

# Messenger and Visitor

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Dr. FRANKLIN JOHNSON, for some years pastor of the Old Cambridge church and one of the Baptist leaders in New England, has accepted the presidency of the Ottawa University, Kansas. "A Little Bird" chirruped pleasantly and wisely in this issue. We are sure our readers will always wish the latch string left outside to this correspondent. But perhaps "a little bird" would prefer to come in by the window. In that case the window will be open.

—TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.—A wide-awake brother has called attention to the fact that, according to the published travelling arrangements in connection with the Convention, sufficient time is not given, in the case of some railroads, to enable the delegates to reach their homes after the close of the Convention. The matter has been brought to the notice of the committee, and the time extended till Aug. 30. The amended arrangements will be found in another column.

—THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—Rev. H. C. Mable, D. D., of Minneapolis, having accepted the appointment of Home Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, intends, as a first step, to acquaint himself more intimately with the missionaries and their work, and to this end will sail from San Francisco, Aug. 23, for Japan, China and India, intending to return by way of Europe, so as to reach America in time for the annual meeting in May next. It is also reported that there will be a change all round among the district secretaries, and that Dr. W. S. McKensie will be transferred from the New England district to Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

—AFRICA.—In this manner Stanley speaks of the iniquities carried on in the dark continent, and the remedy for them:

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and the Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employees; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been seized and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed.

—BECOMES A BAPTIST.—Rev. Mr. Harriman, some years ago a college friend of the writer, has lately left the Congregationalist body to become a Baptist. Mr. Harriman is a graduate of Harvard, and is spoken of "as a man of marked ability, of varied attainments and consecrated purposes." He has been pastor of important Congregational churches in Bangor and Providence. He was recently baptized by Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston, and received into the fellowship of the Clarendon street church. Referring to his change of church relationship Mr. Harriman says:

My spiritual progress during the last four years has been steadily toward a deeper reverence for the authority of the sacred Scriptures; and when I find that Jesus was immersed, and that the early church immersed, and that scholarship of all denominations admits substantially what Dean Stanley says, that "the very meaning of the word" baptis signifies "complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters," I cannot feel much patience with myself that I have so long consented to stand upon the insecure foundation of assumed exceptions to the rule, or the presumed right of individual or church to set aside a command of our Lord, and especially a command with such sacred associations as this: Our Lord's own act; the custom of the early church; the admitted etymology of the word; the condition of the church when immersion gave place to sprinkling; the surroundings of our Lord and His disciples when they administered the ordinance; the object of the ordinance, as well as the beautiful symbolism contained in the act of burial beneath the waters, and emerging from the waters.—all these form a chain of presumptive argument which puts upon the practitioner of any mode but immersion a mighty burden of proof.

The Christian Endeavor convention meets in Fictou, Nova Scotia, on August 13th, 14th, 15th. A grand time is expected. A large attendance of delegates is assured. Rev. Dr. Clark, of Boston, is to deliver some of his very helpful addresses. Many interesting papers are to be read. A number of addresses will be given. Everyone who can should go.

## Correspondence.

To one born and reared amidst the privileges of progressive and evangelical Protestantism, a sojourn in the province of Quebec is full of interest and instructive beyond measure. During June I was permitted to spend a few Sundays with the First Baptist church, Montreal—a city by the way, of which every Canadian should be proud. Situated at the point which nature forms the chief distributing centre for the Dominion, an unlimited increase of population and commercial importance is for it not only possible but inevitable.

The city has now three Baptist churches, and, if one may judge correctly on so brief an acquaintance, there are before these churches unparalleled opportunities for growth. The First church has lately extended a call to Rev. Donald Grant, now laboring in the state of New York, and he will enter upon his new pastorate Oct. 1st. He will find a united church with a membership of consecrated and willing workers. Surely the Master will hear prayer and make this band of hopeful, loving Christians, headed by so brave and true a man, a mighty power for good in Montreal.

