

Messenger and Visitor.

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Dr. GALASHA ANDERSON has been invited to the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology at Morgan Park Theological Seminary, and it is expected he will accept. Dr. Tucker, one of the most prominent Baptists of the South and editor of the *Christian Index*, Atlanta, Ga., was fatally injured by a fall from a window, last week, and died in a few hours. The membership of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Scotland is only 4,800. Arminianism does not seem congenial to the Scotch character. Canon Farrar concedes that the bishop is not of an essentially different order from the Presbyter, and that he cannot maintain for any indefeasible divine prescription. The Mohammedans and the Hindus have been in conflict in some parts of India. It is said, were it not for the strong hand of Great Britain, there would be a great uprising of Mohammedanism to attempt the subjugation of the country.

SPLENDID LEGACY.—Wm. Gooderham, Esq., who has just died in Toronto, has left \$200,000 to Victoria University, provided it is moved to Toronto and federated with Toronto University. It is supposed this will settle the federation question.

THE NEW SERIAL.—We begin this week the publication of a new serial. It is true to history and intensely interesting. It gives a most vivid picture of the trials and sufferings of the persecuted Huguenots of France, and cannot but strengthen in all loyalty to truth and Christ. No one who begins to read it can fail to finish it, and those who read it must be profited.

We are glad to know that a number of friends of the late Rev. T. H. Porter, of Fredericton, are uniting in effort to place a suitable monument at his grave. The movement is a very appropriate one. Bro. Porter was emphatically a denominational man and gave himself with consuming energy to our various enterprises; and it is therefore fitting that his brethren should suitably mark his resting place. Contributions should be sent to Rev. L. M. Weeks, Dorchester, N. B.

STRANGE BUSINESS.—A professional flogger is a strange occupation. Yet there are such functionaries, and they are not ashamed of their business. Witness the following advertisement from the *London Echo* of Aug. 24:

To Parents—Unruly Girls and Boys of any age. Visited and Punished at their Homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment; all bad habits cured by one or two attendances; fee, 5s. for two visits. Write Birch, May's Advertising Offices, 162 Piccadilly.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The slave trade on the east coast of Africa is said to be but little affected by the blockade kept up by armed cruisers. The traders are compelled to take their miserable captives further up land, and this but increases the horrors of the traffic. Heart-rending accounts are being received of the cruelties inflicted on the captives in their journeys north to a point where the coast is not so closely guarded. Very few emaciated wretches remain when their destination is reached, of the hundreds who begin the journey. It is reckoned that 250,000 are hunted down and captured each year to supply the slave markets. If the British East African Co. can but get a controlling influence across from the north of Zanzibar to the great lakes in the centre of the Dark Continent, much will be done to block up the line of the slavers' communication.

ARTISAN.—In an article in the *North American Review*, Dr. Farrar says:

As regards the Church of America, I am told that alone, or almost alone, of the religious communities on the western continent, it is steadily, if but slowly, adding to its numbers, lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes.

Here are the statistics of the various denominations of the United States, as compiled by the Independent:

	Chs.	Min.	Com.
Roman Catholics	2,281	7,866	4,919,919
Methodist Episcopal	2,191	12,002	2,451,949
Presbyterian	1,432	4,907	1,448,097
Episcopal	1,187	8,697	1,154,773
Anglican	821	8,189	1,083,282
North	666	7,184	750,236
Presbyterian (Northern)	643	779	722,021
Disciples of Christ	437	3,208	629,000
Congregationalists	429	4,284	474,000
Protestant Episcopal	353	3,910	450,012

Well may the *Christian Advocate* say: How is it possible that he (Farrar) could travel in the United States and imbibed such a delusion? His predecessor, Dean Stanley, had clearer perception, and said that the most wondrous thing he saw in the United States was the growth of the various Denominations. When it is remembered that this body which has less than four hundred and fifty-one thousand communicants, has been on the territory now included in the United States a little longer even than the Puritans, much longer than the Presbyterians, longer than the Baptists, and almost twice as long as the Methodists have had existence, we inquire most

earnestly for the authority behind Canon Farrar's "I am told."

LETTER OF MR. SPURGEON.—The following letter sent by Mr. Spurgeon to Bro. Avery, reveals so much the love and tenderness of a great heart, that we publish it:

I beseech you remember me in your prayers.—C. H. S.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
NEWINGTON, S. E., July 20, 1889.

BELIEVED BROTHER AVERY:
The Conference was one of the happiest. Holiest seasons we have ever spent. The Holy Spirit rested upon us all. We are so vitally and fervently one with each other, and one in the truth of God, that there was no dissenting element; and when the sacred Dove came into our midst, He found that we had nothing to do but to welcome Him, and give Him loving rest in our bosoms.

