

Messenger and Visitor.

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NO. 7.

—DISCONTINUED.— We have not had many of the experiences referred to in the extract below from an exchange; but if any subscriber to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR should get his back up and feel inclined to write to the editor a naughty letter, we would advise him in advance to bear our contemporary's words in mind and refrain:

After you get angry and stop your paper just poke your finger in water, pull it out and look for the sole. Then you will know how easily you are misled. A man who thinks a paper cannot exist without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back half his friends will not know that he was gone, and the other half will not care a cent, while the world at large kept on account of his movement. You will find things you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard locks. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible the hundreds of presses would still go on printing it; and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published, and what is more—you'll read it on the sly.

—TRUE.—The following from the *Christian Advocate* expresses a view we have long held. The further statement that evangelistic work is the most effective in connection with individual churches might be added, and be inside the truth.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey appear to have concluded not to engage in Tabernacle work any more as a regular plan. After experience teaching them that better results can be obtained by laboring directly with the Church. This decision is undoubtedly wise; and the observations which we have been able to make of their work and that of others long since convinced us that no greater extravagance of power and no greater delusion as to results existed than prevailed at the time the Tabernacle system was in its greatest glory. Of course, we do not speak of missions in destitute districts.

—SUSTAINED.—The *British Churchman* believes Mr. Spurgeon's warning words are needed and his charges true. It says:—

"They who are at all acquainted with modern teaching and preaching, whether in the Established or Nonconforming churches, must be plainly aware that in a large measure it is more surface work. Where are the sermons for building up the saints, for conversion of souls, for magnifying the merit of Christ? Well may Mr. Spurgeon say, 'The Atonement is soured, the inspiration of Scripture is derided, the Holy Spirit is degraded into a influence, the punishment of sin is turned into fiction, and the Resurrection into a myth. A new religion has been initiated, which is no more Christianity than chalk is cheese.' We can fully endorse every word of this appeal. Go into 80 per cent of our churches and chapels, and what do you hear? Dry, uninteresting essays, at times unintelligible, full it may be of eloquence, flowery in their rhetoric, grammatical in construction, but altogether lacking that which edifies, converts, and ennobles."

—SCOTT ACT IN ONTARIO.—The Scott Act has been enforced in Middlesex, Ontario, about ten months. This county includes London, which ranks third among the cities of the province. And yet the Act has been enforced there as the following facts show: Two hundred and twenty-five convictions have been obtained against violators of the Act. \$12,000 of fines have been imposed, and \$9,464 collected. Twelve have been sent to jail in default of payment. Fourteen have fled to the United States. Facts like these should encourage temperance men all over the Dominion where the Scott Act is in force to do their level best to make it effective. It is a grand weapon in their hands if they will but use it determinedly.

—BAPTIST WORK AMONG THE CHINESE OF THE U. S.—Dr. Ashmore writes to the *Chicago Standard* in commendatory terms of the work done by Baptists among the Chinese of the United States. Among other things, he refers to two Chinese Baptist churches on the Pacific coast. He says:—

The writer will not forget his visits to the Chinese churches in San Francisco and Portland. A noble Chinese church is that which has been gathered in connection with the labor of Pastor J. Q. A. Henry, aside from his own church of Americans. There are some seventy-five members, all told, among the Chinese. This chapel is a most cheerful place. Every night in the week they have a school for the benefit of those who wish to learn English, and on Sunday they conduct all their own services. That chapel is a crown of glory to the Baptist church of Portland. From it goes forth a beautiful stream to gladden the Chinese desert around it. The Chinese Baptist church in San Francisco is not so large as the one in Portland, but the former labor under some disadvantages not experienced by their brethren in Portland.

