

they are necessary, God-given cares, and if faithfully performed, bring their reward. I only write these things for the encouragement of others who feel the weight of the little things that never seem to count, and to keep before the sisters at home the fact that we do need consecrated single women who can devote their whole time and energies to the study of the language and the work among the women. It will indeed be a joyful thing for us when we can welcome two such sisters in our home, making them part of our family and doing for them as to bodily matters, and seeing them preparing to sow the seeds we busy housekeepers can only drop so feebly by the way-side. Alas, for the women of heathen lands! Think of men selling their daughters into any kind of sin for money! So little can be done for women here at our home. The men come, but women are not supposed to concern themselves with these matters. They must remain at home and drudge. During the summer they came out, but now they are very busy with preparations for winter, and our meetings specially for women are very thinly attended. Then, too, it takes twice the work to accomplish the same good with them as with the men. They are ignorant, overworked creatures, with no rights of their own in the world, and very slow to comprehend. One needs to go about from house to house to work effectually among them. Alas, that Christian wives and mothers should bear their rich and holy honors so carelessly, the happy queens of sunny households, thoughtless of their fellow creatures who sit, unthoughtful of their danger, in the very valley of the shadow of death! As we laughingly tell Elsie that Christmas may not come to this land—that Santa Claus can't come way off to Japan—we feel a great sorrow for these growing millions who know not the Lord, and then we feel afresh our powerlessness—a drop in the ocean—a mere grain of sand on the seashore, and we cry again, "More laborers in this white field!"

I suppose as the years roll round we will miss more and more the precious Christmas-tide and other similar days; and as we send our greetings of "Merry, merry Christmas," and "Happy New Year," across the broad sea to your favored ones, we do pray that more grace and zeal may animate our hearts—your hearts and ours—the coming year. Let us with our loins girt about with truth, having on the breast-plate of righteousness, our feet shod with the preparation of the blessed Gospel, taking the shield of faith and ever bearing the sweet incense of prayer, press forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Let us be up and doing while it is day, for the night cometh. Let us make this a golden year of endeavor for the Master.

To-day, as O'Inosan was received into the church, and our hearts were overflowing with gratitude and new courage, and we knew that even the angels in heaven were rejoicing, we felt that months of patient labor were not lost when we could see such precious fruitage. She is thirty-two years old and the mother of four children, the eldest being twelve years of age. She is a nice-looking, sweet-dispositioned woman, and seems in real earnest. May the knowledge that *one woman of Akita* is rejoicing in God as her Saviour this night gladden and encourage your hearts as it does ours, and may it strengthen your hands and open your purses for a grand and telling work in the year so soon, by the grace of God, to open before us.

Laura D. Garst.

Akita, Akita Ken, Japan, Nov. 9.

#### ANOTHER WITNESS.

We here give a few extracts of a sermon, published in one of our morning papers, and preached by Rev. John L. Scott, of the Presbyterian Church, in East Boston, Sunday morning, Dec. 7th. From these it is evident that he admits immersion to be the primi-

tive form; and that the warrant for infant baptism lies not in the Bible, but in the child itself. This is but another witness to the truth. That authority for "infant baptism" is not found within the lids of the Bible, but elsewhere:

"It (baptism) is the badge ever worn on the brow, that we or our fathers were God's children."

"Some of you may ask if immersion were the primitive form, and how it comes that, with one exception, all denominations discard it? In the first place, there is a doubt large enough to fight over whether it were the universal and constant form. I compromise no one but myself when I say that my belief is, that up to the twelfth century far more were immersed than sprinkled; and further, that infant baptism was probably not in general practice during the apostolic age. You ask why we adopt the form of sprinkling. I answer that it is a triumph of convenience, of the propriety of the ages over a most arbitrary custom. As Christianity pushed its way to the North and left the hot climate of the South far behind it, it most wisely retained the spirit and left the form. You ask me my warrant for infant baptism. I answer, it lies in the child itself. Look at the little innocent, sleeping away the weariness of the long journey from God to earth. The white garments of its native innocence are yet unsoiled from contact with sin. Unstained by an evil thought it lies a mirror in which I see reflected the form of God."

"As to authority for the baptism of children: this, too, you will pardon me for not attempting to prove. There may be no definite example in the New Testament to justify it; neither is there any instance of an adult having this sacrament whose parents were Christians."

"As you look in the deep, unrippled soul of your child, has never the question come, 'Who shall forbid water, that this, my child, be not baptized?' Later years may wipe off the moisture from its brow, but there remains on the heart one spot green to holy recollection. It is that 'once I was pure, and fit to bear the name of Christ.'"

#### FROM GORDONSVILLE, VA.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN,—I think the November issue of THE CHRISTIAN is the best number of the paper—at least the best that has reached me. I am pleased to say this, and shall hope that your efforts will be so crowned with success that the day may soon come when the brethren of the Maritime Canadian Provinces can have as good a weekly as they now have a monthly.

