

# The Christian Messenger.

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## The Year of Release.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

When the bells rang their peal through the wintry air, And startled the worshippers hushed as in prayer, When the people turned gladly to friends who were near And whispered: "God give you a happy new year, A fiat went forth from God's chamber of peace, "To some there is dawning the year of release."

They knew not the sign that was put on their brow— These happy ones soon in his presence to bow; When the late light came in and began a new day They saw not the Messenger placed in the way; They said: "Will the toil and the sorrow increase?" Nor dreamed they had entered their year of release.

With courage they patiently turned to their task, For strength, not deliverance, dared they to ask; They sighed as they took up their burdens again; Of sorrow and weariness, sickness and pain, Nor ventured to hope that their troubles would cease, Or joy become theirs in this year of release.

Oh, could they but know what the new year will bring What glad songs of freedom and hope they would sing, How willingly suffer and toil for a while, Thinking aye of their Lord and his welcoming smile; And "the patience of hope" would grow strong and increase, As they counted the days of their year of release.

For, ere it has passed, the King's face they shall see, And ever from sorrow and sighing be free, The things that perplex them shall all be made plain, And the evil of sin never touch them again: They will gain the bright country of pleasure and peace, Thrice happy ones living their year of release.

Who are they, thus near to the end of their way, With sad faces meeting that wonderful day? We know not, they know not, the Master alone Sees who shall have rest in the joy of his throne:

We may say while our spirits grow strong in his peace, "It may be—it may be—my year of release."

Let us live with that hope in our hearts day by day, We can bear that which passes so swiftly away; There is work yet unfinished, tasks yet to fulfil, And lessons to learn of our Father's good will. Let us spend, as for him, the time shortly to cease, And God make us meet for our year of release.

London Christian World.

## News from the Churches.

LOCKPORT, Dec. 17, 1883.—Dear Brother Selden.—The friends of the cause of Christ may be glad to know that we have been privileged to visit the baptismal waters twice lately. Six have obeyed the Lord by submitting to His ordinance.

A CHRISTIAN PAPER FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN FAMILY.—The Advance says: "Your church organization ought never to be considered complete till there is a committee whose business it is to see that every family in the parish is supplied with a religious paper of some kind—your church paper if possible—but some religious paper by all means. It will help the pastor every day in the year. It will bring light and joy to many who can be reached in no other way. It will strengthen all in a better life. It is the quickest way to aid at once all the interests of the church. It will bind your members together, and open the way for all good work. No other single agency can equal it. You can render no better service to the Master or your neighbour than by putting a religious paper into a family."

DEAN STANLEY'S STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.—There was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a very good man, and one day when the little child came back from school, he put in writing over her bed, "God is nowhere," for he did not believe in the good God, and he tried to make the little child believe the same. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was very small; she could only read words of one syllable at the time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose, as we ought all to rise, above the temptations of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because her little mind could not do otherwise, and she read the words not "God is nowhere," but "God is now here."

This is a grand story for children of a larger growth.

Mr. Spurgeon has gone for his winter rest to the South of France. In the current number of the *Sword and Trowel* he writes: When this magazine reaches our readers we shall be packing up for our six weeks of rest. It is to us a refilling time when we are well. We have to pour out fresh teaching all the other days of the year, and now we try to receive by quiet meditation that which we hope to preach afterwards. In our absence we shall be much cheered if friends will remember our work. College, orphanage, colportage, evangelists—all these are great devourers; but if the Lord's people give to them conscientiously during our absence there will be no lack. By faith we commit all these works to the great Father's care. The preachers at the Tabernacle on Sundays during our absence will (D.V.) be as follows:—December 8, R. H. Lovell; 16th and 23rd, W. Y. Fullerton; 30th, J. Jackson Wray; January 6, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 13th, C. Spurgeon.

