

# Messenger and Visitor.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
VOLUME XXXVII.

VOL. I

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885.

No. 4.

For several weeks we have had one of the best mailing clerks in the city at work on our lists. We hope they are now well analyzed and arranged. But there may still be some who are receiving two copies. If so, will they kindly inform us. If any other irregularity occurs, we desire to know it immediately. We thank our patrons for their patience.

In another column, Bro. Stewart appeals to the Baptists of N. B., to send in donations to him, without being visited, and thus save the expense of a paid agent. Will not the brethren respond to this appeal? Why not also the brethren in N. S. and P. E. I. do the same? They could send direct to John Marsh, Esq., St. John, or hand to their pastors who would be happy to remit for them. Why should churches be deprived of the labors of their pastors, and money be spent to pay for its own collection? We will publish all donations sent, or promises to pay within three months. To head the list for N. S., A Friend, \$50.

The Messenger and Visitor is trying to do "a great work." Why should the work cease? While it "comes down" to things which "edify not," but really right as we can, and leave the rest with God, satisfied if we have "a conscience void of offense" before him.

What a noble example is that of ex-Gov. Colburn, of whom we read in our last issue. He gave largely in his life. He bequeathed much at his death to the Lord's work. He has left fountains of blessing behind, opened by his benefactions, which may flow as long as the world stands. Who will do likewise, in their measure?

A thanksgiving should go up from all hearts because the little band of British soldiers, oppressed with thirst and heat, were not swept away in the wild rush of the Arab warriors. Gen. Stewart's dash across the head of the Nile was a bold one. It is hoped that the worst danger is now over.

About 200 students are at our institutions at Wolfville, and a fair number at the Seminary in St. John. The times are hard; the competition at our colleges, etc., keen. Such an attendance—the largest at any educational institution in the Maritime Provinces, we believe—under these circumstances, speaks well, both for the character of our places of learning, and for the intelligence of our people. What a power they are! What a power they may be made! We have noble work on our hands.

It will be seen by the news from the churches we publish to-day, that many are engaged in special services, and the mercy drops are beginning to fall on some fields. Years of financial depression have been noted as years of grace. Men are checked in the headlong pursuit of temporal things, and led to feel the need of something secure. May this be a year of the right hand of the Most High!

The Catholic Examiner is responsible for the statement that the combined circulation of all the Roman Catholic papers of the U. S. is less than that of four leading Protestant journals, published in New York, and that four issues of a single New York daily surpass the whole circulation of the Catholic papers for a year. This fact speaks volumes in reference to the intelligence of the Catholics on this continent, neither does it speak well for the future of Romanism.

Mr. Moody never goes into the papers to defend himself. If that is a good rule for Mr. Moody, why wouldn't it be equally good for others? Most people concern themselves too much as to what others think of them. It really is not a matter of much consequence, and the less one is concerned about it the more he is thought of. And yet, now and then, it may be our duty to tell a man that he has misrepresented us, and, in doing so, to do very plain words. So says the Religion Herald, and so say we.

For the Messenger and Visitor.  
The Wycliffe Memorial Celebration in Toronto.  
BY SHEEM.

The five-hundredth anniversary of the great Reformer was celebrated last Tuesday evening in St. James school-house. It was inter-collegiate in its character. Daniel Wilson, LL. D., President of University College, occupied the chair. The proceedings were opened by the singing of the hymn "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne." Rev. Dr. Castle, Principal of McMaster Hall, read a portion of Scripture, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College.

The chairman, in his address, said they had met to recall the name of one of England's greatest men. He was the greatest man of an age that was indeed a brilliant one. It was an age of brilliant men of letters. And yet among all the names that made the fourteenth century so great, there was none so great as that of him whose memory they had met to recall with reverence. Wycliffe had stood one against a thousand foes and triumphed over them all. He did more than Chaucer to create the English of our times. To him they owed the greatest of all gifts—the English Bible. The right of private government and constitutional liberty in Christendom were due largely to the earnest devotion of Wycliffe. He taught them that they owed obedience to God alone. Though centuries had passed and great names had been lost in oblivion, they had met to commemorate the name of one who was laid away 500 years ago, but whose memory was still fresher than it had ever been.

THE FIRST PAPER  
was read by Rev. J. B. Stone, B. D., of Montreal, and Lecturer in Wycliffe College, on "The social and religious aspects of Wycliffe's times." He spoke of the fourteenth century, a period of the darkest ages, remarkable for the extent and intensity of its religious, political and social excitement, and for the great and able men whom it produced. To pass from such an age into the 14th century, in which Wycliffe lived and worked, and died, was like passing from meridian splendor into midnight gloom, from glory into shame, from all that was noble and exalted, and heroic, into that which was debased, heartless and selfish.