—ENCOURAGING.—We are glad to learn that there are fifty students at Woodstock College, Ontario, having the ministry in view. Woodstock has ever been dominated by an earnest and devoted Christian spirit, which has been of untold worth to the denomination. If, in the race for literary pre-eminence, there should be any lessening of regard for this prime requisite of a Christian college, the loss will immeasurably outweigh the gain. It is to be hoped, in the thought of the enlarged possibilities in reach of our brethren in the West through Mr. McMaster's splendid

request, that the glitter and the dazzle will not blind any eyes to the paramount importance of the controlling spirit pervading the new institution. Especially will it be reason for regret unutterable, if, in the discussion of place and policy, there result division and alienation. Great self-command is needed or this will be the final outcome. We would commend to our brethren of the West one of Dr. Fyfe's grand maxims, "It is better to agree upon the second best course than to quarrel over the first best."

—STILL THEY COME.—Another is to be added to the Ladies' Aid Societies of the Baptists of the United States. They have Ladies' Home Mission Aides and Ladies' Foreign Mission Aides and now there has been started what is virtually a Ladies' Publication Society Aid. A constitution has been published and the movement begun. Of course the object of each of these general societies is to have one of their local aides in each church and to get all the sisters to join them. If this ideal state of things be reached, will it not be cause for sorrow and not joy? With each sister belonging to these general aid societies in addition to all the special societies of the church, the church itself, which Christ and not men has instituted, will be left with little to do and few to do it. But if we must have aid societies rather than make the church the great body Christ intended it to be, gathering up in itself all effort to advance Christ's work on earth, let us have societies for all the great objects of Christian endeavor; for why should the sympathies and energies of our most devoted and active workers be massed on one of the equally important objects and not divided among all. It is a lamentable fact, however, that there is less given per member by the Baptists of the United States, with all that is done by the oldest of the Ladies Aids to help, than was contributed some years ago. If we should but get back upon unquestionable New Testament ground and make the most of it, a church by organizing all the strength in her, rather than make the least of her by organizing the earnest workers out of her into societies, we should, we are most solemnly convinced, show more deference to the wisdom of him who has instituted the church, and be sure of the help from our head which would give us greater success.

—FEARED.—A correspondent of the *Christian Secretary* states that Rand, Ayry & Co., the publishers of Dr. Fulton's new book, exposing Romanism, offered him \$10,000 if he would suppress it. Dr. Fulton has found that the offer of the \$10,000 was not made by the firm but through them by other parties, presumably Roman Catholics, who fear to have the exposure go abroad. This, if reliable, is the best proof that the contents of the book are worthy of credence and are justly feared by those against whom the book is written. It also affords a good reason why the book should be published.

—SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—A society has been formed in St. John to promote the due observance of the Lord's Day. As embodied in one of its rules,

"The object of the society shall be to employ every available instrumentality to circulate information respecting the sanctity of the Lord's Day, to enforce existing laws, and to secure, if necessary, additional legislation."

Membership is on condition of signing the rules and paying fifty cents annually. It is proposed to organize branch societies in all the chief centres. The special reason for the existence of the society is the recent encroachment on the Lord's Day observance, as well as causes of de-secration of longer standing. It is proposed to send a delegation to confer with the Legislature at its next session, in hope of securing an authoritative definition of the term "service labor" in the Sabbath Observance Act. We commend this society to the hearty co-operation of all earnest Christian men.

—THE WORK AT SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.—The Tabernacle church has now 37 mission-stations, with sitting accommodation for 4,900 persons, 130 local preachers, 22 Sunday and ragged-schools, with 564 teachers, and 7,781 scholars; while between 80 and 100 mission-stations, which had been discontinued by the church, had already developed into self-supporting churches. The total number of members at the Tabernacle is 5,816. During the past year 240 have been added by baptism, 43 by profession, and 74 by letter; while 142 have been dismissed to other churches, 37 have joined other churches without letters of dismission, 14 have emigrated, 129 names have been removed for non-attendance, nine for other causes, and 64 members have died.

—On the Clyde last year 184,000 tons of shipping were built, against 173,000 the year before. Much more will be built this year.

By Wheel and By Keel.

