

Messenger and Visitor.

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NO 34.

—SHARPLY PUT.—Can you find any fault with the following from the *Western Recorder*:

"A pauper is one who is supported by others and does not work for his living. Hence, all the young ladies and dukes who are doing nothing but living on the wealth left them by their ancestors are strictly paupers living on the earnings of their hard-working parents. When they run through with the pauper fund left by their parents, some of them then go to the poorhouse that the public may support them as paupers."

—STIMULATING.—How facile like those in the clipping given below should stir all christian hearts! The Lord is giving abundant blessing upon missionary labor. How thankful we should be! There are myriads hungering for the bread of life, ready to take it at the hands of those who are waiting to go, when means are forthcoming to send them. How should this touch our sympathies and lead us to give all we can to send the gospel to them.

"In India when the Christian Church attacked the Hindoo faith it undertook the greatest task, but there have been marvellous results. Only recently a procession of 3,000 Sunday school scholars took place in Lucknow. In Travancore the London Society have 20,000 Christians, and in Burma, in the Karea Mountains, there are 100,000 native Christians. A lady from India says, the question is not now how to get the means, but how sufficient workers can be sent out, for on every hand are there open doors. A few years ago there were ten converted Jews in Turkey, now there are 3,000, and a Hebrew Prayer Union has several hundred members. Fifteen years ago, if a missionary had gone into Russia, many a Jew would have deemed it an honor to kill him, but now it is very different. To-day, in Russia, thousands are studying and reading the New Testament. In China, now, relates one missionary, there is no need of announcing meetings. 'We can have a meeting in the street at any moment,' he says, 'and there we can preach as long as we are able. Often when I have arrived the whole city seems to have turned out to see me. The streets have been lined, so that there has not been room for me to walk up the street. On the tops of the houses, and on the walls, and at the windows and at the doors, the people now crowd around to see the 'foreigner,' and to hear what he has to talk about."

—THE MOUNTAIN TOP.—Prof. Drummond was one of the most effective speakers at Mr. Moody's Convention, just held. He retired in the following beautiful and suggestive way to the relation of seasons of special exaltation, like the meetings being held, to the ordinary life:

"I am reminded by the addresses of tonight, and by this, the second last night of the conference, that in a few hours we shall all be off the mountain top, and down again into the valley, and I remember that mountain tops were never made by God to be inhabited. They are places to go up and have a look around, and rest a little, and take a good view, and get near heaven and then come down again. The use of a mountain in nature is to send streams down into the valleys, where are villages and towns and cities, and that is the use of a conference like this. What we are to take with us is some running stream of the mountain, that it may refresh and satisfy the body of the world that God has given us to influence. But for the most part we shall have to go and have commonplace lives. Most of us will not have to go home to pulpits, but to household duties and business and professional cares. I shall have to lay down my Bible, and take my geological hammer, and open my closet and take out my fossils and skeletons. Is it a downy, or all the same to God? The answer is contained in the words which I have read to you."

—ON THE HEAD.—The London Truth has been considering the question of baptism, and speaks out in the following emphatic style, of one of the glaring inconsistencies of the Episcopal system, in reference to that bundle of inconsistencies, infant baptism:

"There is another point in connection with the subject of baptism, which is equally interesting—viz., the burial service and burial of unbaptized infants. The service contains the following unambiguous statement:—'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother (or sister) here departed, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life. . . . According to the law, a clergyman is bound to read these words over the body of a baptized adulterer, thief, or fornicator. They are also read at the time of an execution, solemnly commencing before the condemned criminal has been executed—in fact, while he is alive and on the way to the scaffold. Yet the law allows the clergy to refuse to read them over an infant four or five months old who has not been baptized, and has not lived even its parents' name! Surely this is a blot upon the escutcheon of the Church of England, and the sooner it is removed the better."

—DR. MCGILYAN AGAIN.—Archbishop Carrigan has explained the grounds of Dr. McGilvan's excommunication. It was not because of his sympathy with the ideas of Mr. George; but because he refused to obey the summons to Rome. He also declares that all who aid and abet him in his disobedience, make themselves liable to the same ban. Priest Curran, who has shown some sympathy with Dr. McGilvan, has made an acknowledgment and been forgiven. What is to be the final resting place of Dr. McGilvan is hard to conjecture. Should he have much of a following, he

may remain outside of both Romanist and Protestant communions. Should he be abandoned by his Romish sympathizers, he may finally come all the way over to Protestantism.