The state of England, politically, socially, and religiously, was melancholy in the extreme. The rich trampled upon the poor, and the poor turned like the dying worm upon the rich. All the superficial refinement of that age could not cover up the pride, selfishness, and cruelty that lived in his heart, and worked out into its life. As if to deepen the sad effects of this state of society, came greater difficulties in the form of famine and pestilence. The black plague swept off nearly one half of the inhabitants of the country. The living could scarcely bury the dead. There were many riots; the roads swarmed with robbers. Religion was at its lowest ebb. The Church of England lay prostrate at the feet of a foreign potentate. The parish clergy were too poor to be either learned, respectable, or efficient. But greater than all these evils were the friars. For half a century they did good, and then came corruption; which speedily wrought the ruin of the system. They became the very pests of the land, lying miracle-mongers, sturdy beggars, lewd, idle, drunken impostors, interferers in other men's work. Such was the England in which John Wycliffe lifted up his mighty voice. Such was the darkness in which arose the morning star of the Reformation.

THE SECOND PAPER  
was read by Rev. Dr. McLaren, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Knox College, on "The Theology of Wycliffe." He gave some impressions gotten from a cursory study of Wycliffe's career and theology. No one

he observed, could familiarize himself with Wycliffe without being impressed with the fact that he was a man of great power. He had not the strong emotional nature of Luther, but in cleverness and penetration, and in the ability to grasp the truths of Scripture, he deserved to rank as in every way the peer of the great German Reformer. An eminent writer had said that the great truths of Scripture received their first treatment in England at Wycliffe's hands, and it was no small praise to render to his work to say it was even as he laid them, line upon line, stone upon stone, that they were relayed by the master workmen of the church. It was given to Wycliffe to sow the seed, and to Luther to reap the harvest. A life such as his could only have been sustained by a deep conviction of the truth, an earnest love to Christ, and a burning desire for the salvation of men. Wycliffe was eminently prepared for his work by his training. The scholastic philosophy was a power in his hands. As a dialectician he was unsurpassed. His careful study of the foundations of all government, civil and ecclesiastical, gave him special aptitude for dealing with the questions of that age and first called him forth to resist the claims of the papacy. Another impression derived from the study of his career was that the world was prepared for his work. The crusades had done a grand work in awakening the western nations for the reception of new ideas. Wycliffe, too, was a thorough-going Reformer. The Scriptures were to him the only rule of faith and practice. The right of all men to interpret the Scriptures for themselves was distinctly recognized. The teachings of the fathers, and the traditions of the church had to be tried by the infallible authority of God's Word. He was purely Augustinian in his views. He maintained the doctrine of the predestination of a chosen number to salvation. The true church was defined as a communion of the predestinated, or the society of believers. He violently opposed the prevailing thought of the time on the Lord's Supper. The doctrine of transubstantiation was assailed by him, and in 1381 he published twelve theses, in which he declared war against this medieval heresy. He rejected the theory of mortal and venial sins, of pardons and indulgences, of excommunication, absolution and pilgrimages. While it could not be claimed for him that he embraced the doctrine of justification by faith alone, this much could be said, that he did not reject it, and his advances were in that line.

THE THIRD PAPER  
was read by Rev. Dr. Newman, of McMaster Hall, on "Wycliffe and the Mendicant Friars." He said nothing was more characteristic of the later middle ages than the multiplication of religious orders, and the prominence they acquired in the body ecclesiastical. The monastic orders, especially the four orders of mendicant friars, the Augustinians, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans, came forward to put into execution the hierarchical scheme of the Popes. Though these orders were founded on the principle of poverty, their institutions became enormously wealthy, and their greed of wealth and power was insatiable. It was in the age of Wycliffe that the friars attained to the summit of their power and tyranny. His exasperation at their iniquitous conduct led him little by little into a position of the fiercest antagonism to the whole body of mendicants, and to the whole principle of monastic orders. His tracts against them bristle with such epithets as "disciples of antichrist," "ordinate hypocrites," "evil benets," "carcasses that have gone forth from the grave, wrapped in grave cloths, driven hither and thither among men by the devil."

