

Messenger and Visitor

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

Published Weekly by the Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XLI.

VOL. V., No. 37.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1889.

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

The great progress of Episcopalianism in New York is due, according to the *Christian Enquirer*, to other causes than its immense revenues and its aristocratic prestige. It is adopting the most evangelical methods in pressing its mission work. This is cause for gratitude. A fierce attack was made upon Prof. Harper, a short time since, by a leading Methodist divine, charging him with rationalism of the most advanced German type, because of his conduct of the Hebrew and the Old Testament student. Dr. Harper has replied, denying the charge, and the Chateaugay management has exonerated him. The Baptist Missionary Union of Boston have already appropriated over \$400,000 for the work of the coming year. This increase of expenditure has been encouraged by the deeper interest in missions now manifested. The Bishop of Havana appealed from the Cuban courts to Spain against their decision refusing to close the Baptist cemetery, and Spain has decided the appeal against the Bishop. Twelve hundred converts have been baptized in the Baptist Mission in Russia the past two years. The mission is principally among the German colonists in South Russia. There is also a successful mission in Roumania and Bulgaria.

Persecution of dissenting Christians seems to be increasing in all the countries of central and eastern Europe. Their rapid progress has alarmed the clergy of the established churches, and they are putting forth every effort possible to suppress them. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon recently paid a visit to the Island of Guernsey in the English Channel. He preached four times in one day. Admission to the services was by ticket, and no fewer than nine thousand applications for tickets were made. Mr. Spurgeon's visit appears to have resulted in a great quickening of spiritual interest, the whole Island being greatly stirred. A new station on the upper Congo River has been opened by the American Baptist Mission. It is 170 miles above Stanley Pool. Lieut. Taint, U. S. Commercial Agent on the Congo, says this is the only mission on the river which has been successful. A movement is on foot to establish in the Church of England a "Church Monastic Order," the members of which are to take a three-fold vow of chastity, purity and obedience, says the *Freeman*. This is aping Rome pretty effectually. We see it stated, also, in the *Freeman*, that Mr. Spurgeon attended the autumn session of the Baptist Union just held in Buckingham, and preached. It is evident that his Down Grade protests has had a powerful effect to hold the Baptist body from yielding to the tendency of laxity. Perhaps he considers his aim so fully accomplished that he can unbend somewhat. The address of Dr. Landale, the president, was on "The Weapons of our Warfare." He spoke strongly on the need of courage to speak plainly on our distinctive beliefs, notwithstanding the presence of Pedobaptist members. A statement of this kind seems strange to us. Why admit as members those who do not share our beliefs? This plain speaking, however, would help, in the end, to do away with the inconsistency.

We call attention of all interested to the opening of the fall term at Acadia College, as announced in our advertising columns. We hope there may be a strong force of students present on the 26th. The institution was never in so good a condition to do the best work. We are not that the *Messenger* and *Visitor* is not accustomed to publish calls declined, or calls not accepted, for fear of putting churches at a disadvantage in securing pastors, we should have several to chronicle. We are glad that one from abroad to one of our most earnest and successful workers, has not had power to lure this brother away from his present field. In the Central Baptist of August 1st, is a letter from a missionary, introducing Rev. W. B. Boggs, now Dr. Boggs, through a degree granted by William Jewell College, to its readers. Among many other kindly words is the following estimate of his scholarship: Mr. Boggs is, by common consent of his missionary associates, considered to be not only one of the most scholarly men in the mission, but probably the most careful and accurate in his scholarship; and it would be a source of great delight to many of them if the number of men on the field were only sufficient to warrant his being designated exclusively to the work of translation and revision.

A Correspondent of the California *Baptist* refers to one of our provincialists in the following eulogistic terms: At Lompoc, I had the pleasure of preaching in the new Baptist church, which is a trophy of a resolute, wise and

self-sacrificing people, reflecting great credit on Pastor Redden; Deacon Peck and all who have thus worked together. The self-sacrifice of Brother Redden, who began with five members two years ago, is well rewarded by the confidence and affection of the whole town and valley, in the prosperous Sunday-school, the working and growing church of thirty-five members and a delightful church home well furnished and practically out of debt. With an accomplished and devoted wife whose heart is in the Lord's work, and with the possibility of another Baptist pastor within forty-two miles, our Lompoc pastor will not be so lonely as in the days gone by.

