

Messenger and Visitor.

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MESSENGER AND VISITOR

ONE DOLLAR.

The Messenger and Visitor will be sent from the first of May, to January, 1887, for one dollar. Shall we not have an effort made to introduce the paper into very many more of our families for the rest of this year? We find the people everywhere ready to take our paper when their subscriptions are solicited. In our tour of a week among the churches we called on about 120 families that were not taking the paper, and all subscribed but five. Will not our ministers, agents and others interested in the circulation of the Messenger and Visitor help us get it into a host of new families? Have all the converts of the last few months taken it? Those who begin May first will have till June first to pay their dollar. Please send in the names of new subscribers by the last week in April.

Directions to Subscribers in Remitting their Subscriptions.

Many subscribers live where there is no agent, and are in doubt as to the way to remit their subscriptions. It is very easy. Go to the nearest Post Office, if it is a money order office, it will be found most convenient to send an order. If not, enclose the amount and register the letter, and it will come without fail. To make even money, two might remit together.

All our Pastors are Agents.

—THE CANADIAN VIEW OF BAPTISM.—In the Roman Catholic Catechism by the Rev. S. Kenna, with the approbation of the Bishop of Boston, is the following in reply to the question, "How do we know that these three ways of baptizing (sprinkling, pouring and immersion) are good?" It is answered, "We know it from tradition; for the Holy Scriptures speak only of baptism by immersion." See Rom. 6: 4. Col. 2: 12. Cyprian Set. 76 ad. Magnus. It is strange that our pedobaptist brethren will hold to a practice which has been down to them through the tradition of the church of Rome.

—THE SENATE AND THE SCOTT ACT.—The gentlemen of the Senate are again attempting to cripple the Scott Act. They want to make it possible to turn drug stores into dram shops, and to exempt light wines from their operation. While there are some estimable men in the Senate, the majority seem to think their great function is to prevent the people from having their way, when they wish to rid themselves of their greatest curse. We fear the majority of the Senate are too old to learn, and we must deal with as incorrigible. Hon. Mr. Scott, one of the minority, spoke some plain, common-sense words to the majority; but we fear it was wasted upon them.

—A NEW ASSOCIATION.—There has been formed in Boston what is called the "Massachusetts Protective Liquor Dealers, Brewers, Distillers and Clerks' Association." The objects of this organization are various. One is to force in the liquor traffic where now no licence is granted. Another is to provide money to secure the best legal talent to defend suits instituted against any of their number. The chief, however, appears to be to mass the forces of the liquor trade in politics as to gain control of the government of the state. The liquor dealers evidently are afraid, and feel that the time for the last desperate struggle has come. The traffic, however, is doomed, and we doubt whether such measures as these will do other than hasten its downfall. When the liquor vendors combine in this way, it will lead to the massing of the temperance forces on the other side. The traffic exists now by right of sufferance and the apathy of temperance people. This action of the liquor party should arouse all who are opposed to the trade, and in this way, prevent its continuance, on this ground.

—A JUST RETRIBUTION.—Mr. Gladstone, in the Nineteenth Century, administers a rebuke to many, in the paragraph we append. They are not few who have fallen into the miserable habit of affecting a great contempt for theology. In most cases these do not know its first rudiments. Wishing to be thought superior, and knowing they have no hope of superiority in knowledge of such a subject, they exalt their ignorance into a virtue, and take pride in speaking in a supercilious way about systematic knowledge of scripture truth and those who attain to it. The great statesman says:

I am not, therefore, writing against him (Mr. Huxley) when I remark upon the habit of treating theology with an affection of contempt. It is nothing better, I believe, than a mere fashion, having no more reference to permanent principle than the mass of ephemeral fashion that comes from Paris have with the immovable types of beauty. Those who take for the burden of their song, "respect religion, but despise theology," seem to me just as rational as if a person were to say, "admire the trees, the plants, the flowers, the sun, moon, or stars, but despise botany, and despise astronomy." Theology is ordered knowledge, representing in the region of the intellect what religion represents in the heart and life of man.—William E. Gladstone.

—BAPTIST SEMINARY.—The following was sent in too late for last week's issue:—Terminal written examinations were held on Monday and Tuesday, and the fourth term of the year begins to-day, (April 7). There is evidence of solid work in the classes and the interest is being well maintained. About the 20th inst., the students rhetorical exhibitions will take place under the direction of Miss Hooper.

