

Messenger and Visitor

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Owing to an extraordinary influx of correspondence we are obliged to hold over much matter to another issue.

PASSING EVENTS.

TO TALK OF CONNECTING AMERICA AND ASIA BY A RAILROAD sounds wild and chimerical in the extreme, but in these days one hesitates to call anything impossible. It is reported that some one has a project on foot to build a line of railway through the wilds of Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales, to connect with the Russian railway system of Siberia. It is proposed to bridge Behring Straits, or, if that is impracticable on account of drifting icebergs, to construct a tunnel under the straits. It seems safe to say of this enterprise, as Sir John said of the elections, that it will not come to pass this year, and perhaps not next.

THE GRAND YOUTH OF INTEREST during the past week has been the United States elections. At present writing exact returns from all the States are not available, but that the Democrats have won an immense victory is beyond doubt. No one in this country, we presume, would have been surprised to learn that the tables had been reversed in Congress, and that the control in the House of Representatives had passed from the Republicans to the Democrats; but no one was prepared for the tremendous change which has taken place. Just what the Democratic majority will be, it is as yet impossible to state. A despatch in the Boston Herald says: "The tidal wave has apparently swept 242 Democrats into the House of Representatives and washed all but 88 Republicans out." McKinley has been left in a minority of about 400. Wm. E. Russell, a Democrat, is elected Governor of Massachusetts. Pennsylvania also will have a Democrat for Governor—Quayism in that State having received a well merited rebuke. It is a disappointment to all who believe in purity of government that Tammany is again triumphant in New York City, as there seemed to be some hope that a combination of the best elements against the corruptions of Tammany would effect a deliverance from its power.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS CANNOT fairly be interpreted otherwise than as a popular condemnation of the recent tariff legislation. McKinley's bill proved a political blunder of the first magnitude. The indication is that the people do not want a war tariff perpetuated. The high water mark in protection has evidently been reached, and the tide is setting in another direction. It is true that the bill made provision for reduction on certain lines which more than counterbalanced the increase of tariff effected by it on other lines; but, unfortunately for the Republicans, the reduction was prospective while the increase was immediate, and McKinley and his tariff were judged on the evil they had done and not on the good they might do. Whether or not the great change in the complexion of the popular branch at Washington is likely to result in any repeal of recent tariff legislation, it is difficult to say. There will still be, of course, a Republican majority in the Senate, though that majority is likely to be somewhat diminished, and if the Republicans remain united for the high tariff idea, they may succeed for years to come in blocking any legislation looking towards freer trade, which the Democrats may introduce. It is just possible, however, that in view of the elections just held, some of the Senators may find themselves wedded to high tariff ideas than formerly.

THERE SEEMS NO REASON TO DOUBT that the death sentence against Birchall will be carried out on the 14th inst. A number of petitions for reprieve were circulated, both in the upper provinces and in England, and in all about five thousand signatures were obtained. Among these are the names of some prominent men, who probably signed the petition more out of opposition to capital punishment than because they doubted Birchall's guilt. Another letter has also figured in the case. This one is addressed to Sir John Thompson, and purports to be written by a young woman named Mabel Morton, who had been wronged and deserted by Benwell in the old country, had followed him to Canada, obtained an interview with him in the Eastwood swamp through the intervention of Birchall and, when Benwell refused to marry her, shot him. Mabel Morton is, without doubt, a fiction, and the story a concoction of Birchall's fertile and mendacious brain. Neither the letter nor the petitions, which were presented by Mrs. Birchall in person, seem to have made very much impression upon the mind of the minister of justice, as he has declined to interfere in the case, and the

unhappy woman has been obliged to inform her husband that his case is hopeless. Birchall is said to have received the announcement calmly, and still declares his innocence. As for Birchall, there can scarcely be a doubt that he has richly deserved his fate, but for his wife, who seems to have believed sincerely in his innocence, there can be only pity and the kindest sympathy.

THE PROHIBITORY AMENDMENT SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE OF NEBRASKA on the 4th inst. was defeated. This is a matter for serious regret. Every new state that adopts prohibition must augment the power of the sentiment and add to the efficiency of the law. Especially is this the case when the states are contiguous. With Nebraska added to the list, there would have been under prohibition law five states—Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, embracing in all an immense territory. Nebraska is one of the greatest in territory and resources of all the Western States. The speed of her advancement has been prodigious, and her future is full of promise. Nebraska would have done a good thing for herself and her neighbors by joining herself to this cord of states which have put the stamp of illegality upon the iniquitous liquor traffic.

