

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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By J. E. HOPPER, A. M.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

HO! REAPERS.

President Garfield's favorite hymn, sung at his funeral, Sept. 26, 1881.

Reapers of life's harvest,

Why stand with rusted blade

And the night draws round you

And day begins to fade?

Why stand ye idle, waiting,

For reapers more to come?

The golden morn is passing,

Why stand ye idle, dumb?

Trust in your sharpened sickle,

And gather in the grain;

The night is fast approaching,

And soon will come again.

The Master calls for reapers,

And shall he call in vain?

All sheaves lie there ungarnered,

And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,

And crush each error low;

Step back no words of knowledge,

That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,

In service of thy Lord,

And then a golden chariot

Shall be thy blest reward.

Correspondence.

A FREE AND EASY.

To the Reverend James Lamb.

MY DEAR FELLOW.—It is now several years since we were at College. There we enjoyed that interchange of thought, and feeling which is peculiarly characteristic of young men having before them the same goals. Life in all its breadth was before us. How inviting the future, we gazed down the avenue of time! We saw many things in that bright prospect, some of which have grown into reality, others somehow have not yet shaped themselves as we expected. We both have been blessed with homes in the wilderness, our children are fast growing to manhood and womanhood, and a fair share of the responsibilities of our time have been laid upon us.

Well here we are in mid-life, hardy, exchanging a post-card once a year. I know it is nobody's fault; it is just come to be so. Now it has just struck me to write you a free-and-easy, now and then. You will indulge me in all sorts of ways, as you used to do. You will not be over particular about style, for I have been obliged to cultivate a work-a-day habit of writing, which is not as severely classical as the one we used to mark out for ourselves. But you know how it is yourself, for are not you like myself, a modern apostle!

There are a good many subjects I want to talk over with you, I hardly know where I shall begin. Probably I will put my hand in as into a grab-bag (do they have them at your years?), and take whatever comes first. You will pardon me if my epistles oscillate so as to move between the bright colors of the sunrise and the darkness of midnight. The same thinness of outside still torments me, and so I am rapidly borne from gay and lively to severe, to

invert and alter the sentiment of the poet.

Of course, while I may speak of things in general, the tenor of these epistles must be decidedly shabby. I cannot help that you know, and would not think much of myself if I talked of everything but the one thing for which we live. At the same time, be prepared for "perfect freedom," as my deacon says. I have learned that banter and fun, are good things, and you I suppose still relish your little joke! You would be an odd minister, if you did not keep me from those solemn idiots, who always look as if about to officiate at a funeral! who come up to you and groan, or grunt, as they inquire after your health—who pronounce the benediction, and ask you into their carriage in the same sepulchral tones. Fancy! I wish I could make you laugh in every sentence. I would be perfectly jovial, if I could, for it would be the life of me! The missionaries have told me that if it were not for the freedom of their social intercourse—for the jollity of the missionary table, they would sink in despondency. So I shall paint with as broad a brush as I can command, believing that we are born to smile, and that the Christian pastors ought thus to unbend themselves. Please take up your pen and say whether this will be agreeable to you. Do write me any way, for there are few to whom I can speak out all my heart.

Your affectionately,

PERRIE LYON.

Pleasant Parsonage, Oct. 11th.

For the Visitor.

ONTARIO LETTER.

St. Catharines, Oct. 10th.

DEAR VISITOR.—The long drought has broken, and we have had for a week or two refreshing rains; too late in coming, however, to lighten up the prices of butter and other things. We were favored with a visit from Bro. Goodspeed, who looks, and acts, and speaks none the worse at least, from rubbing against German minds. We were delighted also with a visit from Dr. Day. We will be glad to welcome him to Ont., should Providence direct him here. Happy must be the church that has the full orb'd light of day.

The people of St. C. are making us at home by many manifestations of their friendliness and kindness, and last evening we were cheered by a baptism. May it be but the beginning.

Yours truly,

W. H. P.

P. S.—The skirmishing has begun, preparatory to the great fight here on the Scott Act.

The text yesterday was, "And the drinking was according to the law," Est. 1:8.

For the Visitor.