—LABOR TROUBLES.—Dr. Buckley of the N. Y. Christian Advocate, concludes an article on the situation in the U. S., as revealed in this recent labor troubles, in the following gloomy way:

We stand the elements at work in the United States to-day as more fraught with peril to our institutions than all the merely political and personal discussions, conflicts, and agitations which culminated in the late war. For that divided the country into two general contending factions, of which those desiring the maintenance of the Union were the more numerous, more fortunately situated, and the stronger. But these proceedings, unchecked, most surely, in the end, compel a radical change in the methods of preserving order; and when that change has occurred, and the military spirit shall have crystallized, whether the spirit that controls it be called Governor, President, King, Caesar, or Czar matters not. As yet, who sees any light on the horizon? What practicable method promising better relations is suggested?

We are not frightened, for that is not our besetting sin; but in the darkest hours of the Civil War we never felt more sober than today, as we contemplate the future of what our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Kemble calls "this great new world of Christian liberty."

—HARLEM.—The summer schools of Harlem have come to stay. Each year witnesses advance. The study of the Old Testament is assuming new importance year by year, and our ministers and theological students are taking advantage of the Summer Schools to keep up and advance their knowledge of Hebrew. We give below the announcement of the sessions to be held this summer. It is to be hoped some of our ministers may be able to attend.

1. PHILADELPHIA—June 7th—July 3d; in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, 50th St. and Woodland Ave., W. Philadelphia.

2. CHICAGO—June 28th—July 24th; in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Ill. (12 miles from Chicago on the C. R. I. & P. R. R.).

3. NEW ENGLAND—July 19th—August 14th; in the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Mass. (9 miles from Boston, on the Boston and Albany R. R.).

4. CALIFORNIA—August 2d—28th; in connection with the Chautauque Assembly, N. Y.

5. SOUTHERN—August 16th—September 11th; at the University of Virginia, Va. (at the junction of the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Virginia and Midland Railroads).

The regular courses of instruction in Hebrew are practically the same in all the Schools. The special courses and the lectures differ somewhat.

The arrangements for board and rooms differ likewise in the various Schools. For each School a separate pamphlet giving detailed information has been published. This may be obtained by addressing the Principal of Schools.

WILLIAM R. HANSEN,
Morgan Park, Ill.

—PROGRESS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.—The Religious Herald, of Richmond, in an editorial on the above subject, gives the following interesting statistics. Twenty years ago, there were not 16,000 colored persons in the South who could read, and now 1,000,000 colored children are in the public schools of the South. There are 16,000 colored teachers, and more than 80 newspapers owned and edited by colored men. Over 100 schools for higher education are now in successful operation. In fact, in the history of education nothing can compare with the present work among the colored people.

In 1882, they owned in Georgia 680,000 acres of land. Some individuals are worth from ten to fifty thousand dollars. In 1882, the colored people of the South owned 5,600,000 acres of land and were assessed for \$91,000,000.

Some two years since, a gentleman well known to us all, and one who knows the South from Baltimore to Mexico, in a public meeting in one of the colored churches of Richmond, made the following remarkable language: "Since God's sun has moved in the heavens, no race of people ever made the marvelous progress that the colored race has made since the close of the war." This was the opinion of a representative Southern man—one well qualified to judge.

The following well deserved tribute is also paid to one of the sons of N. B., whom many of us have the pleasure of knowing:

Prof. C. H. Corey, D. D., the most popular man in Richmond, some say, has shown great ability as Principal of the Richmond Institute. The man does not live who spurns a mean thing more than Dr. Corey, or is more willing to do his best for a good cause. He is going to have a good place in history, and tears will be shed in coming years over him as thousands of Baptists will read of the consummate tact with which, during all the exciting times succeeding the war, Dr. Corey "held his own" with all parties and with both races.

—QUESTIONS.—Several questions which have been in hand for some time, have not yet received attention, but we shall do our best to answer them in due time.

