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## Poetry.

### God's Sunlight.

Weary and sad I lingered  
Beneath the forest shade,  
Dreamingly watching the shadows,  
As hither and yon they played;  
For my way seemed dark and dreary,  
And my heart was out of tune  
With the beautiful surroundings  
Of that perfect day in June.

And so I had sought the forest,  
For I fain would rest me there,  
And seek within its solitude  
To lift my heart in prayer.  
But O, the darkness lingered,  
And my way I could not see,  
When wafted on the summer air  
Came a childish voice to me.

"Oh! dear father, you are near me,  
I know, but I can not see,  
All seems so dark around me,  
Please, my father, speak to me,"  
Ah! I thought, I, like the blind child,  
Am crying for the light,  
With a loving Father near me,  
Who would guide my steps aright.

As I bent to catch the answer,  
A loving voice replied,  
"You need not fear my daughter,  
For I am by your side."  
And when from out the shadow,  
Her timid steps he led,  
And the bright and golden sunlight  
Rested softly on her head,

She cried in very joyfulness,  
"How good God is to me!  
He lets me feel his warm sunlight  
Although I can not see!"  
As I listened, lo! the darkness  
Seemed to vanish from my way,  
And a Father's hand was leading  
To a light of perfect day.

Dear fellow-traveler, wandering  
O'er a strange and dreary way,  
Weary and sad and lonely,  
Shut out from the light of day,  
Doubting, fearing, trembling,  
Striving in vain to see,  
There comes from out the darkness  
A voice that calls to thee.

Why do you fear? Your Father  
Is ever by your side,  
And safely through the darkness  
Your faltering steps he'll guide.  
It is want of trust that drunks  
All your pathway, and the gloom  
Hides you from his glorious presence,  
And his sunlight finds no room.

George Miller.

## Religious.

### The Relation of the Old Testament Rites to Christian Baptism.

Rev. Calvin Goodspeed (not Charles as it appeared in our former notice) gives a second article on this subject in the *Canadian Baptist*. He commences by saying:—

In our last article we called the reader's attention especially to two facts: 1st. That pure water was never sprinkled in any Old Testament rite. 2nd. That whenever pure water was used, it was always as a washing or bathing. If baptism took its form from the purifications of the law, it cannot be a pouring: for there were no pourings in any of these rites. It must then be a sprinkling, following the sprinklings of the law, or an immersion corresponding to its bathings. With these preliminary observations, let us proceed to notice some New Testament passages which Pedobaptists assert have reference to the relation of baptism to the purifications of the law.

Mr. G. carefully examines John iii. 25, 26, and Hebrews ix. 10, and shews clearly that whenever pure water was used it was for an immersion, but when sprinklings were observed they were with blood, blood and water, or ashes and water. The "baptisms" therefore of the latter passage were unquestionably "the bathings which were common to all the purifications of the law rather than the sprinklings which were peculiar to but very few:—

"There were but four cases where it

became the custom to sprinkle persons under the law, Lev. viii. 30, and xiv. 7; Num. viii. 7. xix. 13, etc. In all these cases except the last, the sprinkling was to be but once in a life time, and in all but one,—that of the Levites—was always followed by a washing or bathing of the whole body, and in that case even the clothes were to be washed. On the other hand, there were twenty cases in which persons were commanded to bathe, where no sprinkling was required, and these bathings or washings, unlike the sprinklings, were to be repeated all through life with great frequency by all, Lev. xv. How strange then to assume, when there were so few sprinklings, confined to so few persons, for the most part observed so infrequently, and always accompanied by a bathing; and when there were so many bathings without any sprinkling, so frequently recurring, and enjoined on all, that the baptisms of Heb. ix. 10 must have included the sprinklings, if they did not exclude the bathings! Would not the apostle under these circumstances, in the brief summary of this verse, naturally mention bathings which were common to all the purifications of the law, rather than the sprinklings which were peculiar to but very few?"

"About the baptism of the Pharisees after coming from market, it may be remarked: It was a tradition of the elders. Although in the form of the old purification it was that ceremonial extended to a new case. Now no one will aver that it was one of the old sprinklings; for this was always of blood, blood and water, or ashes and water, and had reference to sin, rather than ceremonial defilement. This baptism then was the old bathing. And we cannot doubt, but that these Pharisees, desiring to appear very righteous, by their punctilious observance of the formality would have been very careful to wash away all defilement by covering the body in water. Considering that there were thirty cases in which bathing was required, it does not seem strange that the Pharisees should have added this one case more, to gain a name by their ostentatious formality."

Mr. Moody in Boston.

Mr. Moody has been and gone. He was welcomed as an old friend. He has gone as one regretted and attached. His grand temperance rally on the last Wednesday of his stay, was a glorious success—a gathering together of those who had been helped and kept by the Almighty hand during the past year, and since they have been rescued from sin and degradation of intemperance. It was a grand triumph and testimony to the keeping power of Christ. As one by one related from the experience of the year gone by, as they stood there reformed, and renewed men in Christ Jesus, acknowledging what the gospel had wrought for them, the scene and words were most affecting. Mr. Moody declared on the following day, that such were his feelings in view of what God had accomplished, for those drunkards he could scarcely sleep for joy, that night.

