

THE CHRISTIAN.

CHP. 51 J.

"FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD."—Paul.

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The Christian.

"SMART MINISTERS."

One of the troubles of the church, and not the least of them, in these times, is the passion for "smart ministers." Able ministers, learned, eloquent and devoted, capable of instructing, moving and edifying a people, are of a different class from those generally esteemed "smart." The term is suggestive of the sensational, and has its proper application to men of surface-show, quick-witted in devising means of attracting attention to themselves, and ready to sacrifice the essential interests of religion, to maintain their reputation. And strangely enough, there are congregations blind enough to prefer such ministers. The *Advance*, in one of its numbers, has some thoughts on this subject worthy of being read by others than Congregationalists. Speaking of the perils of churches ambitious to secure a "smart minister," it says:

The temptation is not to be content with an intelligent, well educated, and thoroughly devoted minister, whose preaching will be interesting, instructive and edifying, whose character will be balanced and free from eccentricities, whose judgment will be sound, and whose methods will be wise and far-reaching. No, they must have a more attractive, captivating, and sensational man; who will draw a crowd speedily, become the town talk, and "please the young folks." This holds forth promise of rented pews and easy finances, of pleasant sociables and general popularity—an alluring prospect, when there is a heavy debt and a deficient income, and when rival churches are presenting strong attractions. But viewed from the spiritual side there are serious objections to securing such a class of ministers in our churches.

First of all, such men are often unsound in the faith, or have a tendency to become unsound. It would be very instructive could we have the chronicles of the churches on this point for the past fifty years, or even twenty years. Genuine original power is rare, but a reputation for something; approximative is easily gained by imitating the methods or repeating the peculiar ideas of men of undoubted talent, who may have stepped aside from the beaten track of thought. In such a case, however, we would sooner trust the leader than the followers. His work is the more natural and genuine, and his faults and reasoning are more apt to be balanced by excellencies of personal character. We should have more confidence in a Bushnell than in a conceited Bushnellite, who would have the phraseology without the accompanying spirit, and who would soon run his master's ideas out to their most destructive consequences unrestrained by his caution. The second and third generations of loose thinkers generally give the ripe harvest of error and mischief. In these days an ambitious minister, who longs for the reputation of "smartness," is strongly tempted

to gain his end by a dash of heresy in his opinions—as if he were "an independent thinker," a man of "liberal views," a "progressive theologian," a foretaste of "the church of the future." And if he is oratorical and popular, the church is disposed to tolerate the unsoundness, if not to be actually pleased with it.

Then the tendency to seek this class of ministers operates to blind the churches to the true idea of their mission and work. It leads naturally to the lyceum style of preaching and of hearing; to sensational topics and *ad captandum* methods; to money-gathering rather than soul-saving. Thus gradually the conception of a church comes to be that of an ecclesiastical society, which erects a tasteful building, secures entertaining, moral and religious lectures on Sabbaths, and provides agreeable sociables during the winter and delightful picnics in the summer—in all which enterprises the lead is taken by a "smart minister."

These "smart men" are apt to "strike twelve first." The crowd, which throngs in the beginning, after a while thins out; the spiritual and orthodox members drop away; the "liberal" element, which comes in to applaud, proves to be more liberal in opinion than in a self-denying use of property for religious ends; the platitudes of the minister about "breadth" and "progress," and his criticisms of the "narrowness" and "bigotry" of orthodoxy, grow stale; the audiences become small; the income runs down; and the "smart" preacher is compelled to betake himself elsewhere. An experience of eight or ten years will usually show a decided loss of strength, of all kinds, by yielding to the temptation in question. Will the brethren think of these things?—*United Presbyterian*.

ANY WORK FOR ME.

It is a great error to suppose that we are doing the Lord's work only where we are engaged in devotional exercises, or laboring for the conversion of sinners, or for the edification of Christians. That which a man does heartily, as unto the Lord, is the Lord's work. The farmer when he is carefully and wisely cultivating the soil, is doing the Lord's work. Ploughing is as truly a religious act as praying. The merchant when he makes an honest exchange is doing the Lord's work. Dealing justly is as truly a religious act as warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. A man is doing God's work when he is doing that which pleases God. A man is doing the Lord's work when he is faithful to his employer—does a fair day's work; when he takes proper care of his health; when he governs his temper; when he is careful to speak the exact truth; when he is courteous to strangers, and lends a helping hand to the needy; when he has a word of encouragement for the desponding; when he sets an example for industry and honesty; when he returns good for evil; when he leads such an upright, benevolent, God-honoring life, that men take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus. Religion does not consist solely in reading the Bible, praying,

attending church, and laboring for the conversion of men. These are important duties, but they do not include the whole of duty. God's will has reference to every act of our lives.—*Sel.*

THE ARROW THAT HITS.

It was not the splendid argument which the skeptic had just heard from the pulpit which broke through into his heart, but it was a loving, personal word for Jesus, uttered by the crippled woman he helped down the church door-steps. The minister's argument was met step by step as it fell upon the skeptic's ear. It was answered in his mind, and he left the church as firm in impenitency as ever. But the arrow that went between the joints of the harness was what the poor woman said. She never dreamed she was breaking through the rock-crust of an infidel heart. She only said a word out of a heart all full of Christ, and the proud sinner became a Christian.

It was not the sermons of a city pastor that moved a gospel-hardened hearer to turn to Christ. But it was the pains he took one night when he went through snow knee-deep, to express his pastoral anxiety and love. The parishioner was not at home, but that made no difference. When he returned and heard that his pastor had been there on such a night, he at once concluded, as he afterwards stated, that if anybody would do that for his soul, it was time he set about caring for it himself.

It was not, again, the able and tender preaching of a Vermont minister which broke the pride of a very wicked man. But one day the profane teamster broke a wheel of his wagon. The minister was passing. He stopped and helped the man to tie up his wheel and start his wagon. That was the arrow that hit, though neither minister nor teamster knew it at the time. Some time afterward a bright Christian child was dying near the teamster's home. The rough man went into his neighbor's house on the instinct of humanity. He found himself in front of the dying child. "Oh Mr. —!" said she, "won't you meet me in heaven? I am going there." "So am I," the man replied, "ever since the minister helped me to start my wagon."

A young man once went to bed full of anxiety for the salvation of a friend. He could not sleep. He rose and dressed, and went half a mile to the door of that friend to warn him and invite him to Christ. He did not get entrance to the house. But the errand was known. It held an ardent longing for the soul of a friend, and God wrote it down as a burning prayer for the salvation of that soul. It was after fifty years of persistent ungodliness that the friend so loved and longed for, and ever prayed for, told first of all to this friend of his youth that he had opened his broken heart to the love of Jesus.

Arrows like these are ones that hit. And the best of all is this, that every consecrated life carries a quiver full of them. Remember those golden words of James W. Alexander, "In the matter of converting a human soul to God, all human power is reduced to zero."—*Ex.*

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

FROM DIGBY CO.

On Tuesday, the 22nd of April, the pastor of the Church of Christ in Westport completed his 46th birthday, and his wife her —, well for prudent reasons I will omit the age in this last instance. This double birthday was duly celebrated by quite a number of their friends gathering at the parsonage and spending a very enjoyable evening.

The table was literally loaded with the good things prepared by the sisters for the occasion. There were several presents, prominent among which was a very nice easy-chair, and also a beautiful counterpane—birthday gifts from our friends.

This is but another of the many expressions of kindness we are continually receiving from our friends in these parts, and for which we hope they will receive our grateful thanks.

This chair for the preacher's study is to me very suggestive. Evidently the need of some inducement to confine him more to his study was felt by the brethren. We shall try and take the hint as gracefully as possible. Taken altogether this was a very pleasant affair, and the gifts a complete surprise.

