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Messenger and Visitor

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WHO WILL BE AT CONVENTION?

The brother who rises to a point of order will be there. He always is. He is very tenacious of Baptist usage. Everything must be done just right—that is, just as he thinks. And why shouldn't he be there? He serves several purposes. He helps patience to "have her perfect work" in case of a good many brethren. He takes up lots of time. Just once and a while he does keep the Convention from running off the track. Sometimes, too, he gets a chance to speak more than twice to the same subject.

The brother who is a master of details will be there. He is never absent. What are great principles compared with details? Do not the great things ever hinge upon small things? And are not principles great and details small? Therefore is it not as plain as argument can make it that principles depend upon details, and if we look out for the details the principles will take care of themselves. O yes, this brother will be at Fredericton, and he will have his say too. It may be he will have a good many "says." And why should he not be there? and why should he not speak as often as he pleases? Are we not, to the last man and woman of us, independent, and who shall interfere with our liberty to discuss a detail to death? This is the best end that can be put to some of these little nuisances,—we mean the death; but the Convention is often half killed before the hard lived little sinners will lose their grip of the "master of detail," and through him of the long-suffering body. But we would not speak disparagingly of this brother. He has convictions. Often there are details upon which much depends, and this brother sometimes hits upon this detail. He also takes up a good deal of time and this, considering that we have so long a time in which to attend to the little business of our Boards is a great point gained. If it were not for him some more time might be wasted on the great principles which ought to take care of themselves.

There is, also, another brother who will be there. We refer to the brother who must speak upon every question before the body. No business can be complete without him, and he must be there. Often he does not waken up to a full idea of what is before the Convention, until all that can be said upon it has already been told. Then he arouses himself and goes over all the ground again, much to the dead — we mean— edification of the sleepy delegates. Still, it would not do for the convention to vote until it knows this brother endorses what the previous speakers have said. He may, also, now and then, make a point which has not already been made. Then, he helps to fix in the minds of the hearers what has already been said, and this serves a very scriptural and important purpose. Then, too, it must be remembered there are only a few who have any right to speak in convention, and if some brethren did not speak often, too many of the brethren might get the opportunity to speak once.

Time would fail us to speak of the brother who is ever standing for his rights, as if there were a conspiracy to defraud him of them; of the brother who is the champion of the laymen against the ministers; of the brother who is ever ready to criticise and never ready to encourage; of—well, we will leave the others to be found out by the brethren, in due time.

Let no one think we mean him in what we have said in this communication. It is always the case that the one who takes a thing not the one intended. The one we aim at is sure to dodge or pass the shot over to the brother we don't mean. So, if any one says, the editor means me, he is sure not to be the brother intended; but if any one is ready to say, that is a good hit at brother so and so, he may be the very one himself. It may be there are more than one in each case mentioned. Anyway, if any one don't like the characterization, let him be sure and act so that no one shall suspect he is one of them.

We must, however, refer to two other classes. There will be those there who will listen to all the statements of the needs of the work, and of the perishing souls the work is to help save, and will go home to say little and do less, in the way of practical aid.

Thank God there is another class, and our heart of hearts goes out towards its members, and we speak of them with joy and gratitude. We mean that composed of those whose souls are burdened with the thought of the great world's need; who come up to listen with eager attention to the information and the appeals at our great gathering of our tribes; who, with small salaries, or limited resources, give until they feel it, and are thankful for the privilege; who may not, many of them, have much to say; but whose hearts are stirred to the depths and filled to the full; who will go back to their fields and callings to do more and give more to help supply the earth's direful need. Again we say, thank God for the large and increasing host of men and women of large heart and earnest soul who will be present at our convention, and who will also be kept at home. May the Lord add to their number, until all our Baptist host shall feel the pulse throb of a mighty, self-sacrificing zeal from the soundless depths of the heart of our dear Lord.

THE WEEK.