It was my purpose, on arriving in Yokohama one fair morning in December of the year of grace 1886, to make my salutation to the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, many of whom I am happy to account my personal friends, and all of whom I am happy to account the well-wishers and helpers of foreign missions, in one or two familiar letters descriptive of the ten thousand miles of land and water journey which lies between Nova Scotia and Japan, to be followed semi-occasionally by a brief article upon this Barrier Kingdom, its scenes, its people, its prospects, its needs, and the work here doing for Him who is Lord of all. Having cherished this wish for a round year, and now at length finding opportunity to put it into execution, and into paper and ink, I trust I shall not be eyed askance as an intruder in your valuable columns, which are, I well understand, of the Maritime Baptist, for the Maritime Baptist, and by the Maritime Baptists. This maritime land, which we hope will be full of great maritime (Japanese) Baptists some happy day, will not be regarded as an intruder. Though you have no mission here in Japan, you have three missionaries—Mr. Jones, of Sendai, who is a fellow-townsmen of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR; Mr. T. G. Harrington, of Tokio, a Cape Bretoner, and the underwriter, who rejoices in the same proud derivation—and two missionary wives. This quietude does not expect the same place in your sympathies and prayers as you afford your own missionaries, through whom you are doing so good a work among the Telegus, for "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"; yet we lay to our souls the flattering notion that as we are flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone, if not purse of your purse, indulge a kindly thought of us, and breathe a kindly prayer for us once or twice at least betwixt the Communions. Be it or be it not so, you will hear with interest of this part of the great field which is the world; a recently opened, attractive and promising plot of that field. I hope that each Baptist who has the privilege of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR's columns can avow, in his degree,

"Missionarius sum, et nihil missionarium a me alienum puto."

As the miles of time have already begun to gather over the long and varied pilgrimage that brought us hither, and beyond all but its salient features, the gentle reader might thank me to annihilate space, and welcome him at once to the Mikado's empire. To humor me, however, in my original plan, he will grasp the palm-leaf staff instead of the magician's wand, and gain these Orient shores in the normal fashion, assured that the minutes he shall spend by the way shall be fewer than the days that passed over our heads in making the same distance.

BY WHEEL.—No. 1. The line of our journey was stretched across the entire breadth of one continent and one ocean, from the most eastern brink of the New World, to the most eastern brink of the Old, if we omit such out-of-the-world regions as Labrador and Kamtschatka; and so in a manner round half the world, though not quite half round the globe, there being a trifle of twenty-five hundred miles of shortage for an actual semi-circumference. Concerning the first stages of this journey I need say but little, as the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick coasts through which we passed, and in a less degree, the landscapes of New England and the middle States, which presently were spread before us, are already familiar to the reader, from his personal or newspaper travel, and I may husband my space for things more remote and strange. As I sit with pen poised above those first thousand miles, a thousand interesting pictures, moments, incidents, beings me, many of them, "like the music of carol, pleasant and mournful to the soul." Again the October afternoon is shining upon Sydney harbor, as on the steamer's plank—that last narrow bridge to the home shore—the last hand-clasp are given, and the last farewell, that say so little and mean so much, are spoken. Again the moonlight falls like a benison upon the hushed waters of the Bras D'Or. Again, having stepped from paddles-wheels to car-wheels, we are among the fertile farm lands, wooded hills and sparkling streams of Antigonish, or beside the shining and sinuous shores of Merigomish and Glen Falloch. Again we are soaring across the Coquequid, whose dimensions have since been dwarfed, but whose beauties have not been dimmed, by the Alleghanies and the Rockies, and have taken the last look at Nova Scotia, the finest patch of land in the whole quilt of creation, "if I do say it as oughtn't." Now we halt for a few days of rest, far from home life and good cheer, beside the Transamerica, with its broad and beautiful lap filled high with new made stacks; and now swing down on the afternoon train through Sussex valley, whose soft wooded shores

are viewed through a pelting rain storm in a new light, or rather in a new shade; and presently perched on towering stools in the St. John station dining room, are discussing the last beefsteak and potatoes we expect Canada to furnish us for a decade. Anon, on wheels that all night long roar into the south, we have been whirled over western New Brunswick with only such glimpses as the eye of imagination could afford, and at midnight, or at some