—NEW NOVA SCOTIA TEMPERANCE ACT.—This act has passed its second reading, and will be carried with but slight modification in the Lower House. It is to be hoped that the Upper House may not presume to attempt to thwart the wish of the people, in dealing with the measure. Its chief provisions are these. Saloon and bar-room licenses are to be abolished. Applicants for hotel, shop or wholesale licenses must gain the consent of two-thirds of the electors in their district before their application for a license will be considered. Halifax is exempted from the operation of this act as she was from that of the old one. The most of the country districts have already refused to grant licenses. The act, therefore, will strike chiefly at the liquor traffic in the capital. Some of the speakers in opposition to the act think it will ruin the trade of the city. It will ruin trade about as it would impoverish the blood—to take off some scores of leeches from a man's body. In each case it would be bad for the leeches that take away and do not give anything in return—it might be the death of some of them; but it would be a good thing for those who have to stand the drain. We are also that the ground is strongly taken that the province has no right to include Halifax in the operation of the measure. This seems to us strange doctrine. Carry it out to its logical issue, and it would make nearly all general government impossible.

—WOODSTOCK BAPTIST COLLEGE.—We are sorry to notice that the Canadian Baptist speaks as though it were uncertain what policy the Baptists of the West will pursue towards their literary college. There is a rumor abroad that the Baptists of Toronto would not much care if it was given up. We know of old that some leading laymen considered the Provincial University sufficient for all the needs of our denomination, in the matter of secular education. We hoped this idea had been given up, and that all were determined to press their literary institution up as fast as possible. Woodstock College has done a grand work, and never was in a better position than now to do the best work. If there be any thought of relaxing instead of increasing effort on behalf of Woodstock College, it is to be hoped it will be given up at once. There will doubtless be some discussion on the question at the approaching meeting of the Union.

—HOME MISSION NUMBER.—The last issue of the Canadian Baptist is devoted exclusively to Home Missions. It is a very fine number, and must help on the great department of denominational work. In our next we hope to present some interesting extracts from it.

A True Story.

Here is a story too good to be lost, and yet I am afraid it will be spoiled in the telling. A and B were holding a protracted meeting. It had been in progress for several days, and quite a revival had sprung up. Saints were happy and sinners were seeking and finding the Saviour. Among the happy ones was an old brother known to be quite "tender" on some points. He was "weeding a wide row" in the meeting. It occurred to one of the preachers that now was a favorable time to get "help" from the old brother to spread the glorious news "through earth's remotest bounds." His cup was full and running over with the good things of God's grace—certainly he will now "practically desire" that all may "hear the joyful sound." "Uncle Billy," says the missionary, "I am glad to see you enjoying religion so much." "Ah, Bro. B., this is a feast of fat things to my soul." "Well, Uncle Billy, there are millions of poor creatures who have not heard of the blessed Saviour; will you not give me \$5 to send this gracious gospel to some of them?" "O, bless my soul and body," stamping the ground in his vexation, and then crying like a heart-broken boy, "I never do—get to—enjoying—myself—and—and—feelin' good,—but somethin'—and now—his money—MONEY—MONEY—has got to destroy my religious pleasure." The fire of his devotion was extinguished. For the rest of the meeting he was a cool spectator. Mr. Editor, you may draw morals from this story.—J. J. STAMPS in Rel. Herald.

Nothing But Leaves.

The angel of consolation wended his way down to earth one night, and bent his ear to catch the murmur of God's chosen ones. A faithful pastor was kneeling in prayer for the members of his flock. "Of what avail are my tears and pleading," he cried; "my people are cold and indifferent; my most earnest efforts seem to fall unheeded upon them, and when the time of reaping shall come, how can I say: 'Master, I've nothing but leaves?'"

The voice of the angel fell soothingly upon his ear: "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." An aged mother wept for her wayward son. "He was the delight of my eyes," she mourned. "I consecrated him to heaven in his infancy, but he has forsaken his mother's God. Long nights have I pleaded for him; my pillow has been wet with tears; in the harvest I hoped to bring him with me, and how can I bear to say 'Master, I've nothing but leaves?'" In silvery notes the angel's voice was heard: "A mother's prayers are not forgotten; thy tears are in my bottle; thy faith shall save thy son."

A weary invalid tossed upon a bed of pain. "How useless is my life," she sighed. "Exempt from active labour, the days pass slowly by, only to be followed, by more weary nights; and while others are strong, and busily engaged bringing in the golden grain, in sorrow must I fall at the Reaper's feet, saying: 'Lord, I've nothing but leaves?'" Again the angel answered: "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

A teacher sought her pillow, wearied with the fatigues and discouragements of the day. "Long years have I laboured to sow good seed in the hearts of my pupils," she said; "by my precept and example have I endeavored to mould their characters aright, but the lesson today seems forgotten to-morrow. My brain reels with the long repeated efforts to guide them, while my heart aches as I think of the harvest, when, sadly I must say: 'Father I've nothing but leaves.'" But the angel whispered: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters. Feed my lambs."

