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Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16th, 1895.

CHURCH LOTTERIES.

Our remarks in a recent issue respecting church lotteries have proved displeasing to our esteemed contemporary, the Antigonish *Casket*. The *Casket* stands for all that is Roman Catholic, and those who inspire its utterances on ecclesiastical subjects have felt themselves in duty bound, it seems, to take up the cudgels in defence of "the church's" practice in respect to lotteries. The writer in the *Casket* is certainly to be credited with a large measure of ability in the way of evading the point of a criticism and throwing dust in the eyes of his readers. But we venture to think that the *Casket* will have need to exercise to the full all its resources in that direction if it is to succeed in getting Christian people who venture to do any thinking on their own account to accept the doctrine that the lottery, or any other form of gambling, under ecclesiastical sanction and direction stands for a legitimate and praiseworthy method of advancing the cause of religion. The *Casket* quotes us saying that,

> What is essentially wrong and corrupting to public morals, when it takes place in connection with every-day life and business, does not become right and harmless when done within the walls of a church building or under a church's sanction.

and then (charging us with begging the question) proceeds to argue that the lottery is not wrong *essentially*,—that is intrinsically or *per se*.

Now the *Casket* very well knows that neither in common parlance nor on the best dictionary authority is the meaning of the word *essential* restricted to its strictly etymological or philosophical signification. Another word might have been used without invalidating the force of our argument. Altogether apart from the question whether gambling is immoral *per se*, we hold that what is "corrupting to public morals" is "*essentially* wrong" in a perfectly legitimate sense of the term. If the *Casket* wished to employ its dialetical skill a little further in the same direction, it might perhaps succeed in convincing its readers that taking what belongs to another without his consent or even against his will is not, under all circumstances, to be condemned as immoral; of it might be able to establish with much plausibility the proposition that to deceive another may under certain conceivable conditions be justifiable. What then, does the *Casket* think, that the church might without blame give its sanction to theft, robbery and lying, under certain limitations, for the advancement of its own interests. Our contemporary goes a little out of its way to assure us that to drink wine is not a sin *per se*. Would it then advocate after the example of Dr. Rainsford, of New York, that the church take the saloon under its fostering and elevating influence? But if the church may rightfully use the lottery for its pecuniary advantage, why not so use the saloon. Is the character of the former essentially better than that of the latter?

There is no necessity, so far as our criticism of church lotteries is concerned, for casuistic discussions relating to the intrinsic moral character of the lottery or any other form of gambling. The position which we took was that the lottery business was placed under the ban of the civil law of Canada "as being inimical to the material and moral interests of the people." And, such being its admitted character, it is essentially bad and to be abhorred and denounced by Christian people. The moral character of the lottery is to be known by its fruits, and in view of the terrible results which the passion for gambling inflicts, a passion which is fostered—more perhaps than by any other means—by the lottery, are we not justified in expecting that any institution which claims to be a church of Christ shall manifest, by example as well as by precept, that it has only abhorrence for a vice which so strongly tends to the degradation of manhood and the unhappiness of society. We find it impossible not to express indignant surprise that a religious body, claiming for itself the sole right to call itself the church of Christ, should desire to be exempted from the application of the criminal law in regard to lotteries, and, taking that evil institution under its own patronage, should use it for its own supposed advantage and thus lend to the principle and practice of gambling the sanction of its authority.

We believe that whatever appeals to the gambling spirit in human nature and encourages men in the endeavor to get something for nothing is a temptation of the devil, through whatever channel it may come, and it is all the more seductive if it come through a channel by which only good should be expected. Moreover, in view of the relation between the legalized gambling within the church and the illicit gambling outside its pale, it is surely a vain contention that the lotteries over which the protecting wing of the church is extended, are devoid of evil influence. With what effect can a Roman Catholic parent warn his son against the iniquities of the bucket shop, the gaming table or the race course, when the son can turn to his father and say—"There is no moral wrong in these things. The Church has set the seal of her approval upon the principle involved, and what she encourages us to do for her advantage cannot be wrong when done for our own amusement or in the hope of gain."

