

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
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Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, October 3, 1883.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XLVII, No. 40.

News from the Churches.

Organization of a Baptist Church at Spring Hill.

SPRING HILL, CUMBERLAND CO.,
Sept. 27th, 1883.

According to request a number of brethren met at 4 p. m. to consider the propriety of organizing a Baptist church in this place.

After devotional exercises the following brethren reported themselves as delegates:

Amherst—Rev. D. A. Steele, Deas. George Christie, Wm. M. Reid, T. Bent, Brethren M. D. Pride and Martin Black.

Williamsdale and Milvale—Deacon Jos. Dimock, and Bro. Daniel Dimock.

West Brook and Southampton—Dea. Hance Mills, and Bro. Thomas Blenkhorn.

Parraboro—Bro. E. Spencer.

Pugwash—Dea. Wm. H. Seaman, and Bro. S. Low.

Great Village—Revs. M. P. Freeman and T. B. Layton.

On motion Rev. M. P. Freeman was chosen Chairman, and Rev. T. B. Layton, Secretary.

The following brethren were invited to a seat in Council: Rev. D. G. McDonald, Brethren Estabrooks, Charles Cole, Holland Rushton and E. Weatherbee.

A request was then presented from a number of Baptists residing here to be organized into a Regular Baptist Church.

After a lengthy discussion it was **Resolved**, That this Council proceed to comply with the request.

Council adjourned for a short time after which services were conducted in the following order:

Sermon by the Rev. D. A. Steele.

Prayer by the Rev. D. McKeen.

Charge to the church by the Rev. D. G. McDonald.

Right hand of fellowship by the Rev. M. P. Freeman.

Reading of the Covenant by the Rev. T. B. Layton.

Resolved, That these minutes be forwarded to our denominational paper for publication.

This infant church, consisting of eleven members will soon be benefited by the addition of about twenty other Baptists residing here, who had not received letters of dismission from the churches to which they belong. Others, too, who have been converted recently, will no doubt unite with them.

Rev. D. McKeen has been holding monthly services here for a few years. Rev. D. G. McDonald held a few special services recently. God has evidently blessed the labors of His servants, and as this is a brisk and fast thriving town we may expect to hear of many more being added to this church.

In behalf of Council,
M. P. FREEMAN, Chairman.
T. B. LAYTON, Sec'y.

CORNWALLIS—Rev. W. B. Bradshaw writes on Friday last: "It was my privilege to baptize 9 last Sunday at Chipman Brook."

Rev. Dr. Welton preached at Wolfville on Sunday morning last. He leaves this week for Toronto.

A PRAISEWORTHY OBJECT.—"None name it but to praise." This is true of that unsurpassed remedy, "Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It cures pain and inflammation, whether from sprain, burn, bruise, or frost bite, lame back, rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, croup, deafness, and is for internal and external use.

The Baptist Book & Tract Society have just received a splendid assortment of Sabbath School Library Books including Culta Rock, 50 vols. Selling Cheap.

This is RELIABLE—R. N. Wheeler, merchant, of Everton, was cured of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. This great throat and lung healer cures weak lungs, coughs, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all Pectoral complaints.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
From the Far West.

DICKINSON, DAKOTA, Sept. 20, 1883.

Dear Bro. Selden,

I believe I promised to give you a few lines from this place, and as many of my friends are desirous of hearing from me, and wish to learn something of the farming facilities of Dakota, I have concluded to speak to them through that good old Baptist organ, the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, a copy of which travels all the way from Halifax each week to this town, and though a week old when it gets here, yet I devour with a craving appetite the often delicious food it brings from the churches and pastors of my dear native land. I have watched carefully the proceedings of the several Associations, and thank God for the growing interest that is taken year by year in every true pastor's heart, and also as seen in so many of the brethren and sisters of our churches, for the advance of the great and glorious cause of our Blessed Master in the several departments of Christian work. The Convention just closed has certainly been a gathering in which good work was done, and valuable business executed. It cannot but be of large benefit to our denomination in the Provinces and elsewhere. I am pleased with the union of the Theological interests of Acadia College with those in progress at McMaster Hall. By this, the Dominion will be able to boast of a strong Theological Institution. Dr. Welton's kind and always appreciated influence will, by his removal to Toronto, be very largely lost to good old Acadia, but Acadia's loss will be Toronto's gain, and I fancy gain to the denomination.