The marriage of Miss Bertie Brown to the Rev. H. B. Smith, at Torbrook, August 29, elicited many regrets on account of her removal from the place, and many wishes for her happiness in her new sphere. In these kindly expressions, the choir and congregation of Torbrook took a part. The gratuitous services of Miss Brown as organist, as well as her active interest in all that pertains to the good of the community, have been keenly appreciated. As a memento of the high esteem in which she is held, she was made the recipient of a beautiful hanging lamp and several articles of silver plate, together with an address on the eve of her marriage.

Too bad.—It is too bad. There has been a lively discussion in the American papers over the question of the granting the degree of D. D. as practiced by colleges generally. A few months ago we could have had our say. Could have been very severe over the readiness with which the degree is granted. Could have counselled care in bestowing it. Might have had our little witticism on the degree resembling a label on a dried-up mummy, etc. In short, we could have shown how those who get degrees are usually the poorest men, how much better off a man is without it, how much superior we were to the "dry as dust" who get D. D.—we could have said lots of things. And now, just to think, we have to sit and meekly suck our editorial thumb and say never a word. Again we say, it is too bad.

Read it.—There were some subscribers on our list whom the following would hit, were they now readers of the paper. We hope that none now on our subscription lists will put themselves in a position to be hit by it in future: "Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retirement is a duty, please stop my 'Whiskey'!" "Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—Ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets?" "No, no, not these, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—Tobacco, cigars and snuff?" "Not these, at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my—Tea, coffee, and unhealthy luxuries?" "No, no, not these. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me \$2 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, and especially in brain."—*Ex.*

The many friends of Rev. Peter M. McLeod will be shocked to hear of the terrible affliction which has fallen upon him. His son Roddie, just arrived at young manhood, remarkable for his brightness of mind and many endearing qualities, was caught in an ascending elevator and crushed to death in an instant. We received a letter from our broken-hearted brother, but lost it from our pocket, and are, therefore, unable to give more than a record of the sad and heart-rending fact. Thus one of the most promising of lives has gone suddenly out. As his father wrote, he is now with his mother. We remember him, as he was when with us for a few days in the West, buoyant of spirits, keen and active of mind, full of an overflowing vivacity and vitality, and have often wondered what the man would be. Strange are the doings of Providence, from the lower side. May the Lord sustain the grief-stricken father.

It is no wonder that relations between Russia and Germany are not the most cordial. Russia seems determined to crush out all German institutions in the provinces settled originally by the German people under promise of rights and privileges of which they are now being defrauded. The following is from a German missionary magazine: The process of the Russification of the Baltic Provinces of Russia is being pushed on with ever-increasing recklessness. Some of the most recent steps are the following: The Training Institution for German Teachers at Dorpat, which the government has sustained for sixty years, is closed; in all schools kept up by the State or town or other public corporations, the Russian language was made obligatory some time ago—now the rule is extended even to private schools; nor only is German law now to be superseded by Russian, but in the administration of the law the Russian language is alone to be used—which means that nearly all

German lawyers will be suspended from office and functions. But the most utterly barbarous decree of all is one prohibiting the Lutheran church from engaging in any sort of missionary activity whatever, whether at home or abroad. The missionary festivals, collections for missionary purposes, the publication of every foreign mission news in public journals, and the issue of missionary magazines—all is forbidden, because by these means the Protestant spirit is kept alive and strengthened.

We have been much grieved to learn of the dangerous illness of Principal McGregor, of McMaster Hall. He was improving, at latest accounts, but it is feared he may never be able to resume the full duties of his position. There are few whose characters are more sterling and estimable or whose lives are fuller of promise and possibility. May the Lord mercifully spare him to his friends and his work.

The Address of the Retiring President.—The address of the retiring president of Convention appears on another page. Its utterances on well recognized points of Baptist doctrine are strong and true. It is to be distinctly understood, however, that the statements about pre-millennialism are not endorsed by our body. In due time, the *Messenger* and *Visitor* will have something to say upon the subject. All we care to say at present is, that many of the statements are open to serious challenge. Neither do we think that Bro. Creed acted wisely in using an opportunity afforded him by the courtesy of the Baptist body to attempt to propagate a view held by but a very small portion of its members, and regarded by the great majority as unscriptural and injurious.

