

Messenger and Visitor

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— Our second page this week is devoted to Christmas stories, which we hope will be appreciated by the young folk.

— Our boys and girls, we feel sure, will be interested in Mr. Morse's letter, and will be glad to know that the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will have more letters from the same source.

— Mr. HARRINGTON's letter, giving some account of the great earthquake in Japan, will be read with interest. We hope to have other letters from the same pen, descriptive of things in the "Sunrise kingdom."

— In reference to an advertisement for a housekeeper, which appears in another column, we desire to say that the situation is a very desirable one, in a most respectable family, and a very pleasant locality.

— The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bars will be glad to hear of their pleasant journey to India, and safe arrival at Calcutta. We desire to present our congratulations and trust that their missionary life may be long and happy and abundantly fruitful.

— A convention which convened in the Baptist church, Aylmer, Ont., Dec. 4th, passed a resolution withdrawing fellowship from W. P. Nelson, late pastor of the Port Burwell and Jubilee Baptist churches, and refusing longer to recognize him as a Baptist minister, on account of grossly immoral conduct.

— By an inadvertence on our part, there appears on our seventh page this week a recipe for a Christmas dish, in which wine (or, as an alternative, vanilla) is given as a flavoring. We need scarcely say we do not recommend the use of wine or other alcoholic liquors in cooking. Much better use the vanilla.

— We have on hand, from different sources, a number of articles which have been sent us for publication, on the subject of Tithing. As this subject was discussed at considerable length in our columns a short time ago, and as other questions are now claiming attention, and the pressure of correspondence is great, we think it best for the present to withhold the articles referred to. They may appear later.

— The well-known Deacon George W. Chipman, of the Tremont Temple church, has given his house in Cambridge, and adjacent land, for a Baptist Home for the aged and for needy children. We hope the good deacon may live to see much happiness come to others through his beneficent gift. "It is," says the *Watchman*, "the nucleus of an institution such as we have long needed to illustrate, in one way, the applied Christianity of the great brotherhood of Baptists in this part of the world."

— THE BAPTIST YEAR BOOK, issued from the printing office of S. Selden, Halifax, for 1891, is received at this office. It is similar in form and general make up to its immediate predecessors, and not inferior to any in general appearance and mechanical execution. The absence of advertisements from the first part of the book is to be commended. Its 200 pages contain the minutes of Convention and associations, and the reports of the different boards, along with the statistical information usually found in the Year Book. Some typographical errors, we notice, indicate the need of closer attention to proof reading.

— It is announced that a new work from the pen of Dr. Alvah Hovey will shortly be published by Burditt & Co., of Boston. It is entitled "Studies in Ethics and Religion; or Discourses, Essays and Reviews pertaining to Theism, Inspiration, Christian Ethics and Education for the Ministry." The title would indicate that the book will be, in part at least, a gathering together in more permanent form of matter previously published as Review articles, etc. Dr. Hovey's learning, soberness of judgment and lucidity of treatment, insure that any book he may publish will be well worth reading.

— Our English brethren have undertaken to raise £100,000 for Foreign Missions in celebration of the Centennial of Foreign Missions in 1892; and they seem likely to accomplish this undertaking with great heartiness and promptness, as more than a quarter of the sum named has already been subscribed. In like manner, the Baptists of the United States expect to raise \$1,000,000 in the same interest. A meeting was lately held in New York, at which a number of leading ministers and others were present by invitation, in order to consider plans for carrying the scheme into effect. Secretary Mable is said to be very hopeful as to results.

PASSING EVENTS.

