

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LIV.
VOL. VII., No. 27.

Published Weekly by the Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XLIII.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1891.

Printed by G. W. DAY, North Side King St.

The Convention—Intimations.

Concerning the Convention which meets at Moncton in August, we wish to say:

1. We desire the churches at the June conference, or at the latest, at the July conference, to appoint their delegates to the Convention and forward a list of same to the undersigned.

2. Then we will forward a place of abode for such delegates during the Convention.

3. No church is entitled to send more than five delegates.

4. That while we would like to provide free entertainment for "wife and mother-in-law," as at last Convention here, we find it impossible so to do.

5. But we shall, as far as possible, provide for all accredited delegates whose names are forwarded before the 5th of August.

6. Where delegates desire outside entertainment, or where we are unable to provide free accommodation, we will furnish information concerning hotels, boarding house terms, etc., on demand.

7. We can make no provisions for teams.

8. Delegates connected with W. M. A. S. will be provided for by Mrs. Snow, secretary of society, to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

9. We cannot assume responsibility for any delegate whose name is sent in after August 5th.

C. R. NORRIS, Church Clerk.

—CONVENTION.—While the churches that generously entertain the convention, and thus oblige the whole denomination, do a noble service it is fitting that other churches bear some share of the burden, and receive some of the benefits. Why should not the churches that send delegates provide means for entertainment of their delegates? The contribution from each church would be small and a burden to no one, while the entertainment of all by one church is somewhat difficult. If each church were to pay the expenses of its delegates, the result would be that more interest would be taken by these churches in the proceedings of Convention. Reports would be asked of the delegates on their return. The delegates themselves would feel more interest in the work. There will always be a considerable number who will be gladly entertained by Christians where the convention is held; but the kindness of these brethren should not be abused when it can be so easily and so profitably avoided.

—IN A LETTER to the trustees of Colgate University accompanying the indenture which secured to the University the Dodge Memorial Fund of \$1,000,000, Mr. James B. Colgate, the princely donor of the fund, wrote:

"No conditions have been imposed as to the use of the income to be paid to the university by the custodians of this fund, except such as are implied in its name. Whatever the personal belief of those who may hereafter fill your places, I do not see how, as honorable men, they can expend the income of the Dodge Memorial fund for other purposes than the development of this university, along the lines marked out for it by him. So long as the memory of his life and character is retained, I am confident that this university will continue to be, in a true sense of the term, a Baptist university; a university where the ruling purpose is to discover and teach truth in order that it may be fearlessly, yet reverently followed wherever it may lead. It is my earnest wish that at proper times and in a proper manner (I would suggest at least once a week) the attention of the students, at all stages of their course, may be called to the teachings of our Saviour as recorded in the gospels, as distinguished from the interpretation of these teachings by men, as embodied in creeds, catechisms, articles of faith, and denominational dogmas."

The following circular, addressed to the local W. C. T. Union of Nova Scotia, was sent us for publication in connection with the memorial to the Council of Public Instruction for that province, published last week. As we had not space at command in last issue for both, we give the circular place here. We are further informed that it is the intention to request each religious denomination and each temperance organization to endorse the memorial above alluded to, and in the case of ecclesiastical gatherings, give the numbers of ministers and church members which it represents. It is hoped by this united effort to bring such a pressure to bear upon the Council of Public Instruction as shall secure the granting of the petition:

Dear Sisters of the W. C. T. U.: Mr. McKay, the progressive and indefatigable supervisor of the public schools of the city of Halifax, says in his last annual report: "The teachers suffer many inconveniences arising from the evils of intemperance. The progress of their pupils is very much hindered by want of text-books and irregularity of attendance—the poverty arising from the drinking habits of many parents preventing them from supplying their children with sufficient clothing. Worse still, the children from the homes of the intemperate are frequently possessed of clouded intellects and demoralized habits. If the community spent as much on education as it wastes on strong drink and gilded palaces, splendid gymnasiums, first-class kindergartens, free text books, and well paid, well trained teachers might lure well-wearied children to partake of the sweets of learning."

In view of these facts you exert yourselves to circulate the accompanying petition, not only in your own vicinity, but in adjoining communities where no Union is found, securing as many signatures as possible of both sexes of sixteen years of age and upwards. Please make a specialty of voters, teachers, members of school boards, physicians and ministers; and, in order that I may be able to make a record of the number of each who signs this petition, please attach to the names the office, profession, etc.

When a thorough canvass has been made, kindly return to me not later than August 25th.

