

Messenger and Visitor.

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Remember! the "Messenger and Visitor" for \$1.50 a year to all new subscribers who pay within thirty days of the time of subscribing; and to all old subscribers from January, 1886, who pay within thirty days of the time their subscription expires.

—WILL NOT OUR SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT PAID THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR KINDLY REMIT AT ONCE? WILL NOT MANY OF THEM SEND \$1.50, AND SHOW US THE TROUBLE OF REMITTING? THIS WOULD BE VERY LITTLE FOR EACH OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS TO DO, BUT IT WOULD BE A GREAT THING FOR THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY. PLEASE SEND AS SOON AS THIS IS READ, LET IT BE FORGOTTEN.

—WE HAVE DEMONSTRATED THE FACT THAT multitudes of our people who are not taking the MESSENGER AND VISITOR are ready to subscribe if approached. Will not a large number of our pastors give up one day this week to increasing the circulation of our paper? Now is the time! During this month the people generally supply themselves with papers for next year. Some other papers will have been taken, and the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will be ruled out. Send in lists as soon as possible of such as wish to begin in January. We have no doubt but that one earnest day's work by each of our pastors, would swell our list to a thousand. Who will give a day of this week to this work?

—MR. GEORGE MULLER, the head of the Orphan Homes at Bristol, England, has announced that during the last year he has received more than \$307,000 in answer to prayer. Not a single donation having been solicited.

At the same time, as we heard Mr. J. A. Spurgeon say, years ago, there is no object in Christendom which is making a stronger appeal for support than Mr. Muller's Orphan Homes. There is something in Mr. Muller's methods and work to lead to pre-emptory reliance upon prayer without means. The fact that it is advertised the world over that this great work depends upon unsolicited contributions is a most effective way to secure the necessary aid. In this we do not discredit the power of prayer. We only assert God's method of work. He makes means effective in answer to prayer. Usually he does not act without means, if means are possible, even though there be prayer. This might encourage both.

—SENATOR STANFORD, of California, has given \$20,000,000 to found a great university in that State. He is founding it during his life. Who will give one-thousandth part of this splendid sum to Acadia? If few people but carry her upon their stretched hands continually, she may do a great work at the institution proposed. Large donations are needed, but so are the small.

—FRANCIS M. BAXTER, at Brixton-hill, the Rev. G. D. Spurgeon spoke thus against English Catholics: "When we have seen the Lord what ought we to do? Tell Thomas! Tell Thomas! Who is Thomas? I don't know. Perhaps he sits next to you on the Sunday. I do not suppose that with such a minority as you have at Brixton-hill you have need of any admonition; but I know several respectable chapels, so dreadfully respectable, that the people in them never speak to one another, especially if they do not belong to the same class. We English people cannot bear each in Hindustan, of course. But it is only a case of black faces and white; we have got quite as much cases here as the Hindoos have. In the times of Malachi, they that feared the Lord spoke often to one another. In these times we who fear the Lord speak often against one another. That is the only difference; but it is a very serious difference."

—AN YET QUIET there is no such case among us? Are all those who see or attend day willing to recognize kitchen helps as friends? Do those who are able to dress in silk and velvet and broadcloth have social intercourse with such as wear calico and homespun? In God's sight coffee and milk must all such barriers between an called social classes appear? When all alike have souls of infinite preciousness when the type of pity in the so-called lower class is usually as high, at least, as in the higher, and when Christ made his influence for all alike, how should his influence for all alike, but we rarely think of our Lord's appearing in such again in all the lowliness of his condition and the poverty of his estate, he would be shut out of a large part of the Christian society of the world.

—FOUR YEARS ago the French determined to conquer Madagascar. There was no other help. The Malagasy government used every effort to satisfy the exorbitant demands of France, short of actual sur-

render of independence. But all was of no avail, and so the people were called to arms to fight for their liberties. A heroic resistance they have made. France has squandered many precious lives and much money, and now finds herself where all land-pirates should be found, shorn of glory, humiliated, and desirous only of a pretext to retire that will save her dignity. All true hearts will rejoice that this Christian nation just emerging from idolatry and barbarism, is not to be crushed by tyranny and subject to Jesuit machinations.

