

The Christian Messenger.

Balfax, N. S., October 1, 1884.

A New Proposal.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER TO JANUARY 1st, 1885, FOR 50 CENTS.

Every family should have a good Christian Newspaper. We are desirous of doing what we can to accomplish this very desirable object. We believe that every person should possess a Bible. We propose therefore to send, by mail, free of postage, A HANDSOME POCKET BIBLE WITH GILT EDGES AND CLASP.

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TO PASTORS, DEACONS AND SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS. Dear friends, try and find out who wishes for the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, and here is an opportunity to get a handsome Bible for every four New Subscribers.

CONVENTION FINANCES.

It is of great importance that the decisions of the Convention, especially on all matters affecting the Finances of the denomination, should be known as early as possible, and action commenced without delay.

The following from the Secretary of the Convention should be at once noted by all the parties concerned, and suitable action immediately entered upon:

At the late Session of Convention a committee was appointed "to offer suggestions for improved methods by which the benevolence of our churches may be more speedily and generally developed." The Committee was composed of Dr. Rand, Rev. C. Goodspeed, Hon. Dr. Parker, Wm. Cummings, T. R. Black, Arthur Simpson, A. W. Masters, C. B. Whidden, J. W. Spurden, Rev. Dr. Day, John March, Rev. A. H. Lavers. The following is the Committee's Report. It was passed by Convention:

Your Committee having carefully considered the subject committed to them, are of the opinion that there are good reasons for encouragement in the results arising from the labors of the Finance Committee in connection with the Convention Funds. We are however much impressed with the importance of awakening a deeper and wider interest, and sense of responsibility in this behalf among the pastors of our churches. To this end your Committee recommend that the churches embraced within the Convention be arranged in groups, and a pastor be designated in each group, whose duty it shall be to aid the Finance Committee in developing the systematic benevolence of these churches.

In pursuance of this recommendation your Committee suggest the following groups and pastors:—

- Counties of Yarmouth and Shelburne—Rev. J. A. Gordon.
- Counties of Queens and Lunenburg—Rev. J. F. Kempton.
- Counties of Digby and Annapolis—Rev. W. H. Warren.
- Counties of Kings and Hants—Rev. S. B. Kempton.
- Counties of Cumberland and Colchester—Rev. J. E. Goucher.
- Counties of Antigonish, Pictou and Guysboro—Rev. P. S. McGregor.
- County of Halifax—Rev. J. W. Manning.
- The Island of Cape Breton—Rev. J. W. Baneroff.
- Counties of Victoria and Carlton, N. B.—Rev. W. F. Parker.
- Counties of York and Sunbury—Rev. F. D. Crawley.
- Counties of St. John and Charlotte—Rev. Dr. Hopper.
- Counties of Westmoreland and Albert—Rev. G. O. Gates.
- Counties of Kent and Northumberland—Rev. I. E. Bill, Jr.
- P. E. Island West—Rev. E. N. Archibald.
- P. E. Island East—Rev. J. O. Redden.

Your Committee recommend that in the event of the removal from any cause of any of the Pastors above designated during the year the vacancy shall be filled by an appointment of the Finance Committee. It also recommended that the member of the Finance Committee resident in the province shall promptly notify the pastor above designated of remittances received from any of the churches comprised in his group.

Respectfully submitted,
THEODORE H. RAND,
Chairman.

PERFECTIONISM.

Any person who professes to have attained to a sinless condition in this life must have but a very imperfect appreciation of the enormity of sin committed against a holy and just God, and a low view of the holiness required by God's law in all its spiritual demands and significance. Like a drunkard trying to walk along a straight line, his divergencies from the direct path are apparent to all but himself, or like the schoolboy who endeavours to imitate the steel-plate-engraved sentence at the head of his copy-book, with all the contortions of countenance which his earnest efforts produce, his imitation is but a series of failures in every line and would so continue as long as he continued to write. The following written by Miss Havergal to her sister we regard as a most satisfactory setting forth of scripture teaching on this subject from one of the brightest and most consecrated of Christians:

I have long wanted to explain to you and others in writing (which is easier to me to be clear in, than in conversation, with its natural interruptions) what I see as to the subject which to me was undoubtedly the portal into a happy life. As to "perfectionism" or "sinlessness," I have all along, and over and over again, said I never did, and do not, hold either. "Sinlessness" belongs only to Christ now, and to our glorified state in heaven. I believe it to be not merely an impossibility on earth, but an actual contradiction of our very being, which cannot be "sinless" till the resurrection change has passed upon us. But being kept from falling, kept from sins, is quite another thing, and the Bible seems to teem with commands and promises about it. First, however, I would distinctly state, that it is only as and while a soul is under the full power of the blood of Christ that it can be cleansed from all sin; that one moment's withdrawal from that power and it is again actively, because really, sinning; and that it is only as, and while, kept by the power of God Himself that we are not sinning against Him; one instant of standing alone is certain fall!