The government, at the last moment, determined to attempt to carry a tithe bill through the House of Commons. As our readers have been informed from time to time, the Welsh are in the fever heat of excitement over the payment of tithes. They are almost all Nonconformists; and think it not to be borne longer that they have to pay to sustain a religious belief they reject. They have refused to pay, unless under the utmost pressure of law. It is to ease the situation that this new bill has been brought in. Coming from a Tory government whose most devoted henchmen are the bishops and leaders of the establishment, it is little wonder that it should be drawn up in the interest of that church. It was proposed to levy the taxes from the landlords, in amendment to the original bill. This received the support of many of the Unionists, and came within four of carrying. The government then yields the point. This, however, will not help the tenants much. The landlords will, doubtless, make the rent proportionally higher, and the tenants will have to pay, all the same. They will only pay indirectly.

The inrush of Gentiles into Utah, since the railways broke up the preserve of the Mormons, has, at length, overwhelmed the saints in their stronghold, Salt Lake City. At the last election, nine Gentiles were chosen to the state legislature, from that city.

Word comes that there is to be an exodus of fifty thousand negroes from the the South, to Kansas and other northern states. This is due to the ill treatment received from the whites, in many sections of the country.

If the reason for the insurrection in Crete be as reported, the Cretians will not deserve the sympathy they have received in time past. The situation is thus explained: The Island has a government of its own, and the Liberals have come into power in a recent election. Naturally enough they demand their share in the public offices, and the Governor, who is appointed by the Sultan, complied with their demand. This proved highly offensive to the Conservatives, who first tried to have the Governor removed, and not succeeding, brought forward a bill in the legislautre to unite the island with Greece. In this they were also defeated, and their last resort was rebellion. Several towns have been already seized, the authorities in many places are demoralized, the Christian residents are leaving the island. The Sultan has called out troops to put down the insurrection and restore order, but his movements are so slow that Greece has appealed to the great powers to intervene, but they decline.

The political papers of the U. S. quite generally are forced to admit the absurdity of the claim to lordship of Behring sea, and that the seizure of the Black Diamond was a violation of national rights. How much better the patience manifested by Great Britain than the resentfulness of the past of the smallest affronts, which made such occurrences so provocative of war.

The Montreal *Witness* calls attention to the report of Counsel General Muller, of Frankfort, on the economic condition of Germany. He regards the country as in great danger. The *Witness* says: "Mr. Muller believes that commercial disaster will result from the national triumphs of German statesmanship, that men's minds have been too much taken up with political and diplomatical questions and affairs, and that business interests have been neglected, or, at least, the minds of Germans have been so unfitted for business affairs that these have been unwisely managed, and are being more and more so, until disaster seems inevitable." And adds: "Certainly, there are not wanting indications that Mr. Muller's conclusions have some foundation. The colonial projects of Germany have been in no case successful. German manufactures, especially of metal, which two years ago were so largely run upon, are now avoided, as they proved anything but cheap, though very low-priced. The bounty system, especially as regards beet root sugar, has proved so costly, so uneconomical, that Germany was glad to get rid of it."

— The annual report of Mr. Spurgeon's college, recently issued, shows that during the thirty-three years of its existence 800 or more men have been educated for the ministry, and that 602 of them are still working as pastors, missionaries, or evangelists. Out of this great number only twenty-three have turned aside from the glorious work of the ministry to secular callings. No fewer than 83,037 have been baptized as the fruit of his students' labors since the college commenced its work.

German Correspondence.