Newman's closing words had a grand ring. He said, "There are but two ways in which Christian union can be attained. A powerful hierarchy, with complete control of all

the civil governments of Christendom, and using the civil arm for forcible suppression, might be thought a practical way. It was tried in the middle ages under the most favorable circumstances. It will never be tried again with success. The only other method that has the slightest chance of success—the method that Wycliffe advocated, but which the time of Wycliffe was not ripe for—is for all true believers to accept the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice. Christians will never unite on the Canons of the Council of Trent, the Augsburg Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer Book, the Confession of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, the Methodist Book of Discipline, or any other human statement of doctrine or practice. Union in the truth is what we want; and for as the Word of God is the very embodiment of the truth.

THE FOURTH PAPER  
was read by Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, on "Wycliffe and the Bible." Under this head the speaker considered the great precursor of our reformers, as a Bible student, a Bible teacher, and a Bible translator.

A hymn was sung and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. Reid.

The Happiness of God's People.

In having God I have all things, "For whom can I have in heaven but Thee, and what is there upon earth that I can desire in comparison of Thee?" Oh, sweet and comfortable words! But this is a sweetness which none can taste but they who love the Word of God, and not the world, neither the things that be in the world. My God to me is all, I need not care more; the man of purified understanding and this enough, and they of purified and heavenly affections cannot repeat it too often. When Thou art present, affliction and death are pleasant; for in Thy favour is life and joy. When Thou art absent, life itself is a burden; for Thy displeasure is worse than death.

Thou makest a merry heart, a cheerful countenance; in Thee is abundance of peace, and a continual feast. Thou givest me right notions of all events, and renderest every accident a matter of joy and praise to me. Without Thee prosperity itself is nauseous, and I loathe my very mercies; for nothing here below can please our palate unless Thy favour and wisdom give it a grateful relish. To him that feeds delightfully on Thee, every bitter morsel is sweet; but they who want or slight that heavenly dainties, find the most delicious dainties harsh and bitter.

They who are wise for the world and the flesh, are most defective in the true and heavenly wisdom. The carnal wisdom ends in guilt and death, and the worldly wisdom pursues vanity and empty pomp. But they who are wise indeed conform themselves to Thy example, a contempt of all earthly greatness, and a rigorous mortification of their sensual appetites and passions. They disdain the shadow and lay hold on the substance, and they pass from falsehood to truth, and from body to spirit.

These are the men who love and delight in God, and find no satisfaction in the creature, farther than as they promote the honor and serve the purposes of the great Creator. The joys they minister are subordinate and limited; not inherent and natural, but by reflection only, and everything is esteemed in proportion as it tends to its Maker's use and praise. So very unlike, so infinitely different, is the pleasure we feel from the Creator and creature; from the boundless ocean of eternity; from the narrow tract of time; from the original self-existent light, and those faint beams shot down on things here below.

Soil, purge and dispel the clouds of error; there, purify my polluted affections, cheer my sadness, enliven my stupid mind and all its faculties, that I may rejoice and triumph and bask in Thy bright beams. Oh, when will that happy, that long wished-for hour approach, when I shall be filled with Thy lustre, and satisfied with Thy presence, and my God be my All in all! For sure I am, till that blessed time my joys must be imperfect.

I feel, alas! I feel and lament in myself some remains of the old man still. Scourged he is, but not entirely crucified; wounded and bruised, but not quite dead. My flesh, in despite of all my painful labours, continues to lust against the spirit; and a domestic war distracts and breaks the peace and good government of my mind. This cannot exercise its just dominion without perpetual broils and tumultuous insurrections. But, O Thou who rulest the raging of the sea, and still the waves thereof when they arise, come speedily to my assistance, and quell this storm. Scatter my enemies that delight in blood, and beat them down, O Lord, my defence, exert Thy mighty power, and get Thee honour by this conquest, for Thou, O Lord my God, art my only hope and Helper; oh, save, or I perish!—Thomas A. Kempis.

No Fear, No Hope.

Mr. Robert Owen once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave-yard. Owen addressing him, said: "There is one advantage I have over Christians—I am not afraid to die; but if some of my business was settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment."

"Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?"

After a solemn pause he replied, "No."

"Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute. He has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade whistling off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."—Sword and Trowel.

"Girls Help Father."

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilbur as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?" "I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all the sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilbur; which

last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim of gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Young Reaper.

How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is disturbed by vague ambitions; is thwarted by action, by longings for excitement, by irrefragable desire to touch life in manifold ways.

If you, mother, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repressions of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them into society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts.

They will not go to the public house at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and nervous companionship they discover does so much to repress the distracting restlessness in their breasts.