Missionary Correspondence.

Your readers may be aware that I accompanied Mrs. Archibald as far as Madras about the middle of March. April 2nd found me again on my field, and starting on tour among the villages. For the next eighty-eight days, i. e., until June 28th, I was in Chicacole only nine days.

During this touring work much time was spent in holding services among the Christians, with encouraging results. The majority of the resident members of one church agreed to give the one-tenth of their income to the Lord, and asked earnestly for a particular preacher to be sent to them, which has since been done. Their donations, if the Lord is pleased to give good crops, will in large measure support their pastor. Heretofore no pastor in our mission has been supported by any of our native churches.

While on those tours there were four marriages and one baptism. Through the blessing of God on the labors of Miss Wright at the station, one was baptized in April and another in June. We have since baptized two others, making eight in all since January.

In the latter part of May it was my privilege to visit a part of my field which I had not before seen, called Gunapuram. Its principal villages are Battali, Kapaguda, and Gudari. The last named is about eighty miles from Chicacole. I was accompanied by six native brethren, one of whom, a noble young fellow, belonged there, but had not seen his people since breaking caste and joining us, several months before. He testified for his new Master courageously. Hundreds came to hear. The word spoken will not be lost. Will try to visit that part of the country again before going on furlough. A number are asking earnestly for a preacher to dwell among them and teach them.

Then came a short tour to four of our sub-stations and to Chicacole, accompanied by Mr. Laflamme of our Upper Province Board. At Akulatampara we had a most encouraging quarterly meeting with our helpers and Christians. The Spirit's power was manifested, and love and harmony prevailed in all our deliberations. One of its most interesting assignments was wholly occupied in hearing of the prosperity of the Lord's work in China, Japan, Africa and other countries, and in praying for a yet larger blessing upon the work in those countries. At Tekkali an inquirer was taken forcibly from our place of meeting by his heathen father. At Calingsapatam Bro. Laflamme preached with power to an interested audience in English.

On the 26th and 27th of June the semi-annual meeting of our conference was held at Palconda, one of the out-stations of the Chicacole field. It was resolved to recommend the Board to locate a mission family at Palconda after the occupation of Kimeidy. Special inquiries about land and buildings are now being made. The advisability of all our new missionaries passing certain examinations in the vernacular was discussed, and a committee appointed to report upon the matter at our next meeting, which will take place at the time of the marriage of Miss Fitch.

I spent the greater part of July and August in Chicacole. Excessive labor in the hot weather had rendered rest and medical treatment a necessity. Not, however, being wholly laid aside, I was able to attend to some important changes in our buildings. Foreign Mis-

sion and other meetings were held for the edification of the Christians.

Our brother and sister Higgins came to dwell in Chicacole the latter part of July. Christian converse and fellowship with them has been an inspiration. Bro. H. has the back of the language pretty well broken. He preaches occasionally in Telugu, leads prayer-meetings, teaches Bible classes and, in every way, is doing finely. The coming of our brother and sister has lifted a great burden from our hearts, for the prospect for some months had been that my successor would be a new man with but little knowledge of the language, the Christians, or the heathen.

Mr. Higgins and I, accompanied by one preacher, started on this tour August 26th, so that we have now been out two weeks. I must tell you in my next of the object of this tour.

Yesterday was a busy day. In the morning Sunday-school lesson, The Good Samaritan; afterward I had unusual enjoyment in preaching from the words, "Seeing no man save Jesus only." Then came the private examination of two candidates for baptism from a village six miles distant. In the afternoon a prayer-meeting was conducted by P. David. He speaks, prays and labors earnestly and honestly, and has a growing conviction that God has called him into the ministry. After this meeting we gathered in the Rajah's High School building. A good number of educated natives, also Mr. and Mrs. Wells were present. Bro. Higgins preached from the words, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" For perhaps an hour after the sermon questions were asked by those present, and answers given by the missionaries. The Master was present, and the whole meeting left a favorable impression in regard to Christianity. We hope for the conversion of many. Never have we felt more the need of native evangelists. We could give work at once to hundreds, but would rejoice in the additions of ever so few. There are twelve large villages in which we are exceedingly desirous of planting men, but we have not got them. Will not many of your readers pray most earnestly to the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into his vineyard? I. C. ARCHIBALD, Kimeidy, India, Sept. 7.