Bro. J. A. Gates is now visiting his brethren at Southville, and South Range, Digby Co. He proposed spending a few weeks among the brethren in those parts. We hope to hear of success from his labors.

Bro. P. D. Nowlan leaves his home in a few days to labor in Charlotte Co., N. B. This good brother is now about going fully into the work of the ministry. He has been for about two years teaching school and preaching. We trust the brethren will do all they can to encourage Bro. Nowlan, as we believe he will come to be of much service to the cause in these Provinces.

Our one great need now is faithful men to go into the field to preach the simple Gospel of Christ. I have been so saddened by the death of our dear young Bro. Journey that I have felt somewhat discouraged. We had all hoped so much from him. We who know him best, knew him to be a grand and noble young man. This, to me, is a dark providence. Why one so promising should thus be taken from us I do not expect to know in this world.

Are there not some men, good and true, who love the cause well enough to break away from the cares of life and enter the work of the Lord, and labor to build up the kingdom in these Provinces?

E. C. F.

Westport, April 23, 1884.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Editor:—Knowing that tidings from the field are welcome to your readers, I would gladly speak to them through your pages. The sense of loneliness inevitable to a separation by the diameter of the globe from dear friends, is lessened by these messages to and fro, and we are yet further cheered by the thought that to the All-loving Father, prayers ascend for the welfare and spiritual prosperity of those they have sent forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. We indulge the reasonable hope that some may through us hear and 'ive, who otherwise would not, and in the day of the Lord they, and you, and we may be found on the right hand of the King, rejoicing over the result of this work.

The winter in Yokohama was in strong contrast with the winter at home. It was very pleasant. It gives the only really good season for study, the

summers are so enervating. One-fifth of the missionaries who come to Japan are obliged to yield to sickness in themselves or their families, and as the climate has little recuperative power they generally return home for a year. "How to keep well" is a frequent subject of conversation, and that anxiety which the Master forbade is doubtless in many instances a concurring cause of disease. It may be a comfort to some of your readers to learn that a professedly careful induction of the facts shows that no missionary who smokes has broken down. The additional fact that only three able-bodied men smoke out of the one hundred missionaries, may lessen the value of this induction.

To be in the heathen land, to see the degradation of the people, to behold their blind devotion to hideous idols, their need of purity and of Christ, drives one into an intense longing to proclaim the truth of God; but he is dumb, and only by patient years can he find a tongue. The day we landed here we secured a teacher and have kept steadily at work since. We have had two teachers all the time. We spend our days somewhat as follows: On Monday morning we get up. This is imperative. At 7 o'clock, during the winter, we sat down to breakfast, at the close of which, before prayer, each one repeats a portion of Scripture. The little girl is sent to school, which we are fortunate in having this year. Before 9 o'clock our teachers have come, and we study until 12 o'clock. In the afternoon one teacher returns, the one who cannot speak English. The afternoon is our time for exercise, an essential to good health in this land. In our evening worship we read the Scripture, according to a plan followed by a thousand Japanese. Monday evening, once a month, there is a concert or conference on the missionary outlook in Japan. Wednesday evening we sing Japanese hymns. Thursday evening there is a prayer-meeting of my Bible-class. Friday evening we devote to a study of the Scriptures. On Saturdays our teachers do not come. We need that day for letters and leisure. It is very convenient to have that day for taking bearings, and to tuck in the edges nicely for the next week. The Lord's day is well occupied. At 9 we go to hear the native preacher at the Baptist or Methodist Church; from there to the Union Church to English services. In the afternoon I teach a lately formed Bible-class. Early in the evening, we observe the Lord's Supper, and from 8 to 9 there is a union prayer-meeting near by. In our communion hour we usually have an Englishman and his Chinese wife, both of whom Bro. Garst immersed; so that, with a widely scattered nativity—viz., Ohio, Nova Scotia, England and China—we sit down together in Christ.

The outlook for mission work is encouraging. There are additions continually to the churches. The figures are as follows: In 1859, there were 0; 1872, 11; 1876, 1,004; 1883, 4,987; 1884, 6,000. With this same scale of increase, all the empire would be Christianized in less than twenty-five years. It is also worthy of note that the native churches are becoming more and more self-supporting, looking to the time when they can be entirely free from foreign aid.

Mr. Eby, of the Canada Methodist mission, lately read a paper before the missionaries of Yokohama and Tokio, which advocated bold steps toward the immediate Christianization of Japan.

Among the excellent features of his paper, one was the consolidation of the Protestants of Japan into five bodies, viz.: Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist. He then proposed—and the proposal was adopted—to call for 100 additional missionaries—young men and women—to be rapidly prepared for work, so as to go throughout the empire and to preach to every Japanese. He also proposed to build a large lecture-room in Tokio to be devoted to the defence of Christianity, and to build and endow a Christian

university in Japan. The money, it was thought, could be easily raised in England and America.

The glowing idea is, that Japan, won to Christ as soon as possible, will be a mighty lever by which the Orient could be moved.

In the name of Him whose right it is to rule, for this end let us work and pray. O. T. S.

Yokohama, Japan, 222 Bluff, March 1.

[Many of our readers are personally acquainted with Bro. Geo. T. Smith, and with his wife who is a native of Cornwallis, N. S., now missionaries in Japan. Others know them by report and will, we are sure, read with interest the above report received from his own hand for THE CHRISTIAN. In the good providence of God a wonderful door has of late been opened in that empire for the Gospel of His grace. This fact gladdens the hearts of His children, and who on due consideration but will feel it a duty and delight to assist in carrying to these idolatrous millions the Book that tells of Jesus and His love, at the same time praying to the Heavenly Father for those who are laboring for their salvation. We know how easy it is when appealed to for assistance to cherish the idea that times are hard and money scarce. Notwithstanding the hardness of the times, money is passing through our hands, and be it little or much, it is certain that in a short time it will all have passed through. While it is passing, the poorest can devote some to the Lord's cause, and such giving does not and will not impoverish. Experience as well as the rich promises of the Lord amply confirm this. In all our means for usefulness let us endeavour to live more for heaven than for earth, especially if we regard heaven as our eternal home.—Ed.]

Dear Editor:—After we left the Island to come to this place, we received the first issue of THE CHRISTIAN. I thought then I would try and help it along as much as possible, but in that I have failed as there are so many things here to take up my time.

St. Thomas is a hard field in which to labour, and as some persons may wish to know in what way, I will enumerate some of the difficulties to hinder the progress of the cause.

First, It is a fast-growing city, and sometimes called "the baby city." Ten years ago it only numbered two or three thousand inhabitants, but now eleven thousand. There is a continual rush in business affairs; the mighty dollar seems to be the great object with very many. They are buying and selling every day in the week—Sunday scarcely excepted.

The first things that greet our ears, after rising on Lord's day mornings, are the shunting of cars and the shrill whistle of the engine, this being a great railroad centre; and men are at work in the shops and on the roads of the Grand Trunk, Canada Southern and Credit Valley Railroads, all day Sunday. This state of things seemed very wrong to us who came from the quiet regions of P. E. Island.

I understand petitions were sent to the proper authorities by many of the inhabitants to have the Sunday traffic stopped; but they did not accomplish anything. The plea offered by the railroad authorities was that perishable stuff must be allowed to pass over the road on Sunday or there would be a great loss sustained. But most everything is perishable, if we are to judge by what we see passing along the roads on that day.

The passenger trains are run, and men, women and children must be perishable articles; well, some of them do look as if they could not stand a great deal of exposure.

