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Poetry.

Bayard Taylor.

Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom,
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves,
Watch him silent as themselves.

Al, his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er;

Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest,
He is gone who was its guest—

Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller, in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space
Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet, thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the past,
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend—but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells,

And to-day they toll for thee—
Lying dead beyond the sea—

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

H. W. Longfellow.

The Passing Year.

BY REV. J. E. MILLER.

Old age is the harvest of all the years that have gone before. It is a barn into which all the sheaves are gathered. It is a sea into which all the rivers and rills of life flow from their springs in the hills and valleys of youth and manhood. We are each building a house in which we will all have to live when we grow old. We may make it a prison or a palace. We may make it very beautiful, adorning it with taste and filling it with objects that shall minister to our pleasure and comfort and power. We may cover the walls with beautiful pictures. We may spread luxurious couches of ease on which to rest. We may store away great supplies of provision to feed upon in the days of hunger and feebleness; or we may cover the walls with hideous images and ghastly spectres and horrid pictures, which shall look down upon us and haunt us, filling our souls with terror, when we are sitting in the gloom of life's nightfall. We may plant roses to bloom about our doors and fragrant gardens to pour their perfumes about us, or we may sow weeds and briars to flaunt themselves in our faces as we sit in our doorways.

All old age is not beautiful. All old people are not happy. Some are very wretched, with hollow, sepulchral lives. Many an ancient palace was built over a

dark dungeon. There were the marble walls that shone with dazzling splendor in the sunshine. There were the wide gilded chambers with their magnificent frescoes and their splendid adornments. There were the gaiety and music, and the revelry. But deep down beneath all this luxurious splendor and dazzling display, was the dismal dungeon and its unhappy victims, and up through the iron gratings came evermore the sad groans and shivering moanings of despair, echoing and reverberating through the gilded halls and ceiled chambers. And there is many an old age that is just like that. It may have many comforts and much that tells of prosperity in an outward sense; but it is only a palace built over a dungeon of memory, up from whose dark recesses come evermore voices of remorse and despair to sadden and embitter every hour and to cast shadows over every dark scene.

It is possible to live so as to make old age very sad. And then it is possible to live so as to make it very beautiful. The other day, in going my rounds from house to house, I came to one door where my ears were greeted with a chorus of bird-songs. There were birds everywhere—in parlor, and dining-room, and chamber, and hall, and all the house was filled with their joyful music. So may old age be. So it is for those who have lived right. It is full of music. The sweet bird-notes of heavenly peace sing everywhere, and the last days are the happiest days.

The important practical question is, How can we live so that our old age, when it comes, shall be beautiful and happy? We must live a useful life. Nothing good ever comes out of idleness and selfishness. The standing water stagnates and breeds decay and death. It is the running stream that keeps pure and healthy. The fruit of an idle life is never joy and peace. The happiest in the world are the busiest. And then again, to be happy, we must forget ourselves, and live for others. Sweet are the memories of good deeds done and sacrifices made. Their incense, like heavenly perfume, comes floating up from the fields of toil, and fills old age with sweet peace. Then when one has lived to bless others, one has many friends when feebleness comes. I see people who do not want to make friends. They are unsocial, unsympathetic, cold, distant, disobliging, selfish. Even in a worldly sense, mere shrewd policy would dictate the reverse of this. The time will come to all of us when we shall need friends. Let us make them now be a life of kindness, sympathy and helpfulness. Let us bind men to us and win a way into their hearts.

Never was there a brighter or more beautiful old age than Dr. Guthrie's, and his motto in life was:

"I live for those who love me,
The good, the kind the true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I may do."

We must live a pure and holy life. An old man, very unhappy, wanted to change his home. He was always miserable and he thought his neighbors were to blame for it. But some one with more truth than gentleness, suggested that it would be no use as he could not get away from himself. Everyone carries in himself the elements of his own happiness or wretchedness. Circumstances have very little to do with our inner existence. It is self after all that gives the colour to our skies, and the tone to the music we hear. The old man, like the snail, carries his house on his back. He may change neighbors, or homes, or scenes or companions, but he cannot get away from himself. Sin puts thorns in our pillows. Conscience violated heaps up sorrow for old age. Sin may seem pleasant at the moment, but you must not forget how it will look from old age, from a dying pillow. Norman McLeod said somewhere that "Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience from a well-watched past." We are hanging up pictures about the walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows. Then, summing all up, only Christ can make any life, young or old, truly beautiful or truly happy.