In acceptance of an invitation received early in the spring, I am spending the months of July and August with the Baptists of Quebec. Quebec has now a population of some 80,000. It is a city of wonders, beautiful for situation, but not the joy of the whole earth. Here Romanism reigns. The marks of the beast are everywhere. The percentage of English is not large. Our denomination has one church in the city, but unfortunately we have no permanent pastor, and the church is looking anxiously and longingly for some man of God who shall lead them in their glorious struggle for liberty of conscience. Whoever the Master may send here will find many warm and sympathetic hearts ready to rally round the standard, and to put forth noble and self-sacrificing efforts for the advancement of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Forty years ago a young English preacher landed at Quebec and entered upon his life work. He was welcomed by some half-dozen Baptists, who rejoiced to have one come among them to be their leader. He found no church, no place of worship, no Sunday-school. But he was rich in faith. On every side he faced a solid wall of Romish bigotry and race prejudice. Under such conditions and in the face of such difficulties, David Marsh began a work for Jesus Christ, which after thirty-nine years he only laid down at the call of death. He left a flourishing church of some 100 members, maintaining in connection with it regular prayer meetings and Sunday-school, and accustomed to contributing largely to the financial support of outside Christian work. Beside all this he left a sowing of the precious seed whose reaping the unfolding Book of Eternal Remembrance will alone reveal, and a life-long example of a beautiful Christian character whose light will burn brightly in the midst of this great darkness, a never-dying, a never-fading witness to the glorious power of a life hid with Christ in God.

I place this faithful, saintly man of God among the Judsons and the Careys of Baptist history. Alone, yet undismayed, he worked and prayed in the face of a benumbing, pitiless indifference, all the more terrible because so constant. David Marsh is gone, but he has left a challenge and a charge to the Baptists of this fair Dominion which we must accept. Where he laid down his burden we must take it up. I fear the majority of Maritime Province Christians have never yet grasped the true condition of the Province of Quebec. Here reigns supreme the superstition and hideous mummery of the fifteenth century. Liberty of conscience among two-thirds of the people is unknown. The suppression of intelligence and denial of individual independence carried on by the church of Rome for over two centuries has dwarfed the intellects and beggared the pockets of the masses, until this great province has become a country of children who live and think exactly as their "superiors" dictate. The church is nothing more than a vast money making machine operated at the expense of the poor. In all country parishes the farmers, over and above the regular civil assessments, are forced by law to pay an annual tax to the church. Beside this a long list of regular and irregular charges and fees wrings from the poor man his hard-earned pennies and keeps him a constant contributor to that terrible greed of gold which is the most noticeable feature of the "true" church. In all times and

in all places the word of the infallible church is, "Pay your money or lose your souls." It is high time for the Protestants of our fair Canada to awake out of sleep. We look to India and see fields white for the harvest, but we have never yet grasped the sad and terrible fact that within the bounds of our own country, in one province, there are one and three-quarter millions of immortal souls for the most part yet in nature's darkness. We forget that these men, who, under the grinding heel of the mother of harlots, have lost their claim to intellectual or moral backbone—we forget that these are by their votes, cast under the direction of a church the open and avowed enemy of civil and religious liberty, what laws we and they shall have.

All countries have their national problems. Ours is the province of Quebec. No force can change this evil. No aggressive legislation can purge the sore. The change must come from within, and must be the outcome of education and the inculcation of the principles of the simple gospel.

It is the duty of the Christian churches of Canada to send missionaries to the province of Quebec. The work needs men who are ready to take up a life of hardship, of obscurity, of persecution, who are ready for the sake of Jesus Christ our common Saviour, and for the sake of these our fellow-countrymen, bound in the galling chains of a medieval autocracy, to come to this province, learn a strange language; work patiently, lovingly, hopefully, in the face of constant discouragement until in God's own time the leaven thus thrust in will have leavened the whole lump.

The gospel of Jesus Christ, the joyful message of soul-liberty, must save Quebec. Let us not blame the people. They are stumbling, as best they may, along a hard path, illumined only by the faint gleams of a false light sputtering amidst the gloom of five hundred years ago.