We are at present writing in the white heat of a Presidential election here, and unless you can discourse fluently and eloquently on the phases and semi-phases of the grand political question of the times, you must be content to be a second-rate planet in the mighty constellation of whirling events. This day, the 4th of November, decides the long canvassed and much contested event, and in a few short hours from this, on the wings of lightning, will be borne to all the news, that for the next four years, will have much to do with shaping the destinies of the world's mightiest republic. But I must not drift, I have neither the will nor inclination to intimate to home friends how, politically, a year's residence, south of Mason and Dixon's line, has affected me. Yet, I can say, that to know and rightly appreciate the feelings and principles of Southern people, one must live South.

In my last communication I intimated to your readers the routine of work that has fallen to my lot since coming to Virginia. One year of this labor has passed, and I can, most sincerely say, it has been a year of pleasant, though laborious, and I trust not unprofitable activity. I have immersed about twenty during the year, and have received a number from other churches. At and near the close of my labors here I have received gratifying calls to labor with the brethren at Bowling Green, Somerset, Rockelle, and Gordonsville, respectively; but, owing to the many near and dear associations that Mrs. Blenus and myself have formed here, at the unanimous request of this church, we have decided to remain, indefinitely, in Gordonsville. With our present membership, and present growing prospects, the possibilities of this church are great. I visited the brethren at Bowling Green last Lord's day, and preached morning and evening to crowded houses. The brethren of Bowling Green are just completing a beautiful and commodious parsonage, and as I left

them on Monday morning, many were the requests, that Mrs. B. and myself should try the comforts of that new home for a few years. I promised to return and preach for them one Lord's day more, before I entered upon my new year here. The church at Bowling Green is large, intellectual, much above the ordinary, and influential. It embraces in its membership such men as Lawyer Chandler, the Dr. Jarretts, Tylers, and a host of the best blood of Virginia. They are at present looking for a man to preach for them, as Bro. Cutler, their former pastor, has accepted the onerous duties of the Marshall St. Church, Richmond. Virginia wants more preaching force; but, as is often the case, as it is at Bowling Green, men of experience are sought for, the demand exceeds the supply.

On my way to Bowling Green, on the train, I met Bro. F. D. Power, of Washington, on his way home from our Convention, at Richmond. Bro. Power reports the cause progressing in the Capital. The church there now numbers about 900, and scarcely a week passes without additions. I promised to exchange pulpits with Bro. Power, occasionally, during the coming year; and, as Washington is on a direct line of railway from Gordonsville, this can be done with but little inconvenience to either of us, and the results will be beneficial to both. This interchange, now and then, certainly has a tendency to cultivate a greater reciprocal interest among brethren of different churches, and keeps down that feeling of selfishness so deleterious to united effort, and combination of interest and activity.

But I fear I am becoming too tedious for a general letter, with best wishes to your dear readers, and with a prayer to God for your success in your work of faith, and labor of love, I am yours,

T. H. BLENUS.

Nov. 4th, 1884.

[The above was intended for the December No. but was crowded out.—Ed.]

## CURRENT EVENTS.

### DOMESTIC.

The trade of Monroton, according to the Customs' returns, shows a gratifying increase over 1883, the exports for last year being the largest in the history of the port. The Customs' duties collected at Monroton, says the *Times*, are now in excess of those collected at any port in the Maritime Provinces outside of St. John and Halifax.

Many persons in Charlotte County have been able to do full plowing last month, a novel experience for New Brunswick agriculturists.

It is proposed to send a steamer from Yarmouth to New Orleans, during the Exhibition, charging passengers \$80 for the round trip, including berths and meals.

Croup appears to be making considerable ravages in the city. A sad case is that of Mr. Lowe, in charge of the Admiralty House, who has lost four children in a week—the oldest on Christmas day—one on Sunday, one on Tuesday, and one yesterday.—*He. Recorder*, Jan. 1st.

Canso, N. S., is said to be the largest cable centre in the world. The buildings of the Commercial Cable Company, nine in number, were erected at an expense of \$40,000.

One of the candidates for the mayoralty in Kingston, the other day, was nominated by a lady. Hereafter the widows and unmarried women possessing property will have the right of voting in Ontario.

### FOREIGN.

The Chinese Government have engaged fifty-five German drill sergeants for the army and the improvement since manifested in the discipline of the troops is said to be remarkable.

The *Figaro* reports that a Chinese gunboat, while trying to force the blockade of Formosa, was captured off Taiwou Foo, by the French gunboat *Lagalessonier*, and that fourteen of the crew of the Chinese vessel were English.

Gen. Wolseley telegraphs that the Staffordshire regiment has been rowed over the Gerendid cataract and encamped at Ilawdab. He will soon have a force at that point ready for the advance on the Monasir country. He says everything is going well.