"Wee sma' hour ayont the ival," have crossed the St. Croix into Yankee land, in that semi-somnolent condition which is all a first sight on a Pullman usually permits one. Morn'ing greets us well down into the pioneer dry State. May Heaven afflict with such a drought every state and province from Cape Race to 'Frisco Bay! "Fairly well watered," we think, as we catch here and there the gleam of one of its myriad lakes or follow toward the sea the clear currents of the Penobscot, the Kennebec and the Androscoggin. The memory of our Indian brother should have an immortal fragrance throughout northern Maine and New Brunswick, for the sonorous names he has bequeathed. What a charm would be lost to the landscape should Abagonsquah, Petamkeewick, Shiketsahw, Magagadawic, Passadumkeag, Cengungomoc, et id omnia genus perish from off the face of the earth! Can we imagine that Moosecomaganoc, Molehunkemunk, or Chickwolsepy, "with any other name would" look "as sweet?"

About mid-day, after a car-window introduction to the old-fashioned, substantial, provincial looking farmsteads, hamlets and cities nestling among the hills of Maine, we find ourselves by tide water with pleasant sea glimpses at Portland and Saco Bay; and crossing the narrow palm that New Hampshire stretches down to the sea, are presently in good old Boston. Bad old Boston, she bids fair to become, unless the Maine drought should strike in.

There came busy days in the busy stores, furniture stores, clothing stores, book stores, music stores, variety stores checking off that formidable catalogue which the prospect of a ten thousand mile remove, and a ten year advance thrusts upon one; and restful Sundays in the great churches, listening to the last great sermons and great organs and great choirs— we might suppose to regard as still we should be again in the Occident. Dr. Seymour, of Bugles St. Church—the Nova Scotian church it is sometimes called from its strength of its blue-coast constituency—preached a very fresh and bracing sermon, and you may well believe that the choir held its own. Dr. Haines, of Tremont Temple, spoke as a man might be inspired to speak in such a place and to such an audience, and tenderly withal, for he had just "come up out of great tribulation." Dr. Withrow, of "Brimstone Corner," we were glad to include among the pulpit worthies, though, "he followeth not with us." Of all our Sabbath repeats, that spread before us by Dr. Gordon was probably the most solid, and that provided by the "boy preacher," who was then "working up" a revival in one of the Methodist churches, was assuredly the most fluid, or rather gossamer, reminding one of the Bible words "he feareth upon wind." "You can't call Mr. Harrison's preaching slushy," said Mr. Beecher to a Chicago reporter when on a visit to that city a year or two ago, "it hasn't enough in it to be slushy."

The sermons of those Boston Sundays are forgotten; text, introduction, division, development, application—all are passed away; but the impress which the preachers themselves made upon my mind, as they stood in their strength, wisdom and earnestness and spoke the message of the Gospel to the thronged churches, is indelible. After all it is the man, or the Gospel in the man, that is remembered when the benediction has been pronounced, the Sunday heaver doffed and the Sunday dinner eaten. More of us would be great preachers if more of us were great men, with the New Testament greatness, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Holding the orthodox opinion that no Canadian should leave his native land without paying his respects to Niagara Falls, we had planned to direct our journey from Boston to Chicago within eight of its waters, but falling in with an old Newton Centre fellow-student, on his way back to Kansas, we were persuaded to accompany him by the more southern "Baltimore and Ohio," that line offering the beauties of the Alleghanies, and the fascinations of a cheap ticket. It was a fine evening, at the very first of November, when we bade good-bye to the many kind friends we had found in the city, both inside and outside of the missionary rooms. What we learned by the "whipping" or car-window process of the thirteen States traversed during the next two days I will be gracious enough not to inflict on the reader. I could only confuse and bewilder him, as the traveller is himself bewildered, by the rapid succession of cities, mountains, rivers, and so on. No wonder that Dr. Parker or any other

Britisher, fresh from his snug little isle, should confess himself, as that gentleman did on his recent tour in the United States, "dazed and wearied by the immense stretches of country and the multiplicity of great cities."