See to it, then, that their home compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light your fires by night. Imitate your rooms. Hang pictures on the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demureness of dulness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in every direction. Let them see that their delight, all their with, all their purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood into enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends upon you.

Believe it possible that, with attention and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Appleton's Journal.

—Mr. Spurgeon recently said of his congregation: "Do try to love each other. There are some churches which bear so much stiffness. I have a packet of starch the other day, and I laid my portrait upon it. I thought of all the people in the world, and I had no right to use my starch for that, for I was no starch-maker. I do not like starch. When starch gets into a church it is so fulsome, it prevents communion. Get rid of that kind of stuff, and you know that there are some of us who are very poor."

—The Rev. Archibald G. B. Macdonald, pastor of the East End Tabernacle in London, has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate. During this time he has baptized and welcomed into the fellowship of the church 3,300 new members. It is understood that the overture of the Tremont Temple church Boston, is being urged upon him, but with no prospect of success.

—Some clouds rise from starry bog and fens; others from the clean, large ocean. But either way, thank God, will serve the angels who come down by. In the olden times celestial visitants the clouds do not, and it is oftentimes all down the slope of grief and pain, and then the most powerful joy comes into the hearts of men, and women and children. Beautiful are the faces of the men of science on the hills of the world, but the pure heart will yield a myriad times more thanks for the clouds that are foothold to the shining angels.—George MacDonald.











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50 Cts Per Annum, in Advance. Payment within three months from Jan. 1st will be accepted in full.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885.

WHAT WE NEED

Yes, we need a revival in trade. There are many out of employment. Want with its haggard visage looking in at many doors.

Certainly we need the rum fiend driven out, as he fattens on the hearts blood of mothers and wives and children, as he drinks down tears as a delicious beverage.

But picture the wretchedness of poverty and drunkenness as you may, we believe there is a greater need than the relief from either this burden or this curse.

We are not fanatic. We only believe that men and women and little children—souls which are undying. We only believe what the law written on human life, as well as the law in God's Word, declares, and it is this: Sin and sorrow in the end meet and clasp hands, and to embrace sin is to embrace misery.

Now to one enemy that the great multitude, as they walk our streets and crowd our places of amusement, and engage in the eager race for wealth and preferment, are giving themselves up to this downward drift.

No, the truth is that reason, as it always must, in its highest exercise, concurs in the statement of the Word of God, without God, without hope. So we come back to where we began.

In view of this great need of men and women and children every where, what do we need?

Of course it is the power to do the most to meet this need on the part of others, as we stand and face the fact, which is none the less terrible, because our familiarity with it has deadened our souls to its reality.

for whom our souls are concerned by conforming to their example. Not by giving a thought or two to their care, in the full of the rush of business. Not, we believe, by any mere external allotment of a few special services, although these may help.

But if we would have the Spirit's indwelling thus, we must seek it in self-abasing prayer before God; if we would keep it, we must wait and pray, until it becomes the habit of our lives.

Coming forth from the holy of holies of soul contact with God; impressed with the guilt of sin, the worth of holiness; and filled with a love for the Saviour and for lost men, a man is fitted to do grand work in winning souls from the death of sin to the life in Christ.

But do we hear any give a weary sigh, as they say, this requires so much? So much; when it is to get near to God? So much when it is to have the joy and blessing of a larger realization of the Spirit's indwelling? So much when it is to fit you to save men and women—and your own children, perhaps, from the wrath to come? Nay, nay, stop and think, and you will never say this again, but thank God that at any cost of time and self-denial, you can be fitted for so great a work.

SOMETHING MORE

After our own remarks concerning the day of prayer for colleges were in type, we received the following on the same subject, which is too good to lose. It will help us to keep our petitions of learning in mind, after this special day of prayer has passed.

In a village not far from Siboga, Assam, has occurred what illustrates the power of the gospel. A native named Dibro, heard the story of Jesus ten years ago in Bengal and rejected it. But he was finally led to Christ through the action of his heart.

And so let us pray for the presence in the hearts of teachers and students of the life-giving Spirit, that all may know God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. Let us pray especially that men may be raised and qualified for the work of the gospel ministry.

also those who are appointed to govern and direct our institutions. In fine, while we render grateful thanks to God for past and present blessings upon our educational work, let us beseech him to use our institutions of learning for his glory and the good of our fellow men, even more largely to-day than in the past, and to raise up friends for them on the right hand and on the left. We believe they are set for the doing of a great work both in our own country and in the world. PRAY for them.

MISSIONS.

THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE WORLD.—"The Missionary Review" of Princeton, N. J., in the number for November-December, 1884, completes another year's (1882-83) review of universal missions. This review includes the work of one hundred societies,—fifty American and fifty European,—and gives a total missionary income of \$9,628,850; of which \$3,420,618 came from America, and \$6,208,237 from Europe.

The ordained missionaries are: American, 975; European, 1,780; total, 2,755. Lay missionaries: American 129; European 549; total, 678. Women: American, 1,132; European, 1,030; total, 2,162; ordained native preachers in connection with American societies, 1,102; with European, 1,241; total, 2,343.

Other native helpers: with American missions, 10,936; with European, 15,420; total, 26,356. Communicants in American missions, 248,079; in European, 396,716; total, 644,794. These totals show gains over 1881-82 as follows: income, \$656,350; ordained missionaries, 26; lay missionaries, 30; women, 149; ordained natives, 132; other native helpers, 3,637; communicants, 26,137. This is no mean showing.

The following, from Rev. J. A. Wray, shows the moral power of one lone missionary, in the wilds of Africa:—"My presence here is a little check to slavery. Before I came here, there was a Swahili village for the purpose of housing slaves to be sent to the coast. As soon as I arrived, these all cleared away and left the place. One day I went over to the other side of the hill,—the eastern side. In one of the villages there was a ngunya with some slaves. When he heard of my approach, he disposed of them until I had gone away. An other day a M. Zita found a man, and brought him to me to sell; but, before he could see me, the W. Zita about me told him he had better get let me see him. He then got himself away as fast as he could. I cannot tell why they are so much afraid of me. At the same time, I am glad it is so. Though they steal from other people, they will not attempt to steal a thing of mine." If the gospel only stopped this fearful traffic in human life, it would be worth our while to send it at great sacrifice. But it does so much more.

In a village not far from Siboga, Assam, has occurred what illustrates the power of the gospel. A native named Dibro, heard the story of Jesus ten years ago in Bengal and rejected it. But he was finally led to Christ through the action of his heart. He came to Assam and began to tell the story to others. Not long since a missionary visited the place, and found seventeen awaiting baptism. Talk about the gospel having lost its power; the missionary writes thus of their desire for an education:—"They are almost passionate for an education. Their entreaties for a teacher to be sent them has caused my heart to ache, and the tears many times to fill my eyes. Oh! could our friends in America be with these people one half-hour, and see their manliness, and look upon their little ones, I know—I do not think, I know—they would make sacrifices to give them an education. How Christianity arouses the slumbering longings of the soul.

—In China the native Christians and the missionaries have had to suffer by reason of the rage of the people against the French, and through them against all foreigners, and those who are under foreign influence. The situation is not quite as critical as it was, but still there is great danger. A missionary writes, "If a march on Peking becomes necessary, the suffering among the people will become intense. Surely there is need to pray for China, and for the native Christians who are exposed to the anger of infuriated masses, and may have to suffer much for Christ's sake."

The good work still goes on with unabated power in Germany. The missionaries have baptized 185 during the quarter. The German mission embraces Russia. During this quarter 53 persons have been baptized by the pastor in St. Petersburg. There is considerable persecution, as it is contrary to Russian law to make proselytes from the state church, and some of the brethren are in prison. The following which occurred in a village in Poland, illustrates the spirit of the dominant religion? At Polowze, a German colony, the village judge was converted. For this reason, he was attacked in broad daylight, near his own house, by a woman and young man, and beaten and benighted. And who were these persons? The son and wife of the curator of the evangelical church. Towards five persons God has manifested himself in his love, and this makes us forget every thing else."

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—In Sweden, the Lord is giving our brethren favor with the people. They have, apparently passed the persecution stage in their progress. Several of them have been elected members of the National Diet. They have borne affliction nobly. It remains to be seen whether they can preserve their ardor after the heats of persecution have cooled. We believe they will: for they are simple-minded and great-souled—two qualities which usually go together.

THE "MESSENGER AND VISITOR" AND OUR MINISTERS.