Secondly, There is a great deal of intemperance in this city; every hotel has its bar-room; besides the many taverns and billiard-rooms, and it is no uncommon thing to see a great many drunken men on the streets most any day in the week.

These places are the favorite resorts of many of the young men of the city, as is the case in every place where they are allowed. An effort was made about a year ago, by the temperance men of the city, to adopt the Scott Act, but it was a failure; and by this you will be able to judge who are the more numerous, the temperance men or those who are fond of their glass.

Thirdly, The sects are very strong. The Methodists have four places of worship, the Episcopalians two; then there are the Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Reformed Episcopal and last but not the least, the Salvation Army, who have opened a barracks here, where many congregate every evening to see the holy circus—here is where religion is ridiculed—here is capital for the scoffer to carry on his nefarious work.

Each one of these denominations is trying to draw water to its own mill, and I suppose we should not find fault with them for that were the means used legitimate. But every innovation conceivable is resorted to, and the more outward show the better. Here are towering edifices, very heavily in debt—church festivals, lotteries, bazaars and many other things too numerous to mention. But as to what is preached I can not tell, for I have not been able to attend any of their meetings.

I understand, if a man attends meeting once or peradventure twice on Sundays, and casts in his mite, that with many will pass for religion, but this idea, we find, prevails most everywhere. And these things have a tendency to hatch infidels, of which class there are not a few here; many more than one would expect, seeing there are so many churches.

Our cause is weak, the weakest (excepting the Reformed Episcopal). It has suffered greatly from internal dissensions which have been a serious draw-back; but we have reason to thank God that the brethren are becoming more united, and in time the old troubles will be entirely forgotten.

We have some real good brethren who love the truth, and have means to support it, so with such co-laborers and the gospel in its purity we hope for a strong cause in this city. And another thing which I should not forget to mention is our meeting-house—a very commodious one—is nearly free from debt, which is comforting, as a church in debt is a church in danger.

THE CHRISTIAN is a welcome visitor to us, as it bears all the news from friends at home. I can assure you it is well read by us. I am pleased to learn of its success and that the brethren are giving it the required support. May it be a tower of strength for the up-building of primitive Christianity and the union of all the children of God. Then will the world be brought under the sceptre of King Jesus—then will He see the travail of His soul by having a numerous seed to serve Him.

I hope that some time in the near future I may be able to retrace my steps back to the Maritime Provinces. I longed to be on the Island when the fierce struggle was waged in Prince County, so that I might have assisted in the grand victory achieved for the temperance cause.

Kings County seems to be unfortunate, its difficulty at present is in having those in authority who, against the manifest desire, yea, prayer of the people, appointed a man who is a friend to the tavern-keepers, to be the chief inspector of licenses. But I trust a petition will be in order and forwarded to the proper authorities, and these made to feel the effects of their dastardly outrage. Shall the county bear such an insult without resentment? I think not, as there are men enough who know how to vindicate the right by bringing these men to justice, and they will do it. May the Lord assist every effort put forth to have their appointments cancelled.

Yours truly,

R. W. STEVENSON.

St. Thomas, Ont., March 25th, 1884.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

On Friday, the 11th inst., having obtained leave of absence for four or five weeks from my home churches, I left my friends at home to meet with friends of other days. By the kindness of Mr. McLean, our enterprising merchant, I took a forward passage in the *Baby Elephant* for Eastport, where we arrived after a two hours' sail with a fair wind. As the boat had not arrived from Boston I sought the home of Bro. Dockerty, where I found a welcome and a dinner, two very essential things for a man when travelling. At five P. M., the last line having been cast off, our boat moved away like a "thing of life" toward the home of THE CHRISTIAN. About nine P. M. I sat down to talk with Bro. Capp and wife of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God, but the time failed us to ask all that was in our minds, so at one A. M. we broke from the subject and were soon in the land of dreams. While in one of those flights of fancy I could hardly be persuaded that Bro. Capp was saying it was seven o'clock. But such was really the case, and I found that after having discussed the bounties of his board, it was necessary to move in a hasty manner to the place where the *Secret* was confined, and from which she seemed so anxious to get away. After a very pleasant passage across the Bay, we landed on Scotia's shore in time to discuss the viands at the "Royal." An hour's ride, when we were once started on the Western Counties R. R., brought us to the village of Weymouth, from whence a walk of seven miles through the mud brought me to the home of our good Bro. Steele about the time they had all lain themselves away for a night's repose, and I am still here at this writing. I have had the pleasure of meeting many warm friends at their homes and in the public assembly. We have met on Lord's days and every evening, for the purpose of worshipping and presenting the claims of our divine Master.

I find the church here much discouraged. They have been for over four years without any regular preaching, and although they have maintained the public worship on the Lord's day and the Lord's table has not been neglected, yet the love of some have waxed cold and the growth of the church has ceased. I find them anxious to have the word preached among them, and willing to make an effort according to their ability to this end, and according to what I have heard the church at S. Range and also at Gulliver's Cove share in this anxiety. I have been urged by them to move back and labor with them and I think I will do so after a little time. Yesterday I preached the funeral sermon of our dear departed Bro. Journey, and although many of his relatives were unable to attend, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. I improved the occasion by speaking from James iv: 14.

I. The inclination in man to be independent.

II. The uncertainty of life.

III. What is your life?

(a) As to its duration.

(b) As to its purposes, aims and objects.

(c) What was the life of our dear departed brother? A sketch of his life showing the sacrifices he had made to fit him for the high and holy calling which he had chosen.

J. A. GATES.

Southville, April 21st, 1884.

RANDOM NOTES.

The oldest Journal in Italy is the *Gazetta di Genova*, which dates from 1797.

Telegrams from Newfoundland report that the Greenland seal fisheries are a failure.

"Most of us," says Matthew Arnold, "are what we must be, not what we ought to be—not even what we know we ought to be."

The Prince of Wales is said to be taking an active interest in the subject of better homes for the poor, and is zealous in discharging his duties as a member of the commission appointed to investigate the matter.

Mr. Spurgeon says that luck generally comes to those who look after it, and his notion is that it taps, once in a lifetime, at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes.

There is a lindentree at Furstenfeld, in Germany, which is supposed to be 1,000 years old and the oldest tree in the world. It stands in a churchyard, and the trunk is fully fifteen feet in diameter.

A Philadelphian sent a postal card to his sister in Canada on which he had written 644 words. She answered with 714 words. Not to be outdone, he crowded on 1,003, which brought an answer with 1,526 words spelled out in full and written plain enough to be easily read by persons of ordinary sight.

A mathematician computes that a compositor's hand makes in a year of 300 days, each of ten hours' work, 3,600,000 movements in the setting of 12,000 letters each day, and the distance his hand travels at the same time is 1,364 miles a year, or over 4½ miles a day.

A gentleman who has just returned from Washington Territory was asked how he liked the country. "Well, sir, every bunch of willows is a mighty forest, every frog pond a sylvan lake, every waterfall a second Minueapolis, every ridge of rocks a gold mine, every town a country seat, and every man a liar."

Rabbits in Australia are proving great enemies to the owners of sheep runs. On one, the herbage has been so fearfully consumed by these rapidly-breeding animals, that the wool has been reduced from eight hundred bales to three hundred. Cannot these superfluous and destructive creatures be caught on a wholesale scale, and sent to England in the frozen or some other condition?

Experiments were made recently with a telephone apparatus to be used in talking across the ocean. Whether this proves a success or not the thing will certainly be done in the near future, and friends separated by stretch of more than 3,000 miles will hear each other's voices in conversation. This is a wonderful age to live in.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, who spent many years in India as a Christian missionary, was long pastor of one of the largest churches in Brooklyn, and is now filling the pulpit of a prominent Chicago church, declared to his congregation one day that "for unmix'd wickedness and utter moral depravity no city of Asia could equal Chicago or New York," and that "this continent has a class of villains lower and meaner than the lowest and meanest in India or China."

