

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

Joy cometh in the Morning.

"He will be our guide even unto death."
Only a baby, with winsome face,
Daintily showing each baby grace,
Only filling a baby's place,
Yet the dear Lord sent it here.

Only a child with golden hair,
Gathering sunshine, instead of care,
Followed by many an earnest prayer,
And many an anxious fear.

Only a maiden, loving and true,
Waiting for some great work to do;
Looking forward, the long years through,
But the Lord was over all.

Only a mother, with patient feet,
With tender love for her little one sweet,
Praying for wisdom to guide her feet,
And the dear Lord heard the call.

Only a woman, faded and old,
With hair of gray, instead of gold;
With the years of her life a sum all told,
And finished the work begun.

Only a coffin, with flowers dressed;
Only a patient face at rest,
With folded hands on a peaceful breast,
For the Lord hath said, "Well done!"

Only a grave, in a churchyard cold,
With the pale moon shining in beams
of gold,
For the Lord hath gathered safe into
the fold
His child, - all labor past.

Over the river, where angels dwell,
Where songs of praises rise and swell,
Where Christ is King, and all is well,
She met her Lord at last.

Watchman.

CLAUDIA.

Religious.

A Priest teaching Gambling to Children in Church.

A young priest, near what looked like a small, round gambling table at the [Roman Catholic] Cathedral Fair, New York, Nov. 19, was surrounded by some bright boys, whose average age was about eight years. Some young girls swelled their number. "Number four," called out the priest, as the arrow, which had been turning on its pivot in the centre of the table, stopped over a section of the surface marked "four." There were twelve sections in all, and on each one of them lay a cent, contributed by a boy or girl. The reporter of the *Evening Post* counted eighteen boys who were standing around the table shouting, snapping their eyes, watching the revolving arrow, and yelling when it stopped. "Number four," cried out the priest. "I declare that is a lucky number. Why it's been 'four' two or three times." He picked up six cents, one after the other, from the table, and handed them to the boy who had deposited a cent on number four. The remaining six cents, which lay on the other six sections of the surface of the table, he put into his pocket.

"Now who's next?" he asked with earnestness. "Who will have number four this time?" a little fellow with handsome deep black eyes and rich dark hair stretched out his hand and placed a cent on number four. Others followed him, the priest meanwhile exhorting them to do so. A pretty maid offered a cent, which he put on section numbered twelve. "Yours is number twelve little girl—remember, number twelve." Now I want one for number three," he said; "give me a cent for number three."

"Lend me a cent," demanded a brown-haired, hot-cheeked boy of a companion who had just won six cents. "Lend me a cent, will you!" He was excited and bankrupt.

"Here," said the successful player, and handed him one of the six that he held in his fist.

"What's my number?" screamed a boy.

"Number two, and don't forget it," replied the priest. "If it stops at that number remember you get six cents."

"I am number five," shouted another boy.

The sections were nearly full at last. Almost every section had a cent on it, and the time approached for revolving the arrow. One boy, unable to restrain himself, tried to start it.

"Hold on!" yelled the priest. "Fill up. I'll do the twisting. One cent more," and he looked searchingly over the surging, tossing sea of little faces.

Another boy borrowed a cent, which was quickly put in place. The priest "twisted" the arrow. It spun round rapidly, then slowly, then very slowly, and then stopped—over number six. It wasn't "four" this time, and the face of the boy who had tried "four" on the priest's recommendation fell. But his seventeen comrades became possessed by their excitement. They crowded around the priest, tipped the table half over, almost knocked down a bust of the late Pope, and climbed upon each other's back.

"Hold on, you rascals!" screamed the priest, who was picking up from the table his own share of the money; "hold on there; let me get my six; that's all I care for." When he had got his six he began to call for fresh investments, and the previous scenes were repeated.

At another table, not far away, the presiding officer put a doll's toy—a small pewter basket, a flag, a whistle, or what-not—on each section, instead of a cent. By paying five cents a boy acquired the privilege of turning the arrow, and pocketing the trinkets over which the head of the arrow had stopped. Near the table stood a benevolent-looking priest, with iron-gray locks, who exhorted the wondering boys to invest and received their five-cent pieces.

"Come, boys," he said; "try your luck. Look at that lot of tools there worth twenty-five cents."

An unsuspecting little listener, whose blue eyes were scarcely higher than the table; handed the priest a new ten-cent piece and took a chance by turning the arrow, which stopped over a miserable bauble that no bright boy would have paid a cent for. No matter where the arrow stopped, it stopped over an insignificant gewgaw. This boy took his particular prize; the priest laughed aloud congratulatingly, and gave him back his change from the ten-cent piece, whereupon the winner, seeming to have had enough of it turned on his heel to depart.

The priest however, playfully held the hand that contained the change, and urged the boy to invest again. The boy declined. But the priest still held his hand, and entreating him urgently to deposit the money and to take another chance, soon overcame his reluctance—at least the boy's five cents were seen to drop into the priest's tin box.