A change is coming. The present condition of affairs is unnatural—contrary to the spirit of progress. When a break does come this province will become infidel or Protestant, according as they receive the light now. Work is being done. Grande Ligne is working silently but mightily. Here in the city Rev. E. J. Stobo heads a noble effort to place the open Bible in the hands of the people. The success of his work is gratifying, but what are these among so many? In view of the principles we hold and teach, as a denomination we owe it a solemn duty to God, we owe it to our country, we owe it to ourselves, to enter in through this open door and possess the land. Let no man think that this question is not a real one. The Christian Canadian who so thinks is deaf to the commands of Christ, and blind to the best interests of his native land. And so long as the Baptists of Canada look upon this matter with comparative indifference, so long shall we be recreant to our trust as champions of personal rights and religious liberty.

CHAR. A. EATON.

Quebec, July, 1890.

## The Bird of the Air.

A little bird chirruped his congratulations to the new editor—and as the first duty of every one is to herself, would first of all ask for the same indulgence to her twitterings as was given by the other man. . . . He let me gossip away, and you must let me, and nobody else, tell you certain things. You won't sit on me now, will you? Please put in every thing just as I write it, and if I pick up a scrap of paper with something good on it, you will not refuse it, because you can write something so much better. Indulge a poor little birdie, and don't crush her with your giant strength. She is actuated solely by the desire to assist you, not to air her own ideas. She is the pink of single eyed birds. Now, then for our gossip. I put in my very best work in this line.

Our minister says he must have a rest. What for I do not see. I can talk all the time, and never feel the least weariness. He says he must go somewhere, but where to he cannot just tell. Some advice him to go to P. E. Island, but he says that there are so many Baptist churches there, he would have to preach all the time. One says, "Go to Tanook," but there is a Baptist church there. A suggestion is made to get him off to Sable Island, but he declares that he will not go to a place where there are so many good horses. All the ministers like good horses, and a minister makes 'em so cross as to be asked to drive a pony. Where he will go to, to please him, I am sure I don't know. Maybe he will do as one of the preachers did last year, stay home and preach only one

sermon for a while. They say that is as good as a "vacation" of some kind. Maybe it is, but I think they ought to bundle him off to China, and so give us a rest, and himself too.

Now for the bits of paper I've picked up. With some I line my nest, as with this, which I always hope to keep:

"God careth both for birds and men," This other I found just outside of a certain parsonage in X. County. It looks like the print of a paper, "by many thousands the most widely circulated Baptist paper," etc.:

One of the most gifted and consecrated ministers we ever knew went without a charge for years because some people said he had not sufficient capacity of "leadership." It is true that he did not give his time very largely to organizing "societies" and superintending "committees" among his congregations. He by no means neglected practical details, but they were not his chief interest. What he did do with a power seldom equalled was, to uplift and stimulate the spiritual life. All who listened to his preaching and came within the influence of his character received an impulse to purity and Christliness that was of incalculable benefit. And yet he made no sensation and had no great numerical and popular success. His church was not an ecclesiastical workshop perpetually reworking the whir of religious machinery. But, after all, is there any ministry in the best and highest sense, more important than that performed by men of this sort? Let the churches thank God that they have as many such men as they have.

My master is "strong temperature." He goes on awful against "turning God's image into a swine," as he says. So I picked this little bit off his lips as he was reading his *Examiner* 'tother morning:

How many people encourage the notion that a man who won't stay sober after he gets her! That was a sound, if homely philosopher who said that he "didn't believe in rain's up gale for the salvation of fellers."

I heard him crying out, "Wife, wife! Listen!"

"The elder son is not hard to find if honestly looked for. I know who he is," said a earnest pastor, who, while studying the parable, caught himself one day in a fit of envy and impatience over the avowal of a reformed drunkard as an evangelist, "the elder son is myself."

Poor man—he seemed "wisely 'ficed," as if some sweet balmy air had been wafted to him—kinder loosenin' up all his nature—and I saw somethin' 'a-glistenin' on his hard old cheek.

## Something on Foreign Missions.

BY M. B. SHAW.

The tide of interest in our own mission work is rising. In nearly all the churches visited during the three months campaign just now closed, the pastors have shown hearty sympathy with the work. In many pastorless churches, noble leaders are keeping the subject alive through missionary prayer-meetings, aid societies, and general conversation concerning our Teigu enterprise. Wherever it has been possible for our missionaries to meet the people and speak to them, a keener and more intelligent interest is at once noted.