I have personally passed through a great fight of affliction, and I can truly say that the Lord stood with me. But he has been pleased to comfort me much by the loving attachment of the mass of our college men; and by their firm adherence to the glorious gospel. I would sooner die than incur the Divine displeasure, and the curse of coming generations, by being false to the responsibilities of a threatening hour. It is very fine to talk of our forefathers and then to flinch when our circumstances become somewhat like theirs as to trial and difficulty. We best honor the faithful by being like them.

You and I know too well the sweetness of the truths of revelation lightly to give them up at the call of "science," or "advancement." To us nothing can be so scientific and advanced as the truth of God. Our stay in labor, and our joy in sorrow we find in the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

You, my brother, have your trials. I commune with you in them. Tokens for good are these—marks of sonship, necessities of warfare. We shall soon meet with our King, on the field of victory; we will hold on till then, let the battle rage as it may. Thinking of you all, my prayers rise while my pen runs.

To the eternal God I commend you, and all the rest of our beloved Brotherhood.

Were it not that I have very much laid upon me, that *leture* has become almost a foreign word to me, I would write you often. As it is, my heart says—*"Bless the dear brother, Lord!"* Peace be to you, and your household, and your helpers! In the name of all the Conference, I salute you. May our Lord be with you as your life, your strength, your heaven below, and working out for you, may He draw all men unto Him.

Yours in truest love forever,
C. H. SPURGEON.

FRANCE.—According to a writer in the *Forum*, France is in a sad state of moral and financial collapse. The *National Baptist* summarizes some points in the article:

A depressing fact in the circumstances is the collapse of the moral sentiment in France. In America and England, conscience is often disobeyed; sometimes it is stifled; but it is never extirpated. But it sometimes seems as though to a large class of Frenchmen, the word "right" is "it is wrong," were words without significance. The writer alludes to the fact that it is a very common thing for the government, when it finds some opponent gaining an inconvenient degree of influence, to invent infamous charges against him, under the influence of which he loses his influence with the people. As soon as this object has been accomplished, the charges are allowed to fall to the ground. Men of high standing do not seem to be injured by the widespread knowledge of their immorality. When allegations were made as to innumerable scandals in the life of President Grevy, the accusations were not denied, and no proceedings were instituted against the author of them.

The value of property is falling; real estate has diminished 20 per cent. since 1875, and 10 per cent. since 1884. In one department, one of the richest in France, including manufacturing cities, the decrease has been 50 per cent. since 1884, and 74 per cent. since 1879, and yet all the time expenses are increased. New offices are constantly created to afford opportunity for greater patronage. In one department, that of the fine arts, there are four chiefs of division, twelve chiefs of departments, nineteen deputy chiefs of departments, twenty-two chief clerks, and all for the purpose of superintending four clerks. All the budgets show a deficit increasing every year.

All these things show emphatically a tendency toward bankruptcy; a constantly increasing deficit and a constantly decreasing valuation can have but one end.

But the financial bankruptcy seems to us only the expression and result of a moral bankruptcy. The history of this brilliant, brave, gifted, frugal nation is impressively sad. Always struggling for an ideal of liberty and prosperity, they have always failed to reach it. The best blood of France, than which no better blood ever flowed in human veins, the blood of the Huguenots, the blood that would have redeemed the nation, was shed like water on the night of St. Bartholomew; but strangely enough while in other nations the blood of the martyrs has often purchased liberty, the blood of the Huguenots brought no remission to France.

PERSONAL.—Bro. E. M. C. Bottrell has resigned the pastorate of the Leinster St. Baptist church, St. John. Having intimated that he might possibly be free to resume the pastorate again, the beginning of next year, the church, instead of accepting his resignation, granted him leave of absence for three months.

A Round-Trip Ticket.

III.—THREADS WITH AND WITHOUT KNOTS.

I find my notes for the remainder of our stay in Dresden exceedingly meagre. They read somewhat as follows: "May 7. The Dresden gallery—the building baroque style—the 'Madonna di San Sisto' and the lady who 'didn't care for allegorical pictures, you know'—Titian's 'Tribute Money'—Correggio's 'La Notte'—Burgomaster of Basle and his family—Hofmann's 'Christus im Tempel'—Veronese's 'Adoration of the Magi'—May 8. Buying lunch for to-morrow—bread, apples and chocolate—found out!"