A mother hung over the cradle of her darling child. Her greatest joy, her fondest hope, were centered in that infant boy. With sobbing heart and tearful eyes, her fondest hopes were blasted, I had hoped to see him grow to manhood. With delight I would have trained his young feet to walk in wisdom's ways, so when the end had come, I could appear before the Reaper with the glad refrain: 'Behold, here is the child whom thou didst give.' But now I will have nothing but leaves." But her tears were dried, as the angel said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The midnight oil burns low, as a lonely watcher sits beside the couch of a sick one. For months, has disease, in blighting form, been suffered to rest upon the household, and tired nature almost succumbs to the weight of care and anxiety. "My life is blighted," the watcher cried. "My years are wasting away in a darkened room; my usefulness in the world is at end; and while others are bringing in their sheaves to lay at the master's feet, I can only say: 'Here are my leaves.'" But the message from the angel was: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

So the hearts of God's chosen ones were cheered and comforted, and as the angel of consolation took flight heavenward, each weary, discouraged one was softly saying: "Now do I gather strength and hope anew. For well I know thy patient love perceives. Not what I did, but what I strove to do; And though the full ripe years are sadly few, Thou wilt accept my sheaves."—Christian at Work.

Face Your Trouble.

"Thou plowd around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said one farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But, to day, when I began to plow for corn I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face. Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while: "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he

didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little, flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it, by its name, one half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is it not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.—The Advance.

Struggles on the Tow-Path.

We sing of the terra-cotta Tow-Path and of the frolicsome Mule, thereto pertaining. If Shakespeare could find someone in stone and books in the running brooks, a modern editor ought at least to pick up a half column on the tow-path, and to see a sermon in a mule. The preacher preaches to the churches, and to the preachers, too.

Once, while we were wandering along a tow-path, our thoughts wandered to the churches. The mule filled our eye, while our mind's eye saw the churches. A dreamy lethargy stole over us. A subtle, swaying tow-line seemed to stretch from one to the other; and our thoughts began play over it like electricity upon the wire. Striking resemblances between the mule on the tow-path and certain members in the churches soon began to materialize.

We have spoken of the mule in the abstract. The mule in the abstract is a different beast from a mule in the concrete. The time is ripe for the introduction of the concrete mule. We know that to make a good sermon we must select a single trait from the long procession of traits which was solemnly marching on the tow-path. We decided to do as some preachers do: viz: to take the first one that came along. We took him.

Theme for the sermon: The resemblance between the mule on the tow-path and certain church members.

Text: The particular mule in the foreground.

First point: He hangs back. The abstract mule is slow enough, but he doesn't compare with this particular concrete mule. His companion on the off side is doing all the work, and he is very glad to have him do it. But, as a matter of fact, the off side is not only towing the large but he is also dragging his companion along too. And that is hard.

What church has not the hanger back?—The man who crawls along, lazy, unhappy, unwilling to do any of the work, almost a dead weight to be dragged along by the rest of the church, until the Lord takes him. Kindness doesn't encourage him. Blows wouldn't hurry him. He is a hanger back; he is almost a dead weight; he is a lazy mule.

Second point: He kicks. One would say that the mule ought at least to be penceable if his companion is willing to do all the work. If either mule has a right to kick, it would seem to be the one which is imposed upon. But the kicking is all done by the other mule. We can't exactly discover what he is kicking at, for he is too far behind the other mule to hit him, and the driver never gets in the way of his heels. But he keeps on kicking, though the only damage he seems to do is to add to the other mule's unhappiness by jerking him about whenever he stops to kick.

What church has not the kicker? And generally, in the churches, too, the hanger back is the kicker. He opposes everything. And if he cannot block every enterprise, he will at least kick as it moves along. Sometimes he hits somebody, but not often, for he is generally too far in the rear; but he can produce an immense amount of jerking and jolting and soreness in the team.

Third point: He brays. And that mule fairly makes our editorial hair stand up straight when he brays. Is there anything on earth, or in the waters under the earth, like the bray of a mule? As an instrument of protest, the mule's hoof is a dead failure when compared with his voice. And when this concrete mule brays, the clumsy old barge fairly trembles with the vibration. But we are even able to forget ourselves in our sympathy with that other mule. To think of having two large ears yoked to that intermittent bray for a journey of a hundred miles.

