

HEART DISEASE

PALPITATION, FEBBLE AND IRREGULAR ACTION OF THE HEART CURED BY FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Freeport, Digby County, N. S., Feb. 10, 1869.

James I. Fellows' Esq.,

Dear Sir,—Gratitude to you, and sympathy for the afflicted, induces me to send you a written statement of my case and the cure effected by using your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

In April, 1868, I was attacked with palpitation of the heart, I sent for the Doctor, and he said that nothing could be done for me, and that I was liable to die very suddenly; being very weak and unable to leave my bed, I became discouraged.

After my Physician gave me up, I was induced to use your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and the effect was wonderful. In two days I felt the benefit of it, and after taking half a bottle I was entirely free from the complaint, and to this day have not been troubled with a return of the Heart Disease.

Yours, very truly,
SARAH LENT.

"ENTHUSIAST."

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN LONDON, APRIL 24TH, 1872, BY REV. CHARLES STANFORD.

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, &c." —GAL. II. 20.

(Concluded.)

VII. Please observe, still further, that the enthusiasm we advocate, while it brings out self distinctiveness, tends to over-power self-consciousness. It inspires the confession—"I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me." Self-consciousness, every one knows, is a symptom of disease. If, while the setting sun lights up an Alpine valley into "a conflagration of glorious colours," the eye is conscious of itself; if, amidst the most delicious of music, the ear is conscious of itself; if we feel the heart to be conscious of its own heart-beats, we know that there is something wrong with the body. If, amidst the rousing solemnities of Christ's work in the world, any one of Christ's workmen has a prevalent consciousness of himself, there is something wrong with the soul. Souls are dying of the pest that betrays its presence in this way. It makes one victim suffer hunger for praise, and another have such a rage for publicity that he would rather stand in a pillory than not be seen. Eratostratus could not build a temple, but he could burn one: therefore, he burnt the great Temple of Diana rather than die with his name unknown! Thousands of lives are wearing out through giving an emphasis of attention to themselves, greater than they themselves can bear. Even conversion will not at once annihilate self-consciousness; and where it has been the master-sin before the vital change, it will be the most harassing sin after it,—the sin that wars against the soul,—the sin that, allowed to have its own course, will make love itself die away into selfish sentimentalism, or degenerate into a mode of meanest vanity. What shall be done for the irritable egotist; for the spiritual invalid, always needing a nurse; for the sufferer who has always just been stung by unkind words, like burning arrows—arrows whose heads, jagged and broken in, will perhaps prick and rankle in the soul for years? What shall be done to help the sensitive Christian man who is for ever hurt, for ever misunderstood, for ever slighted, for ever suspicious of being suspected?—and the sensitive Christian woman, who for ever thinks her husband is so devil with! There is no cure for self-consciousness but such enthusiasm as Paul had. You must learn to say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me." I lived through the critical facts, [say for instance, of last week's trial; yet not I,—I could never have done it,—but Christ that lived in me. I take up my cross daily, and glory in infirmities, and witness a good confession; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me.] My mind is filled with a Divine light, my heart with a Divine love, and my working faculties with a Divine strength." There are golden hours in the history of human friendship, when hearts so expand, affections so flame up and commingle, that the spirits in fellowship lose

something of the consciousness of separate personality, seem to interfuse each other with the glow and glory of one life, and one friend lives in the other. There are golden hours in the history of the friendship between Christ and his disciples, when the energies of the will are bent to associate themselves with His will, when the sinner loses himself in the Saviour, and there is the submergence of self in the Divine perfection. The oneness with the Eternal by mystic absorption, which Buddha dreamt of, can only in any degree be real, in him in whom this promise has been fulfilled—"He shall be in you;" and who can say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me." The degree in which you are thus conscious of Christ will be the measure in which you cease to be conscious of yourself. As you have that, you will be able to work without witnesses, to be independent of what man thinks—as is Niagara—and, like the sun, to shine without waiting for praise. You will not care even for "your left hand" to know what your right hand does." It will be the same to you whether you are seen or unseen, are counted anything or nothing. You will be like him who, at Athens, was glad to reason with the sage, and glad at Melita, when nothing more could be done, to help gather sticks for lighting the fire of the savage. Your prayer will be—"Dwell in my heart, by faith, O Christ!"

