

Messenger and Visitor.

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NO. 11.

—WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ABOUT IT?—
We mean the plan for systematic work. Have you just read it—possibly said, yes, that is very good, and then—forgotten about it? Take time to think it over, pastors; but don't treat it as some communications are treated by editors. It is vitally connected with the amount and effectiveness of Christian service, growth in grace, the salvation of souls, and the glory of God. Will not some of our pastors write us what they think of it, and of their success in getting their churches to work it?

—THE UPPER CANADIAN BAPTIST MISSION.
—Bro. McLaurin is compelled by failing health to return home. The Samuolotta Seminary, where a grand work is being done in educating native preachers, is thus left without a head. The missionaries on the field have had a consultation, and decided that the Seminary must be suspended for fifteen months, while Bro. McLaurin comes home to escape the death which has this year robbed the mission already of two most noble workers—Timpany and Currie. This is justly regarded as a disaster; but there is no way to avoid it. The Board is calling for a brother to go to India at once. May the Lord put it into the heart of some one well qualified to respond.

—PROHIBITION IN MAINE.—One of the most surprising things in the world is the ease with which people will believe the most absurd statements, if they are according to their wish. It is doubtful if an anti-prohibitionist ever found who is not ready, almost to swear, that prohibition has been a failure in Maine. The papers controlled directly or indirectly by the rum power, never weary in repeating this statement, and all the testimony of governors, judges, mayors and the most reliable men in Maine itself, are of no account whatever. Even a Goldwin Smith and a Howard Crosby can repeat the stale assertion. It seems very strange, if the Maine law be such a failure, leading to more drunkenness and demoralizing the people, that the people of Maine cannot see it, and rise up in their might and wipe it from the Statute Books. Instead of this, however, they keep adding new provisions to make it more effective, and opposition to it has been reduced to a minimum. In our News Summary, last week, is an outline of some most rigorous provisions added to the law, which were carried 101 to 24. If it is impossible to restrict the liquor traffic in this way, as is asserted ad nauseam by people unfavorable to prohibition, surely the people of Maine have had time to know it, and, instead of amending the law, they would repeal it. We have no hope that this new evidence of the satisfaction of the people in Maine with prohibitory legislation will receive the least attention from those who do not wish to believe that prohibition can prohibit; but with reasonable people whose eyes are not blinded by prejudice, the facts will have overwhelming weight.

—PREPARE FOR THE PRAYER MEETING.—Is it not generally the case that Christians go to the prayer meeting from the rush of business or the distractions of life, without taking time to get the mind down to thoughts of God and personal and general need, or the heart open toward heaven in holy desire? It is expected that the prayer meeting itself will bring the mind into the right frame. Is not this the reason why prayer meetings, so generally, drag at the beginning, and often never reach a high level of interest and power? No one is ready to take part at first, and the exercises are cold, formal, lifeless. One thought about the prayer meeting will help correct this state of things. If all should feel that each should go to contribute something to the quickening and edification of others, as well as to receive quickening and edification himself, it would do much to lead Christians to prepare for the prayer meeting. The pastor has a sense of this responsibility, and comes prepared. The teacher is not so apt to go unprepared to school as the scholars, who expect to receive rather than impart. If all should go aside for a few moments for thought and prayer, before going to the meeting, the service might start where it often ends, and go on gaining in interest, and each heart share in the increased blessing. Won't you try it, brethren?

—GEO. W. CABLE.—This now famous novelist is an earnest Sabbath school worker. Recently he started a bible class at Northampton, where he resides, which has an attendance of over 300. This shows that he is something more and better than a novelist.

—DEMOCRACY.—Mr. Powdery, the head of the Knights of Labor, refused to accord any sympathy to the socialists in Chicago, condemned for throwing bombs into a crowd. For this he has been denounced by the Central Labor Union of New York. This will give him but a larger share of the good will of all right-thinking people.