We have had communications, either by letter or by conversation, with the following brethren in the ministry. They are all delighted that consolidation has been effected, and the expressions of approval of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR are, in most cases, enthusiastic, as can be seen from the specimens we give below:

W. P. Anderson, E. N. Archibald, Geo. Ballentine, J. W. Bancroft, A. W. Bars, Frank Beattie, R. H. Bishop, S. McC. Black, T. A. Blackard, J. B. Bleakney, J. C. Blodgett, Henry Cool, M. W. Browne, Jos. S. Brown, I. E. Bill, Jr., W. B. Bradshaw, J. F. Bartlett, J. Cahill, H. A. Charlton, M. Clark, Geo. Churchill, A. Cogswell, A. Colburn, E. C. Corey, D. W. Crandall, Thomas W. Crawley, Calvin Currie, W. Camp, C. R. B. Dodge, Geo. E. Day, I. J. DeWolfe, J. T. Dykeman, Jos. T. Eaton, Herbert F. Foady, P. H. Foster, David Freeman, A. Freeman, J. E. Howe, G. H. Gouley, M. E. Goucher, E. J. Grant, W. H. G. Haverstick, G. H. Henderson, A. H. Hayward, E. H. Howe, A. E. Ingram, A. W. Jordan, S. B. Kempton, Jos. P. Kempton, A. H. Lavers, T. B. Layton, J. W. Manning, C. H. Martell, J. G. Morse, T. M. H. McDonald, J. H. McGregor, J. A. McLean, B. N. Nobles, H. S. Parry, R. D. Parker, W. F. Parker, E. H. Redd, J. O. Reddin, W. H. Richan, E. H. Robinson, J. H. Saunders, A. W. Sawyer, Wm. Spencer, I. J. Skinner, I. R. Skinner, J. D. Skinner, Geo. Seely, P. Sprague, D. A. Steele, W. J. Stewart, J. A. Swift, J. E. Swadlow, A. H. Todd, J. Walcott, W. H. Warren, J. W. Weeks, Dr. D. Welton, S. Welton, E. Whitman, J. Williams, B. H. Woodland, F. M. Young, J. W. B. Young.

Ordination at Halifax.

A council called by the Granville St. Baptist Church, to consider the advisability of ordaining Mr. W. H. Cline, pastor elect of the Granville St. Church, met, according to invitation, at their vestry in Spring Garden Road, Jan. 22nd, at 2 o'clock.

The following delegates, sent from their respective churches, were present:—North Baptist Church.—Rev. J. W. Manning, Dea. Norman McDonald, Brethren B. Hubley, J. C. Damarsque, D. Archibald, and A. J. Denton.

Tabernacle Church.—Rev. J. F. Avery, Dea's Wm. Davis and S. Whiddes. Bartmouth.—Rev. M. F. Freeman, Dea's C. H. Whitman, W. L. Bars, B. A. Fielding, and Bro. C. L. Wadler. African Baptist Church.—Bro. A. W. Jordan, Dea's F. B. McKean, Wm. Johnston, and J. Flint. Genard.—Rev. S. B. Kempton, Dea. Benj. Eaton. Wolfville.—Rev. T. A. Higgins, A. W. Sawyer, D. D. Windsor.—Rev. H. Goucher, Bro. Wm. Truax.—Rev. J. E. Gouche, Bro. Wm. Camming. Onslow.—Rev. C. H. Martell.

Granville St.—Rev. Dr. Saunders, Dea's Hon. Dr. Parker, S. Selden, Brethren W. Ackhurst, B. H. Eaton. Invited Brethren.—Rev. C. R. B. Dodge, Middleton, Brethren J. B. Freeman, Milton, G. H. Dobson, North Sydney, L. Fletcher, Debert.

Den. S. Selden extended a cordial welcome on behalf of the church to the assembled delegates, and called on Rev. S. B. Kempton to offer prayer. The council was constituted by the choice of Rev. Dr. Sawyer, chairman, S. B. Kempton, secretary.

had given you such a spirit and such wisdom." It gives us no pleasure to see these kind expressions of appreciation in print, except as they may help to give our people confidence in the paper, which shall enable it to do more good. There may, also, be special need of their publication just now.

ATTENTION!

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR A SAFE INVESTMENT OF MONEY.

The Lord's Foreign Mission Bank which is under the control of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, requires \$5,000 within three months to save it from insolvency. The honor of the Board of Management is at stake, and the work on the foreign field is in imminent peril. Now, Baptist people, you who are justly fond of your record in mission work and of the principles which you profess,

WE APPEAL TO YOU. Your-board has no earthly way of raising this money, unless you give it to them. Let me remind you that there is no investment in this universe that pays so large a dividend as the foreign mission enterprise of the church of Jesus Christ. Every Telugu that goes to heaven from our mission will be worth more to you who pay the bills, than if you became millionaires to-morrow. This is not sentiment, it is scripture, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." What do you do with all the money we give you? you say. You have only given us \$300 since last August. Our expenses (which cannot be curtailed) are over \$2000 per quarter. Think of that for a moment. Very much against the wish of the board they have been compelled in this their hour of dire need to take steps toward putting agents in the field. Now this ought not to be a necessity, for we should save the expense of agency work to our mission. I have been appointed agent for N. B., but to save the expense of agency work I have resolved to institute this appeal for New Brunswick, and if possible save to the mission all that it would cost for me to go out. I will publish this article in our muchesteemed paper the MESSENGER AND VISITOR and also the names of contributors to our present financial embarrassment.