It may suit the purpose of our brother the editor of the *Westleyan* to sustain the effort of our brother Ballentine, and charge our brethren the members of the Foreign Missionary Board with having made "a mistake." It would perhaps be better for him to consider that with his imperfect knowledge of the facts of the case he should suspend his judgment, and consider that there were some of the members of the Board who were as well able to come to a wise and just decision on the matter, and as warm and true friends of Miss Hamilton, and of the best interests of the mission, as Mr. Ballentine or even himself.

A discourse has just come under our hand from Dr. G. D. Boardman on "Cleansing from Secret Faults." He here shews that "Secret Faults" may be of two kinds: sins of hypocrisy, or sins that are secret to others but known to ourselves; and sins of unconsciousness, or sins that are secret even to ourselves.

After discussing the statements that "unconscious sins may be of conscience," "sins of ignorance," "sins of inadvertence," "sins of custom or habit," he proceeds to shew that they "may be sins of omission" and on this says:

Sins of omission are the most positive of sins. For man owes to his Maker the unintermitted and perfect obedience of his lifetime; so that one single sin of omission is a debt which he can never find time or means to pay; and therefore the Lord teaches us to pray; "Forgive us our debts." In fact, the parent sin—the sin, of sins, that root sin of which it is one of the offices of the Holy Spirit to convict the world—is a sin of omission: "Of sin, because they believe not on me." Alas! most persons are troubled only with those sins which are called sins of commission—outward, manifest sins. They forget that by far the larger proportion of our sins in God's sight are sins of simple neglect. The sinner's whole life is one black night of omission, now and then lit up by sins of commission flashing athwart it. Did ever a day pass over the head of any of us in solemn review of which we could truly say, "I have done to-day everything that God requires of me"? Oh, these sins of omission! Who shall count them? Who shall weigh them? Who shall ferret them out, burrowing without number as they do through the labyrinths which wind beneath that outward life on which alone we are wont to fasten our eyes? And as we consider these unconscious sins of omission with which our lives are compact and black, of all prayers that become our lips none

is more fitting than this: "Cleanser thou me from secret faults."

No sinless perfection here. Unless we can claim to be holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners as was the Saviour, nor can we become entitled to any thing approaching to sinlessness or perfection. When we hear a person affirm that he is thankful that he has been preserved from sin for six months, we think of the beloved Apostle John who says, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." And of Job, who wrote: "If I say I am perfect it shall also prove me perverse." We are doubtless made free from condemnation by faith in the Lord Jesus, but we tremble when we hear a profession of freedom from sin in this world.

VISIT TO MINAS BASIN.

Professor Coldwell has favored us with a clipping from a New York paper giving an account of a visit of the steam yacht *Falcon*, with the owner Commodore Bush, and a party of ladies and gentlemen, in August last, around the shores of the Minas Basin. One of the party was Mr. Croffitt an amateur scientist and New York journalist. We copy the following from his observations:—

HUNTING FOR SPECIMENS.

We spent one day last week cruising around the Basin of Minas in the *Falcon* in the role of amateur geologists. As I have said in these letters, the region is very rich in minerals, and we were so fortunate as to be accompanied by two accomplished experts—A. E. Coldwell, professor of natural science at Acadia college, Wolfville (just beyond Grand Pre, the alleged home of the fictitious Evangeline), and A. J. Pineo, editor of the *Acadian Scientist*, the only scientific magazine of the province. They have discovered every nest of amethyst, every cave of acadialite, every eryrie and roosting place of calcadonite and malechite around the Bay of Fundy, and what they don't know about the mineral treasures of the region was probably an awful mystery to old Gioscap, the well-informed god of the Micmac. We rose at 7 from our berths, when the sixty-foot tide was rising, and the *Falcon* rose about an hour later from her bed of mud and shook herself aloft. As we were breakfasting, the sea came pouring in from across the world, and began to bubble and boil about us as if Gioscap had come again and kindled a fire under his ancient kettle. It turned cream color as it came up the Avon, and gradually got yellower and yellower till the whole vast basin was a sea of molten gold from the *Falcon* far off to the other dimly-visible shore. Optically, it was gold 22 karats fine; actually, it was mud and nothing else—eight hundred square miles of liquid mud. The sea came bubbling in as we breakfasted. It did not roar, exactly, but it simmered; it gave out a complaining sound of deep agitation—a babbling noise, like that of St. Lawrence's rapids or St. John's whirlpool harbor. Why shouldn't it? A wave that has come from Patagonia since midnight ought to have the right to take breath audibly before starting on its return gallop.