Well, you all enjoyed a grand old time at Halifax during the sessions of the Convention. As I perused the interesting accounts I began to wish I could have been there. But I must be content to toil for the Master in this "great North-West." So at Dickinson, a new and rapidly growing town on the Northern Pacific Railroad, I find myself pastor of the First Baptist Church. We have during the summer erected a new church edifice, not yet completed, but so that we can use it. Baptists as yet are few here, but as these rich and fertile lands become known, I trust many who are and will become what the New Testament teaches in regard to sect—Baptists—will no doubt settle here. The season has been unusually dry this summer, still crops are real good. Farmers are only commencing the work here. Today I learn that three farmers from their new breaking will have fifteen thousand bushels of oats; the thresher threshed one thousand in four hours yesterday.

Thousands of acres of beautiful land all ready for the plough are taken. Millions of acres covered with the most nutritious grasses upon which cattle fatten all the year round. Six hundred of the finest and fattest four year old steers I ever saw were sent east by trains from here the other day, and to-day one thousand head are expected. This is also a great hunting point; buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, are shot by hundreds, and the market constantly supplied with delicious meat. Also, we have geese, ducks, prairie chickens, &c., very plentiful.

Now I must not intrude upon your valuable pages, time, and patience much longer, to say nothing of your readers, but must add that if any good Baptists in Nova Scotia would like to try this country, where they can farm in the true sense of the term, they had better not delay, but come, and I shall be glad to correspond with any who desire to ask any questions in regard to the country. The country and climate are good. If there are any servants of God who would like to renovate their weary limbs and renew their health, and can be spared from Nova Scotia, they can find rich fields to plough and sow for the Master in this broad and rapidly being settled country.

I trust, dear brother, in answer to many fervent prayers I shall be useful here, and I trust the pastors of the home land will not forget me at a throne of grace. Sin abounds in these new towns. Oh, may the Good Shepherd gather us all by and bye into the city "that hath habitations, whose builder and maker is God."

Yours in the glorious gospel,
H. B. SHAFNER.

For the Christian Messenger. Wolfville Notes.

For God and Home and Native Land! Better words could not be chosen to express the high mission of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this Province and in other lands. The members of this organization in Fredericton—always zealously affected in a good thing—have engaged Miss Frances E. Willard to lecture in the most important towns of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia upon the subject of Temperance, a subject which ceases to be dry or hackneyed when handled in her eloquent and masterly style.

Miss Willard is President of the Women's National Christian Union of the United States, and as an organizer and as a speaker has few equals. During the past four years she has lectured in nearly every State of the Union, where her graceful and forcible presentation of truth never fails to draw large audiences. To quote from an American monthly: "As a public speaker Miss Willard is without a peer among women. With much of Edward Everett in her language, there is more of Wendell Phillips in her manner of delivery."

Before enlisting in the cause of temperance she held a foremost rank as an educator, being President of the North Western Female College, near Chicago, Ill. Here her mind, richly cultivated by study and foreign travel, found a broad field for usefulness. During her career as teacher more than two thousand young ladies were brought under her elevating influence, but the "Crusade Call" of 1874 summoned her from this sphere of labor to engage in one yet broader in its scope. She assisted Mr. Moody in his evangelistic labors in Boston with memorable results.

Arrangements have been completed by which the people of Wolfville and vicinity will be favored with an opportunity of hearing this speaker so widely celebrated. She will lecture in the Baptist Church, Tuesday evening, Oct. 9th, under the auspices of the Plerian Society of Acadia Seminary, an event the friends of truth and humanity anticipate with great pleasure.

For the Christian Messenger. Change and Progression.

How stable seem the things of creation. As we behold the stars in our childhood so we see them to-night. The bands of Orion are yet unloosened, and our spirits bear witness that the sweet influences of the Pleiades are still unbound. The mountains tower among the clouds as of yore, and the hills—though David sometimes saw them skipping—still occupy their old places.

But this stability is not absolute. The law of change, however gradual in its operations, is ever at work. When Science tells us of worlds growing old, and of their decay and death, and of the great stellar systems probably containing within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution, its teachings are, perhaps, quite in accordance with what some of the Hebrew prophets foretold thousands of years ago.

"They shall perish, they shall all wax old as doth a garment, as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up and they shall be changed."

There is a momentary sadness born of this thought of change and dissolution. Glorious firmament, must thou cease to shine? and thou, fair mother Earth, with thy smiling valleys and thy wood crowned hills, thy mighty rivers and thy billowy seas, thy populous cities and thy thousands of towns and villages, the labors of long generations, and all thy beautiful works of art, must thou too be swept with the besom of destruction, and all thy glory vanish like a morning mist? It is all possible, nay probable.

What then? Will God cease to govern and direct? Is there to be a vast physical and moral retrogression, even back to the womb of chaotic night? By no means. Change implies progression; without it there can be no advancement; this is abundantly evident in the affairs of our own world. Glance at the history of a prosperous nation, compare its beginnings with its present realizations; take the aggregate of the more civilized nations, and contrast their

condition with the state of things that existed a hundred years ago, and note the advance.