DEAR EDITOR.—It is an old saying that troubles never come singly, and its truthfulness has been verified in our case. On the twenty-seventh of September, Mrs. Edwin Frost (Mrs. Stewart's sister) came to Parrsboro to make us a visit, was taken sick soon after arriving and died on Sunday evening, Oct. 9th, at 11 o'clock. Six weeks ago Samuel Manzer (my sister's husband) was taken down with typhoid fever, at Eatonville, forty miles from here, and died on Monday morning at 5 o'clock, Oct. 10th. There was only about six hours difference in the time of their departure. Both were triumphant deaths. I stood at Mr. Manzer's bedside in his dying hour, and heard him say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mrs. Frost spoke lovingly of her Saviour during her brief illness. She was a member of the Methodist church in St. John, N. B. Mr. Manzer has been for many years a member of the Baptist church at St. George. Mrs. Frost was 27, Mr. Manzer 46 years of age.

W. J. STEWART.

Parrsboro, N. S., Oct. 1, 1881.

AN IRATE RECTOR.

DEAR EDITOR.—Last Sunday morning the Rev. Richard Simonds, rector of Dorchester and Chaplain of the Maritime Penitentiary, called his people to an account, for affording pecuniary and other material aid to other denominations. He reminded them that in a previous sermon preached about a year before, he had warned them against the same thing, but that his sermon had not resulted in turning them from the error of their ways, inasmuch as they had lately attended festivals of Roman Catholics, Methodists and Baptists.

In the previous sermon, I will say by way of explanation, the Rev. gentleman had instructed his people that in their intercourse with dissenters, as he called them, they should treat them kindly by relieving their wants, and praying with them in cases of sickness and distress, but in no case afford any aid that might tend to their support as denominations. His sermon on Sunday was more special in its condemnation of all churchmen who in any way afforded material support to Romanists, Methodists and Baptists, particularly the latter.

The first sermon was preached just about the time the denominations mentioned had commenced their new churches, and the last when these buildings are so far on their way towards completion that in a few months they will be finished. The former sermon did not in the least deter the progress of these buildings, and the latter will have as little effect. I only refer to those sermons to show how much bigotry can lodge under a parson's gown in even this nineteenth century.

It is but justice to Mr. Simonds' congregation to say that one of them, William Hickman, Esq., gave the Baptists the site for their church; another Sir. A. J. Smith, gave the Roman Catholics the site for theirs, and a third, David Chapman, Esq., when he sold the land to the Methodists for their church and mission house, made a large deduction from the price. Others of his congregation here contributed handsomely towards all these new churches.

If the denominations have lent one another helping hands in church building. The several Baptist festivals were largely attended by Churchmen, Catholics and Wesleyans and heretofore all these have lived in harmony with one another.

It may not be remiss to remind the Rev. Richard Simonds, that the salary he receives as chaplain of the Penitentiary comes out of the pockets of the people of all denominations and that he owes the chaplaincy to the good will of the son of a Baptist Minister.

Yours &c.,

C. E. K.

Dorchester, Oct. 11th, 1881.

TABERNACLE NOTES.

With this week we close for the season the operations of our Tabernacle Flower Mission, it has proved a most pleasing and profitable work, and evidences have not been wanting of the Master's approval, and much pleasure has been ministered to the sick and dying. About one thousand and six hundred bouquets and text cards were thus distributed.

SCRAP BOOK MISSION.

We propose during the winter to give and loan scrapbooks at the hospital and among sick people. Will you please help us? Cut out pictures and suitable reading matter and send me, if you cannot afford time to paste them into an old ledger or scrap book.

Think how much you may do to while away tedious and painful hours by giving them something to amuse and instruct, and if done judiciously you can thus preach for Jesus.

The good work goes on at the Tabernacle, we have just finished the 5th yearly volume of *Buds and Blossoms*, and want 100 extra names for the next issue. Ministers and school-teachers shall have it for fifty cents per year. We have circulated five million five hundred and twenty thousand pages, will you not help to extend this work?

In December we shall celebrate our own seventh anniversary as a new church, will you not try and show your good will towards our work by donating a trifle to make up the \$5000 we so much need and must soon have; if you do, we will at once, as a church add \$150 a year to our benevolent contributions to denominational objects outside ourselves. We ask of you a small thank-offering towards this our building fund.

Last Sunday I preached at St. Andrews and baptized two converts for the pastor of the church, Bro. Haverstock who seems to be doing good work and is valued by his people. In the evening I preached at Stewiecke and was cheered by a lady saying, "I thought I would tell you, your service here six years since was a blessing to my son, two years ago he joined the church and dated his life from your visit."

J. F. AVERY.

Halifax, N. S.

P. S. I am just organizing a *Tabernacle*

and Tract Society. Will you work with us?

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

BY W. W. BOYD, D. D.

