

# Messenger and Visitor.

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NO 51.

**ATTENTION!**—If our brethren intend to help the circulation of the **MESSENGER AND VISITOR** on their field, now is the time. Hundreds are ready to take the paper if asked to do so. Who will give a day to this work this week?

**—MOMENTS.**—The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the property of the Mormon church, over and above a certain amount, shall be confiscated and appropriated to the public school fund.

**—PITIFUL.**—What a pitiful state of things is revealed by this clipping: It is pointed out that of the sixteen negroes who are incarcerated in England, all but two are females; and that the applicants for admission to these reformatories for females are always very far in advance of their possible accommodation.

It is no wonder that the temperance movement is making great progress in Great Britain. When the demon head of the liquor traffic is thrust into the holy of holies of the home, it is time to cease temporizing and begin a struggle to the death.

**—MASSACHUSETTS BAPTISTS.**—According to the report of the State Convention of Massachusetts, there have been accessions by baptism to 269 churches, to the number of 2,757, an increase of 556 over last year. The net gain in membership has been 1,671.

**—REVEREND MEMBERS.**—Mr. Spurgeon is very careful in recommending the church to receive candidates for baptism and church membership. He examines each one in the most searching way. On a recent Sabbath he rejoiced greatly because a larger proportion than usual gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart.

This shows that every week many who apply for baptism do not stand the sifting process. It would be a red letter day for all our churches were all pastors as careful. In how many cases do pastors and churches baptize candidates without any examination at all. If they speak in meeting, or rise for prayers and show some concern, we fear they are often hurried on to commit themselves to the most solemn of all professions—death to sin and resurrection to a new life.

In the case of moral men, if they are received into church membership unconverted, as they do not subject themselves to discipline, they almost certainly will continue unconverted to the end, and the terrible awakening. For them there will be no earnest appeal. To treat them as lost sinners would be considered next thing to an insult. There is next to nothing to awaken them out of their delusion. If they have misgivings, the fact that the church accounts them saved will help to quiet them. The Lord save us all from helping to delude souls to their ruin and from being deluded to our own.

**—NORMAL CLASS.**—Bro. G. O. Gates has a Normal Class for scripture study. It is proving a great success. About fifty attend one evening each week and go over the lesson assigned with eager interest. If it be kept up, and there seems no doubt but that it will, its members will gain a general knowledge of the scriptures which perhaps few of our ministers have. It was our good fortune to see one of the lessons on the blackboard. It contained a great amount of information put in such a form as to assist the memory through the eye. We call attention to this work, in the hope that others of our pastors may take it up. We are sure Bro. Gates would give information about text books, &c., there is such a great need of a more thorough study of the Bible. Such a class is invaluable for teachers.

**—VALE.**—Rev. H. O. Pentecost has had a change of life. He began as a Baptist minister, became an open communionist, joined the Congregationalists, adopted George's labor theories, offered for mayor of Newark, became the champion of the Chicago anarchists, and has now made his change in the following words:

My theological and practical thoughts began five years ago while a Baptist minister, and led me to withdraw from that denomination. I am no longer in sympathy with the church as an organization, or with evangelical Christianity; and therefore I must withdraw bodily from both.

When a man begins to swing he is apt to continue till he flies off the handle. He is not told what he will next join as better than the church and evangelical Christianity. Perhaps he will go upon the stage, or become a leader of the anarchists.

**—A RELIGIOUS PAPER.**—In our tours we have asked brethren in the ministry about the influence of our denominational papers to the families of their flocks. They have been unanimous in the testimony that the young men and women whose parents have had the paper in the family right

along are, as a class, much more intelligent, and become more active and useful in the churches. They declare the difference between those and those who have grown up without a religious paper in the home is most marked. This fact bears its own practical lesson. Let none of our church members rule out this good influence from their families. Let those who appreciate the paper do their best to put it into families now without it. Is not this a work for the Master which touches what is very fundamental to success and growth as a people?