A REPORT FROM THE QUEBEC ROYAL COMMISSION was placed in the hands of Lieut. Governor Angers on Wednesday last. The political situation is now an exciting one. We have not space at command to discuss it and will simply give a brief statement of the facts. The report is not complete and final; it is an interim report from a majority of the commission, namely: Judges Davidson and Baby. The reason for its appearing in this form, as given by the judges named, is that the serious illness of Judge Jette would, for an indefinite time, render his concurrence in a final report impossible. The report presented declares that Armstrong's claim was not due and not payable, and that the voting of money for its payment was therefore contrary to law and justice. It also censures Hon. Messrs. Mercier and Langelier for complicity, directly or indirectly, in the corrupt transaction between Pascaud and Armstrong. Hon. Mr. Garneau is charged with carelessness, but not with a violation of good faith, and it is stated that neither he nor Hon. Messrs. Ross, Shehyn, Boyer, or Duhamel derived any advantage whatever from the transaction. Governor Angers, acting upon this report, has dismissed Mr. Mercier and his cabinet, and has called upon Mr. De Boucherville to form a government. The legislature will meet on the 29th inst. The De Boucherville government will, of course, be defeated, and an appeal to the country will follow. The elections are expected to take place in February or March. Outside of his own followers in Quebec, there are probably very few who think that Mr. Mercier's methods have been such as to justify the confidence of the people. Whether the situation was such as to justify, on constitutional grounds, the extreme action taken by the governor is, however, a very serious and important question, on which a variety of opinions are being expressed. What the chances may be for Mercier's return to power, it is difficult to estimate at present. They will depend, we should suppose, largely on two things—the final report of the commission, when it shall appear, and the position the Roman Catholic clergy shall take in the coming contest. But Mercier's personal influence in Quebec is no doubt great. His triumphant return to power may be considered within the range of possibility, and what the result will be, if he returns from the country to confront Governor Angers with the endorsement of the electorate, is a question more easily asked than answered.

IT APPEARS TO BE ESTABLISHED BEYOND DOUBT that the man who threw the bomb in Russell Sage's office was Henry L. Norcross, a stock broker of Boston. The parents of Norcross, who was a young man of about thirty, have recognized the remains as those of their son. The body was indeed blown to pieces, but the head suffered but slight disfigurement, and this, with certain papers which were found in Norcross's desk, left no room for doubt as to his identity with the bomb thrower. A surgical examination of the brain is said to reveal the fact that it was seriously diseased and in such a way as must have rendered the man insane. But the parents and friends of Norcross seem to have had no suspicion as to his sanity. He is said to have been a man of regular habits, of good disposition, kind to his parents, and attentive to his business. Yet for weeks, it would seem, the man must have been at work concocting his mad scheme and preparing with his own hands the engine of death, which some knowledge of chemistry he possessed enabled him to do, by which he intended that his own life as well as many others should be destroyed. Happily such phases of insanity are comparatively rare.

THAT WAS A STRANGE STORY which appeared in the *New York Herald* last week, set forth with graphic touches of the reportorial pen. From an opened upper window of a house on a street over which the cars of the elevated railway run, a man was noticed fix-ly gazing forth. He was a large faced, elderly man in his shirt sleeves, his arms resting on the window-sill. The window at which the man appeared was nearly on a level with the faces of the guards and passengers standing on the platform of the passing car. There was nothing in particular to attract attention to the face at the window when first seen. The strange thing was that he remained there so constantly in the cold frosty air. The guards on the railway cars, as they passed swiftly back and forth, got to noticing "the old man at the window," and wondering why he remained so long. "They saw him in the dawn and in the dusk. They saw him when the setting

sun touched the pallid face with a ruddy tinge and made the lenses in the round-bowed spectacles he wore light up as if from some internal fire. Long after night had fallen on the city they saw him and marvelled at the reason which chained him so steadfastly to the spot." At length Deputy Coroner Cronin was passing on the cars. A guard called his attention to the man at the window. His practised eye at once recognized the fact "Why the man is a corpse," he cried. An investigation confirmed his words. The man's name was Richard Harvey, a respectable and well-to-do mechanic, whose wife was away on a visit, and he alone. He was troubled with asthma and had opened the window for air. There, on his knees, leaning his arms on the window-sill, the summons came to him which, sooner or later, in one form or another, comes to all. And for two days and nights the dead face at the window had been keeping its ghostly vigil.

Blaise Pascal and his Provincial Letters.

William Briggs, of Toronto, has done service to literature and to his country in publishing the life and provincial letters of Pascal. The type is clear, and the book, of 400 pages, is reasonably cheap.

It is especially suitable that these letters of the great Pascal should be put before the Canadian public at this time. The Jesuits, long ago rejected and discredited, have taken a new lease of life, as seen in their success in compelling the province of Quebec to hand over to them \$400,000 as an offset to their estates surrendered when they were driven from Canada.