—AS OUR READERS have learned from the news summary, the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast of the United States have been mobbing the Chinese every now and then, and seek thus to turn back the tide of immigration from Asia. It is now said that the Chinese government may soon take the matter in hand, and adopt retaliatory measures. So far the retention of China has been very forbearing, and has protected Americans, while its own subjects have been maltreated in the United States. It will be exercising but a due regard for their people, if this government do take the matter up earnestly. The late war with France has revealed to the world that China is no longer to be affronted with impunity, and the government of the United States may well beware how it winks at mob-law for the Chinese, lest China should retaliate.

—"STRIP THY SHOULDER, preach ethics" is the wholesome advice the president of Union Theological Seminary gives to his students. When that advice shall be universally heeded by the pulpit at large, a genuine revival of healthy, vigorous religion cannot be long delayed.—*Christian Thought for October.*

We are not sure this pithy advice or the comment upon it is altogether good. If by ethics be meant man's duty to man, such preaching may degenerate into morality and humanitarianism. If it takes in duty to God, and our obligation to believe and accept the gospel, it is wholesome and can be accepted in its full force. The truth is the sinner's acceptance of Christ and salvation must be insisted upon as a duty as well as a privilege. Upon our right treatment of God and his claims, depend the strongest motives and the power to do right to all inferior to him. In this age where business and other morality is a low ebb, we need to preach ethics; but let us keep them in their place, and let us apply the principles upward as well as on either side.

—OUR BROTHER BROOKLYN correspondent makes his bow to our readers this week. While he resides in Brooklyn, his communications will refer as much to New York as to Brooklyn. We may say in confidence that he preaches to one of the largest Baptist congregations in the "City of Churches." Best of all, it is a church and congregation he has gathered himself in the last few years. Beginning with a little church torn with dissensions, the old house has been outgrown, and next year it is proposed to build a large place of worship to accommodate those who wish to hear the Gospel from our brother's lips. Our readers may esteem themselves happy to have such a wide-awake caterer for their pleasure and profit.

MISSIONARY COLUMN.

There is not a single missionary in the valley of the Amazon.

A whole town in China has adopted Christianity as a result of deliverance from cholera in answer to special prayer. The people have remained steadfast for several months, and are building a chapel for themselves.

The Baptist Missionary Magazine for December, gives a list of twenty-five Missionary vessels, operating in different parts of the world, belonging to thirteen societies. Thirty-seven baptisms are reported from the Mission fields. The January number will contain a portrait of Dr. Clough, of the Tolong Mission, and general Missionary statistics for the world.

Every new development in regard to the Congo Valley only adds to the interest and importance of the territory. Late discoveries on branches both to the north and south show that the undiscovered territories are even more populous and fertile than was supposed. The immediate course of the Congo seems to be a vast lacustrine territory, finally reaching in all parts by boats of light draft. The people will thus be readily accessible to Missionary effort.

The Cry of the Perishing.

The No-Church is the largest on earth. Its numbers, three-fourths of the human race, is marching on, while I write, a thousand millions strong. A thousand millions! Imagination fairly staggers under such a figure. Suppose this unreckoned army were to die before you at the rate of one a minute, it would be 3844 A. D. when the last man drew his walking stick, and lay down in a year's quarter of a million, and in forty years, 384,400,000 would have passed you, leaving 999,999,999 to come. You would have to stand on your feet 9,999 years to see the last of them.

see the rear of that prodigious host. All these are now living, and in a few years will be dead, having never heard so much as that there was a Jesus. This after eighteen centuries of the Cross! Each of these is a human being, I suppose? Yes. According to your creed, damned at death? Yes. Are you a Christian? Yes. And not giving even a passing thought to those poor, fate-crushed pilgrims, Christless and weary, trudging out into the great night? What! grudge the coin to your mission collector; spent all on your own dear, precious, darling self! God help you, brother. You—! all awake yet, like Jonah, and go down to God's school in the belly of hell to learn by misery what mercy means. O sleek, comfortable, well-bolstered Christians, go weep and howl. Your gold and silver are rusted, and the rust of it shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye soft-cushioned, self-loving, select souls, your purgatory comes. In heaven's name die off this lethargy, and hear the cry of the perishing! In the name of this Niagara of humanity, plunging over the abyss, awake! We are our brother's keeper, or his killer.—*G. Gordon McLeod.*

Cumbered With Servings.

