

# The Christian Messenger.

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## Poetry.

### FRIEND AHOY!

As ships meet at sea, a moment together,  
When words of greeting must be spoken,  
Then away into the deep, so men meet in this  
world; and I think we should cross no man's  
path without hailing him, and, if he needs,  
giving him supplies.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Friend ahoy! How many days  
Hast thou been out? How many nights?  
Did friends stand watching on thy ways?  
Do lovers trim the lights?

Friend ahoy! Art thou in need  
Of ought we carry? Make but a sign,  
Which we across the waves may read,  
And all our store is thine.

Friend ahoy! Draw near! draw near!  
Let us, at least one short hour, sail  
Close side by side. Let words of cheer  
Over our griefs prevail.

Friend ahoy! The waves toss white:  
Rises the wind which parts us far;  
We shall ride out the stormy night  
By help of the same star.

Friend ahoy! Farewell! farewell!  
Grief unto grief, joy unto joy,  
Greeting and help the echoes tell  
Faint, but eternal—Friend ahoy!

### THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR.

I have fancied sometimes the Bethel bent  
That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's  
dream,  
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest  
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the  
Blest,  
And the angels descending to dwell with us  
here,  
Are "Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and  
"China," and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead nor under the sod  
That those brains can blow open to heaven  
and God.  
Ah, "Silver Street" flows by a bright shining  
road—  
Oh, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,  
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fash-  
ioned choir,  
To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise!" the minister  
said,  
All the psalm-books at once flattered open at  
"York."  
Sung their "our-dotted wings in the words  
that he read,  
While the leader leaped into the tune just  
ahead,  
And politely picked up the keynote with a  
fork,  
And the vicious old viol went growling along  
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon  
Brown,  
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune  
down,  
And dear sister Green, with more goodness  
than grace,  
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her  
piece,  
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of  
her toes!

To the land of the dead they have gone with  
their song,  
Where the choir and the chorus together be-  
long.  
Oh! be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them  
again,  
Blessed song! Blessed singers! for ever,  
Amen.

B. F. TAYLOR.

## Religious.

### CHRISTIAN HAND-SHAKING.

Around the door of country meet-  
ing-houses, it has always been the  
custom for the people to gather before  
church and after church for social in-  
tercourse and the shaking of hands.  
Perhaps, because we, ourselves, were  
born in the country and have never  
got over it, the custom pleases us. In  
the cities, as a rule, we arrive the last  
moment before service and go away  
the moment after. We act as though  
the church were a railway-carriage,  
into which we go when the time for  
starting arrives, and we get out again  
as soon as the Depot of the Duxology is  
reached. We protest against this  
business way of doing things. Shake  
hands when the benediction is pro-  
nounced with those who sat before and  
those who sat behind you. Meet the  
people in the aisle, and give them  
Christian salutation. Postponement  
of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes  
will neither damage you nor the dinner.  
That is the moment to say a comfort-  
ing word to the man or woman in  
trouble. The sermon was preached to  
the people in general, it is your place

to apply it to the individual heart.  
The church aisle may be made the  
road to heaven. Many a man who was  
unaffected by what the minister said,  
has been captured for God by the Chris-  
tian word of an unpretending layman on  
the way out.

You may call it personal magnetism,  
or natural cordiality, but there are  
some Christians who have such an  
ardent way of shaking hands after the  
services, that it almost amounts to a  
benediction. Such greeting is not made  
with the left hand. The left hand is  
good for a great many things; for in-  
stance, to hold a fork, or twist a curl,  
but it was never made to shake hands  
with, unless you have lost the use of the  
right. Nor is it done by the tips of the  
fingers laid loosely in the palm of an-  
other. Nor is it done with a tight glove  
on, which you are afraid of splitting.  
Gloves are good to keep out the cold  
and make one look well, but gentle-  
men at least should choose them so that  
they can be easily removed, as they  
should be, for they are non-conductors  
of Christian magnetism. Make bare  
the hand. Place it in the palm of  
your friend. Clench the fingers across  
the back part of the hand you grip.  
Then let all the animation of your heart  
rush to the shoulder, and from there to  
the elbow, and then through the fore-  
arm, and through the wrist, till your  
friend gets the whole charge of brotherly  
electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians  
to greet each other with a holy kiss.  
We are glad the custom has been  
dropped, for there are many good peo-  
ple who would not want to kiss us, as  
we might not want to kiss them. Very  
attractive persons would find the supply  
greater than the demand. But let us  
have a substitute suited to our age and  
land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusi-  
astic, Christian hand-shaking.

