

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
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Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Reminiscences concerning "The Christian Messenger."

Dear Messenger.—
Certain changes proposed regarding your future course have called up vivid recollection in relation to the past. I remember distinctly your birth. Your predecessor the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Baptist Magazine, under the editorial guidance of the late Rev. Dr. Tupper, was I think the first religious journal published in these Provinces. It rendered excellent service in its day; but as the denomination increased, the fathers and younger brethren felt that a weekly periodical in place of the magazine was a necessity; and therefore at the anniversary of the old Nova Scotia Association in 1836 held at Halifax, it was decided to commence the publication of a weekly journal at the commencement of the coming year. Accordingly you made your debut January, 1837. Small in dimension not more than half your present size, but for each copy your patrons had to pay 17s. 6d. (\$3.50).

Your birth was spoken of as a marvelous effort for the Baptists of that period, numbering in the Maritime Provinces only 7,631 members in all their churches. As a natural consequence for some years we were financially feeble; but your mother was very proud of you, and in her maternal eye you were a child of much promise. When hard pushed for money your friends were on hand with liberal donations to help you through. But in those years of infantile life in addition to financial troubles the political press of the day assumed an antagonistic attitude, and came down upon you with a heavy hand threatening extinction. It was then you exhibited intellectual strength far in advance of your years. Your political adversaries soon found to their cost, that your sword was the new Jerusalem blade that cut both ways. Your first editors J. W. Nutting, and John Ferguson were men of no ordinary stamp. They knew what it was to make sacrifices for the truth, and in their hands you performed a noble work for education in all its phases, missions in all their departments, for religious revivals, the Temperance Reform for civil and religious liberty and for the general well being of our common country.

When Mr. Ferguson passed to the higher service above and your new editor and proprietor took charge you remained true to your original instincts; and during the nearly thirty years you were under his guidance you have rendered most valuable aid to all the interests of your denominational faith, and have contributed your full share to the well being of the social compact. The denomination which you have so long and so well represented since 1837, a period of nearly fifty years, owe you a debt of gratitude which they can never repay.

Do you expect to live to celebrate your jubilee year? (1887), so long as the dew of your youth is still upon your brow why go to the grave? Now that you have passed into the hands of a brother of acknowledged capabilities and of sworn fidelity to his denomination, and to whom you present a sphere of great usefulness, would it not be better for all concerned that you should

still cherish the breathing power? Of one thing be assured while I have occasionally differed from you widely in opinion, I shall always cherish for you, whether you live or die, profound respect and deepest gratitude.

Sincerely yours,
I. E. BILL,
St. Martins, N. B., Dec. 1st, 1884.

A Visit to Wolfville.

Having been summoned by "the powers that be" to lecture before the Athenaeum of Acadia College, I wended my way, not as of yore, by stage, over rough roads, but via the Intercolonial and W. and A. railways, travelling as modern Apostles do, speedily and comfortably. Like another traveller, I was somewhat inconvenienced by "the present rain" and mud, but the students cheered by their sunny faces and in other ways. Why the Acadia gentlemen received so cordially a very ordinary prelection, in merit far below that of others who had preceded me, is one of those questions which the wise man would be puzzled to explain. My own impression is that they were ready for a little diversion.

It was a great satisfaction to see the Faculty in fair health and spirits, bending to the work of instructing so large a body of students. The schools are all well filled, and the *esprit du corps* is high. The teachers I believe to be doing first-rate work. Our educational machinery is running smoothly, and with the prospect of the payment of our debts, an era of sound prosperity is in store for us. May the God who has fostered these institutions in their infancy, continue to grant them signal tokens of His approval. May strongmen and women proceed thence to bless the world! And may our people realize the true value of these schools.

Being detained in Wolfville over the Lord's day, it was my privilege to worship with the brethren at the old place. Memories came thick upon me. The building of this new house—the opening sermon by Dr. Cramp, on "Speaking the truth in love," the long years in which I listened to Bro. deBlois, and marked his growing power as a preacher—the revival services, the days of the right hand of the Most High, when friends bowed to the Lord, and vowed to be His for ever; the missionary services, where hearts burned at the recital of the destitution of the heathen, or at the triumphs of the cross—the stately form of Deacon Fitch as he limply moved up and down the aisles—all flashed in quick review before me.

But ah! the changes. The tablet in front of me tells in brief the story of Dr. Cramp; the new occupant of the pulpit, reading as I entered, at once told me that our old pastor had passed over the river, and that a tablet on the other side of the pulpit would tell to coming generations the manner of man he was. The companions who worshipped there with me, where are they? Do they remember the vows made in this house, or are they encrusted with the spirit of the time? Have any of them mate'ship-wreck? How many are making a record that will stand the scrutiny of the Judge?