Hear sisters, the success of this effort depends largely upon you. For the sake of our children, and for the sake of Him who is not willing that "one of these little ones should perish," let us do this work promptly, cheerfully, thoroughly, and thus may our request be granted.

R. A. B. PUTLAND,
Supt. S. T. U. for W. C. T. U.
Fredericton, June 22.

—WE GIVE BELOW from the CHRISTIAN UNION, of New York, an article entitled "The American Sphinx," which sets forth briefly and with much force some of the problems with which the great American Republic has to deal. These "riddles" are, to some degree and with certain modifications, the problems with which the statesmen and patriots of Canada will have to deal. We have no negro problem, it is true, but we have in Canada a race problem, perhaps not less difficult of solution. The problems as to "Western Farms," "The Working Man," and "Immigration," have not as yet with us attained very serious proportions, but some, if not all these, will have to be dealt with sooner or later in Canada. And the questions as to the "School System" and the "Railroad Corporations" are proportionally not less serious here than they are in the United States. With us it is true, also, that the hope of the country lies largely in the men whom God shall raise up to be its rulers and the shapers of its destiny:

The ancient Sphinx propounded her terrible riddle respecting man to every passer-by, and whoever could not guess she destroyed. At last (Elihu) solved her problem, and then she destroyed herself. The American Sphinx, more terrible, proposes, but a single riddle, but half a score of them, and if the princes of the land cannot find an answer to her riddles, she threatens to destroy both them and herself. Here are some of her riddles, propounded with a terrible voice and threatening mien.

You have seven million negroes in your land, multiplying rapidly, more rapidly than the whites. They are ignorant and immoral, with the vices of paganism and the vices of slavery combined. Will you give them the ballot and let them govern both themselves and you? Or will you take the ballot away? Who, then, is virtuous enough to be intrusted with their government?

Your Western farmers are covered with mortgages; your farmers are struggling with debt; in some States the farmer's annual income is less than the wages he pays his laborers. Will you let them be reduced to the condition of tenant farmers of Ireland? If not, how will you prevent it?

Your workmen are just well enough off to be discontented. There are tens of thousands who cannot get work; other tens of thousands who think they work too many hours, for too small wages, with no fair share of the profits of their labors. They are combining to get a larger share. The workers in this country in field and shop constitute the immense majority of the population. They have all the power there is. What will you do when they find that out and exercise it for their own advantage?

Immigration is no longer bringing to your shore the cream of the honest, industrious peasantry of foreign lands. The Hungarians, the Italians, the Poles, and now the Russians, are beginning to come in increasing numbers. They fly, but not as doves, to our windows. Will you let them in? How will you manage them? Educate them? Make Americans of them? Or will you shut them out? And if so, how? And what right have immigrants of 1800 to close the door on the immigrants of 1900?

You are proud of your school system. You are teaching your boys and girls to be shrewd—and selfish. You have no religion; it is your boast that you have no religion; that all religions have equal field and no favor with you. Who then is going to educate the consciences of your boys and girls? Or do you imagine that shrewdness is a substitute for righteousness as the safeguard of a nation?

Your great railroad corporations own a sixth of the capital of the community. They own its highways. Controlling transportation, they control the prices of its food and fuel. A nation whose food and fuel is controlled by its kings is as free as Egypt when Joseph was prime minister. What are you going to do about it?

When the princes of the land have answered these conundrums the American Sphinx has more ready to propound. Never was blunder greater than to suppose that the age of leadership has passed and the age of leadership is no more; that democracy can lead itself. Democracy is in the condition of a boy at that uncomfortable age when he is too

old to be governed and not old enough to govern himself. The animal has grown faster than the spiritual; the will-faster than the intellect. His passions are ripe and his judgment immature; he has the strength of a man and the inexperience of a boy. This is the critical period—the period in which the wise father and mother watch him with the greatest anxiety. Woe to them if they attempt to keep in their own hands the reins of this half-man, half-animal; he will snatch them from their hands and ride his headstrong way to death. Woe to them if they toss the reins carelessly over to him, thinking that he is "big enough to take care of himself," as though bigness had any relation to ability. How to guide him to self-guidance, how to govern him into self-government, is their problem. And this is the problem which this close of the nineteenth century puts on the princes of America.

