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"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit."

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Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

Report of the Executive Committee of the Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society.

The Executive Committee of the Nova Scotia Baptist Education Society again present their Annual Report.—They have much satisfaction in being enabled to lay before the friends of Horton Academy, an account of their Institution of the most encouraging character. As an Institution of learning the Academy continues to occupy a high position.

Your Committee believe that the teachers spare no sacrifice of effort or strength in their labor, to render the Academy worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people of Nova Scotia. The following statistics exhibit the working of the Institution during the year past:—

MALE DEPARTMENT:—

The whole number attending has been.....160
Greatest number in attendance at one time.....102
Smallest number.....60
Average.....81

FEMALE DEPARTMENT:—

Whole number during the year.....125
Greatest number in attendance at one time.....75
Smallest number.....56
Average.....69

The branches taught are such as are always taught in Academies and Schools of the highest class. The number engaged in the various studies, were as follows:—

Whole number in Mathematics for the year,—Males 95, Females 75, Total 170.

Number in the Classical Department,—Males 93, Females 40, Total 133.

Number in French,—Males 18, Females 29, Total 47.

Nine of the pupils of the Academy have matriculated to enter upon the course of study in Acadia College. Two of the young ladies of the Seminary have completed the prescribed Course in that Institution, and having passed a creditable examination, received the usual Certificates.—Thus, from both Departments, the Institution is sending forth to the work of life, male and female, to unite their potent influence in all that appertains to moral and religious elevation.

Your Committee continue to repose unwavering confidence in their Teachers, and believe that neither labor or patience will abate, that all placed under their influence, may possess in full measure the advantages they desire. Robert V. Jones, Esq., A. M., having accepted an appointment to a professor's chair in Acadia College, his place will be filled by Mr. Israel Blair, who has been engaged in that important position during the last quarter. The staff of Teachers in both departments, will therefore, with the exception of the above named, be the same as last year.

Your Committee would direct the attention of the denomination to the fact, that the Female Department has, they think, already reached its culminating point, in its present locality, and that soon its movements are likely to retrograde unless some measures are taken to secure commodious and more suitable buildings. As regards accommodations, we compare most unfavorably with institutions of far less worth, and are often put to the blush when such contrasts are presented. We trust the Baptists will not be content to leave the Seminary in this state. Let our friends not forget that other institutions are rising up, with such we hope ever to stand in honorable and christian rivalry, but to do this we must provide for young ladies whose presence and influence we would draw towards Horton, the domestic comforts and conveniences of home. Some plan having a reference to this subject will, we trust, ere long, be presented to the Baptist community, to receive, we hope, that hearty response, accorded in other days, to the educational schemes of our honored Fathers.

It has been suggested that the Academy might be placed under the control of the Governors of Acadia College, and thereby avoid the necessity of two executive bodies at Horton. Your Committee endorse this proposal, and think it advantageous for both Institutions.

A scheme for the above arrangement received the sanction of your Society last year. The Board of Governors also passed a resolution declaring their assent, and it was the purpose of your Committee to have asked from the Legislature an Act authorising the transfer, but as measures were likely to be brought before our Provincial Parliament touching the general question of Colleges, your Committee deemed it prudent, to abstain, for the present, from any act tending in any way to render the subject more complicated, but unless the Society should order otherwise, your Committee will avail themselves of an early opportunity to carry into effect the will of your Society.

Your Committee would again urge the demand of former years, and ask the people for whose benefit the Horton Institution were erected, to send on their sons and their daughters, that we may have the high privilege of furnishing the youthful mind with such instruction as shall fit them for useful and honorable life. Your Committee have to lament that, the Institutions have not during the past year enjoyed a season of religious revival. As a denomination we regret the absence of such tokens of God's favour and pray that ere long the Divine Spirit will come in answer to

prayer—and the Institution enjoy again a season of spiritual prosperity.

A. S. HUNT, Secretary.

INFANT BAPTISM AND GRAFTING.