But how is it in the churches? There, too, are brayers. If hanging back is not a success, and if kicking doesn't hit anybody, then they bray! And what a braying some of them can keep up? You would almost think that, in some cases, Nature began to make a mule, and that the human form was an afterthought. While their brethren plan and work, they hang back and kick; and when their brethren pray, they bray.

Well, we have one comforting thought for the last point to our sermon. The

mules are just passing out of sight, and the thought occurs to us that probably even the lazy, kicking, braying mule will make the desired haven some time, though it hardly seems possible. But he will surely have a rough, jerky, jolly journey, and he may get some pretty rough treatment at the end of it.—Rel. Herald.

This, That, and The Other

—The aggregate value of all college property in the United States, in the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1882-3, was \$90,000,000, with an income of \$5,000,000.

—The new census of Japan makes the population of that empire 33,500,000.

—Mr. Routledge, the London publisher, has been giving the public some interesting facts about the business of his firm. He says that they print 600,000 books in a year, and bind 4,000,000. During a period of eighteen months they have sold 40,000 copies of Robinson Crusoe. It is the best selling book that they have, although Monte Cristo sells nearly as well. Of course, these are cheap editions. Among the poets Longfellow leads. The figures for him are 6,000 copies. Next comes Scott, with 3,170, then Shakespeare, with 2,700, and then Byron, with 2,300. Of Rogers only 32 copies were sold, and of Keats only 49.

—"If the people fail to govern the saloon," says the Independent, "the saloon will govern the people."

—It is an old proverb that, when drunk, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, an Englishman to eat, and an American to make a speech.

—An advertisement in a Boston paper asks for "a careful man to look after the house and be company for her dog during her absence in Europe."

—Fashionable prices were paid last week at Chickering hall at the sale of the 340 pictures of the estate of Mrs. Mary J. Morgan. \$865,900 was realized, an average of \$3,657.50, said to be the highest amount and average yet obtained in a sale of modern works here or abroad.

—Mr. Spurgeon, though only restored to his own pulpit, with characteristic Christian courtesy has agreed to preach a missionary sermon at the approaching anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It has been suggested that Exeter Hall be secured for the occasion, in order to allow as many as possible to hear the gifted Baptist preacher.

—Music is the sound which one's children make as they romp through the house. Nothing is the sound which other people's children make under the same circumstances.

—There are three tunnels under the Alps, and a fourth is being bored. The one now in construction is that of the Simplon Pass, which is traveled from Geneva into Italy. The lengths of these tunnels are as follows: The Arlberg Tunnel, the most eastern one, is six and a half miles long; the Mont Cenis, the most western, is seven and three-fourths miles long; the St. Gothard is nine and fourth; the Simplon will have a length twelve and a half miles.

—A correspondent of the Baltimore Baptist cannot "call to mind a single person, not a church member, who is in the habit of sleeping in church." Is this exclusively a Christian weakness?

—We must have often noted the way in which men everywhere honour the hero of yesterday, and neglect or depreciate the hero of to-day. Mr. Moody has presented a true picture of this matter. "If you had asked in Abraham's day who the greatest man was, they would have said Enoch, and not Abraham. If you had asked in Moses' day who their greatest man was, he would have been nothing, but it would have been Abraham. If you had asked in the days of Elijah or Daniel, it would not have been Daniel or Elijah—they were nothing—but it would have been Moses!" So men build the sepulchres of the prophets, while they depreciate the prophet who speaks to them.

—With an iron constitution, steel nerves, brass cheeks, and a silver tongue, man can line his pockets with gold.

—Never do what your conscience condemns, however you may be urged by others, or whatever immediate pleasure the act may promise. A wounded conscience will give you pain, and the pleasures of sin will soon turn to wormwood and gall.—Ex.

—A celebrated Scotch divine: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been supreme, we know by the name of God."

—That great gift "grace" will come in continuous bestowment to all saints in Christ; wave upon wave, as the ripples retreat shoreward, and each in turn pours its shute on the beach, or as pulsation after pulsation makes one golden beam of unbroken light, strong-winged enough to come all the way from the sun, gentle enough to fall on the sensitive eyeball without pain.—McLaren.