One of his parting sermons upon "Heaven" was listened to by fully 8000 people, and the Tabernacle was filled with an eagerness fully equal to the last year. So large a number followed into the inquiry-meetings, at "Clarendon St." after the service, that Mr. Moody's usual went through the sifting process—not exactly "the chaff from the wheat"—but requesting all who did not come in as inquirers or workers to go down into the vestry and "have a good prayer-meeting"—whereupon many resorted to the room below. While others who had only come as lookers-on, proved it, by going out.

Mr. Moody's sermon upon "Heaven," left some useful and pleasant thoughts which we transfer to the *Advocate*. In speaking of heaven as a destination, he used an illustration which was striking and effective. He said, in travelling not long since, he sat behind two ladies in the cars, who evidently had met casually, but in their journeyings

had formed quite an attachment to each other. One was going to New Orleans, the other to Cairo. The one whose home was at Cairo, said, "Really, I wish you would stop over a few days at my home. I would be delighted to have you." The other lady replied, "Oh I can't, much as I have enjoyed your society. I would like to. My trunk has gone on ahead, with all my best things in, checked through to New Orleans, and I've nothing but my travelling dress, and really I can't, much as I would like to. I must hurry through to my home." So, Mr. Moody said, should it be with us, hastening on, in our pilgrim journey, our "best things" all sent ahead, and we in our travelling garments refusing to tarry by the way; our treasures are waiting for us in heaven, and our minds fixed upon things in the home above.

We were told, he said, even to have our "conversation in heaven." And further to have our "names written in heaven"—registered there—and we were commanded to "rejoice that our names were written in heaven." And in order to rejoice, we must have the assurance. Mr. Moody begged all those who could not say that their names were written in heaven not to rest till they sought and received that assurance, for without assurance there was no joy. They could not "rejoice" as was the command.

Mr. Moody spoke of death, as the joyous entrance into that heavenly home,—an event of glory to the Christian,—an event not to be shrouded and hanged about with emblems of mourning, and then took from his stand a note, and holding it up before the vast audience at the tabernacle, told them it was from a pious Methodist brother in England, announcing the death of his mother and written upon note-paper, edged with a band of gilt, instead of the heavy black, so used in England. Mr. Moody then read the note to his audience, as an example to be followed by all Christians, in which this pious friend told him his "sainted mother had gone home to walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem." Through the entire session Mr. Moody uplifted the believer toward his heavenly home, that glimpses were given us of those

"Heights of joy, which we may not reach Till we cross the narrow sea."

H. E. H.

—Zion's Advocate.

### The Resources of Africa.

We read in a German periodical, quoted in the *Academy*:—"Europe cannot look on at the discovery of a richly fertile and populous territory, as extensive as Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and England put together, which has hitherto been completely closed to her influence, without coming to some closer relations with this region. Discovery has opened the way for European commerce—a way that is, for the most part a splendid water-route. A series of cataracts has, indeed to be overcome; but 170 miles cannot be considered any great difficulty in these days in which proposals are seriously entertained for carrying a railway across all the obstacles of the great Sahara to reach the fertile Sudan. Beyond these cataracts lies a stretch of 800 miles, open to any vessel, branching from which the great tributaries probably afford an equal extent of navigable waters, and open up a much wider range to smaller boats.

"The new territory is also rich. Ivory which is ever becoming more scarce with us, is there in such abundance that the natives seem to have no idea of its worth. At the cataracts Stanley lost 18,000 dollars worth of ivory, which he had bartered by the way. The oil palm forms great forests. Cotton, india-rubber, and ground nuts (*Arachis hypogaea*) are there in superfluity. What might not European cultivation produce in such favoured regions. Gold and copper mines are also known on the Upper Livingstone, as Stanley calls the Congo.

"All these will entice the merchant. Without doubt trade will soon push its

advanced posts into the newly-discovered basin. But which nation is to have the right and privilege of taking this in hand? The mouth of the Congo happily is at present untenanted by any European power. The Portuguese once had colonies there, but they are now completely in decay. Since Fort Loango was destroyed by the French (1786) they have had no actual possession on this coast; only the southern territories of Angola and Benguela remain in their hands. In 1858, indeed the Portuguese again laid claim to this region but their advances were rejected and protested against by the other Powers (England, France, and America,) and these will scarcely allow Portugal to take possession of the mouth of the Congo now. The times have gone by during which European States were wont to grasp lands beyond the seas for their exclusive benefit. Trade on the Livingstone must stand open to all nations. But how? According to the easy maxim of *laissez faire*? Shall unscrupulous traders be allowed to destroy with rum and powder those numerous tribes, who have hitherto been living so far from European civilization? No! it is the duty of every Christian power to protect these lands, now opened to the world, from the miseries which followed in the wake of discovery in former ages. Commerce on the Livingstone must be placed under international guardianship, which, while it will shield the merchant from the arrow of the cannibal, will also save the native from ruin through the unprincipled dealings of the trader. It is not our object to draw up any plans for the accomplishment of this end. But it may be pointed out that one or two European steamers on the Livingstone would soon overawe these cannibals without the necessity of the exertion of actual force, so that the route to their territories would be passable without danger. The regulations agreed upon by an international commission might also be enforced by agents empowered by the European governments. A main point in such regulations must in any case be that all spiritous liquors shall be excluded from the imports."