Notwithstanding the sanction which the Roman Catholic church gives to the lottery and the zealous defence of it in influential quarters, we are much inclined to believe that within that communion there is a growing sentiment against it and that a great many Roman Catholics feel that the church lottery is not to be defended on ethical grounds and that in practice it is opposed to the real interests of religion.

THE LIFE WE LIVE.

Is life worth living, men ask. And the answer must surely be—Yes, in the name of God. But what life? Not all life that men live, for some so spend their days and years as to make the conclusion seem inevitable that it had been good for them not to be born. There is life which is base and miserable in itself and which tends to degrade and make miserable the society which it influences. That human life in which the brutish and sensual instincts and appetites overbear and trample down all the noble and god-like attributes of manhood, that life which is a mere embodiment of sensuality, selfishness, cowardice and cruelty, which knows nothing of reverence, of noble purpose, of self restraint, of self-sacrifice and strenuous effort for the good of others,—such life is lived on so low a plane and sees so dimly, if at all, the nobler possibilities of living that it cannot be expected to conceive any very exalted idea of its own value and destiny. The soul too which sees the grander possibilities of life, which feels the impulse of a divine life upon its own and hears the call to noble living, but disregards the vision and the impulse and the voice, that soul is likely to be troubled with misgivings as to the value of the ultimate results of life.

But life is not necessarily such as that; and its value must be estimated by its grandest and noblest, not its basest possibilities. To those who are wise to see and to grasp the good which life presents, it brings opportunity for the highest self culture in intellectual and spiritual mastery over all that is brutish and sensual; it gives opportunity for the exercise of reverence, patience, faith and love, fellowship with the divine heart of the Universe revealed in Christ, and, in that fellowship, the assurance of immortality. It gives opportunity and power to labor for the advancement of that kingdom in which righteousness and peace shall forever dwell and every subject shall be blessed. He who, with honest heart and steadfast faith, aims for the highest things in life, finds all things work together for his good. When the life is consciously and lovingly united to God then the divine life flows through the human, energizing and making it fruitful in all good things. As Frederick Robertson has said: "Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven and the Spirit of God within you." "It is," says Carlyle, "a high, solmen, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us all, have an end." And it is a glorious thought that that influence, of even the meanest man in the world's esteem, may live and grow through all ages for the blessing of the world.

Disastrous floods have devastated the northern districts of Dominica, the centre of the island's resources. The industrial works have been ruined. There has been occasional seismic action at the sources of the rivers, probably volcanic. Dominica is a British West Indian island, a colony of the Leeward Islands. It is twenty-nine miles long, sixteen miles wide and has an area of 291 square miles. The population is 30,000. Volcanic rocks and hot springs abound, and there are large deposits of sulphur. The island is well timbered, well watered, and the arable parts are very fertile. Sugar, molasses, rum, coffee, cacao and copper ore are exported.

A Thousand Miles Through the Rockies.

BY REV. C. W. WILLIAMS.

NO. II.

The Cliff Dwellers.

"A haunted home of ancient mystery."

The Utes of the locality will not go near the Cliff Dweller ruins that are scattered through the canons of the plateau country of South Western Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. True their occupants disappeared so long ago that there is not even a tradition concerning them. Yet perhaps from some half instinctive, half remembered sense that his enemies once dwelt there, the wandering son of the forest regards these rock-eyries as "uncanny," and holds aloof. This is natural enough if the people who ate and drank, lived and loved and fought and died within these strange abodes, were, as seems almost certain, the ancestors of the present Mexican Indians or Pueblos, and their incorrigible enemies were the ancestors of the present Utes. It also accounts for the fact that the ruins are so well preserved and were so late in being discovered by the white man. But though it is only to the Indian that they seem "haunted" in any evil sense, for as all they are haunted by the spirit of ancient mystery. So inaccessible are they and so like the cliffs in which and of which they are built, once discovered, they are not always easily found again. Some of them are very small and of but one story, a single cell, and only a quick eye can detect their place in the sheer wall. Others, where the rock recesses are larger, consist of many rooms, and are flanked by towers for observation and defence; but the galleries they occupy are hard to reach, the rough steps chipped in the rocks by the circle tool of long ago, and the doubling paths almost baffling the most painstaking search.