"Come in, O gracious Lord, I say—O workman, share my shed of clay! Then I, at bench, or desk, or oar, With last or needle, net or pen, As thou in Nazareth of yore, Shall do the Father's will again." —GEORGE MACDONALD.

VIII. The final phrase of the text, as now read, reveals the secret of the power and of the success that belong to enthusiasm—"Christ liveth in me." The missionary needs two kinds of power. The first is, the power that belongs to fit instrumentality. We may imagine a dialogue like this, between him and a secularist: "What instrument are you using to effect what you call the salvation of the world?" "We preach Christ crucified." "Christ Crucified! foolishness! you never mean that!" "Yes, I do. The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us who are saved, it is the power of God. It is the chosen instrument for the conveyance of his saving power,—all others are non-conductors." The second kind of power that the missionary needs is the power that belongs to enthusiasm. If we have any vital efficiency, it is only because Christ lives in us by the influence of His Holy Spirit; or, in other words—the words of Giles Fletcher—because we are "inspired with the Holy Ghost." Let a minister be able to say: "I preach Christ, Christ only, Christ Crucified, Christ the Saviour, to every one who consents by faith to be treated as if crucified with Christ." Let him preach this while Christ lives in him,—lives in his principles, lives in his prayers, lives in his tempers, lives in his words,—and that man is charged with the power of God. This power left out of calculation, we have no hope for the conversion of the heathen. When we face the fact that even now, only one-seventh part of the human race is even nominally Christian; when we see the deeply radiated hold that idolatry still has upon the world; when, eager to preach the Gospel to "the people that sit in darkness," we find in many instances, as soon as we reach them, that they have no words in existence ready for its expression—the words alone holding the new ideas having yet to be invented; that only knowing a life of sensation, they never have occasion for words that belong to the life of thought, and, therefore, have no such words in their language;—when we are told that one language has in it no word for conscience, another no word for truth, another no word for God, but instead of it that which only means what we mean by Satan, and another no word for holy love, so that the very first sentence of the Gospel manifesto, "God so loved the world," conveys no meaning but the most profane, and awakens no response but mockery; when, in the very focus of creative action, amidst waving palms, wondrous flowers, miraculous revelations of the beautiful, and under the "innocent brightness of each newborn day," we see human life stained with depravity so vile, that the sight of it rouses to an agony every power we have, in condemnation of the sinner, and in sympathy with the God he sins against,—when we look at these facts, we stand stunned with thoughts about the vast amount of work that yet has to be done before the earth can be "covered with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the deep;" Although out, at God's command, to do

God's work in the world, by God's appointed instrument, and in God's strength, it would be no wonder to find that there are moments of unbelief, when facts like these seem as if they must kill the heart of a missionary, and make him say in his remote solitude,—"It is enough, I must give up; it is of no use trying to make an impression on this infinite wall of dead resistance, for I am no more able to stir it than a fly can stir a pyramid." That would be no wonder to me: but what I really do wonder at, is that anyone should think man can do the great work wanted without the Gospel, and without God: that anyone should smile in proud compassion at the folly of those who try to do it by the Gospel and yet have no better substitute to offer for the Gospel than Lectures on Ice, or on Dust, or on the Principles of Utility, or on the Structure of the Human Hand, or on the Great Stone Book of Nature; that anyone should believe that by human laws and human literature, by the mere leverage of human power, and the mere magic of civilization, the world can be lifted from its ruin, and its kennels of degradation turned into abodes of peace! I say to the secularist, "O man, great is thy faith! Such belief in miracle, such fantastic knight-errantry, such wild romance of expectation, we never meet with in our company of believers. Your faith makes our greatest faith look little." I assume that no man worthy the name of a man, can look at the heathen without trying to do something for them. Even if he should not believe in a hell hereafter, he will, sure as he has a heart, try to save them from their hell now. It would be inhuman not to try; but I say it will be irrational to try with no power to work with, greater than man's own. Enthusiasts alone can succeed in this enterprise. We want men like the Apostles of Greenland, and the Fathers at Scramopore—men like Stephen Grellet, Richard Knill, Bishop Patteson, John Hunt, William Burns, and others like-minded, known or unknown on earth; men on fire, men full of God; men, who, by the power of Christ living in them, can "remove mountains," "trample on impossibilities," burn their way through tangled wilderness, can startle up dead nations with the Gospel cry—"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" Well, it may be said, "But you have already had such men of great grace in the mission-field, and, what have they done? Have they been successful? Yes; but in some instances the success, from its very nature, has not been known to the world, not known to themselves, and could not be known to anyone through the medium of story or statistics. There are different modes and stages of success, and very often the success that is most important is least conspicuous, because it is connected with processes that are only initiative. There is one kind of success that belongs to the work of ploughing the soil, and another to the work of sowing the seed,—although the common public may only recognise that belonging to the work of a man who reaps the harvest or piles the sheaves. "A young man,"—I am now trying to quote words read I cannot tell where,—"a young man, fresh from his short curriculum of study, and from the loving interest of the little circle of which he was the pride, after all his hopes, and all the prospect pictured by his romantic fancy, a stranger in some heathen town, with no objects there on which to exercise his zeal, but perhaps a few children caught wild, an Englishman from some neighboring station, an untruthful servant or two, a few unsatisfactory native converts; and thus is constituted the nucleus of the Christian community, where he toils on wearily from year to year, with few changes and no fame, constrained at times to ask: 'Is this the work that I came so many thousands of miles to do? I am spending my strength for nought!' But if he can say, 'Christ liveth in me,' then even his work, seen in the light of God, and measured by the standards of eternity, is a successful work. He is successfully preparing the way of the Lord, and making straight in the desert a highway for Our Lord—making a successful commencement of that which others will carry to a successful completion. Christ shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth, and no man in whom Christ lives, lives in vain."