WHERE IS THE BORE?

I have not yet seen the bore yet—that perpendicular wall of water that comes up the bay twice a day—the moist eyebrows of the tide, as it were, I have looked for it, but I have not found it. They told us at St. John that we would "see a splendid bore in the Avon;" they assure us here that we can find a very wild bore "up at Sackville" that puts hens to flight and pens up pigs and cows and drowns them before they can get away. It ranges from three to seven feet high and marches along at the rate of eight miles an hour, as vertical as Niagara.

It is a fact, by the way, that an enormous school of blackfish—some two or three hundred in all—got stranded in Minas Basin last year, and being badly left when the tide went out, the people rushed out with every sort of weapon and slew them on the mud and towed them ashore. Mr. J. C. Johnson tells me they tried them. This shews how stringent Nova Scotia law is. What they tried them for I do not know—trespass, probably.

Breakfast was over before all this had occurred to me, and the *Falcon* had lifted her fore foot from the fluent mud and run down the Avon to the Basin of Minas. In my visit to Acadia College the day before, Prof. Coldwell had said: "We will be at the wharf at Hantsport at 9.30." As we drew near that place, a stiff breeze blowing, we discerned, with the aid of a glass, a sail-set dory bearing down upon us. We slowed up, and our expected guests climbed aboard.

AT THE TWO BROTHERS.

At their suggestion we stood straight across the Basin of Minas to a pair of wild-looking islets that rise sheer from the bay, and if they were made of cast iron they could not be naked. These seldom-visited volcanic piles are almost as high as they are long, and are fringed on every side by perpendicular precipices cleft with crazy ravines. We steamed within half a mile, then rowed ashore, crossing some dangerous "rips" or cross currents on the way. How we swarmed out of the boat with our hammers, how we clambered over the roads of ragged rocks that tumbled down the abysses, how we picked beautiful crystals from the fissures where white and red

seams sparkled, how we pounded the caves till they slopped over with inane echoes, and banged the bulwarks till their metamorphic heads ached, how the doctor and Editor Pineo and the more venturesome of the party scaled the overhanging cliffs, and dug shining trophies from their sides, and how, when we heard three whistles from the *Falcon*, announcing dinner, we skurried down with baskets half full of brilliants to where the gig was bumping among the rocks, I have not time to tell in detail.

PARTRIDGE ISLAND.

From here we steamed down past Parshore to Partridge Island. Here the ladies went ashore, climbed the rocks with the rest, and made the complete circuit of the island—one, by her alertness, earning the nickname of "The Chamois of the Sea, or the Fleetfooted Fawn of the *Falcon*." Here we found a few amethysts, calcite very abundant, Jasper of many colors, fibrous gypsum, agate semi-opal, gold-bearing quartz, and great quantities of stilbite in foliated crystals. The base of this insular rock is volcanic, and much of it has taken a basaltic form, like the strange columns of Fingal's cave. We climbed over the broken bases of hexagons, each of which was hollowed out and filled with water, the interior having worn off faster than the crystallized edges.

Across the basin again ten miles to Cape Blomidon, rising plumb from the water, the highest point in this vicinity. Seen at a distance it looks like a mountain with some fiery red vegetation glowing along its base. As we steam nearer, it is transformed to a vast precipice of trap superimposed on new red sandstone. It is of volcanic origin, and is referred to the Triassic era, like ever that is, I forgot to ask Prof. Coldwell. Above the mass of bright red sandstone is a terrace of amygdaloid, bearing a frowny shock of light-green strabus, and above this again, is the trap in a huge basaltic wall, the half-crystallized columns of which stand vaguely forth like the great pipes of a ruined organ. This promontory is 570 feet high, and on either flank mountains nearly as high stretch away in a prolonged cape for fifteen miles, only two or three miles wide.