Bro. and Mrs. Gates had a complete and pleasant surprise on the evening of the 3rd inst. It was the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. Some member of the church was aware of this, and let it be known. His people saw in this an opportunity to show their appreciation and love. While he and Mrs. Gates were in the young people's prayer meeting the older members of the church and congregation gathered at the parsonage. At its close the happy couple were introduced to the company. So secret had it all been kept that they had not the faintest inkling of what was being done. Of course they were gladdened by the evidence of the warm regard of their people. The presents brought were both numerous and valuable. Among them were a beautiful mirror, an epergne, a costly lamp, and a general assortment of what could be termed crystal. An hour or two were spent in social converse, in an address and reply, and in disposing of refreshments. This gathering can but strengthen the bonds which bind pastor and people together. We hope it may be a long time before they are severed, although Bro. Gates may be compelled, as he intimated, to yield to pressure brought to bear upon him to go to a climate more favorable to his infirm health.

A Round-Trip Ticket.

—BY WAY OF A SET-OFF.

Just a round number of us, too, and it was with no small satisfaction, mingled with wonder, that we eyed the little, brown-covered books containing our fortunes by rail and by *Aufenthal* for the next two months. Would the places and scenes we had read and dreamed of rise up in richer forms or more glowing colors before our present eyes, or sink in the cold light of reality into the commonplace visions of an everyday world? The ticket-books were absolutely non-committal on the subject, though we turned over their green and brown pages enrapturedly enough. Perhaps there was something in the color. The quiet brown ones for Germany, now, meant only amount of carefully cultivated art and civilization, together with plentiful relics of former barbarism, where one might walk as among the dead leaves of a forest once alive and savage with their wind-tossed debris. How sadly they rustle now, poor things, though the sun shines and the forest is clad anew! Then these grass-green leaves, enmeshed in the very heart of their sober neighbors, could they be emblematic of aught else but the ever-living heart of nature laid bare in the mountains and valleys of Switzerland? As for Italy, the proper connections could not be made at the prosaic Berlin Bahnhof, and we must buy separate tickets for that part of the journey. Which was just as it should be, for the idea of including Italy in a *Rundreise Billet* was as incongruous, to our minds, as making connections between earth and rosy cloudland.

At all events, there was the stamp of the Berlin Anhalter Bahnhof through and through every leaf, and whatever happened, we would be sure to come out

all right at the end. Not after the stupid fashion of return tickets, there and back again over the same old road, but having made a complete round, sliding back into place with the precision of a locomotive on a turn-table.

Is not four the ideal travelling number? Two bore each other, three is awkward, and more than four is sure to come to grief. We four had all the advantages of well-balanced society, cheapness and convenience, and, moreover, whenever early enough, were just the right number to occupy all the Coupé corners before the other passengers could get in. We thought it exceedingly ungracious of them to require the remaining seats, thereby necessitating our lifting six heavy valises and shawl-straps to the rack above our heads; but they did it without compunction. Later we learned to stand crowded together in the doorway to indicate that the compartment was already full to overflowing; but that was one of the lessons of experience which is not to be recommended except to very hardened travellers.

We spent the time between Berlin and Dresden in trying to realize the situation. True to our nineteenth century bringing up, we wanted to get our feelings out where we could look at them, see if they were properly adjusted to their sittings, and lay them back again with a keener sense of enjoyment for knowing why. But the world is never so unreal as when we try to realize its reality, and I doubt if any one of us could have told whether the cherry-blossoms we saw on the way made the sunshine, or the sunshine the cherry-blossoms, or whether they were cherry-blossoms at all or not. Sorrow may sometimes be analyzed, joy never!

"Is that really you sitting opposite to me, Euphemia," said Miss Gray to Miss Stone, as they sat smiling into each other's eyes in the broad light of that sunny spring morning.

Euphemia answered with an expressive look that left no doubt as to her very present existence. Very few of Miss Stone's friends know to what extent her features are capable of producing every conceivable expression of emotion; but those who have witnessed one particularly subtle and virid transformation, will never cease to regret its comparatively infrequent recurrence. It both attracts and repels. It is like a glass held up to show each beholder how others behold him; and the sight is not gratifying to one's vanity. Yet without her knowing it, Miss Stone's everyday face was a still more powerful glass, wherein each one could see reflected what was best within himself as well as shadowings of all he fain would become. So, consciously or unconsciously, Miss Stone became one of the oracles of our journey and could hold us spell-bound whenever she chose.