It is time I said something about the town of Lyck itself. Like all other German towns and villages, the houses cluster thickest about the church, as a brood of chickens under the wings of a motherly hen. A few refractory chicks, however, have had a mind to shift for themselves, and in the near neighborhood devote their time to earth-scratching and bold contemplation of the heavens from a standpoint quite apart from that of the mother protectress. These are great, staring, red brick *Kasermen* occupied by the soldiery stationed in the town. For Lyck is on the border across which the Russians and Germans look continual blue-coated and helmeted menaces at each other, and like every outpost on both sides is armed to the teeth. All day long the parade grounds are covered with squads of exercising infantry and cavalry. Daily the air resounds with the beating of drums and the noise of marching. Let our opinions of warlike nations and of "periodical military growlings" be what they may, he must be more than human who can see a body of well-drilled soldiers marching to the sound of music and not feel within himself some spark of the military spirit. It is a remnant of our kinship to savages. The English, of all other civilized nations, understand best this—call it, if you will, brutal element in human nature, and have no scruple in putting their soldiers into scarlet shooting-targets for the sake of arousing it to the utmost; and then this German military music! It gets into the very finger-ends, leaping and thrilling through the veins, faster and faster as the many-voiced instruments strive and trumpet together, till with every drum-beat and foot-beat the commonest of men feels himself for the moment a hero. The real heroes have the hardest time of it, even in the making of music,—not to speak of their regular business. Not long ago an officer in Koenigsberg had a notion to try what stuff heroes are made of. After a long day's tiresome drilling he ordered his men to march back to the barracks singing, "and that pretty lively, too!" It was a long, long way to their quarters, and the day was hot and dusty, and the men out of sheer weariness had neither the strength nor the spirit to obey. Did my fine *offizier* allow the matter to rest here? Not he! Right about, back to the starting place, and return! every man of them singing lustily both ways instead of one, and stepping as sprightly as if the days' work had just begun,—that is how these sons of Germany show their love and obedience to the Fatherland. How did they ever do it? My good friend, they simply *had* to, and not even a grumble wasted on the subject either.

But by far the most interesting part of Lyck is the old town, where picturesqueness and discomfort go hand in hand like the dear friends they always are. The principal street, broad as two or three ordinary ones, stretches for nearly a mile around the curving shores of a little lake upon which the town is situated. For hundreds of years the inhabitants of Lyck have done daily penance in this street for the sins of the zealous but mistaken personages who pavèd it. There is no sidewalk, no way for the tortured feet to slip through their purgatory in a comfortable modern fashion; the humbly, jagged expanse slants clear from the house doors to the gutter in the middle of the street without so much as a foothold of level comfort. What a ghastly song that of the poor unknown dead being jolted along to his grave over just such a street:

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
For he's a poor pauper whom nobody owns."

The people of Lyck are getting up a subscription list for a handsome monument to the memory of Kaiser Wilhelm I. If spirits of the dead walk among their loved ones upon earth, methinks the old Emperor would be better pleased with a good asphalt or macadamized road to his memory, to say nothing of his feet.

Yet on a market day there is not a stone nor a heap of rubbish too many to complete the quaint pictures that meet the eye at every turn. On both sides of the street, allowing space for the foot passengers, stand long rows of decrepit vehicles, held from running back into the gutter by still more decrepit looking horses, by all odds the wretchedest of their species. The poor creatures gaze most disconsolately at the little wooden platforms before the shop-doors, where their owners sit and enjoy themselves beer-drinking. Their harnesses are tangles of rope, twine and strings, scraps of leather, and a sort of cloth webbing from which the breast-pieces and traces are made. Scattered about the ground near the wagons, are heaps of straw, hen-coops, and little bags of hay and grain. The wagons themselves are very curious affairs. Some of them like boats, others huge clothes-baskets set upon wheels. The boats have only one seat, and that in the stern where the driver sits. The rest is filled with straw for the motley crowd that comes laughing, talking and screaming into town on a market day,—men, women, children, dogs, calves and pigs, huddled together without respect of person or things. If there be any preference it is given to the pig, who is naturally of an affectionate disposition and dearly loves to nestle under the arm of the prettiest woman in the waggon.