The reporter counted half a dozen of these tables. A policeman told him that there were three thousand boys and girls there yesterday morning, five thousand the day before, and at least one hundred thousand on the days previous.—*New York Evening*.

Jury-system Absurdities.

The suit of the American artist, Mr. J. A. Whistler, against Mr. Ruskin for damages alleged to have been inflicted by a malicious criticism, has brought out very clearly the absurdities of the Jury-system. It was surely bad enough that the counsel who conducted the case, and the Judge before whom it was tried, were greatly lacking in artistic culture. It was still more absurd to leave the verdict in the case to twelve average jurymen, no one of whom could see any difference in merit between one of Mr. Whistler's "nocturnes" and a country-tavern sign. That the aggrieved artist received a verdict of even one farthing damages is surprising under the circumstances.

The right to be tried by a Jury of one's peers is considered so sacred a thing that its propriety is not to be called in question. As an eminent English barrister once remarked, the average man considers the chief end of

the British Constitution to be to get twelve men into a box. Much of the same idea is found in the average American's mind. Yet nothing is clearer than that the Jury system was accidental in its origin, that it is defective in its principle, and that the sole arguments in its favor are antiquity and prejudice—neither of which is reckoned conclusive by any reasonable man. That just twelve men, neither more nor less, should constitute a jury, and that these twelve men must agree to make a verdict binding, are rules that were not deliberately adopted with due regard to their wisdom, but came into existence gradually, nobody knows how.

And how utterly ridiculous it is that every offence against individuals, or against society at large, should be submitted to twelve men who know nothing of the law except what confused ideas they may pick up in the Court, and that neither party should prevail until the twelve agree in his favor. Any man who has sat on a jury in a civil suit knows how impossible it is for twelve men to agree upon a verdict which will satisfy either party or accord with the equities of the case. The verdict always has to be a compromise, and if substantial justice is done it is the result of some happy accident. In criminal trials, also, the same result is frequent if not general. There is almost always one jurymen, if not more, who will not consent to bring in a verdict in accordance with the law and the facts particularly in cases involving capital offences. The result is that his obstinacy leads to a compromise, and the interests of society suffer. Occasionally, jury trials work the opposite way; the twelve men, more subject than the Judge to the passions which sway the mob, bring in a verdict more severe than the law and the facts warrant. In either case, the ends of justice are frustrated rather than served.

Englishmen are wont to boast that no nation of other than Anglo-Saxon blood has the Jury system. The common law is the inheritance of Americans equally with Englishmen, and we are apt to echo the boast. May it not be that other nations are not so much to be commiserated, after all? Continental jurists have given careful study to the English Jury system, and none of them have favored its adoption. Efforts have been made to introduce it in a modified shape, and these efforts have in some cases been successful. Indeed, a modified jury system would meet all the difficulties of the case. Many of the best American jurists favor not the abrogation, but the modification, of the present system. A notable opinion to this effect was pronounced by Justice Miller at a late meeting of the New York State Bar Association. Such a modification, as will permit the bringing in of a binding verdict by a majority of the jury—at least in civil cases and in ordinary criminal cases—would be of great value. The kinds of questions to be submitted to juries might also be restricted. On many subjects, the opinion of one intelligent man is worth far more than that of a dozen ignorant men. Such changes seem to laymen not only reasonable but desirable; though the strength of popular prejudice would undoubtedly make them difficult of accomplishment.—*N. Y. Examiner*.

REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.—The revisers of the authorized version of the New Testament recently concluded their second and final revision. The company have held eighty-five sessions and have spent 337 days on the work, having commenced in June, 1870. The total number of the company is twenty-four, and the average rate of attendance throughout the time has been fifteen. There now remain any further suggestion which may be made by the American company, and the adjustment of some questions which have been reserved till the end.

As the heart is, so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease.

In Memoriam.

For the Christian Messenger.
Rev. Willard G. Parker.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgements, and His ways past finding out." This exclamation of an inspired apostle is naturally suggested by the solemn and impressive fact, that seven of our Baptist ministers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have been removed by death in the course of the year 1878. Of these only two have reached the age of 70 years. We are certain, however, that all the allotments of Providence, how inscrutable soever they may be, are ordered for some wise and good purpose. It therefore becomes all concerned quietly to acquiesce in the painful bereavement endured by the sudden death of our esteemed Brother, the subject of this notice, called away from his useful labours, at the age of 62 years.

Willard G. Parker was born in Wilmot, April 4, 1816. Through the riches of Divine Grace he was brought to obtain hope in Christ at the early age of 12 years; and was led to own the Saviour in the ordinance of baptism. On the 20th day of July, 1836, he was united in marriage with Miss Lois Ruggles—a help meet for him.