During the ten years from 1871 to 1881 the number of women in England engaged in government service increased from 3,314 to 7,370; of painters and artist students, from 2,936 to 18,353; of teachers, from 94,239 to 123,995; of commercial clerks, from 1,755 to 6,078; and of printers, from 741 to 2,202. The number engaged in pure manual labor scarcely varied, but those engaged in labor requiring skill and education are much more numerous. It is evident that the sphere for women is widening.

We have to be especially careful of appearance to-day. It is almost as needful to be solicitous how we look and act as how we talk. For not only is there a party among us taking notes, but there is an invention of the pocket order just out for taking views. It is after the style of instantaneous photography. By an ingenious arrangement the likeness of any person or the outlines of any scene may be taken at a moment's notice. And this, too, without attracting special attention. Properly enough, the apparatus is called the "detective" camera.

At the important convention of Prison Superintendents at the 5th Avenue Hotel Dr. T. C. McDonald, Superintendent of the State Asylum for Insane Criminals at Auburn, said that experience, observation, and study led him to believe that tobacco was detrimental to the bodily, mental, and moral health of prisoners. He said that tobacco ranked next to alcohol as a deteriorating and demoralizing agent when used to excess. Two years ago he withheld it from his patients, most of whom had long been addicted to its use. He was surprised to see how rapidly the clamour for it subsided. They had generally improved in their bodily health and mental and moral tone. Yet how many slaves there are among our readers; out of prison, yet in chains!

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DONALD CRAWFORD, - - NEW GLASGOW, P. E. I.

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STEPHEN'S DEATH.

In the luminous cloud of witnesses that adorn Old Testament history, Moses stands conspicuous for nearer resemblance to Christ, both in his disposition of mind and his fidelity to God in the numerous and important offices he filled. Among New Testament Saints we know of none who more faithfully followed in the foot-steps of the Saviour than His first martyr.

Jesus taught His disciples how to treat their enemies. 1. To utterly disregard their vengeance although armed with power to kill the body. 2. To love their enemies so as to pray for them even when enduring their hate and persecution. His own life was a beautiful illustration of such conduct. No mere man came nearer perfection on these points than Stephen. When he stood before the Sanhedrin he well knew the malice and power of that body, and awaited their worst vengeance with angelic equanimity. For Moses he cherished the highest respect as a faithful servant in the house of God, and on that occasion his face shone like that of the great prophet. He loved the God of Israel with supreme affection, but he is charged before a Jewish court with blaspheming both Moses and God; and the high priest, in mere pretence of justice, asks if these things were so. But Stephen makes no attempt at self-defence. Although these charges were most abhorrent to his soul, and manufactured to accomplish his death, like his Master "he answered never a word." His example is a most precious legacy to the children of God when called to suffer unjustly. It often happens that in proportion to their zeal and sacrifice for Christ, they are blamed even by inconsiderate brethren. Instead of brooding and chafing over his sufferings, Stephen seems completely oblivious to unjust treatment. Self is ignored in his burning anxiety to make known to others the truth and the love of Jesus. He counted not his own life dear unto himself so that he might testify the Gospel of the grace of God. In such a soul there is no place for the fear of man. In his speech it was his evident design to make from the Scripture a convincing argument for the Messiahship and Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, which in all probability the shrewdness of his enemies anticipated, arousing their determination to stop, by a violent death, that voice which they felt utterly unable to gainsay or resist. And seeing he had only a few minutes to live he spent them: 1. In charging the council with their enormous guilt in crucifying the Lord of glory. 2. Kindly telling them what he saw in heaven—God's glory; and at His right hand standing the Son of Man, who not only felt for a dying brother, but possessed a love for all the race which would freely forgive the very chief of sinners who come to Him. 3. Calling on Jesus to receive his spirit as He on

the cross had called on His Father. 4. Pleading for his murderers as Jesus when dying had done for His.

The above reflections have led to the composition of the following poem:

The council gazed on Stephen's face,
Now beaming with angelic grace,
Though doomed, on charges false, to die,
The high priest calls for his reply.

Nor life nor justice he demands,
He asks no favor at their hands;
His bribed accusers does not heed,
But speaks the word of God instead.

From Abram's call to Solomon,
He traces revelation down,
To show what God did there record
Was now fulfilled in Christ, the Lord.

But looking on his restless foes,
He drew his subject to a close;
In burning language brief and keen,
He told them what their guilt had been.

"Your father's crimes you've far outdone,
You've crucified the Holy One!
The righteous law, by angels given,
Have broken in the sight of heaven."

Fired with the spirit from beneath
They rushed on him and gnashed their teeth,
And stoning him they freely cry,
Let Moses' vile blasphemer die!

For sympathy which earth denies
He lifts to heaven imploring eyes;
God's brightest glory brings to view
A Saviour and a brother too.

"I see" he said "at God's right hand,
The Son of MAN in glory stand."
With outstretched hands he leaves his seat,
Stands his first martyr's soul to meet.

But ere he sleeps in peaceful death,
He kneels, and cries with parting breath—
"O Lord, thy mercy's free and large,
Lay not this murder to their charge!"

He who for chief of sinners died,
Pardoned a robber at His side,
For His own murderers pled with God,
And gained their pardon by His blood,

Now heard His dying servant's prayer,
Now did these heartless rebels spare,
And thus to future ages prove
How rich is God's forgiving love.

We know not all of that proud race,
He made the trophies of His grace;
But God was pleased to show us one—
Young Saul, who urged the murderers on.

This monument to earth and heaven,
Was freely by his Lord forgiven,
Because the meek Apostle Paul
Suffered and worked above them all.

He preached and gloried in the cross,
All other gain he counted loss,
Finished his course and kept the faith
Like Stephen met a martyr's death.

When Paul and Stephen yet shall rove,
Over the fields of light and love,
Shall we, kind reader, with them swell
The praise of our Emmanuel?

IF ANY of our readers have spare numbers of the April issue they would confer a great favor by returning them to this office.

WE WERE very much pleased in having a visit from Bros. John Smith and Thomas Ossinger, the two elders of the church in Tiverton, Digby Co., N. S. They spoke very encouragingly of the work in their locality, and of the good work done by Bro. Ford.

THE BROTHERS throughout these Provinces are anxiously waiting to learn the results of our efforts to obtain more laborers in this portion of God's vineyard. At the present we have nothing very encouraging to report, but in our next issue will have a few words to say about the difficulties in obtaining them.

A LETTER from Bro. J. B. Wallace informs us that he is improving in health, and that the coming summer (D. V.) will find him again fully into the work of preaching the gospel.

Bro. W. H. EATON, who was night foreman on the *Daily Sun* of this place, and known to our readers by his excellent articles in THE CHRISTIAN, has been compelled, through ill-health, to leave his present position for one, being day work however, in the office of the *Herald*, published in Montreal. He has kindly promised to continue as a contributor to the columns of our paper.

FROM THE *New England Evangelist* we learn that Bro. A. Martin who for awhile labored in Lubec, Maine, has been appointed by the Foreign Board, Missionary to England, and expects to sail about the first of the present month.

From what we have heard and know of Brother Martin, we feel confident this is a wise selection on the part of the Board, and that he will, by the blessing of God, do much good in his new field of labor.

ABOUT nine o'clock Good Friday night a ring came to the door-bell, and who should march upstairs but Bro. Joseph Gates. To say that we were pleased to see him would by no means express our feelings. We spent a very pleasant, and I trust a very profitable evening together. The next morning we escorted him to the boat going across the Bay. He says, and his appearance certainly does not contradict it, that he is now feeling quite well. He expects to labor in Digby County for a month or six weeks and then return to LeTete, N. B.