A Christian is a genuine disciple of Christ. The founder of Christianity said, "Go ye and make disciples of all the nations" (Matt. 28:19). But what is a disciple? Literally, a learner. Therefore Christ said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me" (Matt. 11:29). A disciple, then, is a pupil, and a right-minded pupil loves his teacher. Christ's words are "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" (Matt. 10:37). But love implies obedience. "Therefore, if a man love me he will keep my word" (John 14:23). If we truly love Christ, we shall love what he loves, and hate what he hates; in short, we shall love holiness, and hate sin. To be a Christian, therefore, is to love and obey Christ. If this reasoning is correct, then we may know whether we are Christians or not. Love is self-evidencing. It requires no mathematical demonstration to convince a child that he loves his mother. The evidence is intuitive, a matter of personal conviction. And so a Christian has the witness in himself. He can say with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

Now, we have not only this inward attestation of love, but also the outward test of obedience. Take the sermon on the mount; do we try to live up to it? Have we the mind of Christ? Is it the distinctive principle of our life to uplift the whole man, body, soul and spirit, to "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?" But Christ has left us certain positive commands. He asks us to confess him before men. Do we trust to him as our personal Saviour and Redeemer? He commands us to be baptized. Have we put on Christ in baptism? His dying words were, "This do in remembrance of me." Do we sit at his table and remember his matchless love and sacrifice for us? He urges us to love one another, as he has loved us. Do we cultivate Christian affection and delight in Christian fellowship? His last words were: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Do we possess a missionary spirit that embraces the world and owns the race as our creditors? Have we a passion for souls—a burning desire to lead others to Christ?

Are these words of Christ remembered and obeyed by us? If so, then are we Christians? If not, then are we without Christ and with no hope of eternal life. The more perfectly these commands of our Lord are obeyed by us, the more perfect Christians we are.

Being a Christian, then, is a matter not of mere feeling; it is a matter of fact. Christian profession is to be tested not by emotional feelings and ecstatic states of mind, but by the inner and outward Christian life. Obey Christ and your cup of joy will run over; you will have as much inward peace and happiness as your nature and temperament are capable of. The mistake too many make is, to seek after the delights of religion before they have complied with its condition of obedience—to seek after the light before they have done the Christian duty which lies nearest to them. Let such remember the Saviour's words, "If any man is willing to do my will, he shall know of the doctrine. If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." It is in the doing, not for the doing, that there is great reward.—*Baptist Flag*.

A BAPTIST HERO.

There is some ferment in France, on the question of "liberty of conscience." It took its rise in the act of an obscure Baptist, by which he asserted this liberty for himself; walking in "the footsteps of the" Baptist "Rock" through all the ages—for it has been the mission of our people from the first, to "trouble the waters" on that question, as though an "angel of the Lord" came down for healing.

It is the custom in Romish countries to bear about in public procession, for adoration as divine, what is called "the Host"—that is, a bread-wafer, which the priest professes to have transformed into the body and blood, with the soul and the divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ. Worship

rendered to that wafer, must, of course, be, in the eyes of every true Baptist, sheer and shameful idolatry.

Now, France has a law, ordaining that such a procession shall be attended by a military escort; and that law requires every soldier in the escort, when the Host is elevated, to kneel and "present arms" before it, as before the Creator and Redeemer of the world! But Corporal Taquet, of Laou (the Baptist of whom we have spoken,) felt that he could not "do this great wickedness and sin against God." When detailed to take part in the escort, therefore, he made a respectable representation of this conviction to his superior; but without effect. His scruples were overridden and he was compelled to serve. When the test came in the command to kneel, twice over he remained standing. For this insubordination, though he had always shown himself an orderly and faithful soldier, he was confined four days in prison, and after trial before a military commission, suffered a further imprisonment of three weeks, with "particulars of harshness."

Even a Romish newspaper in France denounces these proceedings as "an intolerable scandal," which may seem wonderful. But no wonder that the case of Corporal Taquet, with the similar case of a lieutenant at Auxonne, has given rise to a movement for the repeal of the law in question, and all enactments of kin to it. No wonder that there seems ground to expect the substantial adherence of three-fourths of France to this movement.