—INDISPENSABLE TO THE CHURCH.—How often do we see something of this kind. A pastor draws large congregations, the current expenses of the church are readily met; even the prayer meetings are well sustained, and there are additions to the membership. But the time comes when the pastor must leave the church. The church's energies seem palsied. The congregation drops away; the finances get into disorder, and everything declines. It is found that the pastor was the managing of all the activities of his people. Taking his way was like reading the heart from the body. The question is whether the fact that he had become so indispensable to the church was a proof of his wisdom and power. It certainly shows that his success was not of the highest kind. That man is the most wise who seeks to make his people as self-dependent as possible. A church should not be treated like a hand mill, which requires someone all the time to turn a crank to keep it in motion: it should be thoroughly organized for its work and then have connection with the flood gates of divine power. The great secret of success as a minister is not to be proud of the amount of good work he does himself; but the amount of work he can get his people in the habit of doing. It is said that Dr. McArthur, of New York, is a fine illustration of this highest kind of success. He has grown up with his church; but although he has had the shaping of all its activities, it is said he has the satisfaction of knowing, if he were taken away, the work of the church would scarcely experience a shock.

The Down Grade.

In the *Sword and Trowel* for August, Mr. Spurgeon draws a gloomy picture, and sounds a note of warning. In our provinces, we are happily free from the heresy of disbelief and of disbelief. Let us read Mr. Spurgeon's words, and take warning.

"Our nonconformity is beyond measure precious as a vital spiritual force, but only while it remains such will it justify its own existence."

THE CASE IS MOURNFUL.

"Certain ministers are making infidels. Avowed atheists are not a tenth as dangerous as those preachers who scatter doubt and cast a faith. A plain man told us the other day that two ministers had derided him because he thought we should pray for rain. A gracious woman benighted in my presence that a precious promise in Isaiah which had comforted her had been declared by her minister to be unfulfilled. It is a common thing to hear workmen excuse their wickedness by the statement that there is no hell, 'the parson says so.' But we need not prolong our mention of painful facts. Germany was made unbelieving by her preachers, and England is following in her track. Attendance at places of worship is declining, and reverence for holy things is vanishing; and we solemnly believe this to be largely attributable to the scepticism which has flashed from the pulpit and spread among the people. Possibly the men who uttered the doubt never intended it to go so far; but none the less they have done the ill, and cannot undo it. Their own observation ought to teach them better. Have these advanced thinkers filled their own churches? Have they, after all, prospered through discarding the old methods? Possibly, in a few cases genius and tact have carried these genies over the destructive results of their ministry; but in many cases their pretty new theology has scattered their congregations. In meeting-houses holding a thousand, or twelve hundred, or fifteen hundred, places, once pecked to the ceiling with ardent hearers, how small are the numbers now! We would mention instances, but we forbear. The places which the Gospel filled, the new nonsense has emptied, and will keep empty."

"This fact will have little influence with the cultured'; for, as a rule, they have cultivated the development of conceit. 'Yes' said one, whose pews held only one and there a worshipper, 'it will always be found that in proportion as the preacher's mind enlarges, his congregation diminishes.' These

DESTRUCTORS OF OUR COUNTRY

appear to be as content with their work as monkeys with their mischief. That which their fathers would have lamented they rejoice in: the alienation of the poor and simple-minded from their ministry they accept as a compliment, and the grief of the spiritually-minded they regard as an evidence of their power. Truly, unless the Lord had kept His own we should long before this have seen our Zion ploughed as a field.

"The other day we were asked to mention the name of some person who might be a suitable pastor for a vacant church, and the deacon who wrote said, 'Let him be a converted man, and let him be one who believes what he preaches; for there are those around us who give us the id that they have neither part nor lot in the matter.' This remark is more commonly made than we like to remember, and there is, alas! too much need for it. A student from a certain college preached to a congregation we sometimes visit such a sermon that the deacon said to him in the vestry, 'Sir, do you believe in the Holy Ghost?' The youth replied, 'I suppose I do.' To which the deacon answered, 'I suppose you do not, or you would not have insulted us with such false doctrine.' A little plain-speaking would go a world of good just now. These gentlemen desire to be left alone. They want no noise raised. Of course thieves hate watch-dogs, and love darkness. It is time that somebody should spring his rattle, and call attention to the way in which God is being robbed of His glory, and man of his hope."

IT NOW BECOMES

A SERIOUS QUESTION

how far those who abide by the faith once delivered to the saints should fraternize with those who have turned aside to another gospel. Christian love has its claims, and divisions are to be shunned as grievous evils; but how far are we justified in being in confederacy with those who are departing from the truth? It is a difficult question to answer so as to keep the balance of the duties. For the present it behoves believers to be cautious, lest they lend their support and countenance to the betrayers of the Lord. It is one thing to overlap all boundaries of denominational restriction for the truth's sake; this we hope all godly men will do more and more. It is quite another policy which would urge us to subordinate the maintenance of truth to denominational prosperity and unity. Numbers of easy-minded people wink at errors so long as it is committed by a clever man and good-natured brother, who has so many fine points about him. Let each believer judge for himself; but for our part, we have put on a few fresh bolts to our door, and we have given orders to keep the chain up; for, under colour of begging the friendship of the servant, there are those about who aim at robbing the Master."

