

For the Christian Messenger.

"Then shall I be ashamed when I have respect to commendations." There has been a question of infant sprinkling, which has prompted me to say a few remarks, which if you think will throw any light upon the subject will please give a corner in the *Messenger*. In the establishment of Jewish dispensation when Moses acted by God to build a Tabernacle Wilderness, God said, See that make it after the pattern I shall show you, and gave him the covenant of circumcision, commanding that every child "should be circumcised, and did so. That dispensation lasted the coming of Jesus Christ—and was annulled. God then brought in, and better covenant—"A new Testament." We read that after our Saviour came into the world finished the work he came to do. He was taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain, and after lying in the grave three days, He arose, the bars of death, made himself fast to His disciples, and gave them commandment to go into all the world, preach the gospel to every creature, that he who believed and was baptized should be saved, and he that was not should be damned. Hence commanded them to go to Jerusalem and tarry there until He should send the promise of the Father upon them. And so He left them, and we and the heavens received Him of their sight. On the day of Pentecost, when the disciples were all assembled together in one place, the Holy Spirit poured out upon them, and they began to speak with other tongues. They and the others began to preach to people, and they were pricked in hearts, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Then Peter stood up, and said, "Repent and be baptized, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit; then they that gladly received the word, were baptized, and the same day added about three thousand, and other time five thousand, and they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking bread &c. Now certainly here is the truth laid down for the Christian, not a word about infants. St. Paul has received the gospel by revelation, but he says nothing about infants baptized two households but not word about infants."

For the Christian Messenger.

PINE GROVE, XMAS, Dec. 26.
Dear Editor,—
The Rev. J. H. Robbins received following letter a few days ago—
"Gates" Organ for his Church, and also to his address a beautiful and a "Easy Chair." Sent by the "Jew" writer, for which he is much obliged his mysterious friend.
Yours, &c.,
W. J. G.

I must Pray more.

I was lately in company of one of our older ministers, who has labored long and with much success in some of the most difficult fields of the church. The object of my interview was to learn from him the secret of the success with which it had pleased God to crown his ministry in positions and places where others had failed. Instead, however, of directly giving me the information I desired, he told me with great sorrow the reason why he had accomplished so little, and said with unaffected sadness, "My young friend, the mistake of my life has been that I have not prayed more. I fell into the common error of most ministers. I studied and preached, I worked and worried too much, and I prayed too little! Could I live my life over again, I would be more with God and less with men. I see it all now—what wasted years of unrest I have passed, how much of my life was simply my own doing, and how little of God has been in my active ministry! I can now, in the evening of my days, only ask God to forgive my shortcomings and aid me in spending my few remaining years differently from the imperfect way in which I have served my Master."

I will not attempt to say how deeply humbled I was by this unexpected revelation! I returned to my own home greatly cast down in mind and thorough-

ly ashamed of myself. For a time I could scarcely drag through my ordinary duties, so self-condemned and wretched was I.
The mistake of this father in Israel has been mine also, only in a tenfold greater degree. I, too, have asked for forgiveness of God, and by his grace have amended my negligent ways. I have learned by this interview what I least of all expected, viz., how little prayer to God was mixed up with my own busy life. I see now why my failures have been so many and so manifest. The reason is apparent. God's work was carried on largely without God. The half or quarter of an hour's devotion in the morning and evening did not meet the real needs of the soul, much less the demands of the work which has been committed to my charge. Hence the weakness, the lack of spiritual power, and the sad failures of my life! I see it all now, and repent in dust and ashes! I can only pray to God for my pardon and send up the piercing cry, "My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me according to thy Word."—*The Workman*.

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1882.

FIRST QUARTER.

Lesson III.—JANUARY 15, 1882.

POWER TO HEAL.

Mark i. 29-45.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Verses 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am the Lord that health thee."—Ex. xv. 26.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

M. Lesson, Mark i. 29-45.
T. Christ's Mission of Mercy, Luke iv. 14-22.
W. The Power of Prayer, James v. 13-20.
T. Prevailing Prayer, Gen. xxxiii. 24-32.
F. The Curse of Leprosy, 2 Kings ch. 5.
S. Confession and Prayer, Psalm 51.
S. Forgiveness and Cleansing, 1 John i. 5-10; ii. 1-6.