Common Sense is often a great help in understanding Scripture truth. The following narrative from a late work "The life of John M. Peck," by Dr. Babcock, of a little matter on the question of infant baptism and its objects, may serve to show that theories sometimes set at defiance not only Bible teaching but plain matters of fact.

It was during the period of the earlier settlement of Windham, N. Y., before my first visit, when twelve or fifteen families, and as many professors of religion, made up the community, that Dea. Hitchcock made an abortive effort to get a Presbyterian church organized. It so happened that about half the professors had their doubts about the scriptural claims of pedobaptism. But what made the matter the more unpleasant to the good old deacon was, the fact that a daughter-in-law and her husband began to show symptoms of believing in scriptural baptism. As this question must be settled, and doubts removed, before a pedobaptist church could be formed, the deacon made application to the Rev. Mr. Townsend, then pastor of a Presbyterian church in New Durham, to make them a visit, and remove the doubts Baptist principles had engendered. The day was fixed, some of the people sent word to Dea. Rundell, who belonged to a Baptist church in the village of Cairo, on the east side of the mountains.

The parties met, and Mr. Townsend, by a very familiar illustration, showed how the infant children of believers were brought into covenant relation with their parents and became entitled to baptism.

"It is done by grafting," said the shrewd divine. "You all know when the scion is inserted into the stock by grafting there are little buds on it that are grafted in also. These buds represent the infants, who are received to baptism by virtue of the faith of their parents."

This was all plain, and no mistake; for the minister had proved it by reference to the eleventh chapter of Romans. Some of the company called on Dea. Rundell for his views. Now it so happened the deacon had a large nursery, raised and sold grafted fruit trees, to the farmers throughout the country, and was a quick-witted, shrewd man withal.

"Dea. Rundell, you understand all about grafting, and know the Scriptures, too," replied one of the doubters.

"Why, yes," said the deacon. "I have supplied all the people with fruit trees of my own grafting, on t'other side of the mountains, and guess I shall furnish several hundreds for Windham this fall. But in grafting I always noticed one thing that the minister has overlooked. The little buds, when grafted in with the scion, always produced good fruit. If the children of believing parents always produce the fruits of righteousness, I think they ought to be baptized, because they are in spiritual union, not with their parents, but with the Lord Jesus Christ, the head of the church."

The response of the minister was, "Mr. Rundell, we did not meet here to controvert disputed points; religious controversy is unprofitable. We will close the meeting."

This story was told the writer by some parties interested. It prevented the formation of a Presbyterian church at that time.

A DANGEROUS ERROR.

The error noticed in the following extract from the "Life of Edward Hamilton Brewer" is one that was encouraged by many grave divines in the earlier stages of the war. These are some of the bitter fruits of seed plentifully sown by those who ought to have known better. We are not sure that more of the same sort are not being sown yet:

One of the most unhappy influences flowing from the present state of our country is the feeling in the mind of so many,—that every man who sacrifices his life in this war for the Union, dies a martyr and goes to heaven as a matter of course. Many of the patriotic songs which this state of the times has made popular, many of the addresses over remains of our slain, have embodied this pernicious sentiment. Patriotism is not piety. Man may love his country, but have no love to God, who has enriched him such a goodly heritage. Thousands are dying by the sword in the service of the United States, in as righteous a cause as the sun ever looked down upon, over whose grave no star of hope for future blessedness ever shines; for they never came to Christ and received His great salvation. It is true of the soldier, as of men in the pursuits of life: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." It is too late in the centuries to revive the old doctrine of the Crusaders. The Word of God sheds too clear a light to forsake it for the wild vagaries of Mohammed, or the fooleries of the Book of Mormon. The sins of no individual, or no class of individuals, are so heinous in the sight of Heaven that God gives eternal life as a reward for exterminating them by the weapons of war. Away with this soul-destroying doctrine!

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

The worldly way to honor and to happiness has its advantages more in the beginning. Its evils multiply as they go on toward the end. The godly way has its chief difficulties in the beginning, and its blessings multiply at the end. When a man begins a worldly course it is easy: it only grows hard at last. When a man begins a Christian course it is difficult, but it grows easier and easier as he advances.