There was once a man by the name of Till Eulenspiegel, who was as celebrated for his literariness as other men for their figures of speech and exuberance of fancy. Everyone laughs when the name of Till Eulenspiegel is mentioned; and to this day no one seems to know when he lived, or where, or indeed, if he ever lived at all. As he lay dying, it is related, he called together all the tailors in the land—he was himself a tailor—for the purpose of communicating to them the secret of acquiring wealth. "Never forget to make knots in your thread," he said with his last breath, and the tailors, remembering the time they had wasted in drawing unknotted threads through their cloth, went home sadder and wiser men.

We are all either already clothiers, or appreciate to the trade of those whom Carlyle calls *Metaphorical Tailors*. I tried the other day to make a garment for a thought suggested by the pictures I have mentioned. It fitted so badly that I threw it away. A second was so ill-shaped that the voracious blunderer who ever held yardstick and scissors would have laughed it to scorn. The third fell to pieces in my hands and would not have covered Hop o' my Thumb. Had I forgotten the knots? No, but the material was now worn so thin with my haggling that the knots all went through. Whence I come to the conclusion that Till Eulenspiegel only told half of the truth.

And what are you, my dear lady of the dialike to allegorical pictures, but an allegory yourself? For what is an allegory but a picture in words, and an allegorical picture one without words, that is to say, a symbol, and you yourself the most meaning and most unreadable symbol of all? Have you then no kindred with the mystery shadowed forth in this symbol of the Mother and her Divine Child in Raphael's masterpiece? Is there not something here for which you have been waiting, and which has been kept for you until you came to claim your own, face to face and understanding to understanding—something which you have before dimly recognized in a thousand different forms, yes, perhaps had momentary visions of sun-clear enlightenment of its meaning, but which is now for the first time through the inspired brush of a painter made plain to the outward as well as to the inward eye. The veil of heaven is for a moment drawn back. The Virgin, clouds rolling under her feet, hastens with the Child to a waiting world. Her dark eyes are solemn with the full consciousness of the sacredness of her charge, yet there is such a joyousness in her step, in the very drapery floating about her, that the heart bounds forward to meet and share in her gladness. The clouds themselves are the beating wings of innumerable hosts of angels, in the foreground transfiguring light from their rejoicing faces, further away deepening into a mist like that on the eternal hills. And the Child, Wonderful, Mighty, whose young eyes are already opened to the revelation of that for which He was sent—He is at once all human, all Divine,—in His person the mystery of all mysteries, even the manifestation of God in the flesh. If this be allegory, then it is the most beautiful allegory that ever was allegorized.

There is a sort of thread which is beyond the control even of knots. It is called "kinky." Its monstrosity consists in "kinking" at the least expected moment, then either itself breaking short, or bringing work to a standstill. No thread could look smoother and more pliable, yet how many garments might have been made, how many naked been clothed but for its exasperating kinks! I came to the conclusion that Till Eulenspiegel did not begin to tell the truth.

Miss Gray has a theoretical antipathy to chocolate. Like other theories, it has its grounds; but I have generally found a total want of theory, in such cases, more suitable for practical working purposes. We were to leave Dresden the next morning at five, arriving in Regensburg at six in the evening. The subject of a lunch was proposed.

"Bread and meat?" suggested Miss Brown.

"Of course!"

"Apples?"

"Happy thought! Apples it shall be!"

"Anything more?"

I ventured to add "chocolate," and thought I saw Miss Stone's mouth quiver with sympathy at the word, but Miss Gray's eyes turned upon me with such a look of mingled surprise, disapproval, and reproach, that I subsided into a silent determination to go out and buy a whole pound to comfort myself with.

So, towards evening, the other three set forth to purchase bread, meat, and apples, while I, deeply injured at being allowed no voice in the matter of selection, remained at home to write letters. I had secretly commissioned Miss Stone however, to expend ten pfennigs (24 cts.) in chocolate—for chocolate I was determined to have at any price, though on the whole a pound seemed a little too much for one day, and my desire had moderated to the smallest purchasable quantity—and if questioned to state frankly that it was for me. Thus I thought to accomplish my purpose without again encountering those reproachful eyes, and at the same time to clear Miss Stone of any suspicion of gratifying her own well-known leanings toward chocolate. She undertook the commission, I remarked at the time, with extraordinary willingness. The disputed sweets, it is needless to add, were forthcoming in due time.

"Did you get all this for ten pfennigs?"

"No! not exactly. I bought twenty pfennigs' worth."

"But I only wanted to spend ten."

"I want half of it myself!"

"Oh!" A light began to dawn upon me. And then we both laughed. Sympathy of taste is sweeter than honey.

"And you charged it all to my account?"

"Yes?"

"Oh Euphemia, Euphemia, you are even cleverer than I thought you were!"