Only he can cure the heart's restless fever, and give calmness and quietness. Only he can purify that sinful fountain within us, our corrupt nature, and make us holy. Would you have a happy old age? Would you look back from amid the shadows with sweet satisfaction, and forward with a glorious hope? You must begin the walk with Christ in the golden days of youth. Then the decay, and wasting, and infirmities of old age will be, as dear Dr. Guthrie called these symptoms of his approaching death, only "the land-birds lighting on the shrouds, telling the weary mariner that he is nearing the desired haven."

(For the Christian Visitor.)

Small Keys and Great Treasures.

No. 3.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

"Nevertheless."

2 Chronicles xix. 3, "Nevertheless there are good things found in thee." So spake Jehu the son of Hanani the seer, concerning Jehoshaphat, whom he had occasion to rebuke, in whom there were some things to be censured; but Jehu sought for and found other things to be commended. Let this "Nevertheless" be found in the home, and every member of the family be looking for some good thing in those whose faults are apparent. Be as ready to praise the good, as to condemn the bad. In the worst of men there is some trace of goodness, in the best some stain of evil. It does not follow, because a man has some grave faults, therefore he has no great virtues. Human nature is so complex a thing, we shall find on every hand virtues to imitate and vices to shun. Let this "Nevertheless" have a place in every church, let every member be seeking the good points in others, and thus peace will be preserved.

Nehemiah iv. 9, "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them, day and night." "The enemies conspired, all of them together to come, and to fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder the work." Nehemiah and his co-workers had great difficulties to contend with; should they fire up in despair? No; there are two things they will do. Some would have set a watch in the evening without praying to God, others would have prayed to God without setting a watch; they did both, and in this they are an example for us. Let not the Christian worker give way under discouraging circumstances; here is a "nevertheless." The way may be difficult, the work hard, the opposition great, but earnest, believing prayer, and faithful, diligent work, will be sure to overcome every obstacle, and in the end prove triumphant.

Psalms cvi. 8, "Nevertheless he saved them for his name's sake."

They were sinners, and confessed. We have committed iniquity and done wickedly; they were slow of understanding, and understood not the wonderful works and ways of God; they were ungrateful, and remembered not the multitude of his mercies; they were provoking, and provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea. Nevertheless he saved them for his name's sake; precious "nevertheless," here is hope for the chief of sinners. There is nothing in a sinner which can entitle him to salvation, or recommend him to mercy. Blessed be God, he saves us for his name's sake. This brings down the pride of the mere moralist, and abases the self-righteous; it opens the door of hope to the true penitent, and leads the humbled soul to see a motive for salvation, apart from self altogether, and wholly of the Lord.

Matthew xxvi. 39, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Behold the Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane, hear him say, "My soul is sorrowful, even unto death." "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." Then mark the precious "nevertheless," and learn the depth of that love, passing knowledge, which led the Saviour to take the cup of suffering, that we might have the cup of salvation. Learn from this the oftentimes difficult lesson of submission to thy Father's will. How many say, like Joseph,

when his father laid his hand upon the head of Ephraim, "Not so, my father," and would even desire to guide the Father's hand to his own way. But Jesus teaches by precept and example, to say "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," the trial may be heavy, and nature desire that if possible it may be averted, but faith looks to the perfect example, grace triumphs over nature, and cries, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Hebrews xii. 11, "Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The subject is chastening, and the apostle shews that carnal reason judgeth afflictions only by the present, and thus judged, affliction never seemeth to be joyous, but on the contrary, grievous; but remember this is only what it seemeth to be, not what it really is. The "nevertheless" explains it all, and reveals how precious the fruit which afterwards appears, perhaps a long time afterwards. The good of trouble is not generally while we are in trouble, but when we get out of the trouble; sometimes the good of our trouble may not come to us for years afterwards; but sooner or later it will certainly appear to them which are exercised thereby. Mark this and seek not to flee from your afflictions, but to be exercised by them, so shall you realize afterwards the practical benefit, and precious fruits they bear.

Baptists in Berlin.

Forty-one years ago, so far as is known, there was not a Baptist in Berlin. In 1837, Gottfried William Lehmann and five others, the first converts, were baptized by Rev. I. G. Oncken, of Hamburg, and a church of seven members was at once organized, of which Bro. Lehmann was chosen pastor, although he was not ordained till 1840. The good work has gone on until the present membership of the Berlin Church is about 800, of whom between 300 and 400 reside in the city. Since 1863 the pastor has had as co-labourer in the care of this large and scattered flock, his son, the Rev. Joseph Lehmann.