Cumbered! It is an expressive and picturesque word from a Greek root, signifying rabbinical trouble. Hence whatever obstructs, retards, impedes progress, cumber the unfortunate person, whose path is not cleared of impediments.

The thought of accumulated disturbance is also wrapped in the word cumber, it is not a single obstacle which cumber, it is a heap, a pile, an ever-growing, and motley miscellany. Poor Martha cumbered about much serving, how intensely we pity her, how perfectly some of us comprehend her! We too are often "cumbered."

The familiar phrase often brings vividly to every mind the little home in Bethany, one of the loveliest pictures in the gospel narrative, the home wherein the Master was often an honored guest, going thither in the confidence of intimacy, and reposing from incessant labors of life.

"Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus," is the brief and pithy record of one who knew the Bethany household, and who leaned on the Saviour's breast.

It was Martha who, as the house mistress, bore the responsibilities of the household, feeling, as it may be, too weak for her many cares, and as if the strain of her duties would wear her out. Querulously expressing her annoyance and anxiety, on one occasion, her name has come down the ages as synonym for the care-worn housekeeper.

The woman who can not bear her burdens lightly, who is given to fault finding, or is painfully neat, or over-fastidious, or excessive in her attention to routine, is always likened to Martha, who, cumbered about much serving, in a flutter of vexation, interrupted the quiet communion which her sister was holding with the Master.

Think of it. There is Mary, placid, calm, sweet, untroubled; there is not a trace of care on her brow, nor a sign of disturbance in her attitude, and Martha, flushed, agitated, exclaims, the contrast between them no doubt forcing itself sharply on her mind.

"Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

There was implied love and reverence, in the familiar and instructive turning to Jesus on the part of Martha.

The reply of our Lord has usually been taken to have been meant as a reproof. Reproof it was, undoubtedly, but not without its tone of tenderness, its gentle reminder that he understood the situation; and that she, too, was dear to him. No severity, no asperity, was in the glance with which the Lord accompanied his words as he said softly.

"Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

"As if to say to us, as to Martha, 'Forget not the one divine thing amid the thousand-fold hindrances and perplexities of this human life.'"

The question for us is, "Are we cumbered with serving?" Serving is in itself of the heavenly ordering. The Lord himself said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

There is joy in willing work. There is no pretension in God's Word, or showy, or showy, or showy. The Christian woman, in whatever position, as wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend, or servant, will try to do her very best in the place where God has put her. If she be a housekeeper, she will have no loose threads. No amount of restlessness or gossip, will compensate for want, for idleness, for uncomfortable and temper-provoking lack of system. It was a rich truth of which the little serving maid had told, when, being asked how she knew she was a Christian, she replied,

"I always sweep the corners clean."

And it was equally a truth which was indicated by the good Scotch minister whose horse cast a shoe on a rocky road. Inquiring at the first village for a blacksmith's shop, he was answered by somebody who observed the clerical cut of the coat, and the white necktie.

"There's a smith just around the turn of the road that's a perfect saint."

"Man," said the dominie impatiently, "it's not a saint I'm in want of. It's a smith that can shoe my horse."

The point is, that skill, apprenticeship, good housekeeping, in my opinion, woman's highest profession; are not to be undervalued. I have known a devout woman of the Mary type to forget the bread burning in the oven, while absorbed in "Sleeping Heavenlyward," and this to the disgust and annoyance of her daughter, of the Martha type, who exclaimed, "If we in this house were all as pious as mamma we should certainly starve!"

It is fortunate that one seldom finds in a home two Marys, or two Marthas both at once. If there are two sisters, one will usually belong to one class, and one to the other, and each may be good in her degree. For the one character is the complement of the other. The mystical element is balanced by the practical.