The other was Baedeker, the patron saint of all right-minded travellers. We were not only ready to take our oaths by him, but we travelled, hired porters and *Dienstmannen*, engaged rooms, saw the sights, etc., drank, slept, moved, lived and breathed by his ever-ready counsel. If Baedeker had told us to travel with our eyes shut, we should have done it without a question. Whatever we saw was there because of his word, and whatever he did not speak of had no business to exist. I am bound to believe that if every other source of knowledge were blotted out of the world, Baedeker could resuscitate the whole system, from the culinary art to science and philosophy. If an altar were erected and a candle burnt wherever a way-worn pilgrim has called upon the name of Baedeker and been delivered, Europe would be aglow from the North Cape to the Sicilian Isle, from the Atlantic-washed shores of Spain and Portugal to the snowy steppe of Siberia—a freer and wider catholicism inaugurated than was ever dreamed of by pope or cardinal. He is one of the uncanonized saints of the Universal Travelling Brotherhood.

"Why not a Baedeker Convention?" suggested Miss Gray. "Such a convention held in Paris or Berlin would afford a seldom or never-equalled opportunity for exchange of the best thoughts of the day, and present such a brilliant assemblage of wit, beauty, and learning, as the world has never before witnessed. The brightest and keenest intellects of both sides of the Atlantic would be there, as well as an incredible number of the duller." The air would be electric with the thousand and one opposing currents of American sentiments; French lightning would blaze, and English thunder roll its very heaviest and fiercest; solid, through-going German Hans would be there with his physiognomy-propagating pipe and beer; and soft-voiced Italian Antonio would libel his ancestors over his glass of anise-water. What tales of ad-

venture would not be told, what comedies—aye, and tragedies, would not be unfolded amid the strained eye, the quickly caught breath, the tears and laughter of the sympathizing multitude! Then, too, Art, Literature, Science, and Philosophy would all be brought into requisition, and papers from masters in these departments would instruct and delight; music would put instruments of sound into the hands of her devotees and hold the audience entranced; connoisseurs in articles of *ersatz* would hold morning soirées in halls decorated with the costliest treasures of all lands and ages, rare beyond price; and for lovers of the beautiful in all forms there would be that which would fill eye, and ear, and understanding with the best the human mind can conceive, or the divine reveal. Where is your Centennial, your World's Congress, your London Show, or your Paris Exposition?" continued Miss Gray. "Where—"

"The Paris Exposition is in Paris, I believe," said Miss Stone. "The others were over long ago—as I should think you ought to have known, Anastasia! See! there's your Baedeker on the floor!" "Tickets!" shouted the guard, and as the train slowed up, Miss Gray packed away her Baedeker with an air that betokened an immediate convention of something or other, if not in Paris or Berlin, then in Dresden. B. B.

FAIRY GLEN.

BY THEODORE E. RAND.

Hide in the virgin wilderness,
The fretted Conway's Fairy Glen
This summer day reveals its charms
For painter's brush or poet's pen.

The air is flecked with night and day,
The ground is tiger dusk and gold,
The rocks and trees, empearled in haze,
A soft and far-enchantment hold.

The place is peopled with shy winds
Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wildwood, and let fall
An incommunicable calm.

Through rift rocks green with spray
wet moss,
Deep in the sweet wood's golden
glooms,
The amber waters pulsing go,
With foam like creamy lily blooms.

Shuttles of shadow and of light
Gleam and gloom in the watery wood
As rolls the endless stream away,
Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.

So life's swift shuttles dart and play
As ceaseless speeds its flashing boom;
Our day is woven of sun and cloud,
A figured web of gold and gloom.

God's arbor, this enchanted Glen!
The air is sentient with His name;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
The trees are bursting into flame!

W. B. M. U.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come."

Minutes of the Mass Meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union.

The mass meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union was held in Fredericton, Aug. 26. A half-hour was spent in prayer, after which the president, Mrs. J. W. Manning, took the chair. After singing and reading the Scriptures, prayer was offered by Mrs. C. H. Martell. The president made a very neat and beautiful address, and gave for the motto for the year, "Be ye therefore steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

