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NO 37.

—COLORED BAPTISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The colored Baptists of the United States number 1,070,000. They have established a Convention of their own and are conducting a mission in Africa.

—POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The political situation in the United States is becoming very much mixed. In addition to the two parties, Republic and Democrat, there are now added the Prohibition and the Labor. The Prohibitionists are rapidly and surely gaining strength. Represented by the spirited and vigorous *Voices*, temperance people are becoming more and more convinced that they have nothing to hope, in the way of legislation, from the machine politics of the dominant parties. The great object of the party managers is to catch votes and not to advance any great principle. Of course the effect of the organization of a distinct prohibition party upon the temperance people who are strong partisans of the old Republican or Democratic is to alienate them, and lead some of them to react away from temperance principles. But this is ever the case when any great principle first thrusts itself forward as a separate and distinct issue. The Prohibition party, however, is rapidly gathering strength, and, in the evenly divided state of the country between the old parties, may carry the balance of power next year, at the presidential election. Then, again, the Labor party, led by Henry George, is becoming a serious factor in the politics of New York, the state which usually turns the scales in the choice of a president. Mr. George, whatever may be thought of his land theories, is an able man, and his paper, the *Standard*, is wielding a wide influence to mould public opinion among the laboring class. On the whole, the old party managers cannot reckon with any degree of assurance upon what the outcome will be. The signs are that republican government in the United States is yet to have its severest test, as different theories and interests go on clashing to a crisis which may involve more than a struggle at the ballot box.

—FRANCO.—A Rev. W. S. Amistad of Florida, among other propositions, makes the following:

1. "Water Baptism"—I am prepared to prove that "immersion" is scriptural, there is no God, for I will divest Him of every attribute.

2. I am prepared to show that Jesus Christ was not immersed, and if he was, that he was justly crucified as an impostor. In other words, I will leave the world without a Saviour.

3. I am prepared to show that if "immersion" is right, no one has ever been baptized by the Holy Spirit, and that consequently, as Christ made water baptism and baptism of Holy Spirit essential to entering the kingdom of God, the whole human race are inevitably lost.

4. That if John the Baptist began this "dipping" for baptism, he was an impostor; was not sent of God, and met a just fate at the hands of Herod—in short, he is damned.

The man is doubtless a lunatic.

—PRESBYTERIANS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The official statistics of this denomination for the year have just been published. They number 696,827 communicants, an increase over last year of 29,918. The proportion of adult over infant baptisms is steadily increasing. In 1882 it was 3,678 to 19,026. This year it stands 26,115 to 23,470. They report 771,599 children in the Sunday schools, an increase of 28,381 during the year. There are 6,437 churches, an increase of 156. Seventy-eight churches have been dissolved. They have 5,654 ministers, 108 more than last year. The comparative statement of the last six years show their growth to be very uniform. During this time their contributions for all purposes have increased from \$9,253,387 to \$11,999,126. The largest proportion of increase is for missions, home and foreign, and for church erection. They make a good substantial showing.

—GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE RUM SELLERS.—As our readers have already been informed, Goldwin Smith is the president of a so called "Liberal Temperance Association," which means a "Liberals Drinkers Association." He has been most bitter in his opposition to the Scott Act, and has written a pamphlet against prohibition and total abstinence. Recently a law has been passed at Toronto to restrict the number of licenses to sell liquor. In its enforcement, some of the liquor fraternity have been refused license, and Mr. Smith felt deeply or his friends. He writes:

"These men, when their licenses are withdrawn, will not starve or allow their families to starve; they will ply an illicit trade. Next, to speak the truth, will their sacred duties, very great in doing so, law in it if in nothing but the will of the majority, and when in such a matter as weat or drink, the majority openly trample on equity for the purpose of enforcing their opinions on others, while obedience to an enactment may be legally done, moral reverence for it there can be none."

This means that the liquor case must not be restricted, for the safety of the young and the ruin of the broken-hearted; because, forsooth, some of Mr. Smith's

pets, who have been making blood money out of the poverty and misery of the people, will lose their business. In the warmth of his sympathy with rum sellers and his indifference to those whom their traffic is injuring, he is willing to show the former he will not blame them if they break the law.