Pascal was born a Roman Catholic, lived a devout Roman Catholic, received the rites of the church just before death, and died and was buried a Roman Catholic. His talents, genius, honesty, learning and piety render him worthy of the fullest confidence. Protestant writers may expose the teachings of the Jesuit casuists, and may do it fairly; but it is always said, their views are the outcome of the dishonesty and bigotry of the enemies of the church. Pascal writes as a faithful Roman Catholic. It is therefore especially satisfactory to know that he is able to prove against this Society of Jesus, now and for centuries notorious for deception, intrigue and almost every sin in the black catalogue of crime.

Pascal was born in 1623 at Aubergne. His father took him to Paris when he was eight years old. When only sixteen he wrote a treatise on Conic Sections, and at eighteen invented a machine for making mathematical calculations. In mathematics, literature, science and philosophy, Pascal's genius was of the highest order. His lot was cast in an eventful period of the world's history. Cromwell and kings fought across the channel. Men of independent minds began to appear in France. Papal tyranny and the absolutism of despots were falling of their ends. Arnauld de Andrieux, Antoine Arnauld, Le Maître, Sacy, Lancelot, Hermant, and men of like spirit, broke away from the teachings of the Jesuit fathers, holding to the principles of honesty and the teachings of the church fathers and councils. The headquarters of these opposers of Jesuitism was at Port Royal. The struggle began over the publication, after his death, of the writings of Jansen. The views of Jansen, as gathered from St. Augustine, were declared by the Jesuits heretical. They also managed to secure their condemnation by the Pope. At this time Blaise Pascal appears. Under the signature of De Montalto the provincial letters were written. "By the brain of this genius there was given to the French language additional literary excellence, which added not a little to its classic worth. Voltaire said the provincial letters contained the wit of Moliere and the sublimity of Bossuet. But the chief results of the Jansenists' controversy was the exhibition to the public of the principles and practices of the Jesuit fathers. Pascal mastered the writings of their Casuists; and so exposed their teachings that all the world saw the character and work of this great society, which assayed to take possession of the politics and religion of the world. Remotely, Pascal was the means of their downfall. His exhaustive knowledge of all their writings, his sharp analysis, and full and apt quotations from the literature of Jansenists, Jesuits, church fathers and councils, his searching logic, keen wit, and easy, graceful style, made him an opponent before whom no Jesuit could stand. They made ineffectual attempts to reply, but he was master of the situation. The controversy lasted three years. In these letters the Jesuits are made the apologists and de-

fenders of nearly all vice and crime, including theft, manslaughter, treason and murder.

An avowed object of the publication of this work of Pascal by Mr. Briggs, is that the people of Canada may learn from Pascal, himself a devout Roman Catholic, what are the principles and aims of this society which has commenced anew its work in Canada, and in the Province of Quebec, has been aided by a vote of parliament, giving them \$400,000 to help them forward in their schemes. Every Canadian should read this work. The methods of this wing of Romanism, no doubt, change with the times; but their principles remain unchanged. They have survived banishment from almost every country in the civilized world. And still they live, ever ready, ever willing to assume any guise, do any work that promises success in destroying civil and religious freedom, and the enthronement of the ignorant and dark tyranny of the benighted centuries, when popery ruled the world. Canada does not need the Jesuits. Far better the liberal sentiments of Romanists who will not put their necks under the power of ultramontane despotism. At the present day, it cannot be doubted, that politicians, in Quebec and other parts of the Dominion, are paying deference to Jesuits, while they thoroughly understand their principles and purposes, and would be glad should the time come to relieve them of the fears of the intrigues of these subtle and relentless foes. A free press, liberty of speech and the ubiquitous reporter, are indeed guarantees against the success of Jesuitism in Canada. But there is another means above and better than all these—it is an open Bible and the preaching of the Gospel. Jesuits may intimidate politicians and succeed in keeping the people in ignorance, if they can keep the Bible out of the homes of the people, and the Gospel message from the ears of the people; but when the Bible enters the house, and the people listen to the Gospel of grace and freedom, then Jesuitism and all other creatures of darkness, must withdraw into the night whence they came. Protestants of Canada owe a debt to their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. They have a claim on them for Bibles and fearless, faithful preachers.

The Earthquake in Japan.