The great Mesa Verde (green plateau—8,600 ft.) is triangular—like an arrow head broken off just below the barb—and lies in South Western Colorado, pointing towards the corner of the state. To the north east are the snow capped peaks of La Platte range, thrust south from the main San Juan system. On the other sides are Montezuma valley and the great plain of the San Juan valley. The plateau is intersected by great canon of the Mancos, (thirty miles long) and its lateral canons. "Probably more country stands on edge in the San Juan mountain section than anywhere else beneath the sun," and here to the south nature in her winter ploughing has driven the glacial "share" through its deepest furrows, for the canon cliffs are 2000 feet high. A marked tendency to vertical fracture has characterized these cliffs, forming great slopes of latus (debris), which extend perhaps one third of the way up the cliff. Then there is a perpendicular wall of light yellow sandstone to the wooded top. In this sandstone wall some strata, softer than the others, have been worn away by the elements, leaving immense galleries or caves. It is in these almost inaccessible retreats that the Cliff Dwellers built their homes. A "labarinth of canons," the Mancos region has been called, and anyone who has tried at all to traverse it, need never again consult his dictionary for the meaning of either "canon" or "labarinth."

Unwilling to count my "circle trip" complete without a visit to the ruins, I wheeled three miles from Mancos station to the noted Wetherill Ranche, where I was fortunate enough to learn that I could become one of a "party" that had just started. Two of us were soon in the saddle, inspired by a common purpose. As we galloped over the plain, in jumping one of the many ditches that cross the trail, my comrade lost his six-shooter. Not missing it until later, he was loth to return for fear the delay would result in my meeting with disappointment. I urged however, and my insistance was rewarded, for when he returned he had my note-book, which he found near his revolver, and I had not missed until after he had started back. Both rejoiced, we hurried on; but when we reached the camp where the rest of the party were in waiting, a shower had come up, and the clouds looked so threatening as to destroy all hope of further progress that day. So back over the eight miles we rode, ate as we should have, and slept as soon as possible, for the setting sun, "by the bright track of his fiery car" had given "promise of a goodly day to-morrow."