**—NO BETTER OFF.**—The Church papers in England have been making a good deal of capital out of Mr. Spurgeon's "Down Grade" articles and the controversy growing out of them. They have referred to all this as proving the failure of dissent and the superiority of the Established Church. It is replied, however, that the Established Church has no reason for boasting. What is arousing the alarm of the best of the Nonconformists exists in the Establishment in still greater degree, and does not even evoke protest. The following, published in the *British Weekly*, is a terrible arraignment of the Established Church, and that the grounds for it so manifestly exist may well cause grief among others than Churchmen. Mr. Horton, in the *Weekly*, says:—

"The Established Church is half spiritual, half worldly, half a matter of winning souls, half a matter of getting the cure of them and making a living 'out of it, half a matter of politics, half a matter of religion, half an engine of the State, half an instrument of Christ, a thing which recognizes as its earthly head a King Charles II. or a King George IV. of blessed memory, or any other person whom the freaks of birth in royal households set upon the throne, and yet tries to recognize Jesus Christ as the true Head at the same time; an institution which, of all institutions, is most of the nature of a compromise."

**—COMMENT.**—We commend the following to our churches—and to each individual reader, and add our AMEN in small capitals:

"We want to whisper a word confidentially in the ear of every brother, and in both the ears of every sister in each church. Christmas is coming; things cool, the minister has a pretty tight fit to get along; sometimes he feels discouraged; now and then the good wife scrapes the bottom of the meat chest and the flour barrel; there are just as many children as there were last year, or perhaps one more; children do not usually grow very smart or require any less clothes and bread and butter from year to year. Now, wouldn't it be very easy to raise among the people, say \$100 before Christmas, to give the minister and his wife as a present, in memory of him who came on a Christmas morning? Would it not do the minister and that sweet, often wearied woman, his wife, a great deal of good? There are always lots of people who are willing and able to do; but they do not think of it, the moment somebody suggests it, they say, 'Why, yes, by all means, I never thought of it; I am very much obliged to you for reminding me.' Not a soul will be poorer; and many souls will be richer and happier. The minister will with new heart thank God, and labor for the souls of those who have bound themselves anew to his heart."

**—WHO SHALL MAKE A START?** Why, you, dear reader of course. No, no, not somebody else; you, YOU.

**—WHO WILL RESPOND.**—Our valued contemporary, the *Canadian Baptist*, in referring to the statement made a few weeks ago about the work and needs of Acadia, says:—

The institution has done nobly in the past. It may be doubted whether there can be found anywhere a College which, with so small an income, can show a better fifty years' record of work accomplished. Surely in view of the grand past and the grander possibilities of the future, old and new friends will once more rally around Acadia and give her such an impulse as will carry her triumphantly over the crisis on which she is now entering. "Crisis" is not too strong a word, since not to go forward is to fall behind. There is no standing still for an educational institution in these days.

Let old and new friends come to the front at once. Read Bro. Coburn's request and send in a Christmas offering.

**—LEADING SPIRIT.**—A minister wrote to a friend asking him to name the leading spirit in a certain church, where he desired to preach as a candidate. The reply was, "The leading spirit in Blank church is the spirit of criticism, but the chairman of the pulpit committee is so and so." It is not stated whether the good man became a candidate for the pastorate of that church. Have any of our churches this ugly spirit as their leading spirit?

—Three million women in the United States work for money. Of these 600,000 are agricultural laborers, mainly in the cotton fields of the South; 640,000 are employed in manufactories, and 530,000 in the laundries of the country; 280,000 are milliners, and 200,000 find employment as dressmakers, 60,000 earn their bread in tailorships, and 1,690,000 are saleswomen, teachers, telegraph operators, typewriters, bookkeepers, typesetters and nurses. There are 2,500 female physicians.

**Jesus my King.**  
BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Jesus my King, my brother friend,  
Thy love from every danger will defend!  
And in temptation's darkest hour  
My refuge is thy holy power.

Jesus my King, when human pain  
Has made my life seem almost vain,  
A voice from Heaven sweetly came  
With peace and comfort in Thy name.

Jesus my King, Thy love for me  
Has made me give my heart to Thee,  
And with the trust that love creates  
My soul upon Thy word awaits.

Jesus my King, Thy work for me,  
From death and hell has made me free;  
And by Thy grace from day to day,  
My step pursues the narrow way.

Jesus my King, how blest the sound!  
While serving Thee, such joy is found  
That from 'far Canaan's sacred skies  
A golden foregleam charms my eyes.  
West Jeddore, Dec. 14, '87.

**Chips from Southern California.**

A little more than a year has passed since we said "good bye" to many loved ones in Nova Scotia, and directed our steps toward the setting sun.