WE GLADLY welcome to our exchange list the *New England Evangelist*, a monthly paper, issued by our brethren in the New England States, edited and published by Bro. Frank O. Ellis, of Lynn, Mass. It is a very neat, spicy four-page paper, 16 by 12 inches, price 50 cts. per year.

In the March issue among the editorial notes we find a few words expressing so tersely the feelings, not only of professing Christians, but even outsiders, and at the same time the determination of the present managers of THE CHRISTIAN, that we clip the following:

Many of the best Christians of the day are thoroughly tired of the bickerings and the sectarian spirit which pervades most of the current religious literature. Those two features we propose to leave out of the *Evangelist*, and if it can't live without them, let it die. Nevertheless we propose to be a firm advocate and defender of the doctrine of Christ.

WE FEEL certain that we but express the feelings of hundreds and thousands of men and women, religious and irreligious, in saying that we have been disgusted and pained at the questionable methods of raising money under the name of religion. In reading some of the many advertisements, noticing their nature and the names given to the proposed methods, and then what was tolerated, we have been astonished and our noses have instinctively turned up in disgust. We feel sure that such methods are far beneath the dignity of the gospel; they have a withering effect upon the piety of those thus actively engaged; leave an impression on the man of the world that we are more interested in his money than his soul; and that in many cases the money thus sought is to meet expenses created by pride, but through the lack of interest and piety we fail to meet. If churches, as individuals are expected to do, would live within their means, and do their part of the work, God would furnish them with what is necessary to carry on successfully the grand work of Christ and leave no need of their resorting to such methods of raising money.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF CHLOE.

What is the trouble now with Chloe? Trouble enough. The secret is out. Division in the church at Corinth. Some have become Apollosites, and some Cephasites, and others Paulites. Chloe's household has not escaped the evil. Fortunatus, Stephanus and Achaicus are seriously effected, and sister Chloe's heart is nearly broken. Her once happy home is now disturbed by divisions and contentions. They are determined she shall be a party in the same contentious muddle. She refuses to have anything to do with it whatever, contending that the whole affair was a grievous wrong and against the spirit and genius of Christ's religion. She was satisfied in being a Christian and nothing more. They, however, to exonerate themselves, contended that she was just as much a partisan and sectarian as they were, and insisted on calling her by a party name, against her decided remonstrance, saying if she believed as Peter did she was therefore a Peterite. They concluded, however, after they found they could not make her accept a party name, to let her go her way and they would go their way, and instead of uniting in the worship of the Lord and sitting together at the Lord's table, every one had a table of their own. But this did not settle the trouble with sister Chloe. She loved the Lord and His cause too well to allow this carnal nonsense to go on unrebuked. So she informed the Apostle Paul that their once united happy homes had so far degenerated into strife and contention, that she hardly dare mention the subject of religion among them least she would say something that would excite unpleasant feelings, and arouse an overheated controversy. This information concerning a church he loved, brought out some sharp pointed rebukes from the Apostle, and we don't wonder at it. It is not at all strange that he should feel ashamed of them, that he should tell them he was astonished that they should lose the spirit of their Master. "You surely know that Christ is not divided! He has no divisions in His church!" "The fact of your divisions show plainly you are not of Christ. This spirit of sectarianism among you is carnal, and you know what I told the Roman brethren is true, (Rom. viii. 7, 8.) 'that the carnal mind is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be, and cannot therefore please God, and thus to be carnally minded is death.'" "I cannot therefore speak to you as spiritual but as weak carnal men, even babes. I expected to find you strong men in Christ, but this envying and party spirit destroys your growth and your spirituality. Instead of holding up Christ to the world and fulfilling His prayer, 'that all his disciples might be one,' you are holding up party, and bringing shame and disgrace upon the cross of Christ. You know the design of the cross was to break down all party lines and to make all one, to reconcile as in one church, (Eph. ii. 16.) and so make peace. You did not receive this party spirit from me. My teaching is and ever has been, 'that you all speak the same thing and that there be no divisions among you, but that you be perfectly joined together by the same mind and the same judgment.—1 Cor. i. 10. If you have called yourselves Paulites out of respect for me you have come widely off the mark, and as for Apollos, he is bitterly opposed to this sectarian spirit. He is feeling so bad about it that when I entreated him to visit you he would not do it, but said he would wait till a more convenient time.—2 Cor. xvi. 12. Who am I, or who is Apollos, but ministers or servants of Christ by whose labors you have believed. We were not crucified for you, neither were you baptized into our names. I am thankful that I did not baptize any more of you, as you seem to reckon yourselves the disciples of those who baptize you.

What we taught you was very far from this. We labored for your sakes—not ours—that you might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written, that none of you be puffed up one against another.—1 Cor. iv. 6. This division and spirit of party among you will be your ruin. It is a block to your success. It is the reason why so many are sick among you. This spirit is not of God, but is of the world. I tell you now what I told the Galatian brethren, "that factions, and divisions, and parties are the works of the flesh, and they who practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—Gal. v. 20. I tell you these things in the spirit of love and meekness." Here is a condition of things truly sad and sufficiently alarming to trouble not only Chloe and her household, but every lover of the Lord.

How well it would be had this divided, distracted sectarian state of affairs been confined to the Corinthian church, but unfortunately, the same mistake is being repeated over and over again. It is folly for us to try to hide this ugly picture. An angel's garb would not cover it. We are not alone in believing that sectarian strife is one of the worst evils in the world. The best minds of all ages have repudiated this spirit of sectism. We will let Martin Luther say what he thinks about it.

"In the first place I pray you to leave my name alone, and not call yourselves Lutherans, but Christians. Who is Luther? My doctrine is not mine! I have not been crucified for any one. Saint Paul (1 Cor. iii.) would not that any one should call themselves of Paul, nor of Peter, but of Christ. How, then, does it befit me, a miserable bag of dust and ashes, to give my name to the children of Christ? Cease, my dear friends, to cling to these party names and distinctions; away with them all, and let us call ourselves only Christians, after Him from whom our doctrine comes. It is quite just that the papists should bear the name of their party, because they are not content with the name and doctrine of Jesus Christ; they will be papists besides. Well, let them own the pope, as he is their master. For me, I neither am, nor wish to be, master of any one. I and mine will contend for the sole and whole doctrine of Christ, who is our sole Master. . . . I myself no longer know Luther, and wish not to know him. What I preach comes, not from him, but from Jesus Christ. Let the devil fly away with Luther, if he can; I care not, so long as he leaves Jesus Christ reigning in all hearts." *Luther Werke*, ii. p. 4. *Michelet's Life of Luther*, b. ii. chap. i. *Vide Appendix.*

Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, the most noted theologian of the age, says: "I abhor sectarianism. I regard religious bigotry as an unmitigated curse. I have no doubt that creeds of human making when regarded as other than mutual suggestions, have done more harm to Christianity than have ever been done by any form of speculative infidelity. No theological creed has ever received my signature. No man, no church, has any dominion over my faith."

The *Christian at Work*, published in New York, and of acknowledged worth, speaks out loudly against this evil. It says: "If the Master was here, (and we say it reverently) we believe we should learn nothing about Presbyterianism, Methodism, or Congregationalism. He would be as silent about these as He was about Cæsar's private life, and were he to come among us now we have not the slightest doubt that we should all be keenly rebuked for our hyper-sectarianism so foreign to the spirit of the gospel."

May the time soon come when those who see and acknowledge the evil will do their best to correct it, and submit to nothing but Christ and His authority. Then will the ancient splendor of God's people be seen and felt again on earth, then will we give back the song of peace and good will to man that the angels sang.