"We fear it is hopeless ever to form a society which can keep out men base enough to profess one thing and believe another; but it might be possible to make an informal alliance among all who hold the Christianity of their fathers. Little as they might be able to do, they could at least protect, and as far as possible free themselves of that complexity which will be involved in a conspiracy of silence. If for a while the evangelicals are doomed to go down, let them die fighting, and in the full assurance that their Gospel will have a resurrection when the inventions of 'modern thought' shall be burned up with fire unquenchable."

Hunting For Souls

BY T. DE WITT TALLMAGE, D. D.

If you want to be skillful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one bang of the gun clears the forest. From the California eagle you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value to the church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Younder they are, down in that cellar, younder they are, up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church, the gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in Schermerhorn street, expecting that the partridge will light on our church steeple, that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift their feet from dunnets out of the way, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been

fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook, and I escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder in Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done."

What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the north east storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed our feet. We have got to camp out and rough it."

We are putting all our care on the seventy thousand people of Brooklyn who, they say, come to church. What are we doing for the seven hundred thousand that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless, that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they out off from God, to go into eternally, no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths of Brooklyn a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our Christian churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mist of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of those great torrents of life dropping down into the formless and thundering abyss of suffering and woe."

Sometimes think that just as God blotted out the church of Thyrasira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, missionary church, that can take the full meaning of the command: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Paul's Analysis of Love.—1 Cor. 13.

"Patience is love passive, its normal attitude of waiting, not in a hurry, not petulant or hasty, calm, composed, humanity wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Kindness is love in action. Christ's life was spent in merely doing kind things. Holiness is the only thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is not in our keeping. What God has put in our power is the happiness of our fellow creatures, which is to be secured by our being kind. When love, after long waiting, has gone out in action and done its healing work, we must exercise the highest of these graces, humility. You must go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Generosity is love in competition with others. Do not envy others doing the same thing. Envy is a feeling of ill will to a man who is in the same line as ourselves. Humility is love hiding. Courtesy, a limit upon etiquette, is a somewhat strange ingredient of love. Politeness is love in trifles: You can take a most untutored person, and put him into society, they cannot behave themselves unseemly. Unselfishness is love which doesn't ever seek its own rights, such things as Englishmen and Americans are very proud of. It is easy to give up things that we are not quite certain are our own, but things that are certainly legal, those that you have earned, perhaps by the labor of years, are hard to give up. Yet the most obvious lesson of the Gospel is that there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving. Good temper is also a remarkable ingredient. We are inclined to look upon a bad temper as a very harmless infirmity of nature, and not of very serious account in estimating a man's character, a kind of accident, a matter of temperament. Yet the Bible again and again makes a good deal of it. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is the one blot on an otherwise unspotted character. There is nothing that a Christian has to take more trouble to eradicate forever from his being than ill temper. But it has to be done. It is the symptom of an unloving nature at bottom. It is a deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus Christ that it is 'better not to live than to live.' Courtesy is love in society, unselfishness is love denying, good temper is love restraining, guilelessness is love believing, and sincerity is love learning. Guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people. The way to love a man is to trust him. And then, love is sincere, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, rejoiceth not in this church's doctrine, or that church's doctrine, in this man, or in that man, but rejoiceth in the truth. The supreme thing to which you have addressed yourselves is to learn love. Life is full of opportunities of learning love, every man and woman has a thousand of them. The world is not a play ground, it

is a school. Practice makes a man a good artist, sculptor, musician or athlete. Practice only can make a man good. There is nothing capricious about religion. If a man doesn't exercise his arm he doesn't get any biceps muscle, and if he doesn't exercise his soul he gets no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no robustness. Love is not a thing of emotions, it is a robust, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole character, a nature wholly developed. This practice makes you patient, humble, sincere, unselfish, kind, courteous, guileless. You remember Quaker's words: 'Talent develops itself in proportion, character is the stream of life.'

