earnest men of God, and successful workers.

WE GIVE ANOTHER instalment to-day of the correspondence on the question of "Woman's Work." We have considerable more on hand, which will appear in the time, in the order in which it was received, unless the writers think it unwise to publish what has been so largely forwarded by what has already been given to the reader. Our friends must not feel grieved if we give but a certain space to the discussion week by week. We do not believe in allowing our paper to be filled with one subject, when to fill it thus, means to sweep us away from that calmness which is necessary to keep our minds evenly balanced, and open to the force of argument. If any one is preparing to write, let us advise that the pen be run through every word which is not courteous and kindly. The world is looking on to see how well we exemplify the excellency of the religion we profess,—"how we Christians love one another."

IT IS VERY EVIDENT that the way in which the Convention Scheme is worked in many churches, is the least effective way. Nothing is attempted until about July. Then collectors are sent around, to gather up what they may find. The people, especially in the country districts, are then most busy. There is no time in the year when there is less money to be had, because the income from last year's crops is expended, and the proceeds of this year's harvest have not come in. We need to begin to gather funds immediately after Convention, and keep gathering in at stated periods during the year, if we would reach the best results.

WE NEED, very carefully, to consider just where the defect is in our present plan of gathering in our Mission and other funds. Is it in the plan itself, or because it is not worked? Is it because what is everybody's business is nobody's business? We need some one in each church to act as agent of all our Boards—in our Convention Scheme. We shall never do much for a church unless there be such an one to lead the members in the matter of beneficence. Who shall he be? It has always seemed to us that each pastor is the representative of the denomination in his church. If it is necessary for churches to have pastors to lead in other Christian work, why should they not lead in this? If we are ever to do what we should in the matter of the support of ministers, &c., it must be by our pastors accepting this as a part of their work.

WE REBERT EXCEEDEDLY that, in reading the proofs last week, we failed to notice an error which places our brother, J. A. Ford, in an unenviable position. The paragraph which states that "Bro. Ford is applying for Milton Baptist Church should, of course, have read, 'supplying for Milton church.' There is all the difference in the world between the two. So far from Bro. Ford applying for the church, the church had applied for him, and given him an unanimous call to the pastorate, which he believes he has accepted. We trust that his labors there during the coming year may be richly blessed.

There were also several errors in the leader on Woman's Work.

HORTON ACADEMY AND THE ST. JOHN SEMINARY will soon begin work. Let our pastors, and all others interested in our Educational Institutions, improve the time that remains. Are there not some young men or young ladies on your fields who ought to go to our Academies? If you all do your best to get these to attend, how many students might be obtained? Will you not try?

OUR REMARKS concerning the St. Martin's sermon, are quoted by the Presbyterian Witness, with this comment: "We greatly regret that a Presbyterian minister should transgress the rules of the Anglican body in a matter of this kind. He may have good reasons for what he did—we presume he has. But if Episcopalians see proper to bind themselves in the grave clothes of the superstitious of the Dark Ages, we must even let them have their own way."

THE PRINCE OF WALES and the other princes could not go to Westminster to hear the services in honor of General Grant. They were represented by their surrogates.—Ez.

It seems to our western minds rather a doubtful compliment to send a servant with a carriage to attend a funeral. If the great hero whose remains were laid away beside the Hudson a week ago, had been some brainless German princeling, court etiquette would, no doubt, have permitted these royal princes to attend in person.

THE WELSHMAN after quoting our words on the prospect of either closing the year with a heavy debt resting on our Home and Foreign Mission Boards, or adopting a policy of retrenchment, says: "We read of the threatened retrenchment with sorrow. Of the home mission work of our Baptist brethren we know comparatively little—it is difficult for the uninitiated to separate it from the self-supporting work—but we have long admired their energy and pluck in foreign fields. If a bugle-blast of ours could reach our neighbor's hosts it would gladly be sounded. In the meantime we cherish the hope that the days yet to elapse will enable the Mission Board to plant its foot under Milton's motto, 'Not a step backward.' A step backward in Christ's work among the heathen in the latter part of this nineteenth century would be sad enough to cause silence in heaven. Never, never, Baptist brethren!"

THE ATTENTION of all interested in the Baptist Anniversary Association, is called to the time and place of its annual meeting, as noted in another column.