THE TEACHINGS OF THE POPE OF ROME.—The following is extracted from an Encyclical letter of the present Pope, dated Rome September 1, 1883:—"It has always been the habit of Catholics in danger and in troublous times to fly for refuge to Mary, and to seek for peace in her maternal goodness showing that the Catholic Church has always, with justice, put her hope and trust in the Mother of God." Again "This devotion to the August Queen of Heaven, so great and confident, has never shone forth with such brilliancy as when the militant Church of God has seemed to be endangered by the violence of heresy spread abroad, or by an intolerable moral corruption, or by the attacks of powerful enemies." Pope Leo XIII. tells us the way to have our sins washed out is by having recourse to "the Blessed Virgin and repeating the holy Rosary." It was by devotion to "the Rosary," Pope Leo XIII. says that the victories over the Turks in past days were gained. He speaks of the terrible persecution the "Church" suffered from the Albigensians, and that

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temples.—Spurgeon.

## News from the Churches.

LOCKPORT, Dec. 17, 1883.—Dear Brother Selden.—The friends of the cause of Christ may be glad to know that we have been privileged to visit the baptismal waters twice lately. Six have obeyed the Lord by submitting to His ordinance.

We expect to baptize again next Sabbath. We believe that many others are thinking seriously about spiritual things, and we expect to be permitted to welcome many into the church during the coming weeks.

Truly yours,  
H. N. PARRY.

THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.—M. Cadot, the Baptist pastor of Chauny, has succeeded in opening a small room for the preaching of the Gospel in Noyon, the birthplace of the reformer, Calvin. So greatly has the very name of Protestantism been forgotten, that scarcely any of the inhabitants have ever heard of the name even of Calvin. Great was the surprise of the pastor to find quite a select audience, among whom were even official personages. His first subject was, "The Holy Virgin and the Protestants." He will continue his visits every fortnight, but it is assistance were forthcoming the Gospel might be proclaimed weekly in Noyon. Such assistance the pastor would be glad to receive.

A CHURCHMAN ON SACERDOTALISM.—Archdeacon Farrar in his Luther Commemoration sermon said:—"The distinction between priest and layman is in office, and in office only. It is baptism which makes us all priests to God in a sense far higher than ordination can. The Christian priest is a presbyter; he is that, and, except by creeping usurpation and insinuated falsehood, he is and he can be nothing more. If he professes in any way to be indispensable for a soul's access to God, if he pretends that the salvation of any soul depends in any way on anything which he can grant or withhold, he usurps the functions which belong to Christ alone."

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—There has just been issued to the members of the Society of Friends, and will, in about a month, be offered to the public, a revised edition of the Quaker rules. The new version is entitled, "Book of Christian Discipline of the Society of Friends," and is a revised version of the work first issued a century ago under the authority of the yearly meeting. Three other editions intervene between the original one and that now issued. The volume is a large octavo of nearly 400 pages. Chief amongst the changes is the withdrawal of the inhibition on music; but the veto on dancing and theatre going is sustained.

The Mayor of Lewes, England being a member of the Society of Friends, the corporation attended Divine service at the Friends' meeting-house on Sunday week, without any apparent evil consequences. Several leading members of the Society of Friends were at the Lord Mayor's banquet. His Lordship, who was formerly a Friend, has many relatives in the Society. During Mr. Joseph Bevan Braithwaite's stay in Constantinople the Friends and persons (mostly Armenians) worshipping there as Friends were formed into a regular "monthly meeting."

The Canadian Baptist of the 6th inst. gives news from the churches as follows:—  
Montreal (First Baptist Church).—On Thursday evening, November 7th, a social meeting was held to welcome the Pastor, Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D. The exercises consisted of addresses by Rev. Thos. Henderson, other members of the church, and of Olivet church, and by Rev. T. Lafleur; music by the choir and social intercourse. Refreshments were served at the close.

Toronto.—(College St).—The services on Lord's Day in connection with the enlargement and renovation of the church edifice were of a most impressive character. In the morning the Rev. E. W. Daddon, B. A. delivered a searching discourse to a large audience. Professor Welton, D. D. preached in the evening

to an overflowing congregation. The sermon was both instructive and inspiring. At the close, Pastor Holmes baptized seven interesting candidates, some of them being promising young men.

Valleyfield, P. Q.—You will be interested possibly to know that we have now organized into a regular Baptist Church here, with a first membership of sixteen.

Petrolia.—Since I last wrote you, five believers in Jesus have been baptized in Wyoming; one was received for baptism who will attend to the ordinance; and others would have obeyed the command had they been left to themselves. Yesterday in Petrolia we received three on experience and one the week before, making an increase of twenty-five to the membership of the Baptist Church, Petrolia, since the special meetings began. Others are in an anxious state of mind, for which we "thank God and take courage."