GUTEAU AND DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

Some questions of very grave interest are evidently to come to the surface and to undergo a thorough discussion as the result of the President's death. One of these is the question, Did God, incite the spirit of Guiteau, and is he thus the responsible cause of Garfield's death? That God is in all things, is cordially believed. That there is a divine plan running through and harmonizing all things, we must also necessarily admit. But there is a wide difference between God's *causative* and his *permissive* decree. God caused worlds, in the beginning, to fly forth from his omnific hand, quivering, dancing, with glad and joyous life. Here power is directly put forth and exercised in the execution of the divine plan and purpose. God *permits* pestilence to walk in the darkness, sweeping whole communities, betimes, the result of wrong and unhealthy physical conditions. Cause and effect stand closely related here. The cause, however, is secondary, not primary. So in the case of our President's assassination; it came as the result of a wrong and abnormal condition of national life. And—reverently be it said—God cannot prevent either the physical or moral pestilence without a thorough reconstruction of law, or secondary causes, whereby his purposes are wrought out. God permits pestilence and evil in society for wise and high and holy ends, and when we come up higher we shall understand these things as we can not now. But that he directly causes them, is a thought full of irreverence and shocking to our faith.—*Recorder*.

DON'T WASTE VITAL ENERGY.

The most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack, or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhood or youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by wrong indulgence in early manhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left, be it little or much. Therefore:

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.

2. Don't work too many hours a day, whether it be farm work, shop work, office work or house work.

3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in a ventilated and sun-purified room.

4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.

5. Don't fret yourself or anybody else, nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.

6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, nor disheartened by bad luck.

Positively, be self controlled, calm

and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience and have a cheerful trust in God for all things and both worlds.

Rev. J. Clifford spent the Sundays of his recent annual vacation in London, with the object of attending various representative places of worship of all denominations. In the current number of his magazine he gives the result of his studies of the sermons. After asking what is the verdict on modes and methods of preaching that can be based on hearing twelve sermons, he adds:—"The best sermon of the twelve (judged by the test of practical helpfulness to men) was given without a note; and so was the worst but one. The next best was read word for word from beginning to end; and so was the worst of all. Each really effective sermon bore witness to the hard work of a living, thinking man; a man alive to the present necessities of his hearers, and to the fullness of Christ's Gospel, and in passionate earnest to do men good. This is the main thing; but next to it, it seems to me, remembering the speaking I heard at the Medical Congress as well as what I have heard on these holiday Sundays, we ought to learn somehow or other to give the results of such work, as a rule, and on ordinary occasions and with ordinary themes, without the intervention of the MS. But every man must decide for himself. Preaching is a means to an end. We must be sure about our end—see it clearly and always, and work up to it with the means that, in our honest judgment, there and then appear to us as the best."—*London Baptist*.

Nobody likes to say a word against the revivalistic work that was so popular a year or two ago, and that is yet to a certain extent depended on; but facts in regard to it should neither be denied or withheld. One of the most earnest men in London is the Rev. Newman Hall. He is also a man ready to take hold of any reasonable method of helping on the work of the kingdom, and will not be blamed by any one with being restrained by prejudice from acknowledgment of a good cause. He has been repeating recently what he said some time since respecting the results of the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London—that it was not permanently of great value. This speaking of the effect of it in connection with the admission of church members he says:—"I hailed that visit, took part in it assisted in the 'inquiry room' and occasionally preached in connection with it. Some of the services were held in Surry chapel, yet out of a membership of one thousand three hundred we have not three who are the fruits of that mission."—*United Presbyterian*.

FISHING IN LITTLE PAILS.—At the recent conference of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College Students, as related by way of illustrating the wisdom of fishing in little pails as well as in deep seas, that when unable, through illness, to preach at the Tabernacle, and yet able to move from one room to another, he is accustomed to conduct a brief service at Westwood for his own servants and others who may wish to come in. On one of these occasions a gardener was converted, and interested in the change which had come over her husband, the man's wife wished to know if Mr. Spurgeon would again preach in the parlor next Sunday. "Yes," answered the convert, "if he does not get well." On the next Sabbath he repeated the little service, and the wife was won to Christ. Mr. Spurgeon remarked on this, "I might not have done so well at the Tabernacle."

This reminds us of a little anecdote which we happen to know is true. One of the best pastors that ever lived in Georgia and who is still living and well known to some thousands of our readers, was once asked, "How is your church getting on?" "Oh," said he "finely, finely!" "What! have you had a revival?" "No, but what is commonly called a revival; but yesterday we succeeded in excluding the last one who was received into the church during the great revival we had seven years ago!" Let no one suppose that *The Index* does not favor revivals. We merely wish to show that "all is not gold that glitters." There is a good deal of glittering stuff that looks like gold, but which is worthless.—*Index*.