—SACRALIZATION OF THE SABBATH.—It is said in the United States, by many of the irreligious class, that the Sabbath should be secularized, for the sake of the laboring class. These people desire it to be given up to recreation instead of to religious purposes. But to do this would involve the repealing of all laws against labor on the Lord's day. When this is done, it soon results that, instead of securing a day of recreation and amusement, the working men have their day of rest taken away. The following item, clipped from an exchange, bears upon the point:

At Berlin a thousand journeymen carpenters and joiners have petitioned the Government to protect them from Sunday labor, while at Dresden the directors of some large glass works have dismissed all their men—about a thousand—on account of their refusal to work on Sunday.

—JESUIT MISSIONS.—It cannot be denied that Jesuit missionaries have not been behind any in self-sacrifice and devotion. Nevertheless, their missions have had no permanent success. In China and Japan they were driven out, and among the Indians of America their work has well nigh perished. One reason for this is to be found in the fact that they have ever dabbled in politics, and made themselves obnoxious to the secular governments. The Christianity taught, also, was so mixed with error that the power of its truth to make the strongest appeal to the heart was lost. What the world needs is the pure truth of God, kept in its own supreme place, and uncompromised through association with worldly power and guile.

—REVIVAL.—The Examiner of last week is full of reports of revival. Mention is made of over 2,000 souls professing conversion in connection with Baptist churches, chiefly in Kentucky, Virginia, and New York. The gatherings are chiefly in connection with special services. The Lord is ever waiting to be gracious. Among our churches the blessing is falling, where the hearts of our people are lifted up to God for it. Let all believers who read this note see to it that they help prepare the way of the Lord.

—FRANK.—A writer in the London Methodist Times makes a frank statement which does honor to his straightforwardness, while it shows how our sentiments are leaning other denominations. He says: "Our baptism is so meaningless that by many, if not by the most parents, the rite is regarded as useless. They are practically Baptists, and this to an extent that has surprised me."

—SURPRISE.—The following, copied from the Morning Star, will be a surprise to many. There are some who believe that the Roman hierarchy is planning with consummate skill to control America through massing a Catholic population in the great centres of trade and influence.

Of the 11,000 children born in Boston last year, 7,000 were of Catholic parents. The *Prophet* says that a steady annual growth of seven in eleven, independent of the gain by immigration, will in the course of one generation make Boston the most distinctively Catholic city in the world.

—DO LIKEWISE.—Mr. Moody says: "Many years ago, I determined that each day I would speak to some one soul personally about eternal things, and if I live the allotted period of man's life, I will have spoken to 18,250 individuals, personally." If all believers but made a similar rule, what, with God's blessing, might we not expect? It is hard to begin to speak to people about their souls; but it grows easier as it is practiced. But even though it is hard, is it not the will of him who endured unpeppable things for us, and should not inspire us to do it gladly?

—INQUIRY.—The grounds on which the doctrine of infant baptism rests are not sufficiently known. The topic is not discussed often enough in our pulpits. Parents read too little on the subject; and while it may be urged that the arguments for it are considered difficult of comprehension, there is too little disposition to study them carefully or inquire into them at the lips of pastors and ruling elders. *Southern Presbyterian.*

Is it not strange that the ministers and periodicals of our Pedobaptist brethren never advise their people to study the Bible for themselves, on the question of baptism and its proper subjects? The arguments for infant baptism are "difficult of comprehension." Is there not here a damning admission? Baptists do not shun to refer enquirers on this matter to the Bible, and let them study it for themselves.

—When God created the world He made different nations, to whom were given land, corn, fruit. When they were asked whether they were satisfied, all answered "Yes," except the Russian, who had got as much as the rest, but simpered "Please, Lord, some vodka." Lady Verney's sketch of "Rural Life in Russia," in the January Nineteenth Century, abundantly verifies the popular legend. The Russian village would seem to breathe an atmosphere of whiskey, dirt, and neglect. Eight out of ten children die before the age of ten. The churches are attended mostly by woman and children, while the men frequent the dram shop.

Mrs. Mayhew's Experience.

M. B.

"You see it was just like this with me," said Mrs. Mayhew as she smoothed out her long gingham apron, and swung to and fro in the low rocker: "I was always used to being knocked around, and before I got into my teens I had about settled down to the notion that my life wasn't to be easy like other people's."

I instinctively glanced around the large, bright room, comfortable and tasty beyond most farmers' parlors.