So far, so good, but Miss Stone's reckoning day was coming. I myself was now beyond the pale even of remonstrance and was left to the inevitable result of my own evil devices.

That evening, according to custom, we gathered about a table to settle our money affairs for the day. It may be interesting to know how we managed our finances. To save confusion, Miss Gray usually paid all the bills, keeping account of all items and charging a fourth to each of us, which we paid the last thing at night, in addition to which each one was expected to keep her own separate account. As it was very often necessary during the day to borrow and lend among ourselves to make the right change in our private transactions, there was always a great puckering of brows, much mental and oral arithmetical calculation, and manifold exchanging and interchanging of coin of the realm to "get square again," and make the four separate accounts harmonize with the general one. And not only this, but each one of us kept a memorandum of averages, and could tell to a pfennig (1 cent) the actual amount of expenses for any given day; so that some idea may be formed of the perplexities into which we were sometimes led by this quadruple double system of entry.

Now, it so happened that Miss Gray had been attempting to graft a new system of book-keeping upon Miss Stone's already somewhat complicated method of keeping accounts. The result was as novel and attractive as it was inexplicable and unworkable. Miss Gray's exactness and systematic arrangement of the smallest details, combined with Miss Stone's powerful imagination and love of the marvellous—the prince of accountants himself could not have produced the like! It was originally, I believe, a fire insurance memorandum book, but of a previous year, so that the dates down the margin of each page were highly unreliable. But then, as Miss Stone said, the items were the most important; and, so long as they were all straight, the dates might be looked upon as of little consequence. The book came to contain besides, before our journey was over, notes on art, sketches, epitaphs, inscriptions copied from memorial tablets, and many other interesting items not usually found in an account book,—all with the most delightful disregard of subject and order that can possibly be imagined. There was poetry even in her figures. How they rioted here and there among the "items," as if in a frenzy of joy at being set free from the constraints of row and column which ordinary people think proper to inflict upon them! It would have done your heart good to see how polite 9 turned his back for once on that god-for-nothing 0, and waited down the whole line to 1 in a succession of curves and somersaults that nearly took the others' breath away and left them standing in

all sorts of attitudes against the lines that divided one day's purchases from another's. Oh that was a rare, rare account book! Miss Gray held it in her hands and studied its hieroglyphics with absorbing interest.

Alas! Miss Stone, with all her cleverness, had overlooked one small point in the chain of circumstances, and upon that point Miss Gray pounced with the rapidity and certainty of a bird of prey upon its unsuspecting victim.

"Ha! what is this?—chocolate, 10 pf. Is this chocolate, Euphemia? Have you, have you?"

"Yes, that's chocolate. I suppose you might just as well know. I bought it for your lunch to-morrow, for a surprise. You know you're so fond of it!"

Miss Gray joined in the laugh that followed, and the chocolate carried the day.

On the journey to Regensburg Miss Stone and I found it of immense value. We carried it in our hand-bags, made it last as long as possible by partaking sparingly, though often, flourished it before the eyes of the others, inviting them to share it, which they steadily refused to do until near the end of the day, when, to crown our triumph, we had the exquisite pleasure of beholding Miss Gray nibbling at a stick of chocolate as if she had never had a theory in the world.

If all the threads had knots, and kinks were unknown; if time was never wasted, and all the garments were sewn together; if seams never ravelled, and cloth never wore thin; in short if the tailors did their work properly, and all the world was sitting clothed and in its right mind,—where would be the need of tailors? I come to the conclusion that Till Eulenspiegel did not know anything about the truth.

Boston Letter.

The pastors of the Baptist churches in and around Boston are again at their posts of duty, refreshed and strengthened by their sojourn among the hills and smiling valleys. Plans are being laid for aggressive work with a zest which augurs well for the coming season.

Many of the churches took advantage of their pastor's absence to make improvements in their church houses, which will go far to show their love for "the house of the Lord," as well as for the "Lord of the house."

Dudley street church, though still pastorless, has arranged for a course of "Lectures on the Bible." Mr. H. L. Hastings, author of the well-known hymn "Shall we Gather at the River," gave the first lecture last Monday evening on "The Inspiration of the Bible."

Several of the churches are already engaged in special evangelistic services. Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, is helping Bro. Denning at the Tabernacle—this month. Evangelist Needham is hard at work at the Harvard street church. Evangelist Brown is starting in for "three weeks special work" with the Everett church. Other churches are seeking help from similar quarters, and from the Lord, too, we hope. How all this is in keeping with Paul's charge to Pastor Timothy to "do the work of an evangelist," and "not send for an evangelist," I don't know, but suppose there is a way out of the difficulty.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton has returned from his visit to Rome, and was given a great ovation last Saturday afternoon, at the Music Hall. He is more determined than ever, and is planning some heavy work against Romanism.