The work before the denomination in the direction of India is of great importance, bringing weighty responsibility, and brightest promise of abundant blessing. A million and a half of Telugus have been allotted to the Maritime Baptists as their share of the world's unhappy, unsexed, Christless inhabitants, whom it is the duty of Christ's followers to evangelize—speedily. Shall we not manfully assume the responsibility and press the work forward with untiring energy?

## A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Since it is not the prerogative of any mortal man, or mortal Board, to say to this man "Go!" and to that woman, "Come!" and they must go and come, a call must be constantly sounded out among the people for volunteers. Volunteers from among our consecrated, educated, young men are wanted at once. There is room for at least twenty-five at this present moment. The work at any of our four stations on the field is too much for any one man to attempt. No man can accomplish impossibilities. If he attempts such a thing, disaster is inevitable, to the work, to the man.

Volunteers from among our devoted young women are wanted at once. Opportunities for preaching Jesus to the thousands of "shut in" heathen women of India are to-day unlimited—to Christian women. I quote from a letter written a few months ago by Mrs. Elizabeth Sole, the founder of Senana work in Calcutta, to Dr. Pierson of New York: "In 1860, my husband was ordered to Europe, when I heard of the arrival of Mrs. Mullins and her daughter. . . . When she came she was introduced to the ladies of three sanas. From that time the work spread rapidly. . . .

So anxious are the ladies in the sanas for instruction that where we have one female missionary we ought to have a hundred, and would if the Christian church were alive to its responsibility."

The italics are mine. Volunteers are wanted to stay at home and shoulder this end of the burden. Men and women who will volunteer, in church capacity or singly, to support alone a missionary family. Men and women who will volunteer to support a lady friend of theirs who may offer to do Senana work for Jesus. Other men and women who will volunteer to do their best in the fear of God to fill the treasury of the Lord.

## A SPECIAL CALL.

Who among the orchardists of the Provinces will volunteer to place before the Board of Foreign Missions as a thank offering to Jehovah the proceeds from the fruit of one of their apple, or pear, or plum, or cherry trees? Who of the grain growers will volunteer to follow suit, or lead the way, with the proceeds from their first ten bushels of clean grain of this harvest? And are there not very many who can easily do this and honor God with their substance and help carry out His glorious purposes!

West Advocate, July 29.

## W. B. M. U.

"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

## Winter Bonnets.

BY DOROTHY FRENCH.

(Conclusion.)

"Helen, I'm so glad that you could come this week, for you are in time for our annual missionary meeting, which is always a pleasant gathering, and you possibly can gain some hints to take home," said Mrs. Cook to her friend Mrs. Seymour, who had come to spend some weeks.

This was the first evening that Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Seymour had been together in several years. Their friendship began in their boarding school days, but, unlike so many of these friendships, had grown stronger instead of weaker as the years went by, though they had not seen each other as often as they wished, for Mrs. Seymour, since her marriage, had lived in a western town, too distant from Mrs. Cook's home in an eastern city to allow of frequent visiting.

"O Alice," said Mrs. Seymour, "are you just as crazy about missions as you were before you were married?"

"Yes, indeed, Helen, I am even more interested, for I can do more now than I could then. Have you not yet become interested? Don't you attend the Women's Meetings?"

"To tell the truth, Alice," replied Mrs. Seymour, as she leaned languidly back in her easy chair, "I know but very little about missions. I never call, but really I never ask whether it is to home or foreign missions I'm contributing. I believe there are women's meetings in our church, but I have never been to any. I cannot say whether they are well sustained, for none of my acquaintances go."

"Why, Helen, I should think you could do so much, for you have plenty of time."

"Alice, that's what everybody says, and I'm tired of hearing it. People suppose since I lost my children, and as we are not keeping house just at present, that I have nothing to occupy my time. I belong to a literature class and a painting class; Walter and I are members of a reading club, and a musical society, each of which meets every two weeks, and besides we have a good many social engagements. My days are filled pretty full."