We approached the grand acclivity at a gentle recess, and went ashore at a chaos of broken rocks. At almost every step we found amethysts of various shades of purple and degrees of perfectness. Many were defaced and badly bruised, and not a few were clear and beautiful, whose clusters of tinted crystals enclosed in a broken goode, like robin's eggs in a nest. It was a delightful pastime, quite like picking up jewels in Monte Cristo's cave. Many were the cries of wonder and pleasure as gem after gem glistered in the sand. Blomidon is a spot never to be forgotten by the visitors. In fact the whole of the Basin of Minas presents a remarkable combination of water, woodland and prairie, of rocks romantically wild and rugged, of strange tides and sentimental history, and it seems to me that every American who travels at all for pleasure should spend a week upon its shores.

Professor Jones' Lecture.

The first lecture of the season before the Acadia Athenaeum at Wolfville was given on Friday evening last by Prof. R. V. Jones to a large audience on the subject, "Is it worth while to educate girls?"

In a most eloquent introduction, in which the whole wealth of the English language seemed laid under tribute, the learned lecturer described the beginnings and gradual unfolding of mind and mental processes, dwelling upon the means God had used for the development of intellect, especially giving prominence to the wonderful revelations of Astronomy and Geology, and showing how the pursuit of these branches was calculated to elevate and ennoble mankind. It is God's to write and man's to read, God's to create, man's to investigate. He also shewed how God has revealed himself in History and that it was the province of mind to see the light of a divine purpose shining through all the darkness of human passion and degradation.

The lecturer after this masterly exhibit of the prerogatives and functions of the human mind, dwelt upon the method now employed for strengthening the mental grasp especially showing the importance of a thorough Arts course. This led him naturally to affirm that woman should enjoy all the advantages for intellectual growth so beneficial to the other sex. The subject was treated under two divisions.

1. Woman should be educated for her own sake.
2. Woman should be educated in the interests of human character.

These two propositions were supported in such a masterly way as to elicit repeated outbursts of applause and to carry conviction to the most incredulous. Prof. Jones deserves the thanks of the students and of the large audience he addressed on the occasion, for his eloquent and judicious treatment of a most important subject.

How they choose their President.

The people of the Great Republic are all busy and excited over the election of the new President that is to be. Many of the people on this side the line are but imperfectly acquainted with the mode of making a President. It is not by a direct vote of the people but both the President and Vice-President are elected for four years by a College of Electors. Each State returns by a popular vote as many electors as it has Senators and Members of Congress. At first these electors were chosen by the Legislatures; but now they are chosen by direct vote of the people. The election is held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, every four years. On the first Wednesday in December thereafter these electors meet in their own States, and vote for President and Vice-President. On the second Wednesday of February following, the certificates to these votes are opened, in the presence of the two houses of Congress, by the President of the Senate, and the votes are counted and the result declared. Of course the result is known long before the votes are thus finally counted. Thus, the State elections determine the political character of the vote for the presidential election long before that vote takes place. Then again the vote for the electors in November quite settles, beforehand, the action of the electoral college in December. And the meeting of the college at that date, and the counting of the votes in February are merely matters of magnificent routine.

The people of the United States do not like to be told that the government of England is more representative of the sentiments of the people than that of the United States. The people are much concerned in the choice of their President and Vice-President, and when this is done, be the President has more power than an absolute monarch, for the time being. Whilst England may change the one who really has the power—the Premier—with his supporters for their opponents, the Republican form presents far greater difficulties in effecting such change.

The Liquor Traffic in Portland, Me.

Dr. Warren the genial editor of the *Christian Mirror* of Portland, Maine, recently spent a day with the sheriffs in their searches for places where liquor is sold and tells what he saw. He says:—

Three officers are wholly devoted to this task of enforcing the liquor law. They start forth usually every morning, sometimes with warrants which have been taken out on complaint, but more commonly of their own motion under the general instructions pertaining to their office. Knowing thoroughly every suspected place, they are at no loss where to go. Mounting their wagon, which was supplied with tools for opening doors and a skid for loading barrels, we drove rapidly down Centre to Fore street. As we drew near the latter, we saw several small boys that seemed to have been on the lookout, running and giving signals at two or three doors that somebody was coming. Alighting at one of the most notorious of the "open saloons," the two officers rushed in, and following them we found ourselves in the "bar." For a moment we were startled. Here was the counter, with glasses and shelves and rows of well-filled decanters, a veritable liquor saloon indeed! The sheriffs however, seemed queer at home; took down bottle after bottle, but found only, as we said before, colored slops. Not a drop of liquor could be discovered on the premises, in bar, or closet, or cellar, or yard, or out-house. We can bear witness that the search was thorough, for we saw it with our own eyes. Just as we left, a man told the officers that a person with two bottles had escaped out of the place a few moments before they came.