Friends of our mission, God loves the cheerful giver. Send me your contributions at once. Address W. J. STEWART, Portland, N. B.

Contributors. Rev. C. Goodspeed, St. John.....50.00 W. J. Stewart, Portland.....10.00 Mrs. W. J. Stewart, Portland.....5.00 Duncan McIntyre, Portland.....2.00 Mrs. James Bailey, Margerville.....2.00 J. S. Triton, Sussex.....50.00

Resolved that the council adjourn of the evening service, sine die.

At 7.30 o'clock a large audience assembled in the Granville St. Church, and the ordination services were conducted according to the above named arrangements.

The sermon, in 1 Cor. 2, 2, was interesting and impressive, and was listened to with great attention.

After the prayer of ordination an appropriate anthem was sung by the choir. Bro. Cline enters upon the labors of the pastorate, with excellent prospects of usefulness. May the fondest hopes and most ardent wishes of his many friends and his own expectations, be fully realized.

S. B. KEMPTON, Secy. Jan. 23rd, '85.

Joseph Cook

The Maritime Provinces have recently been favoured with a visit from this distinguished man. Mr. Cook lectured in St. John, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week in the Centenary (Methodist) Church to the finest audiences ever assembled in the City to hear a lecturer.

The celebrated orator held his audience both nights for over two hours in wrapt attention. Mr. Cook's first lecture was on the "Seven Modern Wonders of the World;" his second "Does Death End all?" A great deal that the lecturer said is to be found in his published lectures, and as we purpose having something more to say in the future about the lecture we will close this article with a brief sketch of the life of the lecturer. Joseph Cook was born at Ligonier, New York Jan. 26, 1836. At the age of 19 he graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. A year after he entered Yale, and worked hard at his books for two years when in 1861 he was prostrated by sickness. In 1863 he entered Harvard College where he graduated first in philosophy and in rhetoric in 1865. In 1868 he was graduated at the And-

over Theol- pastorate was lasted only Mr. Cook was He returned studied one Tholuck at England, Greece. Mr. denice at Bu- lives. At Church at the Yon the Yon the meeting of weekly on popular did the building ple, and even searchly ac- Mr. Cook's appeared in an aggregate published. lady entreaty pursued.

When the ed by an ag- Cook undert- and reveal- many more from this giant for he of his pow- second to ne he turns the dupois.

The regula- Board was h- inst. THEA- showed that during the m- receipts for a of \$705.00.

Mr. were receive- Wm. Powe- Skianer, and

To the Ne- Co., N. B., securing the Manzer for a balance of cu-

Rev. I. W- General Miss- current year

The Ladies

By request- and F. G. in the Sem- street, St. J- 21st, and org-

"The Ladies" the object funds to furn- Lancaster H- support and Bruns-ward sh-

In every cl- in some, as far- pointed Vice- trust will aid their citizens- as a grand ba- grounds at La-

The officers- President, M- Mrs. David Bab- Mrs. H. Jones, C- Robinson, James E. Mack- Mrs. James Mc- Mrs. M. C. McKellan, Mrs. Thomas Hedme- Bryrman, Mrs. Mrs. W. Clark, Miss, Jr., Mr. Bradford, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. M. Mrs. Agnes Kel- G. King, M. Price; Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Alth- Hilton.

"In putting- the florist f- ing some choi- the pot is ne- crowded the- bloom."

The next m- ing up) pl- remembered- titled a moder- rich earth and nium in it. I- until I had m- fare, then the- fresh ones to- followed the t- all summer, - clusters of ma-







THE MESSENGER, 28th Jan. 1885.

BY CHARLES MACRAY, LL. D.

Thanks to my aunt, I'm Highland born, And tread the moorland and the heather...

And when the wind blew loud and chill I've scaled the heathward summit...

Also the land denied me bread, Land of the Welland and the Ouse...

These parrots' out in wide domains, By each low, restless bird...

The faint of eyes deemed the class Who sleep at the best, or foremen...

In agony of silent tears, The promise of my soul's best friend...

And love with steadfast faith in God, Strong with His strength I gained in sorrow...

And every day years roll on, And touch my brow with age's finger...

And hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

And I hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

And I hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

And I hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

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And I hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

And I hope revives at memory's touch, That scolded, crushed and landlaid...

of figurative burial in a huge downy feathers, let my head sink into a soft unsubstantiality of pillow...

A little before nine I rose, donned a loose, thick wrapper, best adapted to anything in my wardrobe...

The weather was still cool enough for an evening fire on the hearth, and its dancing blaze reddened the dingy walls...

One of the hearthstones, mending certain coarse garments by the light of a tallow candle...

The faint of eyes deemed the class Who sleep at the best, or foremen...

In agony of silent tears, The promise of my soul's best friend...

And love with steadfast faith in God, Strong with His strength I gained in sorrow...

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the evening? Are there no thieves or desperados about?"

"None that trouble anything but the henhouse. Why, you might walk off for two miles, or more, without meeting anything worse than Bill Somer's old white horse...

"Poor folks enough, I guess. But people think they've seen better days. They're only lived here going on three years."

"I do not mean that I merely want to know if there are any domestic or individual pitfalls to be avoided."

"Oh! Well, Mrs. Warren's one of the prettiest (pretty being here used in its New England signification of pleasant, agreeable) 'little women in the world, you can't miss your way with her..."

"Wait a moment, Miss Frost. I guess after all, I can furnish you an escort just to your mind, one that won't be in your way, nor bother you with talk..."

An enormous dog, hitherto coiled up in some dark corner, rose and came majestically forth. A noble animal, of pure Newfoundland breed, coal black, and with a face of rare intelligence...

"There!" said Mr. Divine, with pardonable pride, "that's the finest dog you ever saw, 'mam, if I do say it. I don't believe there's his match for sense and faithfulness in the whole world..."

"And now he knows you're to be put on his list of friends," pursued Mr. Divine. "We never tell him to shake hands with any one we don't want him to treat like one of the family..."

"The dog came to me, and, with ineffable dignity, uplifted a great, black paw..."

"And now he knows you're to be put on his list of friends," pursued Mr. Divine. "We never tell him to shake hands with any one we don't want him to treat like one of the family..."

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come when most earthly shadows should be seen to have been as much a necessity of life's condition, and as transitory. Beyond the church, the road slunk under the gloom of a dense piece of woods...

Leo paused at the gate, waited for me to enter, and then, obedient to a word and a gesture, turned homeward.

"Ma, here's your watcher." A meek-faced woman immediately came forward, and received me with a gentle ease of manner that would not have been out of keeping with far more sumptuous surroundings...

"I am a stranger now," I replied. "I hope I shall not seem one long. I know it was, taking a liberty to proffer my services in such an off hand way, but I could come much better than Mrs. Divine. And I am tolerably well-skilled in nursing; my father was an invalid for many months..."

"Miss Frost is a student of human nature," interposed a deep, gruff voice behind me, "and she would not miss the chance of finding a new variety in this poor, miserable, fever-stricken hut..."

BALZAC, being asked to explain a strange passage in one of his books, frankly owned that he had no meaning at all. "You see," said he, "for the average reader all that is clear seems easy, and if I did not sometimes give him a complicated and meaningless sentence, he would think he knew as much as myself..."

An authoress of some celebrity in her day once asked Dr. Johnson to give an opinion upon a work she was just going to publish, observing: "If it will not do, beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire, and should you think this not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else..."

"An Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession that he had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word, he ought to have, and he confirmed his assertion by 1 Pet. ii: 2—'As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word...' I know that well, please your reverence, replied the poor man; 'but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it with us in the house!'"

For Bronchitis and Asthma, try Allen's Lung Balm; the best cough prescription known. See advertisement.

We advise every farmer or stock raiser to invest in Cassidy Condition Powders and feed them out to their herds this winter. Depend upon it, it will pay big interest. Don't buy the large packs as some of them are worthless.

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REV. W. E. BRUNNING, Central South Hampton, N. B.: "AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured a new man of me." (Cured by it of General Debility.)

JOHN J. RYAN, Abilene, B. C.: "Pulsation, Aneurism, WATERS SARSAPARILLA cured me." (Cured by it of Rheumatism.)

ORLANDO SMITH, Lowell, Mass.: "I would recommend above all others as a blood purifier." (Cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA of Headaches, Dizziness, Indigestion, and General Debility.)

NATHAN S. CLEVELAND, Boston, Mass.: "A most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to the spring season." (His daughter cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA of Headaches, Dizziness, Indigestion, and General Debility.)

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THOMAS REED, Secretary-Treasurer.

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