Princes? Not princes. Woe betide the land that has no princes. We have had them hitherto. We are not ashamed to put beside Cavour and Bismarck and Thiers and Gladstone, our Chase and Sumner and Seward and Lincoln; nor beside Von Moltke and Woleley, our Grant and Sherman; nor beside Garibaldi and Lassalle and Wilberforce, our Garrison and Phillips; nor beside Hyacinthe and Lacordaire and Robertson and Maurice and Farrar, our Simpson and Finney and Storrs and Beecher and Phillips Brooks. We have had princes in the past and we need them in the future; princes in moral reform, who will dare tell this growing boy that he is no saint, and that he must cut off his vices and develop his virtues, or he will degenerate into a mere beast or brute; princes in the pulpit, who, when they preach to Felix, will dare to put righteousness and temperance and future judgment together, and will have power so to do it as to make Felix tremble; princes in the State, who will care more for principle than for place, who will tell this growing boy that he will never outgrow law, for he will never outgrow God, and will interpret to him the voice so still and small within him that, if it has no interpreter, he may never hear it; princes in the press, who will not measure success by any such miserable standard as the amount of their circulation, but in lieu thereof by the moral grandeur of their teachings, and whose newspapers will not be merely the echoes of the nursery cries, but the voice of a real instructor; not a flatterer to humor the boy's passions, but a tutor to teach him his true nobility.

Wanted.—American princes. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.

—The new problems which the new conditions of modern life are forcing upon different nations are due very largely to the shortening of distances between different countries, the breaking down of long established barriers, and the growing freedom of intercourse. It is possible now to leave New York and reach Japan in two weeks, or to go to the Sandwich Islands in the same time, and the fact that the journey from Yokohama to London across the Dominion of Canada can now be made in twenty-one days has drawn out a good deal of comment in England. This practically reduces the distance between England and the farthest East by about one-half the former time, and this means, of course, a speedy and immensely increased tide of travel in both directions. Western influence in the East is already very great, but when the East is brought to our doors it must be very much greater. On the other hand, Eastern influence in the West is likely to be vastly increased and one question which one may perhaps be called upon to meet will be the vast influx of Oriental immigrants. An occasional Arab is sometimes seen in our streets, and a small number of Syrians have already come to this country, but so far we have been largely free from Oriental immigration. If the tide should set this way, we should probably receive the human refuse of the East first, and neither Italian nor Polish Jew approaches these Oriental immigrants in personal offensiveness or in the lack of assimilating power with our institutions. Evidently the turn is not far distant when some wise and humane policy with regard to immigration must be adopted.—*Can. Union.*

—Dr. Haigh writes to the *Chicago Standard*: "I am sure it will be cheering to the host of your readers who are the friends of both home and foreign missions, and whose hearts are moved as they see the providential openings which are presented in both directions at the present moment, that a gentleman and his daughter in the East, after careful conference with Dr. Moorhouse, have decided to devote through him from \$12,500 to \$15,000 for the school projected by our missionaries in Japan, to be located at Tokio under the care of Prof. E. W. Clement, and from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for the work among the Telugus and elsewhere. They will also give \$12,000 for a new building for the Indian university; \$4,000 to \$5,000 for a chapel at Provo, Utah, and the same sum for a chapel in Mexico; their total gifts not less than \$40,000, and reaching probably \$50,000. Thus does the new year open auspiciously for both home and foreign work."

The Dividing Line.

The controversy about holiness which has been carried on in the province of New Brunswick, for several years past, by the people called holiness people, against those who differ from them on this subject, is likely to come to an end, because the leaders of the holiness movement build their doctrine on a false foundation. Therefore the whole superstructure they erect, having nothing to rest upon in their teaching, will come to naught. It is unfortunate for the cause they profess to be the special advocates of, that the entire holiness (which is an unscriptural term) they profess and advocate makes no one safe.

The only attraction the holiness people ever had for me was their teaching concerning deliverance from sin, but when I found them teaching that the wholly sanctified might be lost, I left their company and the study of their books.

My salvation is built on a better foundation than that, viz, the immutability of God's character, purposes and work. If any one can find comfort or spiritual strength in the thought that they may be separated at last from the God they love, they are welcome to it. My comfort and strength is in denying it as highly dishonoring to God, as tending in itself to dishonor and weakness.

This is the dividing line between me and all who teach this doctrine. I take men no longer as my teachers, but would desire to teach them not so to dishonor God and His work. That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation; who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. As to the doctrine of entire sanctification, I believe in it, because it is scriptural, God honoring, and in agreement with my own experience; but the holiness teaching of the holiness people, in general, is of no use to me whatever. Therefore I have no interest at all in circulating their literature, and oppose their God dishonoring doctrine of God losing those He has saved.