For the Christian Messenger.

### EXPOSITION OF JOHN xii. 25.

In compliance with the urgent re-  
quest of "One Interested" (C. M.  
Feb. 25th.) I am induced to offer a few  
remarks on the text cited.

It is not, of course, needful to define  
the term *life*, in its literal and ordi-  
nary acceptation. As opposed to death  
it is usually deemed desirable; and  
home is employed to denote happiness,  
or enjoyment. So our Lord says, "A  
man's life [happiness] consisteth not  
in the abundance of the things which  
he possesseth. (Luke xii. 15. Ps.  
xxxiv. 12.) It is, therefore, very  
naturally used to denote a state of happy  
existence after the dissolution of  
the body. In this case it is frequent-  
ly, though not always, called everlasting  
or eternal life. It must not be  
hence inferred that the wicked, be-  
cause this term is not applied to them,  
will cease to exist at death; but their  
future state of existence will not be one  
of happiness. So we read, "He that  
believeth on the Son hath everlasting  
life: and he that believeth not the Son  
shall not see [enjoy] life; but the  
wrath of God abideth on him." John  
iii. 36. Matt. xxv. 46. Mar. ix. 43-  
48. Luke xii. 4, 5.)

It is to be observed that the word  
rendered *hate* sometimes means only to  
*love less*. (Compare Luke xiv. 26. with  
Matt. x. 37, and Deut. xxi. 15, 16.)

Our Lord knew that His enemies  
would persecute His disciples; and in  
many instances put those to death who  
would not deny Him. (Acts xxvi. 11.  
Heb. xi. 35.) He allowed them to flee  
from persecution; but when appre-  
hended, such as would save their tem-  
poral lives by denying Him, would be  
denied by Him; and so lose that ever-  
lasting life which would be obtained by  
such as were slain for continuing to  
confess Him. (Luke xii. 8, 9. 2 Tim.  
ii. 12. Rev. xii. 11.) The person,  
therefore, who should so *love* his life  
in this world as to deny Christ in order  
to save it, would lose his soul, or spiri-  
tual life; but he who should compara-  
tively *hate* his life in this world, that is,  
love it less than he loved the Saviour,

and so lose it for His sake, would obtain  
the salvation of his soul, that is, "life  
eternal."

The more readily and decidedly any  
one takes on him the yoke of Christ,  
by yielding strict obedience to Him,  
and following His example, the hap-  
pier will he be. (Prov. iii. 17. 1  
John v. 3.) Owing to the depravity of  
fallen nature, self-denial, though really  
for our benefit, may be regarded as a  
cross. (Luke ix. 23.) Those who are  
called to suffer martyrdom must in-  
deed endure great tribulation for a sea-  
son; but it will be their exalted privi-  
lege to wear the martyr's crown for-  
ever. (Rev. ii. 10, 13. xii. 11. 2 Cor.  
iv. 11-18.)

May these brief remarks, with an at-  
tentive examination of the texts cited,  
assist the inquirer, with others, in as-  
certaining the true import of the pas-  
sages to which he has referred, and in  
perceiving clearly the consistency and  
harmony of different portions of the  
sacred Scripture.

Yours very truly,  
C. TUPPER.  
Aylesford, March 6, 1874.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mr. Editor,—

### THE OLD MEN.

Permit me to express my thanks to the  
two aged brethren who in your number  
of the 4th, favored us with their views on  
two very important subjects. The arti-  
cle on the "Millennium" is worth more  
than all the books I have read on the  
topic, while the other paper on the ad-  
ministration of the Lord's Supper by a  
properly recognised party should be  
seriously pondered by all who have any  
doubts on that matter. "Let all  
things be done decently and in order."  
It is a great blessing to any denomina-  
tion to have veterans who are full of  
wisdom as of years, and who are ever  
ready to give us the benefit of their  
half a century of experience and obser-  
vation. I will not wish them the doubt-  
ful compliment of a lengthened delay in  
this vale of tears, but I do earnestly  
pray that their latter days may be full  
of the "peace that passeth understand-  
ing," and that they may be able while  
they do remain among us to bring forth,  
from the treasures of their spiritual  
store, much which shall tend to the  
edification of the churches. Thank  
God for the old men!

### THE REVIVAL AT THE COLLEGE.

While I have my pen going, I can-  
not refrain expressing my gratitude to  
God that again in His infinite love, He  
has visited our Institutions of learning.