Grande Ligne Mission.

The first indication of the magnitude of the work of the Grande Ligne Mission, seen on arriving at Montreal, was a special train engaged for its service. Not an infant institution, thirty-five miles from this commercial centre, could put under tribute a Grand Trunk special. This accommodated, about one hundred and thirty Christian men and women went to Grande Ligne to join in the service of dedicating the "Feller Institute" building to the work of French evangelization.

Imagination, so invariably false to facts either in one extreme or the other, had made for me a long, straight road through a poor upland country, settled by people as poor as the fancied soil, and this was "Grande Ligne." But how gratifying the surprise to find that this conception of that part of Quebec was false through and through. For forty miles and more south of the St. Lawrence there is a level country, a deep rich alluvial soil. The Grande Ligne of Madame Feller fame is a part of this reach of country, which for fertility may confidently challenge any part of Canada. When the missionaries arrived there in 1835, stable manure was a nuisance, and was in some cases dumped in the river, in other cases to be rid of it the people moved their barns to new places. By the way, apple-trees grow in this part of the country. That will make the farmers of the apple valley in Nova Scotia feel kindly toward it.

The buildings of the mission are located on an elevation which overlooks the surrounding low lands. On every hand, within the range of vision, are these fertile lands. Away to the south and east the Green Mountains (they seem blue) of Vermont and the Adirondacks of New York are piled up along the horizon. About three miles in the direction of the Green Mountains the wide, smooth Richelieu is seen flowing on to join the St. Lawrence.

More than fifty years ago the footsteps of the Swiss missionaries, Madame Feller and Louis Roussay, were directed to this place. The settlement was then new, and the people were living in primitive poverty, under medieval Romanism. The log home still exists, garret and all. Let any Baptist reared in the very Eden of religious luxury—in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia—step into this rude structure. Don't hesitate, Mrs. Brownrigg knows what you have come for. She will give you a hearty welcome, for she loved Madame Feller

and Mr. Roussay. She will take you up the rude stairway. You are glad she can talk English. Her eyes swim in tears, and her face beams with joy. She still lives and communes with the sainted missionaries. Love, reverence and adoration are in her gestures, looks and words. This was Madame Feller's bedroom! There are but a few inches between your head and the ceiling. Add to this ten feet by twelve and a half, and you have Madame Feller's bedroom. Sixteen feet gives you her parlor and school-room, both in one. Through a low door, under the eaves, is a room the whole length of the building; this was the kitchen. But, bear in mind, this attic was but one room when Madame Feller first entered it. Between the logs and through the rough roof the winds and snows of the heavens had a liberal admission. The present partitions and the rough plaster, and the little window in the bedroom looking toward the mountains, and opening two-fold on hinges inside, are the results of Madame Feller's architectural skill. On entering these premises, she had the sympathy of the good wife who governed the French home in the woods. Under this roof, in this attic, the Grande Ligne mission was planted. In the kitchen below, Mr. Roussay often did his work. At night he rested in his hammock, swung from corner to corner. These missionaries came from the glorious mountains, the luxuries and refinements of their Christian homes, and took up their abode in this loghouse, none too large for the family living in it. Standing in this rude dwelling to-day, it taxes the imagination but little to go back over the half century and more of years, and see the founders of the Grande Ligne Mission beginning her work in the exercise of true Pauline faith and self-sacrifice. The revelation on the spot is fraught with power; it is inspiration. It melts and thrills the soul. The facts that are behind, and the certainties that are in the future capture self-control. Never mind, Mrs. Brownrigg's eyes are swimming in tears, and she understands you. She has delicate skill too. My little girl occupies this bedroom now, and she says she has the best bedroom in Canada.