On either side of the gutter are ranged the stalls and booths where meat, bread, cakes, fruit, vegetables, and all sorts of household articles are exposed for sale. Take a look at one of the meat stalls. On the ground outside is a tasteful row of calves' feet, the poor little hoofs hanging over the edge of the gutter in a last vain attempt to run away. Their heads are not far off, though given a more honored position upon three-legged stool set either side of the stall for further decoration. If you stoop a little and peer into the stall itself, you will see perhaps, three or four peasants,—a man, one or two women, and a child, literally buried alive in the flesh of oxen and sheep and swine. To the right of them, to the left of them, above, behind and below them. The man sits in a corner watching the crowd and exchanging jokes with his customers; the women weigh meat, pass money from one greasy hand to another, and make you shudder at the ruthless way they handle those long sharp knives; while the child sits on a low bench quietly knitting and evidently very proud at being allowed a share in the market day. Towards noon, when these stalls have had the full benefit of a bright, warm sun,—then you will do well to pass on as quickly as possible. Farther up the street is a large assortment of crockery, set out on the ground, regardless of possible breakages. The coarse yellow bowls, blue, white, and brown pitchers and mugs, make a pretty show with the sunlight glancing across their shining surfaces. Then there are great sacks of corn, peas and barley, their sides flanked with heaps of potatoes doing their best not to roll off into the gutter. Heads of cabbage look insolently over the tops of long-suffering but pugnacious onions. Apples, oranges and lemons sigh in vain for the long-lost days of youth and freshness, while the veriest swindlers that ever forged the name of cake, waste a more than sweetness on the air. There is a kind of cake peculiar to East Prussia (so I was told and fervently hope it was true) which like Longfellow's good little girl, when she was bad—is horrid! I know of what I speak, for at Easter, according to a custom observed among bakers, there was no bread to be had and we ate nothing else for three days. It is made of flour, very little sugar and eggs, with beer malt in unstinted quantity, to raise it? I thought of certain tea-meetings at White Rock mills, of Wolfville S. S. picnics to Gaspereaux, of Cornwallis sociables, of little suppers the good ladies in New Canaan know better than any one in the world how to get up,—I thought of all these, and silently wondered what our Nova Scotia house-keepers would think of this East Prussian delicacy. Only the fear of being considered light and trivial, prevented me from securing a specimen for the college museum.

There is, however, a great deal of unnecessary fuss made by certain English and Americans about German fare, which, especially in the larger towns and cities, where the daintiest of dishes are daily set before the complainers, has no ground whatever except in the ignorance of those who refuse to find anything desirable outside of their own established customs and habits. The laws of politeness hold as well in a strange land as in a stranger's house, and the old injunction: "Eat what is set before you and ask no questions," is the wisest and only sensible course to follow. B. B.

Berlin, July 15.

From England.

The comparative montony of parliamentary proceedings for some time past has been much enlivened by recent debates on Royal grants, which have brought to light the facts that there is an influential minority in the House opposed to any further grants whatever, and that there is a large majority of opinion that there is room for economy on a large scale in some of the offices connected with the Crown.

It is also evident enough that there is a widespread feeling in the country that while the throne should be maintained as the throne of England should, there is much needless expense connected therewith, and not a few are disposed to alter the phrase, "Our beloved Queen," to "Our dear Queen." That she is both, there is no doubt.

Our future King with the Princess of Wales and two daughters have gone to Chichester for the horse races just coming off. The Prince, with all his good qualities, is rather too fond of this kind of pastime, and of what invariably accompanies it, viz., betting, or, more plainly, gambling, which is sadly common in our land.

The Shah of Persia has come and gone, having spent a busy month in sight-seeing, receptions, watching naval and military displays, etc., etc. He has been much impressed with the greatness of England, especially the Navy. The other day, at Portsmouth, there was a naval display where was a triple line of ships extending five miles. At a given signal the whole fleet fired a royal salute, which seemed to have dumbfounded the Shah and his brilliant retinue. "It is great," said he, "it is terrible, such a multitude of ships, and such enormous cannon,—they could do anything. On the Thames and the Mersey I saw that the commercial navy of England was greater than all the rest of the world, and now I see that her war navy is more powerful than all others." At Osborne he bade farewell to the Queen, who gave him her portrait set in diamonds, which he handed to his Grand Vizier, who attached a blue ribbon thereto, which, when returned, his Majesty placed around his neck, with the picture on his bosom, saying that there it would always remain.