If any doubt existed as to the prop-  
riety of keeping up a separate denomi-  
national College, surely that  
doubt will now give way to faith. In  
what other way could this priceless  
blessing to our sons and daughters  
have been secured? They have re-  
ceived the best of all educational at-  
tainments, for the "fear of the Lord is  
the beginning of wisdom." It is a fair  
question to be asked, In what Uni-  
versity, of a general and mixed nature,  
would our children have reaped these  
religious benefits? Where do we ever  
read of a religious revival at a National  
or Provincial University? It is one of  
the most striking facts in connection  
with the history of Acadia College that  
not once or twice, but many times pow-  
erful and far reaching manifestations of  
Divine grace have been experienced  
within her walls. Boys who have  
gone thither with none but earthly  
aims, have been moved upon by the  
Divine Spirit, and have gone forth to  
preach the gospel at home and abroad.  
I could name many such. It has  
cheered and revived my heart, and I  
am in full sympathy with the noble  
band of brethren who have been so  
largely instrumental in this great work.  
A ministerial student wrote to a friend:  
"I feel that this revival will be of  
more benefit to me than my college  
course." Yes, brother, it is even so.  
I have experienced that myself. Our  
class graduated just after a similar  
work, and we feel the blessed effects

to this day. God bless the young  
men!

How must those Baptists feel who  
have sent their sons elsewhere, as they  
see them proficient in all knowledge,  
except that "which maketh wise unto  
salvation!"

### THE REVIVALS

in the churches, too, are gladdening  
our hearts. We are praying that the  
shower of blessings may descend upon  
our Zion, and that all our churches  
may be baptized anew of the Holy  
Spirit. Please give us copious news of  
the gracious work. We cannot well  
have too much. The people eagerly  
read every thing about revivals.

Yours, waiting and watching,  
ACIER.

For the Christian Messenger.

### THE LATE REV. JAMES NEWCOMB.

Brother Newcomb was the third son  
of the late Abraham Newcomb, of  
precious memory. James, the subject  
of this notice, was born in Stewiacke,  
A. D. 1815. He was accustomed to  
say, that he came out and professed  
faith in Christ, with a feeble hope.  
His profession, however, proved genu-  
ine, and his hope became strong. He  
was buried with Christ in baptism, by  
the Rev. Wm. Burton. He early com-  
menced to take part in religious exer-  
cises. Prompted by love to his Mas-  
ter, and to the souls of men, he felt  
with the great apostle, "Woe is me if  
I preach not the gospel." Being deep-  
ly impressed with the need of prepara-  
tion for this great work, he left home  
and repaired to Horton to pursue a  
course of study. Brother Newcomb  
was one of the first class, on the estab-  
lishment of the college at Wolfville.  
He received a license to preach from  
the church in Stewiacke, in 1840.  
Whilst pursuing his studies, his love  
for souls was ever manifest in the fam-  
ily, in the Sabbath School and in the  
social service, as well as in the pulpit.  
In 1843 he married Sarah Louisa,  
second daughter of the late Wm.  
Johnston, Esq., of Wolfville. Mr.  
Johnston is well known as one of  
the founders of the Nova Scotia  
Baptist Education Society, and as an  
ever faithful friend of the College. In  
the year above mentioned, brother  
N. left Horton and its happy privileges  
for the engagements and duties of ac-  
tive life. Like many others, he left  
with a weight of debt upon him, in-  
curred in college, in his noble efforts to  
ascend the hill of science. To meet  
these responsibilities, and knowing that  
ministers are but poorly paid for their  
services, he felt it a prime duty to  
strive to obey the scripture precept,  
"Owe no man any thing." For a time  
therefore he engaged in the more re-  
munerative work of school teaching.  
Having first taught in Cornwallis and  
Upper Stewiacke, in 1844 he took a  
large grammar school in St. Martin's,  
N. B. He there followed the example  
of his divine Master, and "went about  
doing good." He would walk six or  
eight miles in the evenings and on the  
Sabbath, in order to blow the gospel  
trumpet in the regions around. On  
leaving that place, the resident doctor  
gave him a most cordial recommenda-  
tion. He says, "The character of Mr.  
Newcomb is such, and has been during  
his residence in the place, as to com-  
mand the respect of all. As a man, a  
scholar and a christian, he is an orna-  
ment to any community." In 1848,  
he engaged in teaching in Hillsborough.  
As elsewhere, he was then greatly suc-  
cessful as a teacher, and was beloved  
by all. It was here, on the 1st of  
May, 1849, that brother Newcomb,  
with another brother, was set apart to  
the gospel ministry, by the imposition  
of hands. He resigned the pastorate  
of that church in 1851. The church  
record of that place, says of their pas-  
tor, on his retirement, "His labors  
have been greatly blessed in the con-  
version of sinners, and he has had the  
privilege of baptizing a large number  
of souls. He has been abundant in