Newton Theological Institution began its year's work on the 3rd inst., with 54 men as against 70 last year—many of the men have gone into active work at the close of their second year's studies, and others have gone to other schools. The junior class numbers 18.

Twelve missionaries, ladies and gentlemen, left by steamer Pavonia, on Saturday last, under direction of the Baptist Missionary Union—10 of them for different parts of Burma, and two for the Congo Mission, Africa. Four other brethren left the week before—and another party will soon leave for Japan and China.

The North Baptist Association of Boston, held its 41st annual session with the Medford church on Wednesday of this week. The statistics showed 633 baptisms for the year—a total membership of 13,630, and the value of church property at \$2,187,750. The 47 churches in the Association have expended for benevolence, \$35,017.75—for church work, \$213,723.48.

The most interesting discussion of the day was upon "The locality of church membership." The majority of the speakers were of opinion that church members should belong to, and work with, the church next to or nearest to their home—someone said that he feared if the truth was known many refused to call for a letter from the distant church

to unite with the near one—for fear he should have to support it. If that is so, such a person is a fit and proper subject for a church meeting "to sit upon." Boston, Sept. 23. WATCHMAN.

W. B. M. U.

"He is at himself, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Introduction of Christianity into India.

Of the time when Christianity was first introduced into India we have no authentic information. Some writers think it was not earlier than during the reign of Constantine in the fourth century. There is a tradition among the Syrian Christians in Travancore and Malabar that the gospel was preached there and in other parts of India by the Apostle Thomas, and the town near Madras now called by Europeans St. Thome was the scene of his martyrdom. Whether this be true or not is uncertain. There is evidence, however, that Syrian churches were founded in Malabar which undoubtedly have an early origin—probably about the fifth or sixth century. But the earliest authenticated date of which we can ascertain for the evangelization of India is in the first part of the sixteenth century, when the work was undertaken by the Portuguese.

Romanism in India.—In 1500, A. D., Jesuits from Portugal under a garb of Christ, arrived in the southern part of India, and set forth their errors and false lights. They were greatly surprised in not only finding a Christian king, but a large number of professing Christians and upwards of a hundred Christian churches. The purity and simplicity of these Syrian Christians was offensive and dissatisfactory to the Jesuits, who knew more about outward forms and ceremonies than they know of justification by faith in Christ. For some time matters went on smoothly. The Christians permitted them to preach in their churches, hoping to derive benefit from them. But as these Romanists saw their slow, subtle plans were not accomplishing their designs, gradually more rigorous measures were adopted; and, in time, a persecution broke out. Finally, a decree was passed "that all Syrian books on ecclesiastical subjects that were found should be burned." It was carried out; and the Syrians say that while the books were burning, the archbishop marched round in a procession chanting a song of triumph.

Buchanan, the historian, says: "It had been supposed that the Roman Catholics had destroyed, in 1599, all the Syrian books; but it appears that they did not destroy one copy of the Bible, and I have now in my possession some manuscripts of the Scriptures of a high antiquity."

Frances Xavier, "Apostle of the Indies," arrived in India in 1542. He was one of the first members of the Jesuits and was said to be a man of piety, zeal, and great self-sacrifice, and from early youth had a desire to preach the gospel to the heathen. On his arrival he found monks, priests, and many adherents to the Roman faith. He evinced much surprise in finding the greater number heathen in practice. This can be easily accounted for, when we know that Roman missionaries allowed their converts to retain caste and other customs, and at the present time many of them adhere as tenaciously to these practices as the heathen do. For two hundred years or more the Portuguese labored zealously to convert the heathen, and they show their fruit. There are in India to-day not less than 1,000,000 Romanists. They are the descendants of the mixed marriages of European and natives, and of converts from Hinduism, and a few descendants of Europeans who settled in India.

Literary Notes.
Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale University, will contribute to *The Century* during the coming year a series of papers on The Nature and Method of Revelation, in which he will touch upon a number of questions of living interest at the present time, in connection with Christianity and the Bible.

The eighteen Prize Nonsense Animals in the October *Wilde Avoca* are undoubtedly the very funniest magazine features of the year. General O. O. Howard answers the question, "How many Indians in the United States?" with interesting details. Rose Kingsley has a timely article on "The Boy who invented the Telegraph," the French Youth, Claude Chappe, Graham R. Thomson and Celia Thaxter both contribute long poems, with full-page pictures by St. Clair Simmons and Edmund H. Garrett.