AFTER THE CHARACTERISTIC MODESTY note of Bro. C. W. Williams, St. Andrews, was in print last week, we received from Deacon J. R. Calhoun a much fuller account of the state of affairs there, and of the good time they had last Sunday week, and we gladly publish his letter in this issue.

AN ENVELOPE reached this office on Monday, postmarked Yarmouth, containing a P. O. Order for \$6.25. If the friend who sent it will kindly forward his name, he will greatly oblige us.

THE FACULTY of the Baptist Seminary of this city is now complete, the appointment of Miss Newcombe to the position of Preceptor, and teacher of English Literature and History, filling the only remaining vacancy.

WOLVILLE, N. S. The buildings are good ones, and the site unexcelled. It overlooks the marshes of Grand Pre, and the wide water sweep of Minas Basin, (part of the bay of Fundy), and on a swell of ridge that slopes down to 136, Cornwallis valley on one side and to the famous Gasperaux river and valley on the other side, so that from its roof your eye sweeps the classic fields of Longfellow's Evangeline.

The Acadia Female Seminary, another excellent Baptist School, is located upon the same hill-side with the University. Of the University, Rev. Dr. A. W. Sawyer is the honored and accomplished president, and Miss Mary F. Graves is the Seminary's admirable principal. The faculty of the University is composed of 7 instructors; that of the Seminary of 6. Besides these leading schools, is Horton Collegiate Academy for both sexes, established in 1838. It has a faculty of three teachers, with Prof. J. F. Tuttle principal.

This school and the ladies Seminary at Wolfville are under the control of the Board of governors of Acadia University. The Acadia Institute, located upon the same hill-side with the University, was founded in 63. Six were graduated. The financial condition of these schools is healthy and sound, and the future hopeful. There were 76 at the ladies Seminary last year and 63 at Horton Academy. At St. John there is the beginning of another school, a Classical High School. L. E. Wortman, is principal. This institution is under the direction of the Baptist Union Educational Society, was founded last year and has a faculty of six instructors.

RELIGIOUS JOURNALS. Recently a happy combination has been effected between the two religious weeklies of these provinces. The "Christian Messenger," established in 1836, and published at Halifax, N. S., and the "Christian Visitor," established 1848 and published at St. John, N. B., became one—the "Messenger and Visitor," edited by Rev. C. Goodspeed and published at St. John by the Maritime Baptist Publishing Co. Its former editor, Rev. Dr. Hopper, pastor of the Brussels St. church at St. John, publishes three monthlies: "The Canadian Record," an 8 page paper devoted to Mission and Sunday School work at the Youth's Visitor, and "The Gem," for the little ones. These monthlies are illustrated, and are fresh and bright.

The next convention will meet at Amherst, N. B., August 22, which I hope to be able to attend. These Province people are not better sitters than the average of our humanity, nor do they attend church any better. But one thing they do—they keep the Sabbath better than our own people. To be here over Sunday reminds one of the Sabbath in Scotland.

Lines Published Anonymously, in the "Ass. dia."

(WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ABBEY JONES.)
From the water they raised him,—but life
Was extinguished. Now tears are shed;
And in hearts great sorrow is rife,
For the dead.

In his coffin they laid him—rest,
After Life's brief sad struggle to live.
Ah! the Giver's hand knows when his best,
To receive.

To his tomb they bore him—his friends;
All youths yet not stronger than he.
But when death's call to us sends—
Who can flee?

In that home there is sorrow,—yet we
Is but ours. 'Tis of mortal,—we
Thank God! This release when we go
From this earth.

Thank God for a comfort—"Thy love
That is under such grief and such pain.
Thou' art apart for a time, we above
Meet again.

August 11th, 1885.

Canon Farrar's Address at the Grant Memorial.

The following is Canon Farrar's address at the Grant Memorial service in Westminster Abbey, Aug. 4. His text was taken from Acts 13:36. Eight years have not passed since the late Dean Stanley, whom Americans so loved and honored, was walking around this Abbey with Gen. Grant, explaining its wealth of great memories. Neither of them had nearly attained the allotted span of human life. Both might have hoped that many years would elapse before descending to the grave full of years and honors. This is only the fourth summer since Dean Stanley fell asleep. To-day we assemble at the obsequies of the great soldier, whose sun set while it was yet day, and at whose funeral service in American tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with the weeping family and friends. I desire to speak simply and directly, with generous appreciations, but without idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, his faults or failings of character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are before the judgment of God's merciful forgiveness. We will touch only upon his public actions and services. Upon a bluff overlooking the Hudson his monument will stand, recalling to future generations the dark page in the nation's history which he did so much to close.