Pressed by my reverend brother, Pastor Higgins, I undertook the evening service in what must always be to me the most trying pulpit in the denomination. The pick and flower of all our churches congregated there, forming our most cultured church; but I knew the Gospel of the Son of God is always acceptable, and I endeavoured to preach it. Had a pleasant few minutes with the returned missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Currie, and a kind greeting from Mrs. Sandford. Met many old friends, and I hope some new ones, and left the dear old scenes, breathing a benediction on Acadia and all its surroundings. *Tamque semper floreat!*

D. A. S.
Amherst, Dec. 3, 1884.

It is a great thing to stand in place of God and proclaim his word in the presence of angels and men.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even moths and feathers, goes by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—Emerson.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Human Element in Regeneration.

We often speak of the change wrought in the heart by Divine grace as conversion. This is properly man's part of the work. Or, perhaps it is better to say, this expresses the truth as looked at from the human side. God changes our hearts, our wills, and we, in concurrence with that change, turn unto God. When the psalmist said, "I turned my feet unto thy testimonies, he knew very well that it was God working in him to will and to do. Nevertheless, he did it; another did not do it for him. Even Divine grace did not supersede the working of his own will. As the result of thinking on his ways, he turned his course, he entered on a new life. While there is a Divine side to the change we call conversion, there is also a human side. While God draws, we must yield; while He produces conviction of sin, we must turn from sin. What is more reasonable than this? Must not the sinner cease voluntarily to be a sinner? Must he not of his own will change sides? Must he not leave the broad road, and enter the narrow way? Is he merely acted upon, as if he were a block or stone? Some men seem to have a notion that they must wait until, by some process with which they have nothing more to do than with an eclipse or a thunder-storm, they are mysteriously turned round, introduced into a new world, made into altogether different beings. It is true, God brings influences to bear upon us, the secret of whose working is as hidden from us as the way of the wind; He inclines us to repent; He enables us to exercise faith in Christ. But we must act for ourselves; we must choose to walk in a new path; we must turn our feet unto his testimonies. This is just what the psalmist did when he thought on his ways. This is just what Saul of Tarsus did when awakened on the way to Damascus. This is just what every truly converted sinner does when he lays hold on Christ for salvation. This is all for which we are responsible. And for this we are responsible. Taking into account the free agency with which God has endowed us, we cannot charge the blame upon Him, if we fail of everlasting life. The whole matter is set as plainly before us as two roads, either of which we are free to take. If we are convinced that the way we are going leads to destruction, and yet will not turn from it into the path that leads to life, who but ourselves must bear the responsibility? We cannot save ourselves, renew our own hearts, make ourselves new creatures in Christ by an act of our own wills. But we can comply with God's conditions of salvation, we can "choose the path of heavenly truth," we can turn from our evil ways, we can forsake the world for Christ. It is in not doing this that our condemnation consists. "Ye will not come to Me," said Christ to the Jews, "that ye might have life."

D. F. L.
Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass.

For the Christian Messenger.

Home Missions.

MR. EDITOR,—
Please say to "W." that the "Kings Co. Mission field" includes the following stations: Scots Bay, Scots Bay Road, Blomidon, Woodworth Mountain, West Mountain, Baxter's Harbour, Blue Mountain, South Alton and North Alton. As some of these stations are separated widely from others it is difficult to locate the field by the name of any station, hence the choice of the term "Kings County Mission field. There is no organized church, but several members scattered over the whole field. Rev. D. Freeman has been in charge of the mission since it has been cared for as a distinct field, till within a few weeks. It is hoped that his brother, Rev. M. P. Freeman, will supply during his absence.

A. COXON,
Cor. Secy.
Hebron, N. S., Dec. 6, 1884.

"THE TROUBLE with the stage" will be discussed in the January CENTURY by a writer who claims that the managers first need reforming.—Dr. Gladstone writes of "Christianity and Popular Amusements" in the same number.

Literary.

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. By Prof. James M. Hoppin of Yale College. Price \$2.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Day St., New York. S. F. Huestis, 141 Granville Street Halifax, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces.