—A YEKED QUESTION.—What about the baptized children is the question that is troubling the Methodists of England. What relation do they hold to the church? At last year's Conference, a committee was appointed to bring in a report on the subject. This committee has held various consultations with district meetings, and found such divergence of opinion as to preclude all hope of agreement. All they could do was to report the facts, and the conference adopted the same state of flux in which they found it. This is a question which has been turning up since the heresy of infant baptism was first introduced. While it was associated with its parent doctrine of baptismal regeneration, it did not give much trouble. Now, however, in denominations who reject the parent doctrine, the child of this doctrine, and the child receiving baptism through this latter, are left in a very uncertain state. The truth is, it is as difficult to make infant baptism fit all around with evangelical truth as to make a square stick fit a round hole. The attempt to find the exact place of baptized children as distinguished from the unbaptized, has awakened many to see the fundamental error of infant baptism, and we hope this may be the result, in the case of many among our Methodist brethren of the fatherland.

—THE HOME LIFE.—It cannot be denied that the home life is the most important of all. It is here that influence is most steady, and is exerted under the most favorable circumstances. It is here that the gleeful days of childhood are spent, surrendered up to the controlling spirit that reigns around. It is here that character receives its most lasting impress and its finest moulding. Around the home cluster the most sacred memories. This is the centre of the sweetest and calmest joy. It is here that the greatest virtues shine out in the softest light. If the home life is not what it ought to be, the life before the world cannot be high and noble, and may be but an empty sham. It is therefore of the most vital importance that the young be trained to relish the home life, to seek their chief and best joy, and to consider that their life is to have one of its chief spheres for the most ennobling influences. Believing this, we cannot but view with suspicion and alarm the tendency of Salvation Army methods. They provide some excitement for every night of the week for those who belong to the Army. For the laboring people, the evening is the only time when there can be any true home life. During the day they are engaged at work. In the evenings are all spent elsewhere, even though it be at exciting religious services, the result cannot but be harmful. What kind of husbands and wives the young men and women will make who are being trained to spend all their evenings at the Army, can easily be imagined. They have been trained out of home life. They have become accustomed to spend all their evenings away from that sacred place. The quiet of the home must, in the end, make it a tame place, compared with the confusion and publicity of a seat on a platform before an audience.

—CORRECTION.—In the report on the state of the denomination, it was stated that there was no church in the Eastern Association of Nova Scotia which had a pastor settled for a period between five and ten years. Bro. Bancroft has been pastor of the North Sydney church for nine years. The error was due to the fact that the date of his settlement was not given in the Year Book.

—EASTERN N. S. ASSOCIATION.—This Association met at Little River, Cumberland Co., on Saturday last. A full report will be given next week. In a private note a brother writes that the power of God's spirit was present at all the sessions.

—W. C. T. U.—The W. C. T. Union held its annual session in St. John's last week. There was much business done, which, we hope, will help in the great cause of the sisters and wives and mothers of the land have a right to be most deeply interested. Mrs. Barney, a lecturer from the United States, made several public addresses of great power.

I never had any faith in Luck at all, except that I believe that good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is it taps one in while at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes—*Spurgeon.*

Our Banner Hymn.

W. C. T. U.

In the name of our God we will set up our banners.—Ps. 60: 4.

"For God and Home and Native Land,"
We gather here to-day;
Obedient to Divine command,
To work, and watch and pray.

Lord, save our nation from the tide
Intemperance rolls along;
In Thee alone doth power abide,
To vanquish every wrong.

May we be valiant as we stand,
And the mighty foes;
"For God and Home and Native Land,"
Let us the host oppose.

We ask for heavenly wisdom, Lord,
That we may never stray;
That we may walk with sweet accord,
And walk Thy blessed way.

"For God and Home and Native Land"
Let every heart grow strong;
Lord, lead us by Thy mighty hand,
Till victory be our song.

—Elizabeth A. Lawson.

The Prodigal Returned.

This is a true statement, and may be recognized by some who knew the facts. In Northern Vermont a Christian mother was left a widow with five children. Her husband was pastor of the village church, loved and respected. The children were brought up prayerfully, both parents earnestly seeking to do their duty by them. It was a heavy stroke that left Mrs. M. alone, but, trusting in the promises to the widow, she took her burden to the Lord and prayed more than ever to be guided with her fatherless children.

The oldest two (sons) not only had the advantages as they came to manhood of the education afforded by their own village, but went to higher institutions, later to Andover, Mass., whence one after the other entered the ministry. Mrs. M., inheriting at her father's death a small property, was able to do more for her children than she otherwise could have done, and she rejoiced her heart to know that two sons were earnest and devoted ministers of Christ.