We have tried to commit our ways fully to the Lord, believing that he would direct our paths, and we have never yet regretted that we came to this sunny clime. Just one year ago to-day, Dec. 5th, my wife and I stepped from the cars on to the platform of the railway depot at Riverside, and by the light of a full orb moon, took our first look at the long-wished-for orange groves and tropical shrubbery. One year a sojourner in a strange land, but by the tender mercy of our Heavenly Father we have not often "hung our harps upon the willows,"—a year of discipline, and yet we trust a year of growth, and a year in which we have seen very clearly the guiding hand of our covenant-keeping God.

My health, since coming to this genial climate, has been slowly improving, and now it is so far established as to allow me to fill the office of General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of this city. I feel very thankful for this partial restoration of my over-worked nerves and brow, and hope this is only the earnest of a complete and permanent recovery.

But let us say to all my brethren in the ministry, "Put on the brakes before you are compelled to do so, else you may be forced to put them on when it is too late." I have found by a painful experience, that it is much easier to run down than to build up.

When I accepted of the situation in the Y. M. C. A. it was with much doubt and fear, lest I should lose the strength already gained, but I am happy to state that I believe I am stronger now than when I began the work three months ago.

I have enjoyed the work very much; and as an Association we have evidence of God's favor. I never knew before what a grand sphere of Christian work was open to the Y. M. C. A. Scores and hundreds of young men from almost every state in the Union are coming here, with their cheeks still moist with their mothers' tears, and the Association stands ready to welcome them with open doors and open hearts. Plans for a fine brick building, four stories high, costing over twenty thousand dollars, have been accepted by the Association; and work commenced. That is the way they do things here, and this is a city of only some five thousand inhabitants.

You see there is money here, yes, and pluck and push, too. I might cite many things to show that this balmy air of California doesn't take away the moral muscle, though it may the physical.

**DR. HOFFER**  
paid us a flying visit and expressed himself greatly pleased with Riverside. We were right glad to see him and wanted very much to hear him, but he had already received an anonymous call from Sacramento at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, so he had to come to return to the northern part of the state. His pulpit magnetism made itself felt at Los Angeles, where he preached three Sabbaths, and we see that the press comments most favorably on his preaching at Sacramento. We sincerely hope he will find his lost vigor and return in a few years to his native province.

The religious status of Riverside ought to be good, for there are some ten different churches and a number of religious societies such as the—Missionary, the King's Daughter, the Temple Builders, &c., &c. In addition to these there are the W. C. T. U. and Y. W. C. T. U., who are pushing on vigorously the temperance work. One almost needs paper and pencil on Sunday to note the pulpit announcements. You will see from the above that the women here, old and young, take a very prominent part in carrying on all church and temperance work.

But I wish particularly to speak of

Baptist interests in this town. The Baptist church in the last few years has grown very rapidly, and to-day it is probably one of the strongest, if not the strongest church in Riverside. The congregations are outgrowing their present building and they are contemplating erecting a new church in the near future. Last winter there were large additions to the church by letter, and Baptists from the east are coming faster than ever this winter.

The ministers here do not have to pull against the stream of emigration as in Nova Scotia, but they are constantly borne along on a flood tide of immigration. In looking over the congregation, you will see quite a sprinkling of Nova Scotians, about twenty-five, and some of them stalwart, active Christians, such as brethren C. A. Whitman, J. D. Cook, late of Acadia Mines, and John McG. Cunningham, of Guelph, and others. When I am able to preach, I shall have no difficulty in finding a Nova Scotia audience on American soil. What a comforting thought is this, that our Good Shepherd is leading us, and when I am ready for work that the place will be ready for me, whether it be here or in my own loved land.

**RUSH OF PEOPLE.**

So many are coming to California from the eastern states and Canada, that the railroad companies find themselves greatly strained for cars and engines to convey the passengers here. In fact, at Kansas City, hundreds of people are obliged sometimes to wait for several days. When the eastern trains arrive there, they say it is an exciting time as the passengers push and scramble and run to get seats in the west-bound train. The rooms and houses for rent here are getting pretty well filled up.