### The Critical People.

Some people are nothing if not critical. They are always nagging and finding fault. Their chief delight is to pick things to pieces. Where others see nothing but to admire, they are sure to discover defects and flaws, on which they are equally sure to pounce as though they were the very things for which they had been looking. Nothing is quite to their taste, and they go through life in a chronic state of dissatisfaction with everything.

This habit, which as regards the ordinary affairs of life may be a foible, at which friends are amused or annoyed according to circumstances, takes on a more serious aspect when brought to bear on higher things—as, for example when it takes the form of a persistently critical temper in judging of fellow-disciples of Christ.

Of all people in the world, Christians should be most kindly in their judgements of one another. The man who has had a genuine religious experience ought to be able to understand and to consider how much the living of a Christian life involves. The conflict with long-indulged habit, with inward sin and outward influences, calls for constant vigilance and ceaseless striving. This every Christian should remember when tempted to judge harshly the deportment of fellow-Christians. But the critical man never takes account of these things. If a brother, who was originally a man of violent temper and harsh manners, falls into a passion and says or does things unworthy of his Christian profession, your critic will hasten to say of him, "A pretty Christian he is to fly into a rage and storm about like that!"—forgetting the tremendous power of established habit, and unthoughtful of the tears and bitterness of soul that may follow these outbursts of passion. If, again, a man apparently well-to-do in his af-

airs opens his purse slowly and not widely in response to the calls of charity, he is set down at once as a stingy, close-fisted curmudgeon,—when the fact may be that he is either really unable to give largely, or that in giving, at all he is fighting manfully against a life-long habit of prudence, which prompts him to give nothing, while an awakened conscience bids him give cheerfully, according to his means. And in many other ways, the faults and failings of those who are, it may be, striving hard to overcome them, are caught up and talked about as though there were no such thing as growth in the Christian life, and the gradual attainment, through much tribulation and many slips, of a higher and stronger Christian character.

Rev. John Craig has recently gone out from our brethren in Ontario to their Foreign Missionary field. He writes home some account of his journey and what he saw on his way. At Rome he visited the Baptist ministers who are so actively engaged there, Messrs. Wall, Landells, Signor Grassi. Also the Mamertine Prison, where it is said Peter and Paul were imprisoned shortly before their execution.

Sunday was our first day in Rome, and a very wet one it was, in the evening we went to hear Mr. Wall, the English Baptist Missionary. The service was quite interesting to us, notwithstanding our ignorance of the Italian language. The first hymn was a translation of "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and the air sounded familiar enough though the words were strange to our ears. So far as I could gather the sermon consisted of lessons drawn from the second chapter of Joshua, and was delivered with Mr. Wall's usual vigour. The seats were free, and the congregation was quite large.

Of the Catacombs he says: We paid a visit to those of St. Calixtus, on the old Appian Way. Part of the drive over the old road is within the city and part without. Arrived at the ground or field beneath which these particular catacombs are situated you enter a gate, and see only a number of small hut-like structures with glass roofs, in various parts of the field. These are sky-lights for the chapels below. On entering the catacombs you descend a number of stairs, pass through a door which the attendant opens, and descend again, this time, a long flight of steps. Some of the visitors are provided with small wax candles, and thus armed we follow our leader through long narrow passages, which are flanked on both sides with places cut out for the reception of the dead. There are generally three of these receptacles one above the other, and a long marble slab with an inscription cemented in, makes the burial complete. The long passages run off in all directions, so that one could lose oneself very easily, if without a guide. Occasionally the passage widens into a chamber of considerable size. These chambers are supposed to have been used as chapels in the times of persecution.

On Friday, Dec. 7th, we left Rome at 9.20, a. m., and reached Naples, after a delightful journey of seven hours. Beautiful scenery, old ruins and balmy weather all united in making our trip both interesting and agreeable. Our line of railway ran near the Appian Way for a short time and then branched off to the left, meeting the old road again at the town of Capua. The Appian Way ran south through the Pontine Marshes, and continued its course at no great distance from the sea till it branched off towards Capua, and therefore Appii Forum and the Three Taverns were probably situated within twenty miles or so of the coast. I mention these facts because I was under the impression that the old Roman road, over which Paul journeyed to the capital, followed nearly the line of the railway between Rome and Naples at a considerable distance from the west coast.

We remained at Naples only over night, and next morning we pursued our way to Foggia on the east coast, and