When, in rare instances, we find both natures united in one individual, the result is very striking and beautiful. For example, we may refer to Mrs. Prentiss, whose biography, like her books, has charmed the Christian world.

Francis Power Cobbe, in an admirable essay, says: "The making of a true home is really our peculiar and inalienable right, a right which no man can take from us, for a man can no more make a home than a drone can make a hive. He can build a castle, or palace, but, poor creature, he is as Solomon and rich as Croesus, he can not turn it into a home. No masculine mortal can do that. It is a woman, and only a woman, a woman all by herself, who can do that. It is a woman, and only a woman, who can turn a house into a home. It is our privilege, our faculty, to turn any four walls, even a tent under which we take shelter, as we wander about, into a home, if we so please."

Sweet is the story of the woman, who the Roman soldiers numbered with better reason than common, among its sisters. Five times in a morning she was summoned from her oratory to some domestic duty, and each time returns to her prayers with a quiet step, and eyes full of tranquillity, she was asked:

"Are you not annoyed by these interruptions?"

"No," she said. "A woman who truly loves her Lord must find him in the affairs of her household, as well as in her closet."

Not "cumbered with services," but performing all duties, the smaller as well as the greater, joyfully, heartily, as unto the Lord. We shall say, with a favorite poet:

"In a service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart has learned the truth
That makes my children free
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty."

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in *The Interior*.

Speak Reverently.

When Prince Bismarck, the great German statesman, was a lad, his father once overheard him speaking of the emperor as "Papa." He removed him for the familiarity, and added, "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty, and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

The words made a deep impression on the boy which was never effaced. Even in his old age he lowers his voice and assumes a respectful tone whenever he speaks of his sovereign. If a message is brought to him from the palace, either verbal or written, he always stands to receive it.

What a lesson is the custom of this great statesman to boys who speak so lightly, if not profanely, the name of the King of kings!

The fault is not confined in them. The growing irreverence of the age is very marked. The words of God are bandied about as the daily print as lightly as if they were the words of the courtier. Some fine-spun pieces of political sarcasm, parodying some scene in Scripture, is often found in a morning paper, and is laughed over by thousands. The travesty will ever after be associated with the sacred words, especially in the minds of the young. A full-page picture in our best illustrated newspaper, one morning represented St. Peter as seated in a great armchair before the gate of heaven, with keys hanging by his side, busily reading the daily paper, and deciding not to admit certain parties. It was only one of many similar pictures. It is not enough that Christian parents should seek to hide their smiles over such caricatures, or should mildly deprecate the irreverence. They

should set their faces like a flint against them. Such a course would be felt, as in the case of Prince Bismarck.

It is very easy to lower our standard of reverence for anything. We have only to speak of it habitually in a light way. There is nothing like it to take the life out of the most precious texts of Scripture. We may repent of such sin with bitter weeping, but those words can never be to us again what they were before. We may have cut down a bridge we shall some day vainly long to cross.

A gentleman of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response.

Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church role. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.—*The Life Boat.*

A Beautiful Father.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school-teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father; you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing laborer till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fire, and puts out beautiful things with his pocket-knife."

You ought to see our father and our home; they are both so beautiful!"

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such heroes as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robe in costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*The Mother's Friend.*

Guard the Church's Honor.

The world is unfriendly to the church. The more spiritual the church is, the more unfriendly the world. It is ready to criticize it. Often its spirit is of hatred. The Saviour foretold that it would be so. This is an obstacle in the way of the gospel. Sometimes the world has overcome the church. If the church overcomes the world it will be in spite of this obstacle. It is the tempter, the arch-enemy of Christ, who moves the world to its hostility to the church. In attacking the church, he attacks the head of the church.