A. ESTABROOKS.

W. B. M. U.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Isaiah 35:1-2.

Many of the sisters will remember a visit made a few years ago by the Rev. Mr. Best, then of Winnipeg, to a meeting of the W. B. M. U. Union assembled at Wolfville. Bro. Best was very desirous of having the Union undertake some work in the North-west. He pointed out on a map 52 places where churches at that time should be built, in order to hold the ground, and to do the work which should be done by the Baptists. Many felt the weight of the request, but it was not in our power to render the aid we would have given.

For the want of money up to this time that work has been sadly neglected. Appeal after appeal has reached us from their Home Mission Board, and we have keenly felt our inability to help as the occasion demanded. Recently Bro. Alexander Grant's continuous appeals for special aid to start the work at Regina, the capital of the North-west, has agonized us, and in a special meeting of the executive board, held a few days ago, we carried Regina up to the Lord as never before. We heard Him say, "Ask and it shall be given." We asked that our young brother, J. Harry King, who has just been ordained in Carleton Place, and called by the North-west Board to go to Regina and start the work, should go in the strength of the Lord of Hosts, that he might be made the instrument in the hands of the Almighty in gathering a church that should be a light to the world through all coming time. We resolved to do all in our power, and hence this special appeal, to Aid Societies, Mission Bands, and to every Baptist in the Maritime Provinces who have not already given more than they were able. We desire you to pray over the matter, and to send quickly any sum you know the Lord would have you give to this work at Regina. Remember there is no church organized, no building, but there are some few scattered Baptists. Please send your gifts direct to Mrs. Mary Smith, the treasurer of the W. B. M. U., Amherst.

We hope our dear brethren will not feel slighted because we have not written a separate letter to each, asking for a hundred dollars or more for this work; pardon us, we would have done so had time permitted. We do trust, as you are sending up your prayers with ours for Regina, you will hear the Scripture injunction as never in all your life, "help

those women who labor with us in the Gospel," and with glad hearts and willing minds fill up the treasury for this work. If so, the day is not far distant when we will rejoice together in the prosperity of Zion in Regna.

M. E. MARCH, Cor. Sec.

Certain Facts and Principles in Regard to Foreign Missions.

1. The heathen are conscious of sin. Their religious works contain affecting confessions of sin, and yearnings for deliverance.

2. The heathen feel the need of some satisfaction to be made for their sins. They have devised many penances, asceticisms, and self tortures. These fail to break the bondage. They do not give the conscience peace.

3. The heathen need a Divine deliverer; one who can make the satisfaction, and inspire peace.

4. There is a command in the New Testament to go and disciple all in the name of this deliverer.

5. This command emanates from the supreme authority. It is from the lips of Christ himself.

6. This command is addressed to all Christians in every age, until every human being is converted. He who said, "Go preach to every creature," added, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The command and promise reach unto the end.

7. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ. The soul of the church that does not possess it is dead.

8. If we love the person of Christ, we shall desire that His glory shall fill all lands.

9. If we love the truth of Christ, we shall be intent upon its proclamation, till every false religion is vanquished by it.

10. Success is certain. The Lord has promised it. The apostles illustrate it. Those twelve men were missionaries. In their time, Rome with her military force ruled the bodies of men; and Greece with her philosophy ruled their spirits. Both arose in conformity to the Cross. The little band of apostles did not fear or falter. They conquered both.

11. We ourselves are the offspring of the missionary enterprise. To, turn against it is like a man's turning against his own mother.

12. Duty, love, success—these are three magic words. Let us grasp the ideas they suggest, and pray and work for all men, at home and abroad, until the church absorbs the whole world, and rises up into the millennial glory.—*Rev. H. M. Scudder, D. D., in the Advance.*

Notice.—At the N. B. Eastern Association, to convene July 18, 1891, at Sackville, the usual meeting of Missionary Aid Societies connected therewith will be held on the 20th, at 3 p. m. Will the societies please send delegates prepared to give reports and otherwise assist to make the meeting a means of forwarding our mission work.

A. R. EMMERSON, Secy for N. B.

The Sum of It All.

The boy that by addition grows, And suffers no subtraction, Who multiplies the things he knows, And carries every fraction, Who well divides his precious time, To sure success aloft will climb, Interest compound receiving.—*Dr. Ray Palmer.*

Literary Notes.