Lord Randolph Churchill, after a long silence, has again opened his mouth. He is taking a political tour in the Midlands, and among his earliest utterances he speaks in unmistakeable language against the liquor traffic. The noble lord is an earnest social reformer, and knowing full well what lies at the root of so much of the poverty and misery of this country, he said: "What a prodigious social reform it would be if we could curb and destroy this destructive and devilish liquor traffic," and he implored his hearers "to recognise that that was the great social reform in this country which must be effected if they wished their country to remain strong, happy and free." I hope the noble lord will make his voice heard and his influence felt in the House of Commons when this question comes to be dealt with there; but from past experience I am one of those who think that it is almost vain to look to Parliament to do much in the way of temperance reform. The brewing interest is too strongly represented there.

I was sorry at being unable to attend the Sunday-school Convention in London to miss seeing brethern Robbins and King, who, I found from the reports, were present. It would have been a real joy to have seen them. I hope they have greatly enjoyed their visit to this country.

I should like to thank, and that very heartily, the writer of the very interesting articles "Concerning Your Native Village and its Surroundings;" they are deeply interesting and instructive, and emphasize the words of David, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." The study of the works of God in Nature is only exceeded in interest and pleasure by the study of His works in providence and grace. There are mysteries deep and profound in both; at the same time the more closely and reverently they are studied the more one is led to admire the greatness, the goodness, the wisdom and the power of God. J. B.

Wincanton, G. B.

From Oregon.

Perhaps many of the readers of the Messenger and Visitor would like to hear from these ends of the earth. The far away land "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing." This no doubt had reference to the mighty Columbia as it rushes with tremendous roar through the cascades. Now this majestic river, had its ears to hear, could listen to the hum of machinery upon its own bosom and to the stir and bustle, and activities of rising cities. An air of thrift and enterprise greets you upon every hand. It is wonderful how much progress this Pacific Coast has made in only a few years. Churches, schools, colleges, asylums, and other institutions have sprung up all over the country. Immense amounts of money have been expended in public improvements. The missionary long years ago penetrated these western wilds and established missions here on the Pacific Coast, these (many of them) have developed into seminaries and colleges. The Willamette University at Salem, Oregon, was once a Methodist Mission, established away back in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, as an Indian Mission. Now a very fine brick building rears its head heavenward. Christened as the Willamette University with nearly five hundred students. The Baptist people are quite numerous here on the coast and especially in the Willamette valley. They have nice and commodious churches and usually large congregations. But it is of this valley and its varied resources I must speak. This valley is 50x150 miles, is beautifully rolling, well watered and very fertile, growing fine crops of grain, grasses, hops, fruit and vegetables. I think it is one of the finest fruit countries I ever saw, never saw fruit so large, highly colored, and flavored as here on the coast."

One very remarkable thing in regard to this country is the climate. In the month of March the grass was from six to ten inches high, and the fruit trees were ready to burst into bloom. In April we had nearly all the early vegetables and fruits on our tables, not grown in California or Florida, but grown in the open air at home. These were as fine as you would ever see in a life time. This valley is well watered and abounds in stretches of prairie and groves of timber. Plenty of coal is found, besides many of the precious metals. The chief industries are manufacturing, mining, milling, dairying, stock raising, lumbering agriculture and fishing. I think the people here in Willamette Valley live as easily as any where in the world.

G. W. Weeks.

— The editor who advises his readers "never to climb a tree after a panther" may mean well, but his advice is superfluous. He should reverse his admonition, and advise a panther never to climb a tree after his readers.—*Norristown Herald.*

This, That and the Other.