But do not nations grow, prosper, and then decay and perish? They have done so, but left rich legacies to others that succeeded them, and so the world still progresses. The old dead nations were heathen nations, as many of the living now are. The one nation of antiquity that was born into the knowledge of the true God can hardly be called dead, notwithstanding the cessation of its national existence. As seems to be sojourning a second time in Egypt, still rich with promise of deliverance.

Could a Christian nation—Christian in the true and full sense of the word—grow old and decay? It is hard to conceive of such an event. Such a nation, in its organized capacity, has not yet come. It may be the last to appear, but when it does come it will endure.

"The greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High."

O earth, great will be the day of the Lord, but thou art not doomed to total destruction. When thou shalt emerge from the fiery ordeal through which thou art to pass, "new heavens" will smile down upon thee, and they will shout to one another, "Behold the beauty and the glory of our sister earth!"

MALACEL.

For the Christian Messenger. Address of the Faculty of Acadia College to the Rev. Dr. Welton.

REV. PROF. WELTON, PH. D.

Dear Sir,—The Faculty of Acadia College cannot allow you to leave the Institutions here, and the Maritime Provinces, without some expression of the high respect and esteem they entertain for you, and the desire they have that your future may be in every way prosperous. You do not indeed need any testimonial from us, but as you have labored with us either as Pastor or Professor for many years, and as you have been closely connected with all the interests of the denomination since your entrance upon public life, we deem it right to say that your influence as a student, professor and minister has been highly stimulating, encouraging and beneficial to your fellow workers; as well as to those for whom you have labored.

We have recognized your fine qualities as a Christian, a scholar, and a teacher, and in common with the Baptist body been grateful for your devotion to the cause of Ministerial Education, and for your labors and sacrifice on behalf of all our educational work.

We shall be sorry to lose your counsel, your sympathy and your services as a member of the Faculty, but we are glad to know you are to be directly engaged in Theological work in a position of greater usefulness.

Be assured that you have our sincere wishes for your best welfare in your new home, and in the discharge of your new duties.

On behalf of the Faculty,
A. W. SAWYER, President.
A. E. COLDWELL, Sec'y. of Faculty.
Acadia College, Wolfville,
Sept. 28, 1883.

DR. WELTON'S REPLY TO ADDRESS OF FACULTY.

TO THE FACULTY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Gentlemen,—I thank you for your very kind and flattering Address. Though deeply conscious of imperfection and failure, it is yet gratifying to know that I have succeeded in any measure in gaining the esteem and confidence of my brethren in Ministerial and Educational work. It would have been highly consonant to my feelings to remain in the Maritime Provinces and labor on behalf of the rising Baptist Ministry therein; but I acquiesce loyally in the recently consummated arrangement—which I regard as Providential—by which the denomination throughout the Dominion has been unified and consolidated in Theological Education, and by which greater benefits may come to ministerial students even here than they could have received under the arrangement just discontinued. Among my pleasantest remembrances will ever be the years I have spent at Acadia. I desire most cordially to reciprocate the

generous sentiments expressed in your address to me personally, and to testify to the courtesy and kindness which I have uniformly received in private and public from each and every member of your body. My prayer is that you may be greatly cheered and encouraged in your work in the future, and that upon all our Institutions, literary and Theological, the divine benediction may abundantly rest.

D. M. WELTON.

A real Death and real Resurrection.

BY REV. D. W. FAUNOR, D. D.

One of the latest forms of doubt would call in question, not so much the honesty, as the accuracy of the apostles in their testimony to the resurrection of our Lord. The objection takes this form: might not that which they mistook for a resurrection have been a simple awakening after a swoon; convalescence after fainting and lethargy. This theory would intimate that our Lord was not really dead; that his sufferings produced the semblance but not the reality of death; that the executioners who examined him on that very point were deceived; that the disciples who took him down, longing to find life in the body rigid now with the sufferings of the most painful deaths, were deceived; that those who bore him in their arms to the sepulchre were deceived; that the prophets who had predicted the Messiah's death were deceived; that the apostles glorying in his death were deceived; and more than all, that our Lord himself was deceived when he prophesied his own death, and instituted an ordinance to "show forth his death till he should come."