Three o'clock next morning found us astir, though it was five before breakfast was over, the horses caught and saddled and we were off again. "It is neither night nor morning," but the air is balm itself as the stars fade away in the east right "amidships of the dawn." Across the river we canter, up the sage hill, across the Mesa plain, the sunrise clouds resting upon almost the whole circle of surrounding hills. On, while the gold over Lookout Point brightens to silver, on, until the sun, creeping above the hill behind us, casts our shadows far ahead over the plain, and throws its brightness full upon the plateau ridge we are nearing. Then up the ridge, an exhilirating climb through the grand old pines, for "the look of these woods and mountains and the rare sweetness of them renews our blood," up and up until we see far over the tops of the hills that surrounded us below. Then down from Lookout Point into the shadow of Moccasin Canon, where soon we shout return greetings to the advance guard in camp. It is just 8.45 when, fresh horses having been corralled and lariated, we start again and the sun has just found our canon. There are five of us including Alfred Wetherill our guide. We climb the banks on the farther side until we look over Lookout Point (itself 8,400 feet) into the Montezuma valley lovely in its different shades of agricultural and native green, every cloud photographed upon it by its shadow. The once encircling hills seem like sand heaps, the vales like wrinkles, the lake a tiny pond. Still up amid scrub-oak so thick that our stumps continually push it aside, now close to the sheer wall of the cliff, now down again into another fork of the canon, picking our way through huge boulder piles. Up again around curves and along ridges, and where the trail follows the edge, it proves fully as exciting to look down more than a thousand feet from the saddle as from the car window. From the highest point of the plateau we see Ute Peak to the south, stern and still, one of those old volcanoes that answered for America, the fire signals on Alpine and Himalaya heights so long ago. But the marvel of outlooks is toward the east—the great San Juan plain. The atmosphere gives a mirage effect that makes it seem the ocean. That ridge yonder might well be Blomidon, where "the sea fogs pitch their tents and mists from the mighty Atlantic," and that little archipelago behind it the Five Islands. That other island they call "Ship Rock," but to me it seems a veritable Gibraltar. We are sweeping a horizon 60 miles from us and can look into Arizona and New Mexico. Down we go again into one of the forks of Cliff Canon, and soon we halt for dinner at Soda Spring, the one solitary spring since we left camp eight miles back. After dinner there is somewhat the same experience, though the last part of the remaining eight miles is easier, the road passing through a pretty doll-like canon and then up a sandy hillside where nothing grows but the pine and juniper, and the scene greatly resembles the pictures of Florida forests. But then what matters it, for where could not Wetherill's horses go? None of us would have been surprised to see one of them walk straight up a precipice, holding his rider in the saddle with his teeth. At last we halt, and from a ledge that juts out into the canon we see, built under a domed roof 90 feet high that Nature has reared, the strangest of "white cities," the greater part of its walls and towers still standing. This is *Cliff Palace*, once the home of a community of some hundreds of this ancient people. It appears to full advantage with the afternoon sun striking in through doors and windows and over the dismantled walls. Our cheers as we first caught sight of it, soon gave place to a feeling akin to awe as we faced its mystery. It is 470 feet long, three stories high in front with an added gallery at the rear, 80 feet deep in the center, and contains 140 rooms, all arranged with more or less symmetry about central rooms built in circular form and used for councils and religious exercises and called "Estufas." In these rooms are fire places, and the ruins reveal a good system of flues and wise regard for ventilation, which was the easier since the walls of the building did not seem quite up to the rock roof, where the walls join, they form true right angles, and the masonry (hewn, yellow sandstone, cemented with a clay mortar) is excellent. I count myself fortunate to have seen this finest Cliff Dweller ruin, and to have visited it with one of the Wetherills, for Mr. B. K. Wetherill, and his sons Richard and Alfred, are the best versed people in these antiquities. They have themselves discovered all the more important ruins, and have spared no pains to preserve the relics found in them and systematize the knowledge gained. When Baron Nordenskiold, of Norway, spent months in special study here, he had with him of necessity the Wetherill's; and his elaborate work, a thing of beauty both in literary style and illustrative art, bears emphatic testimony to their invaluable aid.

The mystery in connection with this ancient people bids fair to be mystery still. Their period must antedate by several centuries the Spanish conquest, for when the Spaniards first passed through this region, early in the 16th century, they found the Pueblos, whose communal houses have the towers and estufas that characterize many of the cliff dwellings, and of whom the Cliff Dwellers were presumedly the ancestors. It seems probable that the people of these rocky retreats, driven from their former homes on the plains, made themselves as comfortable as possible in their impregnable fortresses, until, prevailing against their foes, they ventured down once more to the plains, building the "pueblos." They were an agricultural people, peacefully inclined but determined, excelled in the art of making and ornamenting pottery (of which many fine specimens have been found), and had some knowledge of weaving. Their weapons were the bow and arrow, stone battle-axe and sling. The skulls found in the ruins compare well with those of the Mexican Indians of the present day. The interesting museum at the Wetherill ranche contains the most complete collection of these relics in existence.

We stood upon the dismantled walls, looked out of the narrow windows of the forsaken towers, wandered around the estufa circles, peeped into the little walled gallery—the fourth story away back in the gloom, and then left the wonder to the solitude that loves it, and to the sun who faithfully visits it each day in grateful memory of the time when this was the noblest structure it could look down upon in the northern half of this western world. The dense darkness of night was in the canon depth before the camp fire at Soda Spring flashed us a cheery welcome. We slept in blankets out under the stars—Colorado stars, clearest and brightest. We had ridden 32 miles in the saddle that day. We would ride 16 to the ranche on the morrow, and then again it would be "Westward Ho!" by the 10.30 p. m. train on the Rio Grande Southern.