THE SAVIOUR WORKS HEALING FOR THE BODY.

LESSON OUTLINE.—I. Curing the Sick, Vss. 29-34. II. Praying and Preaching, Vss. 35-39. III. Cleansing Leprosy, Vss. 40-45.

QUESTIONS.—Of what is disease a symbol? What is a symbol?

Vss. 29-34.—Where did Jesus go from the synagogue? What cure did he work? How shown to be perfect? Why did Jesus forbid the demons to speak?

Vss. 35-39.—Why did Jesus pray? In what places did Jesus teach?

Vss. 40-45.—Describe leprosy. Of what was it a terrible symbol? How does leprosy resemble sin as to defilement? How do we know that Jesus is now able and willing to save sinners? Why was the cleansed leper sent to the priest?

HELPS.—Time: A. D. 28. Place: Galilee. Parallels: Matt. viii. 14-17; Vss. 23-25; viii. 1-4; Luke iv. 38-44; 12-16. Connections: From the synagogue Jesus goes to the house of Andrew and Simon. During the preaching tour described (v. 39) he probably delivered "Sermon on the Mount" (Matt. 5-7) and healed the leper, vs. 44-45.

YES.—Disease is often a result of sin, and is a symbol of it. Christ's work of healing were signs, (1) of his compassion, (2) of his power to save from sin, (3) of his power to establish "the kingdom of God."

Vss. 29.—Simon: afterward named Peter.

Vss. 30.—Anon: at once.

Vss. 31.—Ministered: waited at the table.

Verses 2.—Eve: evening, when it was cool. Devils (plural) should always be demon. In the Greek there is only one devil—Satan—the prince of demons (Matt. ix. 34).

Verses 3.—A. D. 25, v. 38. Nearest cities: neighboring towns.

Verses 40.—Leprosy, an incurable, loathsome disease, the special symbol of sin. Lepers were forbidden to come near or touch any one.

Verses 41.—Touched: Jesus could not be defiled or infected by this touch healed and cleansed.

Verses 43.—Straitly: strictly.

Verses 45.—There was great excitement, and perhaps Jesus was thought to be defiled by touching leper; hence, temporary retirement.

Special Subjects.—Can we trace all pain in the present state of things to sin? Christ's prayers as related to his person, his work, and his people. Symptoms of leprosy. Ceremonies of cleansing. Parallel between sin and leprosy.

Educational.

Curiosities of English.

The following are a few amusing examples of the curiosities of "English," as respects the change of sound produced by different consonants:

B makes the road broad, turns the ear to bear, and Tom into a tomb.

C makes a limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions. G changes a son to a song, and makes one gone.

H changes eight into height.

K makes now know and eyed keyed.

L transforms a pear into a pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one gone.

P metamorphoses lumber into plumb.

S turns even to seven, makes have shave, and word to a sword, a pear to a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a tough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes ether to tether, and transforms the phrase, "allow his own," to "tallow this town."

W does well: e. g., hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, om-n women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what.

Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to to, ours to yours, a lad to a lady.

Don't Snub the Younger One.

There is much in the social training of a young girl for which mother and older sisters are directly responsible. While it is true that children should not be unpleasantly forward in conversation, it is just as true they have a right to be heard, and that among kindly-hearted people their speech is welcome if put forth properly. The person who snubs the younger sister and crowd her out of sight while others are present does her a sad injustice. This child is to be a woman, and is rapidly becoming one. She needs kind and pleasant culture in everything that tends to make her womanly. A lift on her way helps her to that mental growth which nobody can enjoy who is held down under pressure. Her mind needs to be quickened and strengthened by converse and contact with the minds of others. With this lifting and helping and quickening, she has a chance to grow in every proper and worthy direction. Without it, she retires out of sight, and shrivels into a melancholy existence. The Chinese bind and cramp the feet of their girl children. We call it unreasonable; but to bandage a child's mind, and to withhold from her the chance to attain that for which God has made her, is as undesirable and as culpable as any thing the Chinese do in the way of crippling their girls.—*Housekeeper*.