The second day of this conversation, the annual meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the church of which Mrs. Cook was a member. Mrs. Seymour, out of deference to her hostess, consented to attend. If she had felt it would not have been a rudeness to refuse going, she would have greatly preferred remaining at home in the well-stocked library, to spending the day listening to dull reports or hearing speeches from returned missionaries. How Alice, with all her culture and education, could be so unenthusiastic that she was willing to give up so much of her time, seemed only a strange whim to Mrs. Seymour.

"Well, I'll be a martyr to-day for the sake of friendship," thought Mrs. Seymour, as she entered the church.

It was a surprise to her that a missionary meeting could be of enough interest to bring together as many women, young as well as elderly, so she saw gathered there. It was a new experience, for never before had she been in such a company. The opening exercises were listened to

by Mrs. Seymour in a dreamy sort of a way, in fact it was doubtful if she really heard anything, for her thoughts were far removed from the place. It was not till the secretary was half through reading her report that Mrs. Seymour roused herself to take an interest in what was going on.

The secretary said that accidently there had come to her knowledge a case of self-denial that showed there were women, even in this materialistic age, who were willing to make sacrifices in order to contribute to advance the gospel. Then, without mentioning any names, she told of what Mrs. Grey and Isabel had done.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, "I wonder if that is really a fact. If it is, they have done more than I would have done."

At the close of the meeting, when Mrs. Cook introduced Mrs. Seymour to the secretary, Mrs. Seymour said, "Was that instance you related true, and will that woman and her daughter really wear their old bonnets for the sake of missions?"

"O yes, indeed," replied the secretary, "and they should be very much hurt if any one should know of what they had done."

"I only mentioned the circumstance in the hope that it would stimulate some of the rest of us to do more than at present we think we can."

The weeks had slipped quickly by and the time had come for Mrs. Seymour to return home, and the two friends were having their last chat in the library the evening before Mrs. Seymour was to leave.

"Alice," said Mrs. Seymour, quietly, "I want to thank you for taking me to that missionary meeting, for the story of those winter bonnets taught me a lesson that I mean to profit by when I go back to my church."

"Helen, I thought it would be strange if you could go to this meeting and come away without getting aroused to the duty of caring for missions. I was anxious to have you attend," said Mrs. Cook, her face glowing with the enthusiasm she felt for the cause that was so dear to her heart.

"I am very glad I accepted your invitation and did not follow my own inclination, which was to spend the day in the library, for never before was I so impressed with the responsibilities of the women in our churches as I was that morning when I listened to the reports of what the women in this city had done or were planning to do in the future."

Mrs. Seymour returned to her home with a determination to use her time for other than merely social objects. She was impressed with the fact that one earnest, enthusiastic woman held within her grasp the power of a wonderful influence.

Mrs. Seymour's opinions had always had considerable weight in the town. If any undertaking, either charitable or social, was planned, it was the aim of the projectors to secure her name, either as a patron or a manager, in order to gain the attention of the community.

The next week after Mrs. Seymour's return to her home the Women's Mission Meeting was surprised, one might say even startled, to see her in attendance. Still more were the ladies amazed when she briefly told them of what she had learned during her absence, and her regret that with all her ability in the way of time and money she had never done anything but give her annual dollar for mission work.

"Can it be possible that Mrs. Seymour, the leader in all our society matters, has taken up missions?" said one and another, either in sarcasm or amazement, when it became known that Mrs. Seymour had been to the Women's Meeting.

The Women's Meetings were no longer poorly sustained, for many sisters who hitherto had been lukewarm, caught the infection of Mrs. Seymour's enthusiasm and followed her leadership in this direction as gladly as they had done in other affairs. A new impetus was given to the work of the church, that had for many years been in a condition like unto the one in Sardinia, with the name of living, but in reality dead. The church no longer self-centered, looked out upon the fields already white for harvest, and sent the reapers to gather in the grain.

When word came back to the Eastern city of what had been accomplished in a Western town, no one had cause for a greater rejoicing than did Mrs. Grey, because her offering had been accepted.

"Isabel," said she, "our old bonnets were worth a deal more than we thought."

"Yes, mother, you planned better than I. You were a cheerful giver while I gave grudgingly."