It was a varied and interesting journey. The swift, smooth, reclining chair, four hour evening transit of Massachusetts and Rhode Island to the Connecticut shore; the moonlight passage down the sound, the palace steamer gliding through the night noiseless as a great swan; the sunny forenoon trip across New Jersey; the brief afternoon among the sights of solid, steady, old Philadelphia; the picturesque route across Delaware and Maryland, with the shining, waveless expanse of Chesapeake Bay as our last view of Atlantic waters; Washington, with its national capitol and the Washington monument in fair sight; the afternoon in the valley of the rock-strewn, foam-flecked Potomac, with Harper's ferry as its "piece de resistance"; and the reckless, fifty mile an hour, evening whizz around the sharp curves and over the dizzy heights of the Alleghanies, when, in the apt simile which Dr. Luther, of the Philadelphia mission rooms, had employed predictively the day before, we were "shaken around like pease in a pod"; the rich slopes of Ohio and the grove dotted levels of Indiana. These are a few of the remembered passages from that chapter of travel with the hurried and cursory perusal of which we were fain to be content. The volume of nature is written, like Isaiah's mahar-shalah-hash-bas-tablet, in "large characters," so that "he who runs may read," and even he who is hurled across the earth at a mile a minute can call some of the sentences; indeed, some of the letters are so large that only railway speed can write them into words before the eye. Forgetting all the tomes of scribe and printer I surrendered myself to the book which the finger of God had laid on pages of sea and mountain, plain and river. What lyrics in stream and lake! what pastorals in woodland and meadow! what epics in cliff and crag! what heroic hexameters in rush of surf and sweep of ocean.

Our only approach to a misadventure was near the summit of the Alleghanies. Our Kansas friend, with his wife and halcyon twa, had the reaction over against them. About eight o'clock the after-supper serenity was violated by a sharp crash. The window of our friend's section was in wreck. A shower of broken and splintered glass rained upon the children's heads and faces, and a decent sized stone came to anchor beside us. Fortunately, the children's eyes were closed or turned from the window or they might have suffered severe and lifelong injury. Some thoughtless and wicked scamp of a boy had probably chosen the train as a target. One of the forward cars reported a like greeting.

About midday November 4th, having made the run from the Atlantic to Lake Michigan, between the scenes we reached Chicago, and were in no wise loath to exchange the Pullman Palace parlor-car, with all its comforts and elegancies, for a pleasant and hospitable house on the west side of the city. CHAS. HARRINGTON, Yokohama, Japan, Jan. 17.

Religion and Politics.

At present there is a hull in politics. The time, therefore, seems opportune for sowing seeds of political ethics, which may have a chance to take root before they are carried away by the whirl of another election contest. The relation between the Christian church, as made up of its clerical and lay members on the one hand, and the field of politics and public duties as citizens on the other, may accordingly be now considered with some hope of effecting an influence for good."

How far, then, the pulpit and the religious press ought to strive to influence the politics of the day? Is a question of great importance. The bitterness of the strife between political factions and the known immorality that pervades them, have led our two greatest disseminators of religious truth to abstain for the most part from political partisanship, and almost from the shadow of that which might be interpreted as such. But do they not, in their anxiety to avoid the suspicion of such a bias, neglect a great and important responsibility? Is it not their duty to denounce immorality wherever it appears—in public as well as in private life? And will the suggestion of the suspicion of partisanship be accepted by the Great Judge as a sufficient excuse for their failure to discharge their duties?