H. MURRAY.

"WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

How many things to us here seem very mysterious! We sometimes think of the dear little child, the only one, being taken away by the chilling, unwelcome hand of death, after being left long enough to entwine its little life and loveliness into the tenderest affections of the mother's heart and to seem an absolute necessity to the well-being of the loving father. Under such circumstances, I've seen the mother almost rebel against what, for the time being, seemed to be cruelty in our loving Father. But, she still thought of her little one, of the great beyond, of God the Father to whom it had gone; of Him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She thought of His love, His honors, His humility, His sufferings and the great design of it all; until she was constrained to bow to the Divine will, yield herself to Christ and then enjoy the glorious prospect of a glad reunion beyond the changes, the trials and the sorrows of time.

If we could just come to the Word of God with the thoughts in our minds that His ways are higher than our ways and His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and in that light view what otherwise seems dark to us in the experiences of men, we might be more willing to bow in submission to Him who "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," awaiting the interpreting and adjusting of everything in the light of the eternal day.

Sometimes the young man with pale cheek and almost unsteady step, through weakness of body, works all the more earnestly in the vineyard of the Master, because he is continually warned that his day for work here will not be long. His burning words are often heard, urging the claims of Christ and trying to persuade sinners to "flee from the wrath to come."

Some morning, he occupies not his accustomed place. A solemn stillness seals every lip, or, if words are uttered, they come in the sacred whispers which alone breaks the silence of the presence of death.

They who, perhaps, once smiled at his impassioned words, his peculiar earnestness, his flowing tears, smile no more. They know that a faithful life has ended here—its record is complete.

But, why was that body so frail? Why has that life ended so soon? Can you tell, or do you know? No! you can not tell. God alone knows. He understands it all, and eternity will give to us the reason why.

He may have lived in poverty and died almost a pauper; but, did he live in vain? Was his life fruitless? Was it a failure? These are questions which remain to be fully answered by-and-by. He may have made impressions on the minds of others which will impel them to work after he has gone to rest.

Paul died, but Timothy lived; Paul ceased to preach, but Timothy was to continue preaching the word.

Jesus said: As long as I am in the world I am the light of the world. When He went away the light did not go out; others were prepared by Him to carry on the work for which he had laid the foundation—for which he had given His life.

Paul told Timothy not only to preach the word, but to commit what he had learned to faithful men who might be able to teach others also.

If we could see matters just as God sees them, we might conclude that the short life of the faithful worker, whose "sun goes down at noon," may be a life of the grandest results when the great problem of "profit and loss" is solved and everything is seen in the true light.

Your life, my brother, is not as the flight of a bird through the air which leaves no mark in passing. The mighty steamer may ruffle the broad

surface of the Atlantic or the Pacific, but very soon the ocean is trackless as it was before. Such is not your life. You are making impressions on the things of time which will never be erased. What you may consider the little unimportant acts of life will have an influence for good or ill on the endless ages of eternity.

We are now "walking by faith, not by sight." Now, "we see through a glass darkly." By-and-bye, we will "see face to face." Let us be content now to take God's directions, do His will, rely on His promises, remembering that He is wiser than we are, and His ways higher than our ways.

O. B. EMERY.

Deer Island, April 11, 1884.

THE FAMILY.

"DOES YOU LOVE GOD?"

The question came from a tiny pair of lips. Opposite sat a young man of striking exterior. They were fellow-travellers in a stage-coach. The child sat on the mother's knee. For four hours the coach had been rolling on, and the child had been very winning in her little ways—lispings songs, lifting her bright blue eyes into her mother's face—then falling back into her mother's arms, as if to say, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour this young man had played with her. He had nodded his head to her little tunes—he had offered her his pearl-handled knife to play with, until his heart seemed fairly won.

It was thus the journey was almost ending, when for a time the innocent face wore an air of strange solemnity; a deep thoughtfulness spread over the young brow that had never yet known the dark shadow of care, and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man, and lisped in her childish voice,

"Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first in the confusion and bent over her nearer, and the voice asked again, "Does you love God?"—the thoughtful, inquiring eyes meantime beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily, blushing up to his hair. He looked at the child in a sort of confused, abrupt way, turned to the coach door, gave another look back, as if he longed to see that face again, and then was gone.

He hurried to his hotel; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart, catching up and recalling the question, "Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met him at the hotel. They appeared to have waited for him some time, and welcomed him with mirth, that seemed almost boisterous. An elegant supper had been prepared, to which they soon escorted him, and all seemed likely to be merry. But—he was not merry. Despite all around, there was a voice within, that kept on, echoing, echoing,—

"Does you love God?"

So the voice haunted him all that night. It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard amid the clatter of the billiard-balls and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the room, everywhere,—

"Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in revelling. He strove to sleep it away; but it came again to him in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was about to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in herself, and beautifully dressed. The gleam of pearls and the lustres of silk and lace vied with each other to set forth her loveliness; but even as she came sailing into the room, with smiles upon her young red lips, and a welcome in her words, there came too, floating noiselessly at her side, the

presence of that angel-child. The better feelings her presence had awakened were yet warm; and before he knew it, the young man said, quickly and smartly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was just leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up, and put to me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced, and more than once it was said, "He does not seem himself."

No. He was *not* himself; that is, as he had been. A little child had cast a pebble in the stagnant pool of his thoughtless heart, and the waters were stirred from their deepest depth.

* * * * *

Dust-soiled and weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he walked on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye suddenly encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly changed. He paused an instant, looked eagerly at the window, and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by, after seeing you so suddenly at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who five years ago, in a stage coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady, smiling, "from the circumstance that you seemed so startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person whom we met, that or similar questions?"

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Can I not see her, madam?"

Strange, that in his eagerness, he did not notice the pale cheek and quivering of that mother's lip. But as he ceased speaking, he saw the tear-stained cheek turned towards the window.

"Madam—is—the child——"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back in his seat—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn the still bleeding wound in that mother's heart.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a short pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is then speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hollowed chamber she went, where in a case were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, and her childish toys. "There," said the mother—quite breaking down—"there is all that is left on earth of my precious Nettie."

"No, madam; that is not all that is left: I am here, a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubt, of bewilderment, and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator, I had defyingly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was very great; for many looked up to me, and chose me as their leader. I was going the downward path—groping blindly in a labyrinth of errors, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine, a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked-for question, 'Does you love God?' Oh,

that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine piety, that through her, glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys."

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept. All he had said was true; for he held the hearts of many. In genius, he was one of the strong ones of earth; and now that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

Oh! little children do a mighty work. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise!" (Matt. xxi. 16.)

Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe in heaven, is there not a voice in your heart, asking,

"Does you love God?"—*Illustrative Gatherings.*

IN MEMORIAM.

To the memory of William McDonald, formerly of New Perth, P. E. I., who died in Colorado, a few weeks ago.

The cold and icy hand of death
Has slain a youth so dear,
When only in the prime of life,
Was parted from us here.

Friend after friend has passed away;
Has suffered and has died,
And as they left us here below
We laid them side by side.

Not so with this our loving friend
Who died in a strange land,
With only one he loved most dear,
To clasp him by the hand.

Hark! hark! I hear my Master call,
And I must Him obey,
I'm loathe to leave you brother dear,
But oh! I cannot stay.

The shadows now are gathering round;
How dim the light must be,
From all below I soon must part
And with my Saviour be.

Yes, with my Saviour shall rejoice
And sing His dying love,
And meet my father and mother dear,
In the bright realms above.

Farewell, farewell my brother dear,
There is no healing art,
Fondly we loved each other here,
How sad that we must part.