The writer attended their communion season. After partaking of the elements, the church rose, and each member clasped the hand of the one beside him, right and left, while they sang a verse which was lined by the pastor. I offer a translation, which preserves at least the sentiment and the characteristic expressions of the verse. Were I a poet I should give it in lyric form:

United in thy sufferings, Lord,
We that are here join hands,
To pledge eternal constancy to Thee.
In token that our praise is grateful to Thy heart,
Say thou, "Amen! Peace, peace be with you."

A closing prayer was offered by one of the deacons, and then the brethren and sisters respectively "greeted one another with a holy kiss." Here the kissing was evidently as holy as it was designed to be, and it seemed not inappropriately to follow the solemn act of singing, with clasped hands, a hymn of consecration. It is, moreover in accordance with social usage. In Germany it is as common for fathers and sons to kiss each other as for mothers and daughters, and for brothers as for sisters. As the members passed out, they handed their offerings for the poor to the deacons who were stationed at the door to receive them.

This church, in common with others, suffered lamentably from the effects of Pearsall Smith's Perfectionist preaching. Some sixty of the members were so infected with his views, that they withdrew from the church and worshipped by themselves. They did not form a society, as they do not believe in church organizations. Those of them who had previously practised temperance principles, began at once to drink rum and other intoxicants, to assert their superiority to law. They are simple Antinomians. The sixty, notwithstanding their "Perfection," have not been able to live peaceably together, and are now divided into two parties. Sub-divisions will no doubt continue until the entire company is resolved into a number of scattered souls, whose persistence in error will prove (we fear) that they are given over to believe a lie.

Baptist Notes.

The Baptists in the Cherokee Nation number 1,503. Fifty-two are ministers.

Rev. T. Trave, a Baptist minister in Gothenburg, Sweden, writes that in one district, where the first Sunday School was started in 1860, there are now 335 schools, with 879 teachers, and 11,289 scholars.

The health of Miss L. E. Miller, sent out to Rangoon, Burmah, about one year since by the Woman's Baptist Foreign Mission Society of the West, has failed to that extent that she is about, under the best medical advice, to return to America.

The Western Baptist thus protests against Sunday Schools going into winter quarters: "No, Sir; ground hogs may hole up; bees fold their wings; bears stop grunting; snakes cease rattling; but Satan never fails to make a winter campaign!"

"Holfred House," says a history of London, "is a mansion of large extent and magnificence; it has, since the decease of its wealthy proprietor, been transformed into a training college for ministers of the Baptist denomination." It is an ill wind that blows no one any good; the purchase of this property was one of the fruits of the Crimean war. It came into the market just at one of the darkest hours of that sad period. The money market was greatly depressed, and this splendid estate was purchased at less than the cost of its magnificent ball-room.

Religious Selections.

They who make the glory of God their end, and the word of God their rule; the spirit of God the guide of their affections, and the providence of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them as truly as He went before Israel in the wilderness, though not as sensibly.—Matthew Henry.

We speak of the snow as of an image of death. It may be this; but it hides the everlasting life always under its robe—the life to be revealed in due time, when all cold shadows shall melt away before the ascending sun, and we shall be, not unclothed, but clothed upon, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life.—Robert Collyer.

What a marvellous salvation is this! Christ takes a worm of the dust and transforms it into an angel; a black and deformed thing, and makes it matchless in glory, peerless in beauty, and fit to be the companion of seraphs! Oh, my soul, stand and admire this blessed truth of salvation by Christ.—Spurgeon.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.—De Sales.

He that has no love of God, no large spiritual affections, no share in the unsearchable riches of Christ, no sympathies with his brethren, is, in fact, "wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked," and shall one day find out that he is so, however now he may say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." He only is truly rich who is rich towards God—who is rich in God—who has made the Eternal and the Unchangeable the object of his desires and his efforts. He in God possesses all things, though in this world he were a beggar, and for him to die will not be to quit, but to go to, his riches.—Trench.

It is true in matter of estate, as of our garments, not that which is largest, but that which fits us best, is best for us. "Be content with such things as ye have."

Almost sweet is unsavory; almost hot is lukewarm. Almost a Christian is like the Ephraimites who could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. Almost a Christian is like Ananias, who brought a part, but left a part behind. Almost a Christian is like the virgins, who carried lamps without oil; like the willing-unwilling son, who said he would come, and would not.

A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him. That which does not distinguish him from a sinful world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.