Constrained by the love of Christ, and a deep concern for the salvation of precious souls, he began to preach as a licentiate, in the autumn of the year 1840. As he had not enjoyed the advantages of literary training, doubts seem to have been entertained by some as to the propriety of setting him apart to the work of the gospel ministry. While the writer deems such advantages as highly desirable for one entering so important a work, it is his earnest desire that the Baptists may never refuse to ordain a man, in other respects adapted to the work of the ministry, and impressed with a conviction that it is his duty to engage in it, simply because he has not a classical education. Had such a course been ultimately adopted with regard to this Brother, the interests of vital religion evidently would have suffered loss. On the 28th of January, 1843, he was ordained at New Albany; where he continued to labor, with a measure of success, for several years. Though comparatively feeble in the commencement of his course, yet, by the Divine blessing he became eminent in the ministry, and his services were appreciated and sought in different populous places. It may be remarked here, that while resident in Westmorland, he was called to preach on the occasion of the burial of our late esteemed Brother, Rev. Samuel McCully. The writer was absent; but he was informed by those who were present, that the discourse was regarded by competent judges, especially by the Presbyterian minister, in Amherst, Dr. Clarke, as an excellent and able sermon.

In the spring of the year 1846, Bro. Parker, by invitation, removed to Sackville, N. B. He continued there in the pastorate five years. His labors were manifestly much blessed. Many professed conversion; and large numbers were baptized by him in that and adjacent places, where he held, or assisted in holding special services.

He subsequently labored usefully two years in Point de Bute; devoting a considerable portion of the time to missionary labors, in which he was quite successful.

In August, 1853, Bro. Parker became Pastor of the Baptist Church in Nictaux, where he remained 17 years. This was the scene of his greatest success. While he usually held the pastorate of some one particular church, he was not accustomed to confine his labours to its bounds. He was specially gifted and successful as a Revivalist. On one occasion he remarked to the writer, in effect, that as there are peculiar seasons in which God is graciously pleased to pour out His Spirit in an unusual degree, it is

highly important that these seasons—often granted in answer to united and persevering prayer, and efforts should be most diligently improved by ministers, and indeed by all the people.

Worldly business should, as much as possible, at such times be laid aside, and time and attention be specially devoted to earnest efforts for the salvation of souls. In accordance with this correct view, he was accustomed to labor very diligently in the promotion of Revivals, by the holding of *protracted meetings* among the people of his charge, and in other localities, as opportunities were afforded.

As Brother Parker and the writer lived many years in places adjacent to each other, and always in unbroken harmony, in the year 1854, by mutual agreement they arranged to assist each other in series of meetings in their respective fields, namely, Nictaux, and Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot. Other brethren afforded some assistance. Through Divine favor extensive revivals were enjoyed in both these churches. The writer had the privilege of baptizing 100 persons in that year, and Brother Parker 125.

After laboring successfully in Nictaux 17 years, he complied with a request to take the pastoral charge of the Church in Milton, Queens Co., in 1869. In the course of nearly four years that he resided there, a few were added to the church; but as the manifest fruits of his labors were not so abundant as they had been in other places, he seemed not disposed to remain there.

Bro. Parker became pastor of the church in Lawrencetown and Valley West in 1873. In the autumn of 1875, as the church at Pine Grove was destitute of a pastor, he consented to take the charge of it, and labored there diligently and usefully to the close of his life.

After our Brother came to Nictaux he kept some *memoranda* of his labors. From these it appears that in the course of a little over 26 years he preached 3,460 sermons and baptized about 1,000 persons; and he estimated that he had previously baptized nearly as great a number.

In September last he kindly visited the writer of this notice, then on a bed of languishing, and very low. In the course of a friendly religious conversation he remarked, as nearly as can be recollected, "Some of these days, I too shall drop." It almost seemed by this as if he apprehended that he might quite probably be called away suddenly. He continued active in his labors up to the termination of his life. On the last Sabbath before his departure he preached three times. His last text was, Prov. xii. 32. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

Our dear Brother's decease, on the 6th day of Dec. 1878, was remarkably sudden. His illness was of only about an hour's continuance, and he seems not to have been aware that he was dying till he became speechless.

He leaves a widow and 4 children—all members of Baptist Churches. It was his privilege to baptize all his children and their present companions; and to solemnize all their marriages.

Brother Parker's funeral was attended Dec. 8th, Rev. N. Vidito preached from Daniel xii. 3, subject "The Christian Ministry, and its Mission—an appropriate and able sermon. Five other ministers took part in the services; and there were four among the mourners, of whom one was his son, and another his son-in-law. The congregation was very large, and the services were deeply solemn and impressive.

Our Brother was of a cheerful and affable disposition. He was emphatically a *man of peace*; and was generally beloved.

This sudden removal, in the midst of useful labors, the seventh in these two Provinces in the year just closed, loudly calls upon the living ministers, and indeed and on all Christians to labor earnestly; and to pray the Lord of the harvest, to send forth labourers into His harvest."

Aylesford, Jan. 3, 1879.