Japan has within a year or two been the scene of three events at least which have drawn the attention of the world—the organization of a National Congress in February, 1890, the attempted assassination of the Crown Prince of Russia in the spring of the present year, and the earthquake of Oct. 28th, just past. A few words about the last of these may be of interest to some of the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

Japan is a land of earthquakes. We never feel that comfortable assurance of having terra firma under our feet which the Blueocean enjoys in his own land. In an ordinary year there are about 500 shocks in one part or another of the empire, and of these a large proportion fall to the region of Yokohama. The great Earthquake of Fish, which is supposed to be at the bottom of all these disturbances, is said to lie with its tail somewhere under the Yokohama district. Most of these shocks are of a very trifling nature, and fail to ruffle the serenity of our minds, but several times in a year, usually, there is one rude enough to bring people to their feet, or even outside their houses. When one of the latter occurs about one o'clock of a cold winter night it is very unwelcome. But loss of life or damage to property is rare. During the past 1,200 years there have been only 30 notably destructive earthquakes, occurring at intervals from one month to 172 years, or once in 40 years on an average. Of these great earthquakes very few have affected any one district, so that the seismic disasters of a particular locality are usually centuries apart.

Two years or more ago the explosion of Mount Bandai destroyed several villages and killed some five hundred people, but with that exception there has been no noteworthy disaster of the kind since the great Yeddo earthquake, thirty-six years ago. That was truly an appalling calamity, and its harrowing scenes are yet fresh in the memories of those who witnessed them. It is reported that on the night before the earthquake a man went through the streets of Yeddo (now Tokyo) singing the words:

"If any one would see Yeddo
Let him look to-night,
For to-morrow he will behold but the moor
of Musashi."

Musashi is the great plain on whose borders Tokyo stands. The words were but too well fulfilled. Next day Yeddo

was in ruins, and 140,000 people had perished. Strange to say, the recent disaster had also its prophet. Some time previous to the event a letter was received by a certain department of the government, predicting that on the 28th of October a national calamity would befall. The proper official deposited the letter among the department's archives, and it was thought no more of till the earthquake brought it to mind as a remarkable coincidence.

The earthquake occurred about 6.30 a. m. The centre of the disturbance was in the neighborhood of Mount Haku, some 200 miles west of Yokohama, in the narrow part of the mainland of Japan; and the destruction of life and property was confined, almost wholly, to the several prefectures of that region—Gifu, Aichi, Tokai, etc., though the earthquake area is estimated at about 40,000 square miles. At Yokohama the main shock was very distinctly felt. Houses rocked with a gentle but strong movement, like ships at sea. Hanging lamps swung through wide arcs. But little harm was done, and we had no idea, till telegrams began to come in from the west, that we had had anything more than an ordinary "Yokohama shake." It took us several days to realize that a really great catastrophe had befallen.

Suddenly, and without warning the shock had come, and in a moment some of the fairest provinces of the Mikado's empire had been destroyed. Cities and towns had become heaps, and thousands of human beings had perished in the twinkling of an eye. Mountains changed their shape, rivers and valleys and plains changed their aspect. The earth was filled with cliffs and fissures. From an account given by an eye-witness, I cull the following extract. After describing the effects of the shock on his immediate surroundings, and the collapse of a neighboring temple, he continues: "Looking again to the front, the whole town was in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out of the great cloud of white dust came a screaming, gestulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, they knew not where, for refuge from the great destruction which had come upon them. Then further over the plain, from all points of the compass, as the eye could see, from Ogaki, from Gifu, from Kasamatsu, from many a village and unknown hamlet, rose against the morning sky the smoke of great conflagrations, for in that one instant one of the most fertile and thickly populated plains in the world, of more than thirty miles square, had been overwhelmed in a great catastrophe. Eight thousand souls had perished, and half a million had been left without house or home."

The losses caused by the earthquake are represented by the following figures, carefully compiled by the proper officials: Killed, 7,396; wounded, 11,811; dwellings destroyed, about 85,000; dwellings damaged, about 40,000; beside a thousand temples and tens of thousands of barns, storehouses, etc., either totally or partially destroyed. To this must be added millions of dollars that will be needed to repair the railways, highways, bridges, river embankments, etc.