The *Homiletic Review* for July opens with an admirable article, from the pen of Prof. J. O. Murray, of Princeton, concerning Culture in its relation to Preach. The present Status of the Diverse Question is treated by the Rev. Samuel W. Dyke, LL.D., whose well-known acquaintance with the subject gives his article an authoritative value. Dr. C. B. Hulbert writes of the Biblical Texts Applied to Recent Claims. An article entitled *Exegesis in the Pulpit*, written by Dr. Howard Crosby shortly before his death, demands familiarity on the preacher's part with the original languages of Scripture, and an exaltation of the Word above everything else in the pulpit. Dr. J. Spencer Kennard closes the *Review* Section with a readable and suggestive article on Action and Acting. The European department, the Editorial, and remaining sections have their customary interest. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 15 and 23 Astor Place, New York. \$3.00 per year; single copies 30 cents.

—"Experience teaches," says the Independent, "that a generous liberality in giving to good causes, while morally useful to the giver, is not bad policy in a financial point of view. We do not believe that liberal giving, as a class, are financially harmed at all by their beneficence. Their mental habits and social status are of the best kind for business success."

The First Autumn.

MARY S. WOODMAN.

Long ago, in the land that lies nearest the rising sun, there stood a beautiful garden—all that was left of the Golden Age that had clothe the world in beauty.

Flowers lifted stately eyes from the mossy banks of the streams which ran through it, and water-lilies floated their snowy cups on the quiet surface of the little lake in the centre of it. Trees of every description mingled their varied foliage, and turned bud, blossom and ripening fruit to the summer sun which poured its warm beams up in it continually. For on this lovely spot the sun never set; no chill wind blew across it; no cold clouds hung over it; no cold rain drenched it; but bright skies, fleecy clouds, soft breezes, and gentle dews united to make it a paradise of nature.

This garden was surrounded by a high wall with a gate on each side. South and West stood always open, but East and North were close shut against wind and storm.

This had it stood for century after century, and though the tradition of it had been handed down from father to son, and told at every fireside, none knew where it was situated.

One day a child wandered from his father's house, on and on, till, tired and hungry, he lay down and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and directly before him he saw a massive wall rising almost out of sight, and through the open gate flowers of brighter colors than he had ever imagined, and golden fruit that made him suddenly remember how hungry he was.

With a cry of joy he sprang into the garden. The birds sang a merry welcome; the flowers seemed to spring almost of their own accord into his outstretched hands; and the trees bent their loaded branches within easy reach of the hungry boy. He plucked eagerly; then, loaded with a wealth of purple and gold and scarlet, of fruit and flowers such as he had never seen or heard of before, he sat down on the moss at the foot of a broad branching tree.

"What is your name, little boy, and where did you come from?" asked the old tree kindly.

"Felix," answered the happy child, looking up not in the least surprised at hearing a tree talk; "and I live a long, long way off where the snow falls. Does it ever snow here?"

"Snow?" answered the old tree. "What is it like?"

"All white and glistening and cold," repeated Felix, "and the trees lose all their leaves, and I pretty flowers die."

"Die?" echoed the old tree with a shudder, "I never heard of it before."

"The sun dies every night," continued Felix, "and then it is all dark and dreadful. I like it better here. Where does that gate lead to?"

"I don't know," answered the tree; "it is never open," and again a shiver ran through every limb at the boy's story. Or was it prophetic?

"I'll go and see," and the child flung the flowers from him and ran toward the close gate. At his touch it swung back on creaking hinges, and in rushed the North Wind, shrieking wildly in triumph.

"Felix! Felix!" cried the old tree. "O, what have you done?" and a wail as if its heart was breaking burst from every leaf.

Felix sprang back trembling at the mischief he had done. The sun was descending rapidly toward the western horizon. The North Wind howled among the tree-tops, working destruction everywhere. The loftiest monarchs of the garden bent and shook at his approach. It was the day of his power.

"Felix," whispered the old tree, "what is that?"

Felix looked. The sun was just on the horizon; piles of cloud, deep purple, crimson, golden, seemed floating in a sea of fire.

"It is sunset," answered Felix, softly; "the sun is dying."

"Is that death?" whispered the old tree, trembling now with ecstasy.

"But look at this!" he cried again. All around the trees were catching and holding the radiance of the sunset, mingling its colors in every leaf.

"It is autumn," answered Felix. "It is death."

"Then welcome death!" cried the old tree, joyfully.

And the sun went down; and the stars shone out slowly, one by one; and the moon shed her soft radiance on the garden; and over all fell the stillness of an autumn night.—*Exchange.*

—If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there were no other just man.—*St. Clement.*