Mounting the vehicle again, we drove up Danforth street, and a little above State, perceived the same signals as before, two girls speeding along the sidewalk to give the alarm. The first place entered was a dwelling house which had often been visited successfully, but this time without results. Near by was a small grocery, with a saloon in the back apartment. Here, too, were the counter, the glasses and the handsome well-filled decanters, but no liquors. The stable in the rear, however, was more productive. Several bottles were fished out of a heap of loose straw, and two or three more from the recesses of an old clothes' press.

Under a pile of kindling wood, a crack in the floor invited investigation, which revealed a newly made cavity underneath, containing a barrel of ale with its spigot connected by a piece of hose with a cock just outside of the underpinning wall. An alarmed cry of "There, he's found it!" was heard from a group of slatternly women and dirty urchins as the barrel was lifted from its hiding-place and deposited in the wagon, which now rolled away to the sheriff's lock-up with tube and bottles accompanying.

In the afternoon four more places were visited in a similar manner, three of which were of the same pattern of "open saloons," with fittings and furnishings like those already described. All of these had the decanters of colored fluids as decoys. At one, there was standing behind the bar a large cask nearly filled with a mixture of water and kerosene, flavored with chloride of lime, into which a pail or sprinkler of liquor might in case of imminent danger be instantly drowned, leaving no tell-tale smell to betray the contents. In another place was an open chute or hopper, leading down to a vat filled with ragged stones in the basement beneath. All of them had some arrangement for the instant destruction of jugs or bottles in hazard of capture. The fruits of this afternoon's work were several bottles of spirits and ale, a pail partly filled, etc. After we left them another raid brought in still another barrel of ale. We should have said also, that before we joined them in the morning, they had obtained two bottles of spirits which the possessor, on being surprised with them, threw into a privy sink, but they were extricated and will subject him to a fine of one hundred dollars a piece.

We have gone thus minutely into the narrative of this one day's proceedings, that our readers may have the means of judging for themselves of the true state of the liquor traffic in this city. It was hardly an average day in results, only three "seizures" having been entered in the record, whereas as many as eight, ten, or twelve have not unfrequently been made. When there are only two or three bottles, no account is often entered, but they are smashed by the officer on the spot or poured down the official "hole" without ceremony. This is to avoid the cost involved in the formal process of condemnation in cases of such insignificance.

We submit then the following conclusions, of the truth of which we are entirely satisfied:

1. The prohibitory law is thoroughly enforced in the city of Portland.
2. There is not an "open drinking place" in the city.
3. The quantity of liquors actually existing at one time in all the secret drinking places in this city is very small.
4. The business thus conducted is not so profitable as is commonly supposed.
5. The net expense to the county of thus enforcing the law is less than nothing.
6. We satisfied ourself that the aforesaid enforcement of the law is carried out impartially without fear or favor towards any.
7. We have one thing more to say on this by no means pleasing subject, and that is to suggest what is needful to make our present law an absolute success. The difficulty now is to fix responsibility for violations of it. It is hard to tell who is the owner of the liquors seized. It is hard to secure a second conviction, for the sales are now by this person, now by that. The liquors seized are not on the premises of the supposed owner, and so on. Now let the law be so changed that if the violation is unknown, THE PREMISES ON WHICH THE LIQUORS ARE FOUND SHALL BE HELD FOR THE FINES AND COST INCURRED, just as the city taxes are a lien on the property taxed, and the problem is solved at once. "Give us such a law," say the sheriffs, "and we will close out the liquor business of Portland in ONE WEEK."

OUR English friends have a great notion of the primitive condition of society on this continent. Our London contemporary *The Baptist* after giving an account of the British Assembly at Montreal says:

"One of the drawbacks of holding the meetings on such virgin soil appears to be the danger of there being more pleasure than work, so delighted are the hospitable colonists at having their spare rooms occupied by such a crowd of English visitors. Still, in the main a fair amount of work has been got through, and in connection with the economic section some papers relating to farming are likely to lead to practical results."

THE letters respecting the late Mrs. E. W. Kelly on another page, will deeply interest a large number of our readers, besides those who were personally acquainted with our brother and sister Kelly.