"You can't see it here," went on my hostess with an unconscious movement of the hand toward the furniture around her. "It's a long story, but you're around among people so much that, maybe, you might find somebody that it would help. If you don't mind, I'd like to tell you all about it."

I assured her that I would be most glad to hear it, and, folding her hands together in her lap, she went on:

"My father and mother both died before I was eight years old. From that time until I was thirteen I lived in seven different places. In all those homes there wasn't but one thing they used me like I was a living human being. When I went away from there I cried and clung to the woman who had been like a mother to me till the men had to pull my hands apart. But she couldn't keep me, and she cried too. Then I went to live with a hard, selfish, stingy family, who begrudged me the bread I ate. I was always called a good-for-nothing thing and every other bad name till I really believed that I was meaner than any body else. When Moses Mayhew came to see me I could hardly believe my own ears. To think that he wanted me of all the girls in the neighborhood seemed too good to be true. Then, when we got married, I thought I was just as near to heaven as I ever wanted to be. Nobody had ever loved me since father and mother died as Moses did, and I loved him as a starving man loves bread. But Moses had religion, and when he took me with him to meeting I soon found that I wasn't what I ought to be, and things went on until I got back to where I was before and thought I was the biggest sinner in the world. Then they had practiced meeting, and I went forward and they prayed for me. And, when I said I was going to serve the Lord the best I knew as long as I lived, I felt better, and they said I was converted. But still I would have given my right hand to know if the Lord really did save me and if he really was loving me as his child. But I was always uneasy about it."

"By and by my first baby came, and I kissed her and cried over her all the first night. Then while I lay there waiting to get well and thinking, then I thought surely the good Father does love me, or he wouldn't have got me away from my old life of drudgery and given me a good husband and my little baby—so perfect as any queen's baby. And the more I thought of it the more I could see things that he'd been a doing for me, until my heart was that glad and thankful that I just wanted to give myself all to him and never live a minute without thinking him and trying to do all I could to please him. People said, when baby got older and they saw me loving her so much, that I was making an idol of her, and that was a sin, and God would take her away from me if I did it. But I never kissed her that I didn't feel glad and thankful in my heart to the good Father for giving her to me, and I know I loved him more for it. But when they told me 'twas a sin, then I tried not to think of her so much, and I said maybe he didn't love me so much after all; for I couldn't see how he could love me and not want me to love my baby."

"And then my children kept coming every two years regular, until, except for the two weeks after my babies was born, when I always did a good deal of thinking 'bout God and my duty, I can't say that I grew in grace at all. When I only had two or three children about my knees I used to talk to them about the Good Man who loved little children, and pray with them evenings when Moses'd go to meeting. I taught them little hymns, and told them stories out of the Bible, and many's time my oldest boy and girl have put their arms around my neck and told me how much they loved me, and how good they meant to be when they grew up, and how they would always work for me and love me. Sometimes, too, of a Sunday Moses and I would talk over our plans about the children, and how we loved them, and wanted to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And this kept me glad and thankful sometimes for two or three days. Only think: when Jesus had said 'If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him?' And yet we never learned from our own love for our little ones what our Father's love was for us, even when he told us so

plain what it was like. We were always looking forward to the time when we'd get out of debt, and the children would be grown up, and be smart and willing to help, and good and respectable like too. And so we kept working and hoping and almost forgetting God sometimes, and never once thinking that he knew or cared what we were doing, just so we kept the commandments, and paid the preacher, and went to Church. It makes my heart ache now to think how ignorant we were. To be sure, we read the Bible. Moses always had family worship mornings, and I read the Bible myself on Sunday. That was all the time I had, you know. And sometimes I wondered what Jesus meant when he said he would send the Comforter, but I thought he only came when people were dying, and why he said 'Love one another as I have loved you, if it was a sin to love them all we could. For surely we could not love them as much as Christ loved us. And when he said, 'Lo! I am with you always,' I wondered if that meant any body else but his disciples. But I hadn't any book-learning, and nobody told me the right about these things, and I didn't dare depend on my own judgment. And so sometimes I'd be 'way down in the dark for months. Indeed if it hadn't been for the babies I don't believe I could have held on at all. Once I read that after God made the world he saw that he couldn't be every where to take care of it all, and so he made mothers. That may be only a heathen legend, but it means a good deal to me. I believe that the Lord Jesus sends his Holy Spirit very near whenever a new human soul has been thrown out into life. And the mother must be very dull who can't hear what he says."