The parting, brother, won't be long,
We'll meet on yon bright shore;
I know that you will miss me much,
But there we'll part no more.

Farewell, dear friends, beyond the sea,
I ne'er shall be with you,
There are bright joys to which I go,
So now a last adieu.

Angels do whisper and rejoice,
And tune their harps of gold,
Another has been saved by grace,
And safe within the fold.

Now fare thee well our brother dear,
Thy spirit is at rest,
And we have shed the silent tear,
But thou art with the blest.

—MRS. ISABELLA STEWART.

God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; and he makes it bear thorns, that we may look for something better beyond.

REMARKS

AT THE FUNERAL OF J. Y. JOURNEY, HELD IN MORRISON CHAPEL OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY., MARCH 17, 1884.

BY PRES. C. L. LOOS.

We judge men first and chiefly by their motives which actuate them in the choice and pursuit of their course in life; for the head and heart are both engaged in the determination of this choice.

Our young brother whose body rests in the coffin before us, must be judged in this way. He had with full purpose of mind and heart devoted himself for life to the ministry of the gospel. Consider what this means!

This ministry, as the general rule, excludes the earthly ambitions that ordinarily move men in the conduct of life. At the best, the servant of Christ in this field can expect no more than a simple competence, that will meet the wants of himself and his family within the bounds of strict economy. He is shut out, generally, from the avenues of money-making—that passion that so powerfully and almost universally controls the lives of men;—that privilege of others, that permits them to accumulate comforts and ease for themselves, and to lay up a support for their children, after them.

Other men can secure for themselves permanent homes, one of the most desirable blessings and enjoyments of life, and that has so much to do with the happiness and the general well-being of family life. All paths of earthly ambition, which not only the men of the world, but even Christians may lawfully pursue, the preacher must, as a rule, forego.

Is it not a grand victory, then, for a man to be able, voluntarily and intelligently, to bring his heart to make such a sacrifice of all earthly self-seeking? With the old, whom the world itself has left, whose passions have died out, who have been alienated from the world's allurements, by bitter disappointments, this would not be surprising. But for the young to do this, at the very threshold of life, full of life, vigor and hopes, in the midst of a land offering in an extraordinary way every prize of temporal good fortune to the active and enterprising, is a wonderful evidence of the power of self-denial, and a noble devotion to a higher good, which the grace of God exercises in the hearts of men. When the tide of worldliness sweeps along in its deep and broad and powerful current, as it has ever done, and is especially doing in our own land, the young men of our land, it is a most encouraging sight to see so many of this class, as well endowed as others with the same rich gifts and opportunities that ensure worldly success, choose that better part of the service of God in the mission of the Cross.

Rest assured, in spite of all the calumnies of unregenerated men, of railers and scoffers, the ministers of the gospel to-day, in this land as elsewhere, counts among its number men, not only the peers, but abundantly also the superiors, of multitudes who sit high in places of worldly distinction. The talents and learning of thousands in the ministry would give them easy pre-eminence over men high in society and in the nation.

And is there any ambition purer and loftier and more worthy of everything that is good and great in the human soul, than that of living and laboring "to seek and save the lost?" It is the closest fellowship with God in his own greatest work; it is a direct co-operation with Jesus, as near as mortal can attain to this.

Let me tell you to-day to give yourself sincerely and fully to the work of the ministry; to be able to reach that power and joy of self-denial which the worthy acceptance of this office demands, requires more than an ordinary consecration of the heart; only a kind of second conversion, if I may so speak, can bring it about.

Then let us honor evermore the young men who so nobly devoted themselves, at such sacrifice, to this noblest of all callings. Our brother has passed away, bearing with him that holy devotion that he here cherished to the heavenly home, and ere he

realized his earnest hopes of laboring in the Master's field "to seek and save the lost." Who will now fill the void left by his death? His pure and godly life, so humble, yet so earnest in his devotion to his life-purpose, has left a sweet fragrance among us, sweeter than these transient flower wreaths which loving christian hands have placed on his coffin.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

—The British drink bill for 1883 foots up \$628,386,375. The quantity aggregates 1,032,142,158 gallons. This would make a lake a mile long and a mile wide, with a depth of 35 feet, or sufficient to float men of war.

—A fact worthy the consideration of parents and others to whom the care of children is committed is thus emphasized by the *Independent*:

The young in recent years have become exposed to a new temptation to intemperance through the use of confectionery. It is known, but not as generally as it should be, that wine and whiskey are used in the manufacture of certain kinds of confectionery. The candy known as "Rock and Rye" drops is flavored with so-called "essence of whisky" or fusil-oil. A Brooklyn chemist recently examined a sample and found the fusil-oil to enter into it largely. A fatal dose is stated to be 1.4 to 1.6 grains. This quantity was found in two pounds of the candy. It is, therefore, very dangerous, and ought to be seized and destroyed by proper officers wherever it is exposed for sale.

CURRENT EVENTS.

DOMESTIC.

Diphtheria prevails to an alarming extent, at North Head, Grand Manan.

The packet Ripple is carrying mails and passengers between Grand Manan and St. Andrews.

The following resolution was lately unanimously adopted in the Manitoba Assembly: That in the opinion of this House it is desirable and would be in the best interest of this province that an act should be passed prohibiting the importation, sale or traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The *Montreal Witness* says that an interesting discussion on the effect of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, on the rights of property in Canada, was delivered by Chancellor Boyd, of Toronto, on Wednesday. Briefly, the decision was that, after the death of the wife, the husband is entitled to a life interest in the property as tenant by courtesy; and further that to entitle a husband to tenancy by courtesy a legal marriage only is necessary. It need not be canonical.

UNITED STATES.

As the result of an extended inquiry, the Chicago Tribune is able to report the high license law of Illinois is working well. A general license cost \$590.

The American oak leather tannery, at Cincinnati, occupying a full square, was burned. The loss will reach \$400,000; insurance \$300,000; 400 persons are thrown out of employment.

Cicero Jelloison, son of an old man Jelloison who was dragged from his bed a few nights ago and murdered at Des Moines, Ia., has made a full confession of the murder and implicates John A. Smyth and Joel Wilson as accessories to the crime. Loud threats of lynching are heard.

For three days the most destructive fires ever known in North Carolina, have been devastating the southern border of the State, extending into six or seven counties. Vast forests of long leaf pine have been attacked. They formed the chief source of timber supply; hundreds of thousands of trees have been burned, and some of the largest turpentine orchards in the State have been ruined and many farm houses destroyed.

About 12.30 o'clock Tuesday morning the steamer Falmouth, of the I. S. S. Company, lying at Portland, Me., was burned to the water's edge. Wm. Morrison, one of the fireman, was burned to death. His face and body was badly disfigured. John Gilles, of St. John, fireman, perished. His body, badly burned, was found. James Murphy, of St. John, fireman, is missing, doubtless burned. The cause of the fire is unknown. The boat is now beached, and will be totally destroyed. The loss is estimated by the Company at \$175,000.

On the morning of April 27th. Mrs. Amelia Barnett, wife of David Barnett, of Phillipsburg, N. J., locked the doors of her house. She then threw her son, two and a half years old, on the bed and cut his throat with a razor. She then seized her five months' old child and served it in the same brutal way. She then gave an alarm and as the neighbors rushed in, drew a razor across her own throat and threw herself on the bed beside her children. Willie, the oldest boy, died in 10 minutes, the younger child and mother are both mortally wounded. Mrs. Barnett is now acting in such a violent manner that six men are required to hold her.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Sunday Apr. 20 the Duchess of Edinburgh was delivered of a daughter. Both mother and child are doing well.