Denver, Colo.

Opening at Acadia.

Work in the College was resumed Oct. 1st. The Freshman class will probably be as large as usual, and the other classes are well attended by eager students. It has become a custom to have a public lecture, by one of the Professors, delivered near the opening of the term. On Monday evening, 7th inst., Prof. R. V. Jones, Ph. D., gave the opening address for this year, on "Words as an instrument of mental culture." The lecture was a learned, suggestive and stimulating treatment of a subject of much importance.

The audience appreciated the effort. Among those present were; Bliss Carman, one of Canada's poets, Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., Rev. I. Wallace, Rev. C. H. Martell, Rev. A. Martell. Prayer was offered by Rev. Professor Trotter.

An outline of the lecture by Dr. Jones would fail to do it justice, and of course it was too long to be given in full. A few of the many points may be noted.

Wherever man exists we find language. It is one of his most distinct and marked characteristics. Since God made man in His own image it is difficult to believe He made him languageless, or, at least, with only sufficient inventive genius to supply his needs. It seems far more probable that speech was at first as pure and noble as those that used it, and that as the taint fell upon man, so it passed upon speech. If so, then both man and language had their Paradise. For as Adam was a perfect type of created humanity, so he must have been endowed with all that was essential to life. Lessing says: "God was too good to have withheld from his poor creatures, perhaps for centuries, a gift like speech." "Any one, says Steinthal, "who thinks of man without language thinks of him as one of the brutes." Nor is it incompatible with this theory to admit that language has been enlarged and enriched by sound imitation. To illustrate, our interjection *ah!* probably has in it Greek *akos*, a gang, Sanskrit aka, Anglo-Saxon accan and so our words ache, anxious, anguish and agony. Adopting, then, the theory of the divine origin of speech man may probably be styled the *converser*. Even Homer calls him the articulate speaking animal. This faculty of expressing thought either somewhat imperfectly or in all its depth and clearness must have its roots in divinity. The mysteries of human thought suggest a superhuman origin.

Man may also be called the *Thinker*. Carlyle asks believingly "If the greatest event is not the arrival of a Thinker in the world." If not the greatest it is certainly a great event. It is this power of thought "wandering in paths unseen by the vulture's eye and where nature is mute in the sight of God," far beyond sun and star, that stamps man as a marvellous creation.

But there is not only the mystery of thought itself, but the mystery of its transmission—"thought leaping out to wed thought." This phenomenon fails to awaken wonder because of its perpetual occurrence."

Dr. Jones then discussed the relation between words and thought, and the theories in regard to this relation. Words are the natural vestment of thought; they are the fortresses of thought.

The study of words is, then, no trivial thing. A deep insight into their meanings is an indispensable condition of sound and broad scholarship. We are judged by our words. They reveal character because they disclose modes of thought and conditions of feeling. The purest utterances come from the purest minds. The matchless beauty and inimitable charm of Christ's words, who can describe? His words throbbed and glowed with that life and fulness which it pleased the Father should dwell in the Son.

The derivation of words is important to their sense. The cultivation of mind and taste and discrimination requisite to appreciate a choice piece of literature almost transcends belief. Every word should have a message for the scholar, a message at once definite and quickening. The beauty and the fulness of the message are unfolded to the patient, loving sympathetic soul. The necessity of knowing the precise meaning of words was fully illustrated. The quality of our ideas depends upon our fitness to use words. It takes a lifetime to grow up into the largeness of an idea. Who of us has yet got an adequate conception of what the word College or University represents? Only to a few has the light fully come. Our fathers builded better than they knew. There was an idea in their *hearts* bigger than their minds ever conceived. The infinity of the idea stirred their spirits. They yearned after what to them was unattainable. With the eye of their faith they saw the halls of our College thronged with the youth of our land. It is poverty of ideas that makes and keeps us poor. In this matter you may foster and quicken seed already sown. It is ours to learn the realities by searching into God's thoughts and making known the vision obtained. The mental culture to be obtained from this study of language is great and must have its use in life here and hereafter.