"Well it was not very long till we had eight children, and then we didn't have time for any more little loving talks, and I never prayed with the little ones any more."

"Strange how fast our children grew away from us. Sometimes I think if we hadn't had to work so hard we could have kept them closer. Then times seem to be different too. Why, nowadays people 'round here seem to think it silly to show any feelings for their children or each other, or even for their God."

"By and by our oldest boy got to going in bad company, for that was about the only kind there was. Well, you can't think how it hurts to have your children seem to be turning 'out bad, nor how we worried. But it never occurred to us that our heavenly Father knew or cared. Then when my ninth baby lay beside me, I thought it all over, and I cried more than I did every my first baby. And all the time I was a-thinking how could I ever bring up another boy, something kept saying, 'Cast your care upon Him, for he careth for you,' and, 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' I thought if only that meant what it said how glad I would be. If I could only feel every day that Jesus knew all about me, and that he would put out his hand to help me just as quick as I would catch my baby if it was falling, then I wouldn't be afraid again."

"But I had no book-learning, and nobody told me the right about it, and so I gave it up; and when I got up and got to work again I soon forgot all about it. And then we worked harder and harder, and got more and more discouraged every year. It took so much money for our boy, and then he was never satisfied. I don't think he had any idea how much money he spent. His father never made him keep any account of it, just gave it to him when he wanted it, and told him to be careful. I think now if he had allowed him so much, and made him buy his own clothes and save his spending money out of it he would have learned how far a dollar would go. But we thought it wouldn't do to trust him with money."

"Well, it got so that we didn't do anything but work, and we didn't talk about any thing but work. We didn't go to any place, except to Church on Sundays, and we were tired and cross and out of heart all the time."

"Our girls were good girls, I can't say anything against them, only they were smart, and I kept feeling that they were getting further and further away from me all the time. Sometimes when my heart was sorer than usual, I used to scold them and forbid them doing things, just because every new thing they learned, or did took them farther away from me, and I could not bear it."

"Well, one day, when the last quarterly meeting had come, Moses said he guessed we'd go. I didn't care much, for I had got to thinking the Lord intended me to have a hard time of it and hadn't much feelings for me any way. Well, in the morning we had a new presiding elder at love-feast. When he got up to speak, he said 'The Lord Jesus said to the poor, miserable people who crowded around him when he was on earth, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' I believe that means me just as much as if I had been there."

So I have just taken him at his word and came to him. Four years ago I put myself into his hands. I am not working for myself any more; I am just working for him. I have given myself all to him, soul and body, time and money, friends and loved ones, every thing; and he has given me rest. I don't worry about anything, because Jesus knows just how it is, and he is planning for me better than I could plan for myself. When I am tempted Jesus is near me, so near that I could touch him with my hand. You know he said, 'Lo! I am with you always,' and I know that means me. And, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you,' and that means me. Dear friends, get better acquainted with the Lord Jesus. He is the same kind, sympathetic friend who wept with Mary and Martha. He means just what he says. I said to myself, that's just what I've been wanting to hear all these years. And if that man can believe in the Lord Jesus like that, I can too. And then I know in minute that all these things that had been coming to me so many times were sent by the Holy Spirit to get me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

"And then and there I said, Lord Jesus, I do believe that thou wilt take me and help me every day; and so I gave myself to him, with all my troubles and discouragements and mistakes and every thing, and he did take me. And when I knelt at the communion table I gave myself to him again, and said I would do every thing he asked me to do, and I have just kept doing that way ever since, and he just makes me know that I belong to him, and that he will take care of me and every thing I put into his hands."

"When I told my husband about it he said it was all foolishness. But right away the Holy Spirit made me think of that passage where Paul says that the cross of Christ is to the Greeks foolishness, but to them that believe eternal life, and I said I will believe the Holy Spirit."