This new work by this well-known and accomplished writer, will be found a worthy companion of his standard work on "Homiletics." It will we doubt not rank in the kindred department to which it is devoted. Its characteristic features are stated in a few words as follows:

1. Its style is clear, simple, incisive, scholarly, as in all the Professor's writings. There is nothing involved, mystic, doubtful, hard to be understood.
2. It is comprehensive. It covers the whole field, both in its theoretic and practical aspects. Every legitimate topic is treated, and treated in its proper relation and fulness.
3. It is systematic; thoroughly so, not only in arrangement, but in its methods of treatment. It is based on a broad and true ideal of the dignity and responsibility of the ministerial office.
4. It wisely blends theory with practice, doctrine with life, the pulpit with pastoral work; it hits the mass and unduly exalts no one quality or service to the injury of another.
5. Accordingly we have, as a whole, without any parade or fuss, the best results of modest thorough Christian scholarship and study—the fullest, most philosophical and instructive work on Pastoral Theology, which has as yet been published.

Notwithstanding these words of commendation of this work by one who was a pupil of the celebrated Neander, of Berlin, yet we dare not send them forth without a few words of a different character:

Professor Hoppin, like many other Pedobaptists, gives some countenance to the primitive rite of Christian baptism, yet he does not carry out the principles laid down to their legitimate consequences. He says: "We are strongly inclined to the belief that the most common mode of baptism in the early church, when it was practicable, was by immersion in living water as the original meaning of 'baptize' is 'to plunge' or 'to wash by plunging in the water,' and this mode certainly symbolizes more vividly the great Christian truth of 'being buried in the death of Christ.'" Notwithstanding this plain admission, he adds, "Yet we have no less confident belief that other modes of baptism by pouring and sprinkling were also practised."

All the evidence he adduces in favor of this is some of the cases of baptism in the Acts of the Apostles, in which he thinks immersion "improbable," and he then proceeds to say, "Our Baptist brethren, who certainly have much to say that is strong on their side of the question, still are inclined to make the validity of the rite to consist in the mode; but as to the practical question, for the pastor who is not a Baptist the mode of baptism ought not to give him any serious trouble. He may prefer the mode of sprinkling; yet if a convert strenuously desires to be immersed the pastor can solve the difficulty in two ways, either by immersing him, or what perhaps is better still, by advising the candidate to become a member of a Baptist church." The position he takes with respect to the proper subjects of baptism will be almost as objectionable to many Pedobaptists as it is to Baptists, and, as we understand them, to the teaching of the whole New Testament. He says:

"The phrase is common to many of these confessions that 'believers and their households only' are proper subjects of baptism." "This is commonly understood to mean members of the church and their children. But there appears to be no good reason why any child should be refused baptism."

That is doubtless the legitimate outcome of infant baptism, and mixes up the church and the world in the saddest confusion. Either it is associated with baptismal regeneration, and therefore desirable for all, or it is a mere rite of human origin, and of no value, and may be administered or omitted as may be convenient or chosen.

We prefer adhering to the "original" and "most common mode of baptism in the early church."

In Memoriam.

DR. D. BANKS MCKENZIE.

This devoted temperance worker, so well known in the Maritime Provinces, died in Salt Lake City, Nov. 12th, after a brief illness. His remains were forwarded to Northboro, Mass., the home of his wife's parents, where the funeral service was attended, Nov. 24th, at the Baptist Church, the memorial address being given by Rev. D. F. Sampson, a former pastor. Mr. McKenzie was of Scotch descent, his father having served in the British navy in the war of 1812, and afterward settling in Liverpool, N.S., from which place the family removed later to Gloucester, Mass. After a sea faring life of a few years, Banks enlisted in the United States Navy. He was successively acting Master's Mate, Paymaster and Lieutenant, proving himself a brilliant, dashing officer, and meeting with not a few hair-breadth escapes, in different seas and lands, and at last was blown up on his ship on the James River in the war of the Rebellion. After his discharge from service, he led a somewhat roving life. Passing one day a church, in the suburbs of Boston, where a revival meeting was being held, he was led to enter, and from that hour began a new course of life. His religious experience was a remarkable one. Henceforth he threw himself with all the intensity of his nature into the service of God and of his fellow men. He felt that he had a special vocation, to labor for the reformation and salvation of those who had fallen under the power of strong drink. He felt that he had a special fitness for such a work, in his own experience of his weakness and of the sufficiency of divine grace. He could say to the unfortunate, and tempted, and fallen, as Paul said to Titus, "I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state." Those who knew him need not be told with what patience, perseverance and ingenuity he applied himself to his chosen and self-imposed work. Nothing gave him more satisfaction than to pick up some poor inebriate in the street, care for him, nurse him if necessary, keep him for a few days out of the way of temptation, and then, with the help with which friends who were acquainted with his work supplied him, sending him to his home or friends, clothed and in his right mind." First in a temporary home in Boston, and afterwards in a more permanent establishment in the suburbs, he gathered in a large number of unfortunates, many of whom were started by his influence on a new and upward pathway, and all of whom while they were in the Home were brought daily and hourly under the power of a kindly, considerate, and christian influence. Before much was heard of "gospel temperance work," he firmly believed in, and always made the principle foremost in his work, that the only sure hope of the reformation of the drunkard was the grace of God. From the first Mr. McK. had accustomed himself to speaking on Temperance whenever opportunity offered; and after financial embarrassment led to the closing of the second Institution of which he had charge, he was left free to give, himself to work on the platform, for which he had some peculiar qualifications. His personal presence was largely in his favor; his kindly eye and beaming face won him friends at sight, while his deep earnestness, and affectionate nature opened many a heart that would have remained closed to mere logical appeals. He could speak with great pathos and power. He could sway vast audiences as with a magician's wand. His work in the Province, especially, where he felt himself most at home, "to the man or born," was a most wonderful success. In not a few instances, the incidents of his journeys and appointments, the enthusiastic crowds that thronged his meetings, resembled a brilliant orator's political campaign. His progress was almost a daily triumph. Hundreds of men, reclaimed from the tyranny of appetite, strengthened in the purposes of higher living and converted to a new manhood, cherish his name and memory with profound respect and love. The last six years of his life were spent on the Pacific coast and in Utah. He had worked hard to secure the erection in Salt Lake City of a building,