Foreign Missions.

At the last meeting of the F. M. B. it was decided to authorize the return of Rev. R. Sanford to his work in India. It is known that the Board felt grave doubts as to the wisdom of such a course and had reached a conclusion the very reverse of this. But at the recent session of the Convention, the feeling of many of the brethren was so strong that Bro. Sanford should be returned, provided his health would warrant it, that the Board proposed to reconsider their decision if a certificate from two medical gentlemen of standing could be secured as to Bro. Sanford's health and ability to stand work in the trying Indian climate.

The opinion of three physicians has been received, two of them quite pronounced as to his being able to do effective work for a term of years at least, and the third says that Bro. Sanford is fifty per cent. better than he was a year ago when he examined him. This relieves the Board greatly, and so if the money can be raised the desire of Bro. Sanford's heart can be realized, and the mission staff, so sorely in need, can be re-inforced. It is the question of money now. The treasury at the present time is overdrawn to its utmost extent. The present indebtedness is upwards of $5,000. The friends of missions are earnestly appealed to for help at this trying time. The *need* is *great*. The *call* is *urgent* and the *claim* is *imperative*. May the *response* be prompt.

J. M. Manning,
Sec'y-Treas. F. M. B.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Carleton Victoria and Madawaska Counties Quarterly Meeting convened with the Wakefield Baptist church on Friday evening, the 21st inst., at 7.30. The opening sermon by Rev. J. H. Mc. Donald, Subject, "The Sources of Power." The sermon was well thought out and very inspiring. Prayer meeting on Saturday morning, annual business meeting at 10 a. m., at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Rev. C. Currie, President; Rev. J. H. McDonald, Rev. C. Henderson, Deacon James Wright, Vice-Presidents; the writer, Secretary-Treasurer. Committees were appointed in connection with the work of the quarterly meeting. At 2.30 p. m. conference meeting, in which was experienced by much of Divine power. It was good to be there. The Missionary sermon was preached in the evening by Rev. I. B. Morgan. It was a strong plea for missions. Excellent papers were read by Mrs. J. B. Morgan and Mrs. W. S. Saunders, and an address by the writer. Sabbath morning, prayer service at 10. The quarterly sermon was preached by Rev. C. Currie, at 11. It was the old gospel, full of Christ and saving power. The service at 2.30 p. m., was in behalf of the young people, led by the writer, who delivered the first address. Rev. J. B. Morgan presented the nature and claims of the B. Y. People's organization and work. W. S Saunders of Woodstock, delivered a very appropriate address on the same line. Prayer was offered by Rev. F. S. Todd, of Calais. Preaching in the evening by Rev. Bro. Worden. The subject related to the transfiguration of Christ, and was delivered with energy. The writer preached at Victoria Corner for the F. C. Baptist. The following ministers were present at the quarterly meeting: Revs. J. C. Blakney, Benjamin Jewett, J. H. McDonald, J. B. Morgan, C. Currie, H. Worden and the Secretary. The attendance was large. The services impressive. The good people of Wakefield sustained their former reputation for kindness and hospitality. The next meeting was appointed with the Albert St. Baptist church Woodstock, on the third Friday in December. Collections for H. and F. Missions $13.20. Thos. Todd,
Sec.-Treas.

Woodstock, Oct. 3, '95.

PERSONAL.

Rev. D. E. Neatt, having resigned his charge at Shelburne, has accepted a call to the Hantsport church, beginning his labors the 1st Sunday in November. We trust that the union thus formed may be richly blessed.

Bro. H. N. Porter, who spent the summer very acceptably with the church at Tancook Island, has relinquished work upon that field. Some days ago he was called to Fredericton by the sad news of his mother's death. His address for the present is Fredericton, N. B., where correspondents will please address him.

For Biliousness—Minard's Family Pills.