The church, to the Christian, is holy. The people of God are holy. The writer to the Hebrews calls Christians "holy brethren." They have been quickened by the divine breath into a holy life. They have been received over in heaven. Every true disciple represents prayers that have prevailed. Each faithful believer has also himself the power of effectual prayer. He has, or he may have, the gift of the Holy Spirit. He is a privileged petitioner at the court of heaven. He is a co-worker with God. He is a joint heir with Christ. He is to live forever in glory. We prefix to the names of the writers of the New Testament. The Roman church perfumes it to the names of the writers of the Old Testament. With equal fitness it may be prefixed as a title of every Christian believer, even to the little children. There are all called to be saints. There are members of the church on earth who may not be recognized by God as members of the church in heaven. These are inconsistent members who misrepresent Christ. We all confess to inconsistencies. But, imperfect though she is, the church is the body of Christ. If we would hold him up to honor we must hold her up to honor.

The good name of the church is her power. With this she can go forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Men will be attracted to her. They will yield to the motives which she will present to them. They will seek a place in her communion as a coveted distinction. So, with her good name under reproach, the church will be weakened. It will be harder for her to gain the ear of the community. Hence the diligence of Satan to soil the good name of the church by unjust aspersions, and also to tempt the members to do or permit what will bring upon her just reproach.

To her members the good name of the church is committed. For it each one is responsible. Cherish it, shield it. If you know anything against the church, do not spread it. But resolve that you will have no share in publishing church scandals, whether false or true, or in circulating reports to the injury of the pastor, the church officers, your fellow church-members. The church has difficulties enough in her path already. Hold her up to honor.

Do your utmost to make her worthy of honor. Compel the world to honor her in your pure, devoted, consistent, shining life. You can do your part to build the walls of Jerusalem. And no person outside the church can do so much to tear down the walls as a gossiping, fault-finding member without the self-respect, and honor, and spirituality which silence exalts, and compel the world to acknowledge that God is with his people.—*Rev. G. R. Leavitt.*

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What is Religion?

This is the way that G. B. S., a correspondent of the *Vermont Chronicle*, discusses the question. A negro congregation has recently ejected from its pulpit the pastor, because in his preaching he failed to profess in the souls of his hearers a "happifying effect." The colored church has a quaint way of stating their trouble, but that they fairly hit it there can be no doubt. This "happifying effect" is, after all, only a very apt and correct way of expressing the idea which gropes in the minds of not a few white congregations: in reference to the character and ability of their ministers. To such the preacher is successful, if, by his sermons and his personal address, he makes those who hear and meet him to feel happy. Religion, according to this estimate, is a state of spiritual enjoyment—an easy, pleasurable, self-satisfied feeling. A sermon is good, that lifts the hearer into a glow of wonder, or quietly lets him down into a blissful restfulness. So the Reverend Cream Cheese is "a love of a preacher" because, in his prayers and discourses, he excites or lulls the nerves of his congregation, and by his dainty ways at the "church socials," wins the hearts of the "young people." Religion, being in its truest nature "happifying," means, in the pulpit, an immaculately-fitting coat, middle-parted hair, considerable poetry, a musical flow of beautiful words; and in the church, orange-supper, necktie parties, chocolate ice-cream societies and several footlight performances, with side-shows where gambling is called "guessing." A modern church is fully equipped only as it has a silk stockinged man in the pulpit, a full-blooded angel at a soprano in the choir and a kitchen stove in the basement—all of which most appropriately go with this idea that religion is "happifying." But somehow, any reading of Scripture jars like a thunder-bolt amidst these "divine services." Law and prophecy, psalm and gospel, thrust hard against these "good-time ideas of religion." Prohibition and indignation, duty, "no sinners," "obligation, duty," "the cross," "self-denial," "service unwearied," "loss of right hands," "loss of right eyes," "resting unto blood," "faithful unto death"—these strong, cutting words meet one everywhere in the New and Old Testament, until religion begins to be less and less a "happifying" thing, and more and more a serious, urgent, never-ending work. If religion is to be pleased, and to be interested, and to have a good time, and to be happy, then let the high-pitched choir sing on their operatic syllables. Let the low-pitched preacher syllable forth his "airy nothing." Let the kitchen stove glow and the foot-light flash and pink resparkies "never break up." But if religion means the "working out with fear and trembling of the soul's salvation," and the living and the dying with Christ for the world's redemption, then it is time for a singing that shall be for God's praise, and a preaching that shall exhort and convict and create a church which shall be fulfilling the mission of its founder in preaching the gospel to every creature.