One-Talent Men.

There is nothing that would add more to the power and influence of the church of to-day, than the full consecration of the multitude of one-talent men in her fold to the service of God. We need this more than we do men of genius and brilliant parts. Our greatest loss of power is here, and here also is the possibility of our great gain. Occasionally we see a man liberally endowed—a five-talent man—foolishly, recklessly, squandering his talents—burying gifts where he might have made his own life glorious, and the world brighter and better—and we greatly regret the loss both to himself and to ourselves. But the great loss the church and the world experience on account of buried talent is not from this quarter. Greatly indeed, is the loss that comes through the five-talent and two-talent men; but a hundred, a thousand times greater is the loss we suffer from the one-talent men who compose the multitude, and who more readily yield to the temptation to dig and hide.—*Sunday School Times*.

The following anecdote is related of the late Bishop Ames: While presiding over a certain conference in the West, a member began to tirade against the universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted with the question, "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweet, musical tones, "all I have to say is, that the brother has a great deal to thank God for."

It is infinitely easier to live down a lie than to talk it down.

"Do not even the Publicans so?"

The great mill was still. There was no whirr of machinery, no shrill whistles,—none of the sounds of busy, teeming life. The men were on a strike. First, the spinners, then, one by one, the other workmen, demanded an increase of wages; and when they were refused, struck. The owner, Mr. Raymond Leigh, smiled at first. The winter had been a hard one. There were naked children to clothe; there were hungry mouths to feed. They could not hold out long. There was no other factory within a radius of a hundred miles or so. They must give in. Even with the help of the Union, it would only be a question of time. Meanwhile, he would be patient. A few days would cause him some loss and inconvenience; but he could stand it. There were some repairs needed. He would have the whole mill put in order; and they could easily make up for the lost time.

But one week passed, two, three; and still the great gates were closed, and grass began to grow in the walks. Mr. Leigh began to think of a compromise; though he really felt he was giving as high wages as his business warranted. The men scowled at him when he passed them on the streets, and muttered dark threats of vengeance. Things are certainly serious.

It was all the work of one man. Years ago, John Anderson had begun life in that very mill,—a bright, honest, barefooted boy. Mr. Leigh, as well as his father who had run the mill before him, had always taken a great deal of interest in the welfare of the operatives. They had noticed immediately the quick intelligence of this lad; and, step by step, they had advanced him, until he held the most responsible position in the concern. He was entirely in Mr. Leigh's confidence. Many a night they sat talking, until the midnight hour chimed from the great clock, not as master and servant, but as equals, interested alike in the same great ends. Six months ago, Mr. Leigh having taken supreme control, sent John Anderson on a tour of inspection through the Northern manufacturing, with a view to making improvements in his own machinery and methods. He was a natural machinist, and Mr. Leigh trusted his judgement far more than his own.

He came back a changed man—a sort of communist, a violent partisan of the people—and he worked, not openly, but insidiously, against his best friends. This was the greatest blow to Raymond Leigh. The evidence was too strong against him to be doubted.

Mr. Leigh had still one great comfort—his little daughter Mildred. Her mother had lain in the little cemetery many years, and Mildred had grown up very much alone. She was often about the mill, curling herself up in the window sill, while her father, wrote letters. John Anderson had been very fond of her from her babyhood, and she grieved, with her father, over this unfaithful friend. A low fever had broken out, and death was adding to the horrors of want. John Anderson had been stricken, and had just risen from his bed, a gaunt shadow of what he had been.

Mildred sat thinking of all these sad things one night, and, as she read her Bible before she went to sleep, she came upon these words: "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans so?" She had read them often before; but they struck her now with a new force. She was really anxious to do good in her little world; and she had tried, in her simple fashion, to care for the sick, to teach the children on Sunday afternoons; and John Anderson had been her chief supporter. He had gone with her to the squalid homes, and smiled when they blessed her; but this seemed long ago now. She loved them who loved her. She was even as the publicans, she told herself, as she tossed to and fro on her white pillows. When they for whom she was working and praying had become strikers, enemies to her dear father she had given them up.