The almost interminable controversy between Father Davenport and Lawyer Quigley that has covered so much space in the *Globe* for nearly two years has almost reached finality, as the editor tells the controversalists that they can only have, pro and con, two and a half columns more, "and that no space will be allowed to any other writer on the subject." The controversy that commenced *ipse, ipsa, ipsum*, degenerated into one about apostolic succession, and we rather regret that the editor, after having allowed Mr. Quigley to demolish the succession of the Episcopal church, and Mr. Davenport to do the same with that of the Roman Catholic church, shut down on all others. Perhaps the editor was afraid that someone would set up a claim for some other denomination, and find himself in the position Dean Whately, the celebrated logician, placed all who pursue such a wild goose chase. If I remember aright the Dean called them "insane visionaries." Had the editor allowed us Baptists the use of his columns we might perhaps have been able to show that we, and we only, have all the distinctive features of the New Testament churches, and that we could easily prove it without having recourse to the doubtful sources from which the sapient controversalists have drawn their conclusions.

Most of the Canadian secular papers fight shy of the Jesuit Estate's question. The reasonable conclusion is that the press fears that a full and fair discussion of the subject on its merits would break some of our political shakles, and deliver us from our party bondage. Tory papers and Grit papers seem alike in dread of this spectre that must ere long meet our politicians at Phillippi. This question of racial sectarian dominance cannot long be kept in the back ground. We see in the near future a struggle, and this impresses us with the necessity for preparing for a contest that threatens our religious and political existence.

The sectarian schools of Ontario and Quebec, and the retention of a foreign nationality and laws in the latter province are omnious of no good, and until these questions are finally settled the perminency of confederation will be in danger. The Jesuit Estates' Act, which gives $400,000 to the Roman Catholics of Quebec, is a new rivet in the fetters that already manacle our political limbs *verb. sap. &c.*

The liquor traffic just now seems to have taken a new lease of life, and places us face to face with a serious question. What is to be done? As Baptists we are entirely in accord with the resolution passed at the N. B. Eastern Association "that the sale or use of intoxicating liquors is a transgression calling for church discipline." In this, judgment should commence at the house of God.

The failure of the temperance cause being fairly attributable to the control the liquor traffic has over our polititians, and courts, and to the great ignorance of persons in all walks of life about the mental, physical and social effects of the use of intoxicants, we must, for the present, depend on moral suasion, and try and array all good subjects on the side of the desired reformation, and then reach down to the lower planes where those are, who are by money and rum, so easily made the dupes of designing politicians, and try and convert the latter from the error of their ways, and enlist them in our ranks.

To sum up, the apostolic succession matter does not alarm us, as Baptists, very much, as after reading all that has been said by the two controversalists, we only wonder that they contended with so much acrimony about a question of so little importance to them, as apostolic succession lies without the confines of both their denominations, and they can only have it by coming within the pale of ours. We shall not say more about this family quarrel, and notwithstanding we dislike family jars, we hope the mother and the daughter will long remain unreconciled. The Jesuit Estates' question is a more important one, as it points to a dangerous element in our midst, and one that may place us under the heel of an ecclesiastical despotism. We should study it carefully that we may arrive at a correct conclusion what our duty as Christians and citizens is in the matter. The liquor traffic is now in a similar position to that of negro slavery before the late war, and we must prepare for a contest that will vindicate society against this power of darkness. The traffic can and must be obliterated by an agitation that will place it entirely without the protection of law. Com.

The United States Minister to China after visiting many of the Mission stations, and the churches, schools and hospitals, has expressed in a public address in China, and in letters to friends, the strongest testimony to the greatness of the work of the missionary and the devotedness of their lives. "The missionaries are doing immense good to China, and indirectly to all the civilized world. The tourist who sneers at the missionaries or fails to give them his unqualified admiration and sympathy is, if earnest, simply ignorant. He has not taken the trouble to go through the missions as I have done.