If, however, in asking how far the work of Gospel enthusiasts has had success in "the dark places of the earth," you mean success in the popular acceptance of the word—success in the shape of results that we can see, and returns that we can tabulate—read what Dr. Mullens has written on the subject, ask educated Christian men

for guidance to other trustworthy sources of information, and fairly estimate the value of the solid works reported: then the story of success will inspire you with astonishment, and rouse you to renewed endeavour. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" yet we expect to see immeasurably greater things than these, for the prospects in the mission-field are vast as "the joy set before" Jesus, and "bright as the promises of God." Think of that reward, look at those promises; listen to the Master's farewell words to His disciples, spoken so that they will be heard sounding through all time—then say whether you think that we have too much missionary enthusiasm? Disciples of Christ, why do you call yourselves His disciples? What do you mean by your faith? Where is your love? Fresh men are wanted for Christ's enterprises—who will go? Fresh means are wanted—who will give? Stewards, entrusted with Christ's money, where is it? Successful merchants and influential gentlemen, how many of your sons are ministers and missionaries? John Milton says of Our Lord, that "He can stir up rich fathers to bestow requisite education on their children, and to dedicate them to the service of the Gospel. He can make the sons of the nobles His ministers, and princes to be His Nazarites." You are simply prosperous members of the middle-class; but though hundreds of worldly men in the same social class, when their sons wish it, send them into the army, and give them an allowance sufficient to save them from the poverty of their inadequate pay—would you do the same for your sons if they wished to become ministers or missionaries? Would you for Christ's sake, to save institutional outlay, meet all the charge yourself? Young men, well born, and well bred, are any of you willing to be, for Christ's sake, such living sacrifices? Saved souls—souls burning with the flame of tender and mighty compassion for souls that are lost—souls possessed, souls filled with the Holy Spirit, whose presence was once announced by, "cloven tongues as of fire," and the "sound as of a rushing mighty wind"—souls intensely propagandist: joyfully, gladly, terribly in earnest—souls, where are you? Souls are looking at me through those eyes, and listening to me through those ears. I speak to you, spirit to spirit. Can you really say that the lives you now live in that flesh you live by the faith of the Son of God? How can you say that, if you have no more sympathy in the future than you have had in the past with Christ's glorious cause in the world? If you can, where is the proof? It is to be feared, that although many of us do humbly love Christ, few of us have reached that higher Christian life that claims to be called enthusiasm. In the name of God, and in His might, let each Christian begin this higher life to-day. But what shall we say to those who have not yet even begun to have "faith in the Son of God"? Neglectors of the great salvation, what is the reason of your neglect? Is it that you have no time to give it your attention? But, "behind the veil, behind the veil," there is One, who, though He is giving attention every moment to infinite millions of things, has found time to "love you, and give Himself for you." Is it that you are benumbed, and weary with age and care? Then you mean to say that you have spent a long life in refusing the love of Jesus! Mark you! the "flesh" in which you now live is breaking up; you will not have the offer of that love much longer. You are dropping into a fatal sleep. Sleeper in the snow, rouse yourself; hurry to Him for refuge; seek the Lord while He may be found! His door is not shut yet. Is it because you are young, and wish to know the world before you renounce it, and just once to feel the keen sharp joys with which sinful novelties promise to thrill your young life? Is this moment a point of pause and hesitation? This way, child: come to Jesus; come while you are young, before you labor and are heavy-laden." Christ calls the young to-day. Spirit of youthful daring, sparkle of youthful hilarity, tension of youthful nerve, young thought, young love, young hope,—let these powers be consecrated to Christ, and Christ will live in them all, and make them all His own powers, working to accomplish His purposes of salvation. "Who then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,—unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, through all ages, world without end. Amen."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ORDINATION IN PARADISE, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY.