That it is the duty of every Christian man to devote a proper portion of his time to the consideration of the best means to advance the welfare of the state, and to conscientiously discharge his duties as a citizen, is too plain for argument. It is sufficient to refer to the single, evident fact that remission in this respect on the part of the good must necessarily throw the reins of government into the hands of designing and unprincipled men. Taking for granted, then, that the Christian pro-

fession, instead of freeing its lay professors from the burdens of citizenship, gives an additional responsibility for the conscientious discharge of these duties in the light of his Christian faith and knowledge—it necessarily follows that it is the duty of the Christian church, in self defence, to use its influence for the purification of politics. Party questions as such when merely questions of policy should be left to the individual conscience. But when great moral questions are before the people, or when it is apparent that any great evil is spreading over the body politic, then the voice of every organ of the church, as well as every individual member, should be united in one grand chorus, approving that which is right and denouncing what is wrong. And many such evils there are to-day—and of all these the worst is bribery.

Although too frequently only lightly considered by those who should be at all times unswerving in its condemnation, yet the all-pervading influence of this main form of political corruption is doing more to lower the free state of honor of the people than almost any other single vice. Nor is its influence confined to the lower classes only; nor even to the non-professing worldling. Our ministers are often discouraged in a time of expected revival, by the chilling effect of some political excitement. During election contests they find their prayer-meetings becoming smaller from day to day. Prominent members often absent from their places, and when present, by their coldness and apparent want of sympathy, damping the little enthusiasm the rest of the meeting may possess. In their inaccessibility these teachers of the people speak of great interest in civil duties as opposed to Christian activity, and pious zeal.

But did they know what scenes these members had been partaking—the associations into which they had been cast—and could they read the hearts of these brethren they would know that something more than mere apathy kept them silent. They would find that many kept their seats because they felt it would be hypocritical in them to take the name of Jesus on their lips and exhort their brethren to holy works.

Alas! it is too true, that there are professing Christians in all our churches who tend committees where schemes of wholesale bribery are concocted and where plans unquestionably immoral are formed for the purpose of gaining a party advantage. There are others who, while with philosophical piety they spurn the meaner ways yet get their counsel and advice. While still another class have nothing to do with these plans or schemes and yet contribute to the funds which they know will be used for corrupt purposes. And where our churches contribute so many different grades of bribes they need not be astonished that there are those among their numbers who accept the bribes. And so in one way or another a considerable number of church members, from the deacon down, are engaged directly or indirectly in this contemptible iniquitous work.

If any one desires to find men having legitimate doubts in regard to practical Christian piety, he will probably find them most numerous among professional politicians, whose associations with Christian workers limited to the party committee room have led them to the belief that Christianity is in practice largely an organized hypocrisy. So that apart from the directly corrupting influence upon others, the Christian who participates in or in any way encourages a system of bribery is doing an incalculable injury to the cause of Christianity. But that is not the worst. The acceptor of a bribe is as false who not only forfeits his birthplace but betrays his country's interests for a handful of silver. His moral tone is lowered, his life sense of independence and honesty destroyed—while party too often follows in the wake. In addition, the better element of society loses the controlling influence it might have in the government of the country. The representative who has bought his way into parliament feels justified in practicing there what his constituents have by their example proscribed.

And so every step is contaminated by the corrupting influence of the bribery committee. And every member of that committee, and its contributors, advisers and sympathizers, are participants in a long roll of evil influence and crime. Now the question is, Shall this state of affairs be allowed to continue without a protest from the pulpit or the press? Shall the watchmen upon the towers keep silent while an enemy ravages the country? And if they do, are they free from responsibility? Surely not.

"But what is the use," some one will say, "it cannot be stopped!" The answer is: let every religious newspaper and every pulpit in the land raise its voice against this evil, and the result will be a mighty awakening of public opinion. The conscience of the people will be aroused. The inquiry will stand out in all its naked repulsiveness. Good men will be united in its condemnation, and drawn together for other great and good purposes. And purity in the ballot will be followed by purity in the government. But whether it be so or not, we have each our duty to perform; God himself controls the result.