And further, the theory of consciousness regained after a swoon, makes it necessary for him on recovery to release himself from the stone-sealed sepulchre, and with his emaciated body bearing witness to his sorrows, to go forth and produce an impression of perfect soundness, and even of robustness in health. Without food or drink he has passed one whole day and two nights, his wounds undressed, his brow torn, his hands pierced, his feet lacerated, his very heart entered by the spear thrust. Undressed wounds such as those of the hands and feet would alone, in that climate, have caused death by tetanus before that time. But notwithstanding all these things he is so recovered, that on the morning of the third day he is radiant and vigorous—so much so, that Mary thinks the stalwart person she meets is the gardener! And he is able, on the feet two days ago thrust through with nails, to walk for miles without a limp that could betray him; and when the Emmaus disciples get to their home, he is so fresh that he would have gone further! Surely unbelief must have come to its last gasp to offer a theory which explains nothing and raises a thousand difficulties.

The further fact remains in proof of a real resurrection, that the disciples saw not the dead Christ reanimated, but the risen Christ endowed with a peculiarly vigorous life. It was no pallid sufferer that they saw. He had not the drooping head. The lines of anguish so deep three days ago are gone now. The marks of the nails are on him, but he is not faint with the wounds they made, and which have healed by no natural process. They have left indentures so singularly unlike natural healings that the fingers can be placed in the one and the hand itself in the other. The thorn-crowned brow is fairer than any other brow of man. His motions have the utmost celerity, and his wants are never once those of a convalescent. And it took the disciples a little time to take in the fact of this changed physical appearance of their now risen Lord. They slowly began to comprehend the fact that their Master had come back, not with a reanimated body, not with his old body resuscitated, but with his old body in a higher development; that he was the risen Christ. And yet, this was just what they should expect if he had risen "to die no more." He was in a new and peculiar relation both to this world and that to come. On them at length dawned the idea which so many are slow to receive, that resurrection life is vastly other and higher than the mere reanimation of the old body.

The Power of Satan.

I have thought so many times of something which came under my own observation, which to me was a good illustration of the way Satan steals into men's hearts. It is a simple story, yet I feel I have learned a lesson from it—to be more watchful over my own heart, lest the enemy steal in before I am aware of it. While busily engaged one morning about my work, I heard a strange buzzing sound, and on looking around to find the cause of it, I saw that a small spider had woven his web across the window, and caught fast in the snare was a poor fly. Its frantic endeavours to escape caused the sound which attracted my notice. The spider was moving noiselessly around the very outside edge of the trap, but with each succeeding round, drawing nearer and nearer to his victim, while the poor fly was bound tight and fast, even though some of the threads were so very small as scarcely to be seen with the naked eye.

As I stood watching their movements, the thought flashed through my mind, how like to the snare the spider laid for the fly were the webs Satan weaves for the unwary. Placing it across the window, where attracted by the light the fly would naturally find its way, so Satan throws around certain temptations and pitfalls a glamour and brilliancy, that unless our feet are planted upon a sure foundation, unless our eyes above all the glitter, can see Jesus, we are dazzled and fall into the snare so cunningly laid for us. Oh, I do realize how much need there is of watching.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," are words which I believe every Christian should treasure carefully in his heart. We read, the way the city of Jerusalem was taken at last, was through enemies within the gates of the city, and I feel that while watching for enemies outside to draw us away from our allegiance to Christ, we must guard our own hearts carefully, for "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

If Satan finds he has gained one little advantage over us, how cunningly he improves all his opportunities to achieve still greater victories. If he gets into one little corner of our heart, how persistent he is in his endeavours to gain a wider entrance. Oh, I thank God anew that He does give us the victory over our evil enemy through Jesus Christ His Son. And my heart aches so many times for those who bear no love to God. If they could only realize what a hard taskmaster Satan is, and what a pleasure it is to be a servant of Christ, I do believe they would turn to Him who says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." It is a comforting thought to the Christian, that God knows the end from the beginning, and will not suffer His people to be tempted above that they are able, if they abide in Him, for his promise is, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you." Have you, dear unconverted friend, ever felt the need in your heart of some power above the power of your own will to enable you to withstand the temptations of Satan? Accept Christ as your guide and helper, and by His grace you will come off conqueror, and to Him that overcometh will be given a crown of life.

BUTTERCUP.

Drinking Among Women.

Among women in the higher walk of life in Chicago, liquor drinking and drunkenness are fearfully common. Dr. Duncan says that he could count twenty such cases, first and last, in his practice. He says that the women living in fashionable hotels and boarding houses are in a shocking number inebriated. In many cases they have completely broken up their homes and gone headlong to ruin. Dr. Singley says that drunkenness in its very worst forms will be found in some of the very first families in the city.—Chicago News.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—It is a remarkable fact W. A. Edgers, of Frankville, who was so far gone with liver and kidney complaint that his life was despaired of, was cured with four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. At one time he lay a fortnight without an operation of the bowels.