After eloquently tracing Gen. Grant's boyhood and manhood, the speaker said: "If the men who knew him in Galena, obscure, silent, unprosperous, unambitious, had said, 'if any one had predicted, that he would become twice President and one of the foremost men of the day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent; they show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride that the dictator came from the plow-sail, America may record the answer of the President, who, when asked what would be his coat of arms, answered proudly, 'mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men should be honored simply as men, not according to the accident of birth. America has had two martyred presidents, both sons of the people. One a lonely man, who was a farm lad at the age of 7, a rail-splitter at 18, a Mississippi boatman at 23, and who in manhood proved one of the strongest, most honest, and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew from a shoemaker's child to be a humble teacher in the Hiram Institute. With those presidents America need not blush to name the leather-stroller of Galena. Every true man deserves a patent of nobleness direct from God. Was not the Lord for thirty years a carpenter in Nazareth? Lincoln's and Garfield's and Grant's early conscientious attention to humble duties fitted them to become kings of men. The year 1861 saw the outbreak of the most terrible of modern wars. The hour came and the man was needed. Within four years Grant commanded an army vaster than had ever before been handled by man. It was not luck, but the result of indomitable faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy, iron purpose, persistent tenacity. He rose by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. The very soldiers became impregnated with his spirit. Gen. Grant has been grossly and unjustly called a butcher. He loved peace and hated bloodshed. But it was his duty at all costs to save the country. The struggle was not for victory, but for existence; not for glory, but for life or death. In his insight, determination and clearness of insight Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fury of battle his speech never crossed the lips, and he said, "God's light has been sent forth in that decisive day of a mighty nation that the war of 1861 was a necessary, a blessed work. The church has never refused to honor the faithful soldier fighting for the cause of the country and his God. The cause for which Grant fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race—was as great and noble as when at Lexington the emittled farmers fired the shot which resounded around the world. The South accepted a bloody arbitrament. But the valor and fury of the past are buried in oblivion. The names of Lee and Jackson will be a common heritage with those of Garfield and Grant. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, but Americans. What verdict history will pronounce upon Grant as a politician, and a man I know not, but here and now the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. We leave his faults to the mercy of the merciful. Let us write his virtues on brass for men's example. Let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written on water. Who can tell if his closing hours of torture and misery were not blessings in disguise? God purging the world from dross until the strong man was utterly purified by his strong agony. Could he be gathered in a more fitting place to honor Gen. Grant? There is no lack of American memorials here. We add another to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and forgive is forgotten and forgiven. If the two peoples which are one be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands? Let America and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, indelibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God.

post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time striding through the places of the Old World with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncover'd in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geographer; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved—these are the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular power will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presidential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unobscure himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent about himself; he seemed rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little log house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. When being asked whether the view of the scene fifteen years of his life did not seem to him like a tale of the Arabian Nights, especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light."—Gen. HORACE PORTER, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Records the Parishioner.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D.

One of Boston's honored ministers said to me that he was once hurrying from one part of the city to another, to meet a friend, when, looking down, he saw at his side a little sparrow fluttering with its wings. Hurriedly passing on, he thought of the piteous cry, and was awake two hours hearing the cry of that hurt sparrow. God, he said, had taken care of him till he fell, then he left him there for me to take care of, and I didn't. That man of God had his sleepless hours in remembrance of that incident, and doubtless for years hence he may hear the piteous cry of that wounded bird.

Did you pass a wounded sparrow yesterday—some poor man on the street, hungry and desolate—some soul God had helped so far as your feet, that you might give your help to him! If to all this you may say, it is only morality, I would answer with Coleridge, that this is all in morality. A great deal is now said about ethical questions. Ministers, it is urged, do not know how much we need ethics; but the one sentence which holds both to philanthropy and ethics, is that of the Lord Jesus Christ, "I do always those things which please Him." When this becomes the law, the pattern and inspiration of life, then ethics have begun to be preached; and it is hope in the prevalence of this law that makes it possible for us to live.