**ASHAMED OF JESUS.**

The other day I was told a story of a young soldier who, the first night he spent in a large room of a barracks in Ireland when the time came for turning in, looked around very anxiously to see if any of his comrades would kneel in prayer. Before he left home he had promised his old mother that, night and morning, wherever he might be, he would read a few verses in the Bible she had given him, and ask God to bless them to him, and to keep him in all things. The conversation in the room during the evening, as one by one the men dropped in from pack drill or from the canten, had given him an unpleasant feeling that they were an ungodly set, and as the time drew near for either publicly keeping his word or breaking it, he became somewhat nervous as he thought of what might be before him.

One by one the men "turned in," not one of them having knelt in prayer, and as the young fellow stood by his cot-side, Satan whispered to him not to read or pray before such a lot of men, but to wait until he could fulfill his promise in private. For a moment or two he hesitated, and then there suddenly flashed across his mind the lines of an old hymn he had sung many a time in the Sunday school:

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hope of heaven depend?  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name."

In a moment the little Bible was out, and when the few verses had been read, the young fellow, a soldier of Jesus then, calmly knelt down. In a moment there was a storm of missiles flying about him; but he heeded not, determined as he was, not to be ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Night after night this went on, but gradually the opposition became less and less, and at last ceased altogether; and then to his surprise, one night, as he rose from his knees, another man was praying. Ultimately eight men in the room were reading their Bibles and praying night and morning.

Sometimes it is hard "to stand up for Jesus," but it needs only a look at our master and a prayer for help, audible to Him only, and we get strength. We must always remember that, if we are His, Christ dwells in us, and is within reach of a whisper or even a glance.

There are many ways of denying him. Sometimes by our cowardly silence when we ought to speak, and very often by speaking when we ought to keep silent, sometimes by selfishness when we ought to deny ourselves, and in many other ways which Christ feels; but the great secret of victory over these and other sins is in "looking unto Jesus." In the Irish Rebellion a little drummer lad was captured by the rebels, and threatened with instant death if he did not beat a certain signal to deceive the king's troops. Without a moment's hesitation the brave lad jumped into the head of his drum and destroyed it, and was killed, preferring death rather than disloyalty to his sovereign.—*Word and Work.*

—Dr. Lorimer doubts whether racing has improved the breed of horses, but is certain that "it has wrought a marked deterioration in the breed of men."

**Herr Krupp.**

[The following sketch of Germany's great iron king will interest our readers. It also carries its solemn lessons.]

Herr Krupp was the Tubal-Cain of modern times, and his achievements in hand work and brain work inside of fifty years probably surpassed all that his prototype accomplished in an antediluvian lifetime. He was so busy that one reading the record of his labors and inventions would imagine he never slept. Indeed he used often to say, "Man will only find rest after the soul is freed from the body." His temper and character seemed to assimilate the material of his trade; for the epithet, "man of iron," belongs to him by right of merit. He was harsh, vindictive, stubborn, and implacable. His men, and even his own family, had bitter cause to know this. When his son Fritz contested the seat in Parliament for his native borough of Essen, and the candidates of the clerical or "ultraconservative" party defeated him, Herr Krupp gave orders that no employe of his should read or take home one of that party's local papers. Soon after, discovering that a poor workman had wrapped his dinner in a copy of ultraconservative journal, he sent for him, and discharged him on the spot. Of the strange cowardice which makes him the dark side of our present picture, the cause of his separation from his wife is a lurid illustration. A relative of his wife, while on a visit to his home, suddenly fell sick and died. Herr Krupp, when he heard of it, refused to enter his house, but fled to Düsseldorf, and staid there till the funeral was over. Mrs. Krupp's very natural remonstrance against his conduct so enraged him that she found it impossible to live longer with him, and from that time she made her home in Dresden. He remained relentless to the last; and when, in his sickness, she sent word asking to visit him, he sternly resisted the entreaties of his son to let her come. He would not see her. The weakness which sent this "man of iron" dying from a funeral scene was a long known and inseparable trait, and he even took pains to make it conspicuous. He never forgave any one who spoke to him of dying. The greatest manifestation of death could not bear the thought or mention of death. It was a standing order throughout his vast works that no one there should ever refer to it in their conversation. No man ventured so much as to utter the word death, for fear of provoking the wrath of the cannon king. As Krupp grew old, the horror of the inevitable end constantly haunted him, and finally, when sickness came, all the most famous doctors in the German empire were sent for in turn to attend the unhappy millionaire.

The last was Chascoler Bismarck's own physician, Dr. Schwenker. A few days before his death he said to him, "My dear doctor, make me live ten years longer, and I'll gladly give you a million." One cannot help recalling the dying shriek of Queen Elizabeth: "Millions of money for an inch of time!"