Brantford.—(East Ward).—Yesterday it was my happy privilege to announce to the church and congregation, this house of God is free from debt. Three years ago when I first began to labor with this people as a student, I found that the church after a few years of unusual prosperity, had almost disbanded through difficulties arising from differences of opinion. There remained however a faithful few, and the Lord blessed our united efforts to the salvation and sanctifying of souls. On Saturday Dec. 1st we had the joy of seeing the amount paid in full, the mortgage released and handed to the trustees. Last evening we had the pleasure of baptizing, and soon we hope again to enter the baptismal waters.

J. McEWEEN.

Montreal (Olivet).—Rev. Albert G. Upham, late pastor in Southbridge, Massachusetts, arrived in Montreal last week, and on Sunday, Dec. 2nd, services were held for his recognition in the pastorate of the Olivet Baptist Church. The Rev. Dr. Clarke, of McMaster Hall, late pastor of the church, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, from Acts 28: 15, on "Welcome to a minister." At 3 p. m., Sunday-School addresses were delivered by the old pastor and the new, and by Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, pastor of the First Baptist Church. In the evening Mr. Upham preached from 1 Cor. 2: 2, on "Preaching Christ," what it means and what it includes. On Monday evening a social meeting of welcome was held in the Sunday-school room.

New families are taking their places in the congregation on Sundays: the Sunday-School is strong and vigorous; and the prospect that opens before the new pastor and his people is full of promise.

A gentleman, after communicating at a church with a vicar of Puritan proclivities, made a low and reverent bow to the altar before he retired. One of the officiants, supposing it to be a salutation to himself, returned the bow.

HOW TO GET THE YOUNG MEN TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.—There are many strong motives that could be mentioned that have been effectively used, but the one to which we would call attention has not been fully considered, though it has always been more or less successful—the social power of Christian women. Mothers can influence young men. Each son feels honoured to be reminded of his duty by a tender-hearted Christian mother. The solitude is itself grateful. It draws him to the one to him dearest of all others, unless he has sunk down to be a hopeless reprobate. No young man is past recognizing and at least yielding respect to the motherly influence of women, especially of Christian women. Try it, mothers; it will pay a thousandfold; it will comfort you in the cloudy and dark day; it will be a pillow under your aching head softer than the down, to know of some young man that you have given, as in second birth, to the world. It will soothe when anodynes fail, or make you strangely wakeful, to know that you have rescued some tempest-tossed young manly life, all environed by temptation, and have set him on the rock. Maybe you have a son beyond the sound of your tremulous voice, too far away to hear your pleadings with God, your wrestlings with Divine strength—too far from home to see your endeavours to bind God to him by his promises to you. Do you want to know how to put

God under obligations to save your darling from the lions? Speak to some other mother's darling, as dear to her as yours, and as far away perhaps, and for whom prayers go up swimming in tears. God will surprise you when faith falters, and hope long deferred maketh the heart sick. You will take up the long-dropped note of triumph, "Come and rejoice with me. This, my son, that was lost is found—that was dead is alive again."