Who will dispute that? Right there Madame Feller bowed in prayer among her little French boys. What more? The lessons. How she kissed them! How she loved them. How they returned all this. The boys and the girls! Fifty years and their work and influence! The school closes; they go home. Their teacher, worn and wearied, retires to her bedroom, opens her small window, made of seven-by-nine glass, and looks away over the country to meditate and rest. Before her is the beautiful Richelieu, flowing on to the St. Lawrence. Away in the dim distance the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the Adirondacks of New York bound her vision, and carry her in thought to the grand Alpine scenery of her native land. Now she seems to be a child again, and to hear the terrors of mountain storms.

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud."

"Clear, placid Leman, thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

What sacred memories of the home and country, dear to her noble heart, must have been awakened in the hours of loneliness of her life in the loggarret. How often she lived over again those years in which the Christian manhood of her husband averted cruel persecutions from the heads of the humble disciples of Christ in days gone by in dear old Switzerland. Little Elize, too, that tender ethereal spirit, although in the happy home above, is ever present to cheer the mother in her labors and make bright her life within the rude walls of the log hut. Here is one of the bright spots in the life of Madame Feller before she became a missionary in the back woods of Canada.

A little while before the death of little Elize, her father and mother were admiring from the terrace of their house the magnificent prospect before them, the lake, the Alps, the beauty of the sky, in which was reflected in the transparent waters, the smiling cottages and the lovely landscape; the sunset added greatly to the beauty of the scene, and as they admired, their hearts were uplifted to God, whose hand had formed the whole. Their lovely child was with them

—all eye and all ear—her countenance shined with joy. It was as if the idea of God, of whom she had heard her parents speak, had become all at once the life and light of her soul. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and fixed her eyes on the firmament above, exclaiming, "Oh, dear mamma, show me God, dear mamma, show me God."

A few days later the weeping mother stood over her dying child three years old. With these words she chided her mother's tears: "Why do you weep dear mamma, I am going to Jesus. He is taking me in His arms." Mrs. Brownrigg will gladly leave her room in the kitchen to show a stranger the consecrated attic, where lived and labored a Christian woman, whose name should be written high up where the names of such women as the wives of Judson are found. Mrs. Brownrigg begins to bang away at her loom, and you go out to look around and meditate and thank God.

There is the stone structure giving accommodation to one hundred and fifty French boys and girls. The flag is drifting on the breeze from the staff above the tower. A little beyond is the beautiful chapel, which cost \$5,000. The people raised half the amount. The Rev. Mr. Therrien gave a donation to the Mission for the privilege of laying his deceased father to rest under its tower. Just back of the institute is the cemetery. There sleep Madame Feller, Louis Roussay, and others. A little farther afield, on a gentle elevation, is that open spring, twenty feet by ten, the baptistry in olden times. Around this spot Madame Feller, Mr. Roussay, Mr. Normandeau, Dr. Colt and others, often gathered to witness the good profession made by the converts. Here the Romanist saw strange things, and had their hearts moved by strange influences. Now there is a baptistry in the church. No one who makes pilgrimage to Grande Ligne can afford to pass by the log cabin, the cemetery, and the open air baptistry.

I must leave an account of the dedication services for another article.

Odds and Ends.

England is now far behind. Gibraltar has not yet come in range of our opera glasses. We passed Cape Roca this morning within two miles of the breakers and the broken headlands. The town of Cintra was plainly seen. Just over the rugged hills lay Lisbon, of recent as of ancient fame. This is an exceptionally fine voyage thus far, the ship's officers report. Our steamer is making 25 miles a day. The whole ship's company, including a dozen children, are happy and hearty. We have a few military officers on board; three missionary families returning to their work, and one family beside our own going out for the first time to try the experiences of missionary life.

An item of missionary intelligence. The agents in England (Hayes & Parquer & Co.) of all the Mission Boards in America and Canada informed me that there had not been for 21 years such a rush of missionaries going to the different fields as there is this fall.

All steamers sailing from London to the East have had their full complement of passengers engaged weeks and in some cases months ahead. Thirty-four berths had been engaged by the A. B. M. U. Board in steamers sailing from Liverpool in October.