At the beautiful island of Campobello, I found my way into the hut of an old man who mourned the desolation of Zion there. On the walls of his room was a little picture of a vessel upon the rocks, evidently breaking up. Far away, between the wreck and the shore, in a little boat, were two men, and that old fisherman said, "That is my boy in that boat." The vessel was breaking up there on the rocks, and when some men who had gone to see if they could save any man, returned, saying they could do nothing on account of the sea, the boy came to his father and said, "I am going to save those men." He was told that he might be drowned, but he said "I am not thinking of being drowned, but of saving those men." So he went to the boat with another to help; and when he had brought every man off safely, he said "Father, it seemed to me that the waters were smoother when we were doing that."

"Ah, Nelson," said his father, "that was

General Grant's Career.

the story of General Grant's life savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a front-

God." And he replied, "I think it was." This comes to us as a parable. A great many things in life are not easy; there are a good many tired nights, and hard things; trials, for which a good deal of bracing up is needed; and times when many will say, "Oh, young man, if you do that you will be drowned." And what does he say? "I wish it might be for your motto and inspiration! 'Captain I am not thinking of being drowned, but of saving this man.'"—Golden Rule.

A Thrilling Incident.

Not far from the picturesque watering-place called Bray, in county Wicklow, Ireland, a vessel was driven on the rocks. The storm was terrific, and a terrible death appeared to await the seamen on board the schooner. The life-boat was launched and the hardy and courageous seamen ventured out upon their work of rescue. Anxiety was strongly marked upon the countenances of the men. The line between true courage and foolhardiness is very difficult to draw when angry seas threaten to overwhelm rescuers and wrecked. This a noble heroism that professes life for life. Amongst the life-boat's crew sat a man whose countenance wore no trace of anxiety. "Away to the rescue," "Onward," "Lose not a moment," was the burden of his courageous cry. The heavy surf crossed safely, his brawny features shone through the storm with the brightness of the word rescue written upon them. Onward they pulled their way, and twenty long minutes to the watchers on the shore passed before they reached the wreck. Through the blinding storm they watched and waited the supreme issue. Would the rescuers succeed or would they be beaten back from their noble work? Could it be that the life-boat had been swamped? Where was she? Every eye was strained; every heart was lifted up in earnest desire and fervent prayer. The strain was soon realized. See, she is returning. From behind the impaled schooner the life-boat is seen. "Thank God they have rescued some at least!" said a gentleman, as by the aid of the glass he discerned a larger number in the life-boat than she started with. How those oars defy the strength of ocean; success nerves every arm; the buoyant craft insists upon the surface, and every minute brings them near the shore. Men breathe more freely now, and the sound of loud cheering words reach the occupants of the gallant life-boat. Yes, they had taken all the precious lives of the schooner, and now it was but a battle in the destruction of property. The men (the real estate) in the ship were saved. Half an hour sufficed to see them through the danger of the fearful surf. Oh such greetings; such welcome and joy! Life saved makes strangers instant friends and life-long friendships. A gentleman present who noticed the courageous willingness of the seaman to whom we have called attention, went up to him, and shaking hands, said, "What prompted your courage and readiness to dare the storm?" "Ah, sir," he replied, "I can tell you that I was once in the same position, wrecked and rescued by a life-boat."

BAPTIST LEAVEN.—Quite a number of the converts from the "Sam" Jones meeting in Nashville have demanded and obtained immersion, although entering pedobaptist churches. Cumberland, Old School Presbyterians and Methodists have insisted, as did the enunch, on going "down into the water," and four or five pastors have been either borrowing baptisteries, or utilizing our noble Cumberland River that flows through our city. All this in the head-center of Methodism. Nowadays we seldom hear of pedobaptist preachers, preaching on baptism. The best thing that they can do is to let it alone. Truth is mighty and must prevail. One Methodist minister immersed eleven at one time.

SOMETHING TO BE REMARKED.—The Tennessee Baptist, published at Memphis, is understood to be in a tottering condition financially. Lately it issued a flaming advertisement in the shape of a circular, which it sent out to Baptist preachers, and offered, as an inducement to them to subscribe, "A valuable sermon, and a skeleton of another one each week," and adds: "This skeleton can be filled out and used." This is one of the "Sic grand features" of the paper. Some of us have been taught that plagiarism is wrong. To take a "skeleton, fill it out and use it" would that be honest? What makes the thing more to be remarked is, that the editor of the Tennessee Baptist is Rev. J. R. Graves, D.D., LL.D. I will not venture to criticize the editor or advertisement in this case, but simply say, "A cat can look at a king."—These last two items are taken from an interesting letter by CUMBERLAND, in the Journal and Messenger.