## An Egyptian Home.

Let us begin by visiting the house of a poor member of the community, so as to get an idea of Fellah life in its simplest form. In a blank wall of about eight feet high, composed of sunburnt bricks, and veneered with a coating of sun-dried mud, we find a small door through which no one over five or six years could pass without stooping. As this is the only entrance, we conclude that the proprietor has neither buffalo nor any of the larger kinds of agricultural instruments, and that any hopes he may have of acquiring live stock in the future do not soar above a cat, a few barn-door fowls, and perhaps a very diminutive donkey. A glance at the interior confirms this conclusion. The enclosure consists of three small courts—if a space 12 feet by 6 can be dignified by such a name—connected by holes in the partition walls similar in size to the entrance. The first court is occupied almost entirely by a windowless mud hut, covered by a flat roof of maize stocks mixed with clay. This diminutive structure is at once the kitchen and winter bed-room of the whole family, comprising a married couple, the husband's old mother, and two young children. A large brick stove, which occupies two-thirds of the dark interior, is used in the daytime for baking the bread and cooking the scanty fare, and at night it serves as a bed for all the inmates. During the warm summer nights they can sleep on a bit of seed matting in one of the two other "courts". In the first of these are two hollow mud pillars, for storing the grain and other provisions, and close to these primitive provision chests sits the old grandmother churning buffalo's milk—presumably for one of the neighbors—in a kid's skin suspended by a bit of palm-tree rope from a long peg in the wall. Leaning on her shoulder is a young child, whose perfect nudity is only partly concealed by the multitude of flies which cluster on his dark brown skin, and who divides his attention between the churning operation, the unexpected strangers, and the bit of sugar-cane which he is gnawing with intense satisfaction. In the third and innermost court there is nothing but a small mud hut which represents the family treasury. Without making a personal inspection, we can construct with tolerable certainty an inventory of its contents. There will be the gaudily painted wooden trunk in which the wife, when a bride, brought her modest trousseau to her new home, the few articles of wearing apparel and female ornament not actually in use, and some copper cooking utensils. These constitute the entire moveable property of the family, unless we include under this term half a dozen lean chickens, which have been taught to subsist by their own exertions. The premises are quite sufficient, therefore, for all practical wants, and if the live stock should be hereafter increased by the addition of a few kids, lambs, or even a donkey, no additional accommodation will be required, for the new comers can sleep comfortably in close proximity to the family without any danger of bipeds and quadrupeds interfering with each other's comfort.

What is the worst thing about riches? asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy, and he was immediately awarded a prize.

## Husbands and Wives.

The *Christian Union* has a contributor, "Spectator," who writes much that is wise. The following is capital:—"If the Spectator were a clergyman he would always take for his text, 'Be courteous.' According to his observation more coldness and estrangements, if not more absolute quarrels and separations, grow out of a disregard of the common rule of courtesy in married life than from any other cause. The wife gets up and goes off to give a direction to her servants while her husband is in the middle of a sentence; if he were any other gentleman she would at least say, 'Excuse me for a moment.' The wife comes into the room, and the husband sits still in his chair; if any other lady enters the house, he rises and offers her one. If a guest is coming to the house, the lady of the house is dressed and at the door, ready to receive him; if it is only her husband, she has no welcome. If a lady is at table as a guest, the gentleman brings some topic of social conversation to entertain her with her tea and berries; if the wife is the only lady, he sits silent, or even whips a letter or a newspaper out of his pocket and reads to himself. Madam! no gentleman is entitled to such distinguished consideration as your husband. Sir! no lady is entitled to such deferential treatment as your wife. The truth is, with most of us, manner is like a dress suit, put on upon special occasions; whereas it ought to be like our skin, put on from within, and never to be taken off while we are alive.

The *New York Examiner* informs us:—"Justice Cullen, of Brooklyn, has denied the application for a writ of *mandamus* by a member of the Hanso-place Baptist Church. The church withdrew the hand of fellowship from the said member for cause, in an orderly manner and he appealed to the civil courts for redress on the ground that the act of the church disfranchised him. Judge Cullen based his denial of the application on the ground that the excluded member had suffered the loss of no temporal privilege, that he could still attend and vote at the business sessions of the society, and that it was not within the province of a civil court to remove the spiritual censure which was the sole effect of the action of the church. This is good sense, at any rate, and the judge says it is good law. There is but one case in which a civil court would be justified in interfering with the discipline of a church—where that discipline was exercised irregularly, tyrannously, and so as to injure a man's standing in the community. In such cases, on satisfactory proof, the courts do sometimes issue a *mandamus* requiring the church to restore the excluded member to fellowship, and proceed against him regularly. The Brooklyn case was not one of this kind."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S CHRISTMAS REFLECTION.—"Don't make such a noise, dear," said the kind old lady holding up her hand; "you give me a scrutinizing pain in my head, and your young voice goes through my brains like a scapel knife. But what did the good Santa Cruz put in your stocking, Isaac?"

And she looked at him with an arch and pleased expression, as he took out of his pocket a jackknife, and a humptop painted with gaudy colors. Ike held them up joyously, and it was a sight to see the two standing there, she smiling serenely upon the boy's happiness, and he grateful in the possession of his treasures.

"Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "there's many a home to-day, Isaac, that Santa Cruz won't visit and many a poor child will find nothing in his stocking but his own little foot!"