labors, and has been instant in season  
and out of season. In him the words  
of the Psalmist have been truly verified  
"He that goeth forth and weepeth,  
bearing precious seed, shall doubtless  
come again with rejoicing, bring his  
sheaves with him." The record further  
says, "He was clear in his presentation  
of the relations of the law and the gos-  
pel; in his view of the enmity of the  
human heart against God; of the  
necessity of the sovereign power of the  
Spirit to render the word effectual; and  
of the duty of ministers to call on sin-  
ners to repent and believe the gospel."  
In 1851 our brother accepted a call  
from the church in Moncton, to become  
their pastor. He was here associated  
in labor with the Rev. David Crandall.  
Together, in sweet harmony, as kind-  
red spirits, they sowed the gospel seed,  
in this field. In 1852 many were ad-  
ded to the church in Moncton. There  
followed a number of revivals, one of  
which is especially memorable. As the  
meeting, on one occasion, was progress-  
ing, the house seemed filled with the  
glory of God. Sinners were bowed in con-  
trition before God, and saints were joyful  
in his love. Sweet antipasts of heav-  
en, and glimpses of glory were vouch-  
safed to our brother. The pearly gates  
seemed ajar, and the mellifluous tide of  
celestial melody flowed forth. He then  
enjoyed a rapturous earnest, that in due  
time and ere long, he should rejoin his  
rightly revered and sainted father,  
with that great multitude who have  
washed their robes and made them  
white in the blood of the Lamb. His  
only son, William, was then a child of  
5 or 6 years of age. Being present at  
the meeting, the father dedicated his  
son in faith and prayer, to God, and  
received the sweet assurance, that when  
his own voice should be silent in death,  
his son would be blowing the gospel  
trumpet.

"Though seed be buried long in dust  
"It shall not deceive our hope,  
"The precious grain can never be lost  
"For grace secures the crop.

Our brother's labors in this field  
were very arduous. He was unwearied  
in visiting the sick and afflicted. He  
wept with those who weep, and rejoiced  
with those who rejoice. Like his mas-  
ter, he gave special attention to the  
poor and neglected. But over-labor,  
broke him down, and he was compelled  
to resign his charge, in quest of rest  
and health. Having in view the edu-  
cation of his son, in 1863 he removed  
to Wolfville. He travelled over much  
of N. S. and N. B. in agencies for  
various objects. Ultimately he en-  
gaged in Colportage, and did a noble  
work in the circulation of good books.  
Whilst occupied in this work, he  
preached the word on almost every  
Lord's day. He gave away thousands  
of small books and tracts, to the poor  
and destitute. Eternity alone will re-  
veal the happy influences of his ardent  
piety and heavenly devotion, as man-  
ifested in edifying conversations, in fer-  
vent prayers, in arousing, whole souled  
sermons. But strength was waning;  
the Master was calling, "Child come  
home." Two years ago last November  
he hastened home from a long excursion  
suffering from a severe cold. His  
lungs were affected, a decline ensued.  
In his last sickness he was a patient  
sufferer. Whilst life was sweet and  
friends and family dear, Jesus was  
dearer, and the heavenly home more  
inviting. He entertained no doubts  
of acceptance in the Beloved. The  
absent son, writing to the now be-  
reaved mother, says, "I never saw  
my father other than the christian,  
gentle, loving, true. Beyond the  
shadow of a doubt, his ransomed spirit  
is now in the ecstatic enjoyment of  
the bliss of Heaven." Gentle as an  
infant's sleep, without a struggle or a  
groan, he fell asleep on the morning  
of Jan. 3rd, 1874. Dr. Crawley  
preached an appropriate and impres-  
sive discourse on the departed, from  
the words of the Psalmist, "Precious  
in the sight of the Lord is the death  
of his saints" Ps. 116, 15. For more  
than 30 years, I enjoyed an intimate  
acquaintance with our dear departed  
brother, and ever found him the same,  
as a student in the college, as a pastor