John Daily, the suspected dynamiter, who has been in jail at Liverpool the past two weeks was brought into court on Saturday morning. The public prosecutor applied for the removal of the prisoner to Birkenhead. The evidence against him will be submitted to the court at Birkenhead.

At 9.30 o'clock an earthquake shock of considerable force was felt in the eastern counties of England. At Ipswich, the capital of Suffolk county, the shock was so severe that the walls of houses were perceptibly shaken, plates were rattled and bells rung. People have been thrown into such a state of consternation that business is for the time suspended. The shock was still more severe at Colchester in Essex. The concussion lasted half a minute. The first symptom was a deep rumbling sound portentous and awe-inspiring. This was speedily followed by a quaking and shaking of all buildings. Church bells sounded as though rung by unseen hands. Tall chimney stacks of factories crushed in ruins to the earth and other lofty structures were destroyed. The spire of one of the largest churches in the city, 150 feet in height, fell with an awful crash to the ground. In one part of the city fire was caused by the shock. It is impossible to estimate the amount of damage, but it is known to be great. In private houses the greatest confusion prevailed. Tables were overturned, chairs awayed and nodded and fell sprawling upon the floor. China and glassware in cupboards and sideboards rattled together and were frequently shattered, while pictures and other ornaments upon the walls were loosened from their fastenings and fell to the floor. People were terror-stricken. Men, women and children rushed shrieking into the streets, where their agonized cries and pale faces made a most impressive scene.

FOREIGN.

Orders have been sent to Cairo to establish a special messenger post to convey despatches to Gen. Gordon.

The *Daily News* reports every village between Berber and Khartoum is in rebellion, and the rebels are entering Berber.

Seven officers and one hundred and twenty-four marines have been ordered to reinforce the corps now stationed at Alexandria.

The *Figaro* correspondent at Cairo sends the following details of the recent Shandy massacre:—Three hundred Egyptian troops and six hundred non-combatants, preferring to make the hazardous attempt to march to Berber to starving inside of Shandy, set out from the latter place on the 15th inst. Part of the number went slowly by steamer down the river, while the other marched along the river bank. When two hours distant from Shandy they were attacked by Arabs, and after a short fight all the troops excepting a few were massacred. The Arabs afterwards visited Shandy. The Egyptian troops there had discarded their arms and uniforms in the hope of being spared, a few however escaped general massacre. Two thousand men, women and children were slaughtered. Many were refugees from Khartoum.

SEVERAL hundred persons who have used Minard's Liniment for producing hair on bald heads, testify that it is all it is recommended as a hair restorer and will produce a nice growth in all cases where the hair has fallen by disease; it is perfectly clean and invigorating.

CONCERNING the importance of religious literature the *Christian at Work* says:—A man or woman may be truly converted, and enjoy Christ's love greatly, while very ignorant; but cannot be intelligent, well informed members of our churches, unless they read Christian literature. The pastor or other person who encourages any family in securing and reading such books and periodicals as will promote spiritual growth, is doing one of the most important kinds of Christian work. As a rule, the pastor can do this work as no other man can.

THOUSANDS of bottles of Minard's Liniment have been used during the past year by the fishermen and all testify that it is good for everything, and especially for extracting the soreness from their hands there is nothing like it; it is a medicine chest in itself.

RECEIPTS FOR APRIL.

Herbert S. Moore, 50cts; Wallace Stewart, 50; Samuel Nelson, 50; James Prince, Jr., 50; John Campbell, 50; Joseph Ash, 50; J. S. Hines, 50; Thos. P. Lambert, 50; Mrs. John T. Chaffey, 50; James E. Cline, 50; O. H. P. Baker, 50; A. B. Harmon, 50; Geo. H. Mellen, 50; Mrs. Libbie Rounds, 50; Mrs. Geo. H. Hudson, 50; Miss Alice J. Rounds, 50; Wm. B. Wallace, 50; Thomas Wallace, 50; Mrs. P. Williams, 50; Mrs. John Anslie, 50; John W. Wallace, 50; Mrs. Wm. Maxwell, 50; Mrs. Isabella Stewart, 50; Elizabeth Cameron, 50; Armina Morrow, 50; J. Leslie Smith, 50; Mrs. Benj. Powell, 50; William Howard, 50; A. Hume, 50; Esrom Williams, 50; George Wallace, 50; W. I. Green, 50; John B. Moore, 50; William E. Phillips, 50.

RECEIPTS FOR P. E. I. MISSION.

Peter McRae,.....	\$20 00
Robert Boyer,.....	10 00
Alex. Crawford,.....	10 00
John Jelly,.....	2 00
James Stevenson,.....	5 00
John Murray,.....	7 00
William Arthur,.....	3 00
Total,.....	\$57 00

FRANK BOYER, Treasurer.

P. E. Island, April 7th, 1884.

DEATHS.

MCNEILL.—Brother Edward McNeill, in the 82nd year of his age, at his residence, Deer Island, Sunday, March 9, 1884, ceased his earthly pilgrimage and passed to his rest.

Our aged brother has left a loving family and many friends to mourn their loss. Sorrow dims not, but rather brightens the eye of faith; so, in hope they look forward to the better life. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

O. B. EMERY.

Deer Island, March 13, 1884.

RICHARDSON.—At her home in Richardsonville, Deer Island, Friday morning, April 11, 1884, Sister Laura, beloved wife of Mr. Elmer Richardson and eldest daughter of Frank Wilson, Esq., after a lingering illness which she bore with Christian courage and patience, quietly fell "asleep in Jesus."

Many relatives and a large circle of friends mourn their loss to-day; but, although Sister R. was young in years and appeared to have very much for which to live, their loss is her gain. Her faith in her risen Lord was strong. With her bereaved husband she has left their dear little boy, of one year. May her precious treasures be so kept and guarded as to be restored to her in a brighter world.

O. B. EMERY.

April 14, 1884.

COOK.—At Back Bay, on the 18th inst., Brother Peter Cook passed away. The cause of his death was quick consumption, accompanied with dropsy. He confessed his faith in Christ about two years ago and his life has been consistent with his profession. His end was peace. He was taken away in the midst of his days. He was about thirty-three years old.

Back Bay, March 25th, 1884.

MATTHEWS.—At LeTete, on the 14th March, of quick consumption, Sister Emma Matthews passed to her rest at the early age of eighteen, leaving a husband and two children. Her obedience to the Saviour was spoken of in my last communication. She died trusting fully in Jesus and longing for the time to come.

J. A. GATES.

LeTete, March 25th, 1884.

TUCKER.—At LeTete, on the 21st inst., Sister Tucker fell asleep in Jesus at the age of seventy-one. The immediate cause of her death was a gangrene sore which started about three weeks before her death from a small piece of skin being knocked off her toe. Sister Tucker gave her heart to Jesus many years ago, and her life was a life of faith on the Son of God. She never seemed to tire when speaking of her Lord. The funeral was large, quite a number being unable to get in the meeting-house. She leaves a husband and ten children to mourn her loss. She had, when she died, five sons and five daughters all living within a mile of her and married.

J. A. GATES.

LeTete, March 25th, 1884.

CURES RHEUMATISM,



CURES DIPHTHERIA,

ALSO CURES

Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Cramps, Bruises, Sprains, Coughs, Colds, Quinsy, Erysipelas, Colic, Croup or Rattles, Hoarseness, Burns, Bronchitis, Numbness of the Limbs, removing Dandruff and producing the growth of the Hair, and as a Hair Dressing is unequalled.

\$500.00 REWARD

offered for a better article, or the Proprietors of any remedy showing more Testimonials of genuine cures of the above diseases in the same length of time. There is nothing like it when taken internally for Cramps, Colic, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

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