The worldly way so works that when men most need the support of all their life's accumulations there can be no help from them; but the godly way so works that all its helps come just at that time when every thing else fails.

Methinks I see the transaction that is taking place in thrice ten thousand instances. The devil comes into the man's presence and looks over the inventory of his faculties—his reason, his moral sentiments and his affections—and prices them. He says to the miserable victim,

"For how much will you sell your reason in slavery, that it shall never again walk in the fair fields of thought, but forever drudge and serve in earthly things?"

For a million dollars he will sell his reason; and the million is promised.

"And for how much will you sell your conscience?" For a hundred thousand dollars he will sell his conscience. That is cheaper than almost any thing else. It is readily taken.

"And for how much will you sell your benevolence?"

For half a million more he will sell that. It is taken. For whom the devil is buying goods he never stops about price. He will buy whatever you offer him, and buy it at your price. Whether he will pay you or not is another thing. He has been bankrupt ever since there has been a devil, making promises and never fulfilling them.

I can show you men who have been in part paid. They have rolled up millions of dollars; but to get their property they have given up the best part of themselves. They have sold their understanding. It shall no longer afford them any pleasure or satisfaction. They have sold their taste. There is not, in the whole round of experience of their life, one single radiant hour or one joy that they can get out of it. They have sold their love. It was slain and buried long ago; and it is to their memory what children that have been dead forty years are to their parents' thought. They have sold their conscience.

All their manhood has been sold out. And what have they got in return for these things? Bonds, stocks, house and lands. And now they are seventy years old, and rheumatism has thorn, which of their lots, or houses, or stocks, or bonds will cure them, or give them patience, as they sit with feet in chair, writhing and groaning? Their walls are hung with pictures; but of what comfort are these to them? They have no taste. They bought them because other rich fools bought theirs. They do not care for them. At night they say, "Would God it were morning?" and in the morning they say, "Would God it were night!" Their condition is most unbearable. And cursed be he that says any thing to them about death and the future. They adore the thought of the future. There is no future for them that they can endure to look on. They have sold themselves, and all that can profit them, in a fatal compact. They have lived all their life long in acquiring that which, now that they have come to it, is powerless to make them happy. In their old age, when they need some consolation, their prosperity has none for them.

JESUS OUR SUN.

I had a little plant, a pot plant. In the fall it was left on the back side of the house in the shade and cold, and it looked very miserable. Then it was carried down the cellar, and there it stayed in the dark all winter. When at last it was brought up, it looked dead. "O, that beautiful plant, is dead," I cried. "No," they said, "only put it in the sun." The dry leaves were cut off, the earth loosened; it was watered, and set on a shelf in the south window—a stick, a dead, homely stick, and nothing more. It was hard to say it would ever be anything; and so it was left pretty much to itself. Some days passed, bright, warm, sunny days, enough to do one's heart good, when I thought of my plant, and looked at it. What a change! The dead, sickly look was gone; it had straightened up; it had a fine fresh green; the juices were stirring; and lo, on all sides, pairs of little leaves were pushing out to life and light, clothing the bare branches with beauty and youth. There was no mistaking it; the poor dejected stick had taken on a new life. It was wonderful how it grew, and how glad it was to grow; yes, and with what a sweet, loving faith all the little leaves turned up towards the sun; and how the top, as it grew, bent forward and over, seeking the life-giving beams.

"The sun does wonders," we said. Yes, and it is bringing life to millions and millions of little plants all over the earth, just as it had done to mine. "O, beautiful light! O, blessed warmth!" I said, looking up into the sky, and thanking God for the sun.

And it made me think what meaning there is in that name of our dear Lord, who is called our "sun," the "Sun of righteousness." Sin, dear friends, leaves us out in the dark and cold, and we shall die there, and be cast away if we stay. O, if we can only get to the Lord Jesus! He can enlighten our dark souls; he can warm our cold hearts; he can put new