How, how? We apply all the futile means of becoming like Christ to love, we strive for, we brace our minds to get it, we make laws for ourselves, and we pray for it. But love is a question of sense and effect. We love because he first loved us. The effect follows that we love all men, our heart is wholly changed because he loved us. Contemplate the love of Christ, and you will love. There is no other way; you cannot love to order. Love begets love. It is a process of induction like electric induction. The temporary magnet remains a magnet while in the presence of the permanent magnet. Remain side by side with him who loved us and gave himself for us, and you will become a permanent attractive force, drawing all men, white men or black men unto you. That is the inevitable effect of love. Give up the idea that religion comes to us by chance or by mistake or by caprice, it comes by natural law. Edward Irving went to a dying boy once, and when he entered the room he just put his hand on the sufferer's head, and said, 'My boy, God loves you,' and went away. The boy started from his bed and called out to the people in the house, 'God loves me.' One single word had everpowered him and melted him down, and given him a new heart. That is how the love of God melts down the unlovely heart in us, and begets in us a new creature. There is no other way to get it."

The Discoveries in Sidon.

The *Evangelist* gives the following extract from a private letter of Rev. S. Dennis, D. D., in regard to the wonderful discoveries on the shore of ancient Phœnicia, which are now exciting so much interest in the learned world:

BEIRUT, SYRIA, JUNE 9, 1887.

"The excavations and discoveries at Sidon still continue with remarkable results. The number of sarcophagi at present brought to light is eighteen, and some of them are most magnificent, and will rank high among archaeological treasures. They are of enormous size, and the sculpture is elaborate and in perfect preservation. Upon one of them alone there are eighteen almost detached statues, about three feet in height, without a single scratch, and of pure marble."

"The most remarkable of them has just come to light last week. It is an ancient Phœnician sarcophagus, which had never been opened, and contained a mummy and a large amount of jewelry of great value. The mummy, when unrolled, was found to be the body of a man in middle life, and the state of preservation was astonishing. The features and in fact the entire body, were intact; the flesh was tender and yielded to pressure; teeth, hair, and viscera were all in place. Upon the outside of the lid of the sarcophagus is an inscription of seven and a half lines in Phœnician character, and also one in Egyptian hieroglyphics. This bilingual inscription of such an ancient date, excites great expectations. We shall have to wait to have it deciphered by the savants before we can know the full value of the statements it contains. The sarcophagus is of black basalt such as comes from Egypt, and it may have been made in Egypt by order from Sidon. The date of it is, of course, a matter of conjecture as yet. It may be anywhere from 800 to 1500 B. C., and even older. This strange being, who has been brought forth literally from the tomb of the ages to face the nineteenth century—who is he? What if he should be Ethbal, 'King of the Zidonians, and father of Jesabel, or some older king who flourished in the earlier days of 'Great Zidon'? It is more than probable that he was a royal or princely character."

"The value of this enormous find is roughly estimated as approaching a sum not far from \$800,000. One of the European consuls in Beirut has offered \$25,000 for one of the sarcophagi. It was not accepted, and the Turkish government are boxing the entire lot, and have sent a special steamer to transport them to Constantinople."

"The discovery of the sarcophagus of Ashmuner in 1855, just outside of Sidon, was regarded as an important event. It also had a Phœnician inscription of twenty-two lines, and several interesting data were gathered from it. This is a far

more marvellous and magnificent unturning of old Sidonian remains. "The excavations will continue, and other treasures may be brought to light. A government official (Handy Bey) from Constantinople, is superintending the operations. These are days of great archaeological wonders. Think of the old Pharaohs on exhibition in the Boulak Museum in Cairo!"

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean. The one who last winter had the biggest toboggan, or who now has the most marbles or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great."

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a crown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to someone every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

The End of Life.

I wish that we all could get into our minds one other little principle. What is the end of life? The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individuals, the answer to the question, "What is the end of my life?" is to do the will of God, whatever that may be. Spurgeon replied to a committee inviting him to preach to an exceptionally large audience, "I have no wish to preach to 10,000 people, but to do the will of God," and he declined. If we could have no ambition past the will of God, our lives would be successful. If we could say, "I have no ambition to go to the heathen, I have no ambition to win souls, my ambition is to do the will of God, whatever that may be; that makes all lives equally great or equally small, because the only great thing in a life is what of God will there is in it. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere, through good report and ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are, you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business, and you who are going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life till that principle is taken possession of.—Prof. Drummond.

—Evangelistic work should not be confounded with revival work. They may often be intimately associated. The latter may naturally follow the former, but the evangelist has more the labor of patiently preparing the soil, sowing the seed and cultivating its growth, till it shall ripen into the form and fruits of a revival. For the evangelist is too eager for the general characteristics of a revival may seriously impair the durability and purity of his work.—Christian Secretary.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury receives \$75,000 per annum; the Archbishop of York, \$50,000; while the incomes of the 31 bishops vary from \$50,000 to the Bishop of London, to \$10,000, the income of the Bishop of Exeter and Man. Twelve bishops receive \$25,000 annual income or upward. The Bishop of Ripon receives \$22,500.