By invitation from the Wilmot Baptist Church an Ecclesiastical Council convened in the Baptist Meeting House, Paradise, Thursday, July 11th, to consider the propriety of ordaining Brother Atwood Cahoon, A. B., to the work of the christian ministry as pastor of said church.

In response to the call from the church the following delegates from other churches were present, viz:—

- Bear River,—Rev. G. D. Cox.
- Bridgetown,—Revs. George Armstrong, and P. F. Murray; and Benjamin Miller, Licentiate.
- Wilmot Mountain,—Rev. L. B. Gates, and Bro. Charles Brinton.
- Nictaux,—Deacon Samuel Chipman, and Bro. Hardy Parker.
- Pine Grove,—Dea. Maynard Wheelock, and Bro. Isaiah Dodge.

Rev. G. D. Cox, was appointed Moderator, and Rev. L. B. Gates, Clerk. Subsequently, in accordance with the wish of Bro. Gates to be relieved, the duty of this last office was devolved on the writer.

To the Council thus formed was added a Delegation from the Wilmot Church, consisting of Dea. Silas Jackson, and Brethren Handy E. Fitch, and Avar Longley, Clerk of the Church.

The following Brethren invited to sit with the Council participated in its deliberations, and approved of its decision and work: viz: Wm. Shafner, and Wm. Bishop, of Nictaux Church;—and Deacon Solomon Chute, and Wm. Miller, of Bridgetown Church.

The Council heard the information the latter wished to communicate on the subject—heard also from all concerned who desired to make any statement on the important matter the Council was called upon to consider and determine.

The Candidate related to the Council his views of Christian doctrine, church polity and Ordinances;—all which were deemed very satisfactory. The Council having given a protracted and patient hearing to all, considered the whole subject thus set before them, and came to a unanimous decision to ordain Brother Atwood Cahoon as Pastor of the Wilmot Church. The services, as arranged by the Council were performed in the following order, commencing at 5 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

Ordination Sermon,—By Rev. George Armstrong.

Questions to Candidate,—By Rev. G. D. Cox.

Ordaining Prayer,—By Bro. Benjamin Miller, Licentiate.

Hand of Fellowship,—By Rev. L. B. Gates.

Charge to Candidate,—By Rev. P. F. Murray.

Charge to the Church,—By Rev. P. F. Murray.

Concluding Prayer and Benediction,—By Rev. A. Cahoon.

A large congregation was present and seemed deeply interested in the services. Bro. Cahoon is placed in an important field of labour, and needs much grace to cultivate it wisely and well. May he be sustained and directed in his work by the Spirit of the Lord, and have the sympathy, prayers, and co-operation of the brethren. So favoured and helped he cannot fail to receive the blessing of the patient and faithful labourer; nor can the church fail of true spiritual growth, power and prosperity.

Signed,
G. D. Cox, Moderator.
Geo. Armstrong, Clerk.
Bridgetown, July 19, 1872.

*Bro. Armstrong informs us that absence from the Province prevented him from preparing and forwarding the above sooner.

MINISTERS' INSTITUTE vs. CONVENTION.

Mr. Editor,—
There is a saying frequently used, "too much of a good thing;" this seems hardly possible. But may not good things sometimes be brought forward at the wrong time? In common with many others I felt that last year the action of the "Convention" at Yarmouth was weakened by the holding of the Ministers' Institute, at the same place and time. It drew the ministers, or many of them, together a few days earlier, but their time and attention were so engrossed by the lectures and presence of eminent strangers from the United States that, when the business of the Con-