which would serve as a Temperance Headquarters, with Hall, reading room, coffee room, etc. The enterprise, however became unfortunately complicated, and finally passed beyond his control, so that much to his regret, he was compelled to relinquish the hope of seeing his cherished plan carried out. The burden and anxiety which thus came upon him no doubt overtaxed his strength; and after one more brilliant and powerful address before a large audience, in which he declared his purpose of resuming his proper work in the lecture field and on the platform, he went to his lodgings worn out and ill, and in a few days sunk to rest, dying on the battle-field, and exchanging the soldiers' sword for the victor's crown. Those who knew him best award to this ardent worker in the cause of Temperance, the praise of a noble, generous character, that ever forgetful of self, longed to be of service to others, especially to the miserable and degraded whom respectable society often passed by on the other side. With his brilliant natural qualities he combined after his conversion true christian principle. His faults were the faults of an impulsive, ardent nature. He had sometimes too implicit faith in men. He had the charity that "hopeth all things" and "believeth all things." His feelings sometimes outran his judgement. But no man was more free from selfishness. He was constantly giving, pouring out himself, for the good of others. He accepted the law of all truly heroic living, of all highest service, the law of self-sacrifice, the law of the Cross; he knew that if he would save others, he could not save himself. And thus at the early age of 47, "having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." He rests with his labor and his works follow him.

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won."

Since writing the above there has come to hand the following appreciative tribute, published in the editorial columns of a Salt Lake City Journal. That paper says:—

"With real sorrow the people of the city heard yesterday that Dr. D. Banks McKenzie had suddenly died. It was known that he was ill, but no one dreamed that he was dying. It is hard to give a clear idea of Dr. McKenzie. Men were sometimes impatient of his eccentricities, but they did not know how much he was resisting. He was possessed of strong attachments, both for people and places. He was enterprising beyond his pecuniary means; his faith in anything he interested himself in was such that he would venture his last penny to prove it. He had vast longing to make the world better, and the burdens of the poor lighter. His soul was full of contradictions. While fond of society and the delights of life, he would turn away from a festival to lift a drunkard from the gutter; he could nurse an old bum as though he was a long lost brother. He was always slyly doing some kindly action, making some personal sacrifice; giving away to the poor the money that he needed for his own wants. At the same time he was impatient of results. He wanted the town to grow; wanted prosperity to come to the people; wanted to found some institution which should be permanent in good. And so he struggled on, aching with old wounds to body and soul, but borne up by an everlasting hope, until, with the failure of his noted scheme, his strength seemed to be gone, and, after lingering a few days, he turned his face to the wall and passed on. Many a poor man and woman will grieve for him; many a tear will be shed in sorrow that he is dead. And while the cold and the calculating will say his brain lacked the even poise and careful sagacity necessary to the thoughtful business man, no one will question the great-heartedness of the man, nor fail to hope that with the final sleep there came a benediction to his troubled soul which will endure forever. May his mother earth open her merciful arms and fold him close and tenderly to her breast."
D. F. S.

Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass. Nov. 28.

ANY subscriptions can be paid at the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER office in Halifax, whether the proprietor is present or not.