It sounds better at this distance even than it did at home to state that our small body of Maritime Baptists have sent out two new families within a year, and that two more families are under appointment. It is no doubt, most pleasing to God than to men to thus note the quickening of the Christian impulse within His people. One man and his wife of our company have served in various parts of India for 25 years, in connection with the Church Missionary Society. They are evidently thorough Christians, and the information to be obtained from them concerning Indian life is varied and voluminous. This strange country has seemed nearer since our brief acquaintance began; our eyes have been opened—widely—to hitherto unknown, undreamed of facts, and many troublesome fears have been removed. We are to call at Malta, and are looking forward with no little pleasure to a short visit at that historic isle, where the power of God was so wonderfully displayed, and human supposition; always so proud of its conclusions, was so wonderfully at fault. The sun has hidden himself behind the western mists. Three Bénédictine Mohammedans are on the anchor deck engaged in a performance—one not unpractised by very many far more enlightened humans—saying their prayers. We go to supper. Good night.

Oct. 18. M. B. SHAW.

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."

A few extracts from the Journal and letters of the missionaries, Ward and Marshman, during their voyage to India in 1799. They sailed on May 21.

May 24.—Went on board the ship with our luggage. I blessed God for this new era in my life.

June 1.—Had a comfortable prayer meeting to night. We thought of England, and the multitude of hands lifted up at this hour. Let Thy kingdom come.

June 11.—Held our conference this evening. A vessel is still pursuing us, which the captain believes to be a Frenchman. I feel some alarm, considerable alarm. Oh Lord, be Thou our defender. The vessel seems to gain upon us. There is no doubt of the vessel being a French privateer. When we changed our tack, she changed hers. We have, since dark, changed into our old course; so that possibly we shall lose her. The brethren have engaged in prayer; we have read Luther's psalm (46) and our min is as pretty well agitated. Our guns are all loaded, and the captain seems very low. We are *There, oh Lord, and Thine a-our Father.*

June 12.—Blessed be God, and blessed be His glorious name for ever! We are still in tranquility on board our vessel, and the enemy has disappeared. To-night we held our experience meeting, which was truly sweet to us.

June 14.—We know not where to begin in counting the multitude of God's tender mercies. Our captain, our room for worship, our supplies of food, the harmony among us, the health we enjoy, the seasons of refreshment in social meetings, the comfortable situation of the children, our preaching to the sailors, our deliverance in time of great peril, etc., etc., etc.

June 15.—Fine morning. The captain engaged in prayer. Brethren Marshman and Brunson preached. I have read Crantz' history of Greenland, I trust with much profit. I feel toward the first Greenland missionaries a kind of enthusiastic reverence. Their testimony in favor of the blood of Immanuel will, I trust, be mine; to that would I cleave. That, I trust, will be the centre to which I shall be drawn, and from thence declare every important truth.

June 17.—Rose at six. I propose to divide my time thus: Read my Bible and get my Greek exercise before breakfast. After breakfast attend to a Latin exercise, examine Biblical criticism, etc. From twelve to two (dinner time) read missionary accounts, etc. After dinner attend to history, and before tea get another Greek exercise.

June 19.—We have been to teach the sailors reading, writing and accounts. Bro. Marshman was down during this morning, and I this afternoon, teaching them to read. The presence of our London brethren and sisters excited us to give them some spelling books, testaments, etc. Many things give us access to their hearts. How they will try to introduce our Saviour.

June 21.—We had a week's prayer meeting this evening. It is good to be here. I can never rest up to a throne of grace now, but I carry thither the congregation of Frenchmen, Englishmen, negroes, South Sea Islanders, Indians and Hottentots. "Thank you, Mercies!" Ye have done us good. I shall use it for you, for me, for ever.

Some depend on the charitable submission of her soul to what is thought, but signs manifestly that she will not be able to embrace such a doctrine in this country, when her demands are not in accord with reason and justice. Hardly yet has the public interest ceased in the case of Mr. Birtwell of New York, who was compelled to abandon his parish for thinking for himself. When now the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec of this appears in print, making the severest criticisms on the government of his Church. He says, "I have not a particle of confidence in Rome's consistency, either in law or in interpretation." He has been opened—widely—to hitherto unknown, undreamed of facts, and many troublesome fears have been removed. We are to call at Malta, and are looking forward with no little pleasure to a short visit at that historic isle, where the power of God was so wonderfully displayed, and human supposition; always so proud of its conclusions, was so wonderfully at fault. The sun has hidden himself behind the western mists. Three Bénédictine Mohammedans are on the anchor deck engaged in a performance—one not unpractised by very many far more enlightened humans—saying their prayers. We go to supper. Good night.

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