The destruction was chiefly caused by the first shock, which was of terrific violence, the seismometer at Nagoya marking eight or nine inches vertical motion. Lesser shocks, however, some of them severe, continued for many days, several hundreds per day, about 1,500 in all being noted. Fires breaking out among the ruined houses, and floods caused by the breaking of river embankments, contributed to the desolation. The condition of the survivors in the stricken districts called forth hearty sympathy all over the empire.—The Emperor and Empress, the wealthy merchant, the poor people, all gave according to their ability. The European and American residents contributed about \$20,000, and the Chinese residents several thousands. Carts still patrol the streets collecting clothing and other necessities. Doubtless in the stirring of men's better natures throughout the empire, the kindly feelings aroused toward foreigners by their ready charity, the opportunity it has given the missionary bodies and the native churches to manifest in a conspicuous way the spirit of the Gospel, we may see something of the Divine purpose in this calamity. The afflicted provinces were particularly opposed to Christianity. The hand of God is in the earthquake, also, and by its means also His kingdom will come.

CHAS. HARRINGTON,
Yokohama, Nov. 18.

—The good Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, celebrated his 85th birthday with his friends on Thursday last.

On the Way to India.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN CANADA.

Dear Girls and Boys:—See if you can tell where we are. We are in a good ship and on a peaceful sea. The sky is blue. All there is over our heads is a roof of canvas. The water beneath us and around us is bluer than the sky and as wet as the Bay of Fundy. We are out doors, sitting on the deck. There is a book on my knee and the wind is trying to blow the paper away from me, on which I am trying to write you a letter. Our ship is ploughing through the waves toward the east. There is a big bird flying away up in the air. The sun is so bright and looks so much like the one we have in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that I believe it is the same old sun. South of us for hundreds of miles we have seen hills and peaks and islands. As we sailed past them we have seen more and more. It is the shore of some land; can you tell what land it is? We came into this sea through a strait that was only a few miles broad. As we came through the strait, there stood up on the north of us a great rock, as if he had popped his head up out of the ocean and lifted up his broad forehead into the clouds to see who was going by. What strait was that? What big rock was that? After we got by the rock we sailed toward the north-east a while, and all along the north we saw mountains and hills, and one snow-capped peak. In what land were they? It was Friday morning that we came into this sea and we are in the same sea yet. What sea is this? Southward on the top of a hill on an island I see a white, tall building, like a colossal chimney. What do you think that tall house is for? On the north of us but far away, too far for us to see, is a land shaped like a long-legged boot. To-night we expect to reach an island and sail into a harbor on the north-east coast, and stop at a city named Velest. This little island is owned by the British, and as I am going to mail this letter there perhaps you will tell me what island it is. The Bible tells about a man who came to this island. Who was it? Where was he going? Why did he stop here? Did he have as pleasant a trip as we are having? What is the name of the Bay where people think he went ashore? Almost everybody is writing a letter to mail at this place to-night. I am going to write a letter to my mother, too.

There is a boy on deck about eight years old. He often plays with us. His name is Cyril. He has a little sister named Beryl. There is another little boy named Allen. The other day a young man was swinging Allen around by the arms. The Captain looked out of his window and said, "Put that boy down. He will slip out of your hands and go overboard next thing you know." After you have found out the names of this sea, I wish you would tell me what the name means, and why that name was given to this sea. What nation once owned all the land all around this sea? How in the world are we going to get out of this sea to go to India?

I hope you are all well. I would like to see you. God has been so good to us. Thank Him for us. I will not write you a longer letter this time. How I should like to get some letters from you. If any one of you would like to help make me happy, write me a little letter. See how many of my questions you can answer. Ask me as many questions as you like, and I will answer as many of them as I can. Of course I cannot write to each one of you, but I will send my answers to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. My address will be—

BIRMINGHAM,
MADRAS PRES.,
INDIA.

Probably we shall be almost there before you read this letter.

I am having such a good time that I can hardly stop to write. The sea air is so good for our health, and we are growing stronger every day. But we shall need all our strength when we get to India. Here is a high rocky island, and we are so close to it that a man could almost swim ashore. Here are Cyril, Beryl, and Allen playing with a kind of little gun and target; Cyril is taking aim and saying, "Keep back, Allen; go back." There comes the ball, but he does not hit the mark. Now he is going to fire again.

Yours truly,
LEWIS D. MOSS.

S. S. Cian McPherson, Nov. 23.

Intelligent Patriotism

is what *The Youth's Companion* is aiming at in its plan for a gigantic chain of debating clubs called the *Lyceum League of America*. This gives a practical direction to the ardor of the school-flag movement started by the same paper.