She woke next morning with a firm resolution. She was bidden to love her enemies. She would go to John Anderson; and, when she found him weak and wretched, she would forget all but her infinite pity. He had been quite comfortably lodged before the trouble; but his furniture had gone, piece by piece, not for his own necessities, so much as to help others. Mildred's eyes were full of tears, as she talked to him. And he? He wept like a child. He sent for Mr. Leigh; and it will make this story too long to tell what came of the meeting. But the mill runs again; and, when he sees pretty Mildred pass, John Anderson says: "Blessed are the peace-makers."

LAURA H. DAYTON.

—Our Young People.

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

A Clerical view of Dancing.

Rev. Robert B. Hull, of the Baptist Calvary church, New York city, preached against dancing last Sunday, quoting from the late Dr. Gardiner Spring, the Presbyterian divine, who once said: "Dancing has been a source of greater trouble to me in my church than all other cases of disquietude combined." To the claim that there is no harm in square dances, he answered that "the prime difficulty with the square dance is that people do not seem to refrain from cutting off the corners. An eminent authority has said: 'The square dance cannot be kept square; it is said to be rounded off with the waltz.'" The reply to the argument that the Bible declares that there is a time to dance, he said, was, "First, the dancing spoken of in Scripture is totally different from the dance of modern society. The dancing spoken of in Scripture was, a religious act; second, it was practised only upon joyful occasions; third, it was performed by maidens only; fourth, it was usually practised in the day time and in the open air; fifth, men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement were deemed infamous; sixth, no instances of dancing are found in the Bible in which the two sexes united in the exercise; seventh, there is no instance on record of social dancing for amusement, except that of irreligious families described by Job, and of Herodias' daughter, which dancing terminated in the rash vow of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist."

What is a Year?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
Of life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of time's old iron heart,
As tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.
What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of time's old brazen wheel,
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal;
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more!

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From time's old nostrils blown;
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan:
'Tis but a bubble on the wave
Or dew upon the lawn;
As transient as the mists of morn
Beneath the Summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene;
YOUTH's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green;
Next Summer's prime succeeds the
Spring
With flowers everywhere;
Then comes old Winter—death and all
Must find their level there.

Joyfulness and Usefulness.

Above all things, see to it that your souls are happy in the Lord. Other things may press upon you; the Lord's work even may have urgent claims upon your attention; but I deliberately repeat, it is of supreme paramount importance, that you should seek, above all other things, to have your souls truly happy in God himself. Day by day seek to make this the most important business of your life. This has been my firm and settled conviction for the last five and thirty years. For the first four years after my conversion I knew not its vast importance; but now, after much experience, I especially commend this point to the notice of my younger brothers and sisters in Christ. The secret of all true effectual service is joy in God, and having experimental acquaintance and fellowship with God himself. But in what way shall we attain to this settled happiness of soul? How shall we learn to enjoy God? how obtain such an all sufficient soul-satisfying portion of him as shall enable us to let go the things of this world, as vain and worthless in comparison? I answer, this happiness is to be obtained through the study of the holy Scriptures. God has therein revealed himself unto us in the face of Jesus Christ. In the Scriptures, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he makes himself known unto our souls. Remember, it is not a God of our own thoughts or our own imaginations that we need to be acquainted with; but the God of the Bible, our Father, who has given the blessed Jesus to die for us. Him should we seek intimately to know, according to the revelation he has made of himself in his own precious word.—*George Muller*.

Every man we meet with in this world, though we should never meet with him again, will meet with us at the Day of Judgment.

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ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1881.

To DR. BENNETT, Holman Pad Company,

H. H. H.

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say I am, after 12 years of a suffering, quite well, and enjoying good health. Before I came to you I was given up by the doctors who attended me, all of whom knew my case well, and did their best for me, which had no effect on my disease. I believe mine is one of the first cases of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys ever known to have been cured. Your treatment was recommended to many other sufferers who had tried it with good effect.

The action of my heart, which was terrific, and which was said to be organic disease, but which you denied, is perfectly right now. Indeed, everything in my case turned out exactly as you said it would.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
W. S. WILSON,
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