"And he did help me every day, though, of course, I made mistakes and forgot sometimes, as all beginners do. But I remembered who could teach me and help me and kept right on, and it was not long before Moses wanted some of my comfort. And when we had both learned this way of trust, we quit working so hard, for we say it wasn't God's will that we should kill ourselves for money. And we soon learned to be loving and gentle with our children again; and when we had time to pay some attention to them, they soon got to loving us; and didn't seem to be ashamed to show their feelings either, though it did make my heart ache to see how awkward it came at first. Last winter our boy was converted, and then our cup of joy was full. We work hard yet, and have a good many trials, but we don't work alone any more. The comforter has come."

Saved by a Hymn.
A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer, that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet psalter, so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with—

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the 'isre war'?"
"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under 'General Grant.'"

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed, am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand—the shadows hid me. Your head led you into the clear light."

"As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you were just singing. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night floated the words—

Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wings,
Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner and said with much emotion, "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cares for a sparrow, how much more for man created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone."

"How the prayer was answered! I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep this knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

This incident was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*Friendly Greetings.*

This, That, and the Other.

—In the city and suburbs of Montreal, Canada, there are nineteen Methodist Sabbath-schools, with 3,546 scholars. The missionary contributions of these schools last year amounted to \$4,657, an average of \$1.31 per scholar, and an increase of \$382 over the preceding year.

—One of the most eloquent preachers of this city tells us a good joke at his own expense as follows: "When I was in Florida last winter I preached to a negro congregation one Sunday, excusing myself from saying much on account of my poor health. The colored minister in his closing prayer said: 'Oh, good lawd, bless our brother L— who has preached to us in his pore weak way.'"

—One of the strangest people with whom the missionary has to do, are the Fulaahs, of Ethiopia, about 200,000 in number, who have as their holy writing the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants, when the time of the great dispersion settled in Abyssinia, and married wives of that nation—something not strange, as the Ethiopians are Semitic in nationality and language.—*Advocate.*

—There are a great many Christians who are constantly busy to get them along their own way, but try to push them forward, and they stop working and give you trouble. There is a sort of industry even in Christian work which does not amount to very much.

—The Baptist Cuban missionary, Revs. Alberto Diaz, has baptized 130 converts on the island during the present year. Hundreds of others have renounced Romanism and are awaiting baptism.

—It was stated recently in the *Daily Telegraph* that 334 packs of hounds are kept in England, the aggregate cost of keeping which now amounts to no less than 34 millions sterling.

—Mrs. Jenay Lind Goldsmith is living at Cannes, in a handsome villa, with her devoted husband. She is a gentle-faced, silver-haired old lady, with very quiet manners and a remarkable simplicity of nature underneath them.

—According to the Roman Catholic directory, just issued, there are 413 priests in New York City, 312 in Boston, 287 in Baltimore, 282 in Chicago, 270 in Philadelphia, 254 in St. Louis, 226 in Milwaukee, and 219 in Cincinnati.

—Joseph Cook was asked whether he thought the Chicago anarchists should be pardoned. He replied, "May the Lord have mercy on their souls. May the courts not have mercy upon their bodies."

—There was another exposure of spiritual "materialization" at Boston recently. Mrs. H. V. Ross of Providence has been astonishing the Back Bay for some time with her seances. At a given signal, some sceptic seized her and her "ghosts," and showed the latter to be four boys and a little girl who had been used together with a cunningly devised cabinet.

"—Yes, sah," said the old colored man; "de first yeah, when I giv fifty dollars to the church, dey call me Mistah Richard Johnsons, Equial; de secon' yeah times was bad an' I couldn't giv no moah than twenty-five dollars, an' dey call me Brud-dah Johnsons; de next yeah I couldn't giv nuffin, an' dey call me ole nigrah Johnsons."

—The Anglo-Saxon race, the race of progress and dominion, the custodian of Christianity, numbered but 7,000,000 when the Pilgrim Fathers replanted Christianity on the eastern shores of North America. It now numbers 100,000,000, and is marching on to universal supremacy.

—The *Christian Register* suggests "three arts for the minister to learn—expression, compression, impression."