The two daughters, good girls, married and settled not far from their early home. The youngest, a baby when the father died, as he grew to manhood developed into a headstrong, willful boy, causing untold anxiety to his mother. Perhaps the widow's aching heart clung too closely and petted too much her boy so early fatherless. He had traits so different from the rest, rebelled against her authority, scorned her loving reproaches, and laughed at the religion so dear to her. How she agonized in prayer for this idolized son, her boy, handsome and talented, but a "hoon companion" with the most degraded of the village! Often being from home all night, he would be very insolent if refused money, and abusive if with leave she begged him to change his life. Only her neighbors and children suspected what a dark path she was treading. When eighteen years old, after a violent scene that almost broke her heart, he left his home in anger, leaving no trace of his wanderings. It was almost more than she could bear. "My boy, my baby!" God only knew the mother's heart, the burden, the prayers for this wayward son. For a long time she had no news of James. A granddaughter lived with her at the old home, and all her children took every means to find some trace of the son so dear still.

After some years, which had left many traces on the mother, a neighbor recognized him in New York. Through interested friends she found out where she could write to him, but no answer. Her step grew feeble. Her white hair and worried face were pitiful. "My poor boy" was the only thing of interest to this loving mother. She seemed to take comfort in writing, though receiving no answers. "It is God's way; I may help me bear the burden he gives! But my boy will come back. God will save him; my prayers will be heard and answered, I trust," and, sad and patient, she waited God's time and way daily growing more feeble. Friends tried to keep it from her, but her keen faculties, alive to this one interest, found out that James was arrested for some crime. Great effort and money released him, but it was too much for the mother. One more letter she wrote him with great effort: "My boy, I can do no more, I shall write no more. This morning I have left you with your God. He knows how gladly I would die to save you. I may have erred, but it was through my love for you. I have tried to do my best for you. I have loved you through all, and my life has been one of unceasing prayer. May God have mercy on you and your heart-broken mother!"

This letter was put into the hand of James by one who had traced him to the vile lodging he occupied. In a few hours he again sought the wayward boy with a telegram saying his mother was stricken by paralysis, and could live but a short time, begging him to see her again. The friend provided the means, and James made no

objection. He seemed crushed to the earth. On the way he thought of his letter and read it. He said, "Every word was like fire to me. She has left me with God; that burned into my soul." The ride was long; every faculty, like a drowning man, was quickened. His life passed in review; his mother's love and prayers, his sins, stared him in the face, and she "had left him with God."

It was hours of agony before he reached home. He rushed to her room. Loving hands cared for her, but she lay helpless but sensible. James threw himself beside her and shook with sobs. She knew him, and her eyes never left his face. One who was in the room (for this is a true sketch) told me she never saw such a look, full of earnestness, her whole soul speaking through her eyes, fixed on the boy she so loved.

"Mother, you can hear me," and he knelt, took her hand, and promised to give up his evil ways, to lead a new life, and find the God she had trusted and he forsaken, and then he prayed for help. With these wonderful eyes fixed on him as he prayed she died, her boy saved, her faith strong to the last, her prayers answered.

God's promises are sure. James was truly repentant and became an earnest, devoted minister of Christ. In three days, when prayer is often scorned and God's promises answered lightly, facts like these have their weight. Only trust him. In his own way, in his own time, he will answer. Go with every care, every burden, every sorrow to the loving Father.

M. C. R.

Do I Love my Child?

BY MRS. ORDMAN.

Mrs. Archer's daily text that morning, combined the words, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "A strange way to show love," she mused, "quite strange and yet I am sure, yes, I'm quite sure, God often shows most love to his children when he afflicts them. I see God wants to have us holy above all things and happiness is of secondary importance," she whispered, and her troubled face looked as though she was trying to solve some problem. "So I should try to have my child holy above all things, and he is not even an ordinary, well behaved child."

Mrs. Archer was a young mother, inexperienced but thoughtful. Her only child was about six years old, a bright-eyed, healthy, energetic little fellow, his mother's joy and companion.

Mr. Archer took great pride in little Ernest, admired his smart ways, liked to praise him and hear him praised, but farther than that he did not go. He never really denied himself to give his child instruction or amusement, and so Mrs. Archer got very little said from her husband in training her child. At the age of six years little Ernest developed into what people generally call a spoiled child. People soon got to know the fact, for as all anxious mothers know, children, unlike their elders, have no company manners.