**The Light By Lonely Rock.**

That is a very tender story concerning faithfulness in humble places, which Jean Ingelow has related for us. It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators. One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore, a young girl, toiling at her spinning-wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea. At last the morning came; and one boat, that should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat. And half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked again: this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till it was laid in the grave; then she lay down on her bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun. So many banks of yarn as she had spun before, for her daily bread, she spun still, and one bank over to pay for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story, for fifty years—through youth, manhood, into old age—she turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mist, dreary moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor was never once without the light of that small candle. However far the fishermen might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of safe entrance into the harbor. And so it is all these fifty years that they light it using thus out of devotion and self

sacrifice, helped, and cheered, and saved. Surely this was a fitting chance for service in a humble place. Surely this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness. Surely the smile of the Lord Christ must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went forth to bless and to guide the fishermen to their little boats upon the sea. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5: 16.—*Selected.*

**This, That, and The Other.**

—A sceptic asked a clergyman: "If after death we are to enter another world, why do we not have here some knowledge of it?" "Way did you not have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the crushing reply.

—The King of Siam has given the Baptist Mission at Bangkok \$340,000 in aid of a school and hospital.

—An old farmer on his deathbed, recalling those words—"To an inheritance, incoheritable, and undivided, and that fadeeth not away, reserved in heaven for you," looked up and said with a smile: "I'll soon be a laird!"

—What wonderful attractions some Baptists possess! So wonderful that even Money feels it. While Money once gets into their pocket, you cannot persuade it to come out again and leave them! No, not to build a church, not to rear or furnish a parsonage, not to make up a sufficient salary for the pastor, not to secure the weekly visits of a religious paper, not to assist in endowing a College, not to further the support of a mission! And sometimes this wonderful attraction pertains to all the Baptists in the membership of a church, and largely to all the churches in the territory of an Association! What is the secret of it?—*Index.*

—Of the 6,436 Presbyterian churches in the United States, 1,201 are without pastors. Most of them are in the West. There are about 400 with a membership of less than fifteen persons each; 135 of these have less than five members each.

—If you wish your children to be successful in life do not be all the time making a drudge of yourself to give them an easy time in their youth. Teach them self-reliance as soon as possible, and that nothing is more honorable than for each boy and girl by some honest labor to make their own support. In this, do not do for your children what they can do for themselves if you wish to develop them into strong men and women.

—We have 23,000 licensed places for selling liquor in Canada, and an army of 750,000 moderate drinkers, 50,000 drunkards' children, and every year 5,000 poor creatures fall into a drunkard's grave. In this Canada of ours we dole out \$372,000 to Christian missions in a year, and in the same time we spend \$80,000,000 in drink.—*J. W. Lambly.*

—It is said that one's turn to be killed on the English railway does not come till 7,367,739 journeys have been made. That is to say, that that proportion of journeys has been made during the past year to each person who has been killed; 725,584,390 journeys were made last year, and only ninety-five passengers were killed.

—A sailor whom the late Mr. Gebbie of Dunlop once spoke to, said he was not sure that Christ died to save him. "Suppose," said Mr. Gebbie, "it had been written in the Bible that Jesus Christ died to save sailors, would you not have been sure it was for you?" "I would," said the sailor. "Well, could you not be as sure when it is written that He died to save sinners?" "Is it not as certain that you are a sinner as that you are a sailor?" Another man professed to be troubled with the same difficulty. Mr. Gebbie quoted the verse: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." "Yes," said the inquirer, "these words were spoken to Jews." "Well," said Mr. Gebbie, "there is another passage which says—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'" "Ah," said the man with a smile, "you have me now. I cannot deny but I am a creature."

—Love desires no wages; it is wages enough to itself; it pays itself in seeing and serving the beloved. A nurse does much for the child, and so does the mother; but the former for the love of wages, it is later for the wages of love. Love carries meat in the mouth; the very doing of God's will is meat and drink to one who loves him.—*Jemlyn.*

—The death of John W. Quick, a 14-year old lad, at Philadelphia, a victim of excessive cigarette smoking, was investigated by Coroner Ashbridge. A medical examination showed that death was accelerated by cerebral congestion due to narcotic poisoning, the result of excessive cigarette smoking.