Mrs. Archer was blessed with one thing which everybody is not favoured with, and that was a true friend. Mrs. Simpson lived next door. The two houses stood at some distance from the main road. An avenue led to each house, and what with their gardens and trees, the house presented a picturesque and secluded appearance. It took the ladies only a moment or two to run into each others' houses, through the small gate which opened from one avenue into another. The consequence was they saw each other once and sometimes twice a day. Just as Mrs. Archer was deep in thought about her text and her child's waywardness, Mrs. Simpson popped in, and smiling all over her cheeks, motherly face, said, "Well, my friend, what's amiss? Why this troubled countenance, this melancholy mien?" "Oh, exclaimed Mrs. Archer, starting, "I'm glad to see you. I never heard you come in."

"You were too deep in thought, my dear," said Mrs. Simpson.

"Well, the fact is," said Mrs. Archer, "I've been thinking about Ernest. I meant to mention it to you before, but the subject is painful to me. I thought I was training that child properly at least. Well, perhaps I didn't think very seriously about it after all, but I thought I was training him as most people, when lo! the fact has at last forced itself on my mind that Ernest has become a wayward, stubborn, selfish child. Yes, he is that," she affirmed in a choked voice, and laying her head in her hands, she burst into tears. "Oh! it was a bitter moment for me. Bitter, because she knew her child might be so different from what he was, and that she was in a great degree responsible for his behaviour."

She might have kept her eyes to the truth. She might have argued this way, "Well, we are all sinners, born in iniquity, so was this child, and the sin is now only coming out. He'll get more sense by-and-by. He is not worse than some children, and in some respects he is much better. I like to see a child, have a good strong will.

He is rather determined now, certainly, but he'll grow out of that, besides he is my only child, and every excuse should be made for him on that account." Mrs. Archer would not reason that way, although those suggestions of Satan tempted her. She was true to herself, and when her eyes were once open to the truth, she would not close them, cost it what it might. "The fact is, Mrs. Simpson," she added, after they had had their cry together, "I've spoken too much and acted too little. I have not been myself what I wish my child to become." "You mustn't expect him perfect all at once, dear," said Mrs. Simpson, trying to pour a little oil into the wounded heart. "I'm afraid I spoil my five little ones, too. We are naturally so indolent and selfish, and are so quickly lulled into the belief that such want of self-denial arises from affection to our children, that spoiling them is an easy matter."

"Your children spoiled!" said Mrs. Archer, almost rising from her chair in her eagerness, "your children spoiled," she repeated with flushed cheeks, "then what must my child be? Why, everyone says your boys are gentlemen, your girls little ladies. They seem to obey from choice, and the boys always treat their sisters so respectfully, even tenderly. Do, oh! do tell me how you manage to have them so?"

"Thank you for your praise," said Mrs. Simpson, "but I'm afraid you overestimate my children's good behaviour. My husband and I strive to let them see nothing but politeness at home. We treat each other as we wish the children to treat us, and to treat one another. After all training children is chiefly God's work. To undertake such work in our strength, is as absurd as trying to sanctify ourselves. Trained parents have spoiled children. Spoiled parents have spoiled children. The mother who trembles at the approach of sin in herself, will tremble at the approach of it in her children. What you wish your child to become, strive to be yourself. Mothers should mourn over the sins of their children, as they do over their own; they should take the little ones by the hand and lead them to that Saviour who is able and willing to cleanse us from all sin. Often mothers do not trouble to understand their children thoroughly. They do not study the dispositions, needs and tendencies of their children. How discerning, how reasoning, how observing is a little child! Some mothers have no method in training their children: They let the little ones wander aimlessly about the house in search of employment, and then punish them for getting into mischief, as though the active little creatures could live without something to do. The older ones, too, can choose what companions, what books they like. They are trained up in the way they would go, and then are expected to turn out good children. Are weeds as beautiful as carefully tended flowers? To build a house, we draw out a plan, and should we not do the same to build a character? I was a spoiled child," said Mrs. Simpson.

"You? Why you seem to me a perfect woman," interrupted Mrs. Archer.

"Far from it," sighed Mrs. Simpson, "and but for the grace of God, I would be a great deal worse. How much better I would be now, had been carefully, prayerfully trained in early years! Every day I would not be so hard had I been taught to check my passions in my youth. Oh! what conflicts, what trials I might have been saved throughout life, had I been taught to face my little difficulties, to check my little sins, to meet bravely my little disappointments in childhood."

When I reflect that I may, for the sake of escaping the momentary pain it gives me to deny my child anything, be the means of injuring him as I have been it makes me doubly watchful. If Ernest asks you for anything which you think he should not have say firmly No, and stick to it. If he disobey you, deprive him of some pleasure and he will not be so apt to err in the same way again. If he do, repeat the punishment. Firmness is a great thing. If you say a thing you don't mean, who will find it out so quickly as your child? Children respect firm people. Want of firmness gives children wrong ideas of God. I remember reasoning thus when a child: "My parents are good. They tell me I should do certain things, but they are not particular whether I do them or not, God is good, he commands me to do such and such things, but he won't mind if I disobey him. He is not so hard as the Bible makes him out."

People who spoil children have to be farther than those who do not, and children who are thus spoiled eventually dislike the parents, who give in to their whims. How sad!—Parents often are with their children! They do not make companions of them. They do not come down to them. They do not take sufficient interest in their little plans. Children like sympathy as much, and perhaps more, than older people. How they love sympathy in their play! Perhaps the chief way in which parents can sympathize with

their children, is by sometimes playing with them. Was time to father and mother seem so dear to their little ones, as when they lay aside their work and romp about with them in "Blind man's buff" or "puss in the corner." The children thus get to understand their parents better. They see that they know the best way to play, and the little ones reason, "if papa and mamma know the best way to play, and so their confidence in their parents is increased. It is often tiresome to play with children, especially if you have sympathy in particular to do, at the time, but I say, oh yes! it pays."

"But I must go," said Mrs. Simpson rising, "it's six o'clock."

"Thank you so much for your hints," said Mrs. Archer.

As they parted, Mrs. Simpson whispered into her friend's ear, "Let us pray; 'Jesus keep us near the cross.'" That is the principal thing after all.

This That and the Other.

—Three successive pastors of the Congregational church at Westown, England, have embraced Baptist views and connected themselves with our denomination. Force of good example.

—One day last week, while conversing with a friend, a colored preacher undertook to describe the utter and unapproachable sinfulness of the best men in the world, and in doing this he had recourse to the following vigorous language:

"If all de waters what an under de firmament and on de top of de firmament was changed in de twinkling ob a syster de blackest ink an de skies was to be changed inter letter paper, and ebbery blade ob grass war a pen, an' ef all de folks who has eber libbed war ter rise day an' night til dey was a million times older den methusalem, dey would not hab time ner ink, ner pen, ur paper, enuf ter rise up de sinfulness ob de best man in de hull world, sah."

—A Christian missionary on entering a new field in China was kindly received by the mandarin, who promised to do all in his power to help him. "I have not heard your doctrine," said he, "but I have seen it. I have a servant who was a perfect devil, but since he has received your doctrine he is another man, and I can now trust him."

—We may lose heaven by neutrality as by hostility; by wanting oil as well as by drinking poison. An unprofitable servant shall as much be punished as a prodical son. Undone duty will undo our souls.—*Rev. A. L. Guss.*

—The temple at Zén, unearthed by Mr. Petrie, of the Egypt Exploration Fund, proved to be one thousand feet in length, but Dr. Naville's closing work this season for the End at Babastis shows the temple so vividly described by the ancient writers, to have been nine hundred feet, or nearly equal to Zén's in size. Babastis is very accessible from Cairo.

—There is only one way for a mariner to stop the perilous drift of his vessel toward rocks or quicksands; he must arouse himself quickly, grasp the helm, put about ship, and head her away with all the canvas he can crowl on. So with yourself; you can only check your dangerous drift toward perdition by the prompt and resolute determination to set your helm toward the cross of Christ. What every true Christian now on earth, or in heaven, has done, you must do. The Christian has never found that the currents of this world would drift him toward holiness, or soul happiness, or heaven. He set his face like a flint toward Christ.

—The Moravians have an important mission on the Mosquito Coast, Central America, among a mixed population of Indians, Creoles and Spaniards. It was begun in 1843. Down to 1881 it had been quite successful, there being at the beginning of that year about a thousand communicants. Then a great awakening occurred, and all classes of the population were deeply stirred with a sense of sinfulness. Bands of Indians at work in the forest, away from the mission stations were seized by an overpowering conviction of sin, children at the stations knelt and prayed for forgiveness and an almost universal awakening followed. It seemed to come spontaneously; it continued without special efforts of the missionaries who labored to subdue as much as possible. The result of the revival was the adding of 1,500 or more to the list of communicants. As tested by time the conversions are proved to have been genuine. Few have fallen away. An earnest spirit of consecration possesses the older members, and the field of the mission has been greatly extended. The natives say no longer that God does not love the poor Indians as he loves the white man. They rejoice in the revival as a special manifestation of God's grace toward them. Not a few heathen and dissolute characters were thoroughly converted and reformed.—*Baptist Weekly.*