An address of welcome was made by Mrs. Charles Spurden, and was as follows: "This meeting reminds me forcibly of a meeting held nineteen years ago, in this place, for the purpose of organizing the Aid Society in the Baptist church in this place, by Miss Norris. I can never forget her description of the benighted heathen women, nor her quaint, earnest appeal as to whether we could not give two cents a week and spare one hour a month to aid for a mission for the heathen. She said it seemed to be a call from God, a distinct call, to a distinct work, in His name and for His glory, to which her own heart responded, and she was thankful that ever since she had been permitted to have some share in the work. Not only had the society been a blessing to herself, but she had been continually encouraged by knowing of the zealous labors of others in this cause, labors which have been abundantly blessed, so that the 'little one has become a thousand and the two cents a week from many willing hands have swollen to thousands of dollars, while the value of the monthly hour spent in sympathizing prayer for ourselves and our dear missionaries, who can estimate. She rejoiced, therefore, to welcome the dear sisters, and trusted their visit would result in the increased zeal and earnestness of their own branch of the heavenly Master's service."

A most befitting reply was made by Mrs. F. Higgins, of Wolfville. The annual letter from Mrs. Churchill,

of Bobbili, was read by Mrs. P. R. Foster. Mrs. Joseph Babcock presented the greetings of the Free Christian Aid Societies, and made a most excellent address, showing the rise and progress of woman's work in missions and in temperance, the great need of it, and the necessity for its continuation. Her address will long be remembered by all who had the pleasure of listening to her. Mrs. William Allwood replied in a very pleasing manner.

The choir rendered very choice music. Mr. Higgins, missionary-elect, then addressed the meeting upon the degraded position of the women of India, arising out of their religious beliefs and caste customs, and urged the duty of women of Christian lands to give the gospel to their less-favored sisters of the heathen world. He referred to the gladness with which those who were about to go entered upon their work, and asked that in this difficult work they might have the consciousness of having the most earnest sympathy and prayers of those who remained at home.

Miss Higgins spoke of the lively interest which she had had, since her conversion, in all evangelistic work; and especially of her desire to consecrate her life to Foreign Mission work; and said, although she knew great sacrifices would have to be endured, she knew these would be as nothing compared with that of our Saviour, who gave His life for the world. She asked that they might individually be remembered in their prayers.

Miss Fitch said she had not, until about a year ago, felt any special interest in Foreign Missionary enterprises, and at that time she was awakened to her own responsibility in regard to this matter, and she began to inquire if she were called to such a work, whether she would be willing to undertake it; and, as a result, she had been led to the decision that God had indeed called her to go forth to the heathen to tell of the love of Jesus. This she regarded as no sacrifice, for, although it would be painful to leave home and friends and the association of Christian influences, yet she would be upheld by the assurance that she was being led by the Divine hand.

A letter was read from Miss Grey, of Bimlipatan, by Miss Hume.

Mrs. Sampson, of Fredericton, presented the greetings of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in the following touching manner. "As fellow laborers in the great mission field of the world we welcome you to our rural city and our homes. Your record is on high, and needs no human testimony. Yet we rejoice in the success which has crowned your zealous, self-denying efforts to send the gospel of Christ to the ignorant and benighted heathen, as well as to the willfully blind in Christian lands: We claim to be fellow-workers with you, although our mission is a lowly one; we stand beside the bank of the black river of intemperance and with our feeble voice cry to those who are playing on its bank: Stand back, there is death in its treacherous depths, few that sail on its dark waters enter alive. As members of the W. C. T. U. we bid you welcome in the name of our Master, and pray that when the Lord of the vineyard shall come to reckon with His servants, He will say to each of you individually, Well done—and to us as humble laborers on the highway, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my brethren ye have done it unto Me.'" Read Eccles 11: 6.

The sister who was to have replied not being present, the president in a few well chosen words thanked the W. C. T. U. for their thoughtful, kindly expression of sympathy.

A letter was read from Miss Wright, of Chichester, by Mrs. Jessie Harding. A vote of thanks was passed to the pastor and trustees of the Free Christian Baptist church, for the privilege of holding their meetings in it, and to the choir for their services, and also to all the sisters who had in any way helped to make the meetings a success. The pleasure afforded to the Union in having two such elderly ladies as Mrs. Spurden and Mrs. Sampson present—greetings, will be held long in the remembrance of all, and will be taken as a token of the Lord's special benediction upon us.

The grand letters of the missionaries, Mrs. Churchill, Miss Wright, and Miss Grey will be published in full.

Meeting closed by singing "Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing."

M. E. MARCH, Cor. Sec.

—One of the latest, as well as one of the best things from Spurgeon is his reply to the question whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band. "Yes; I think he might, but it would be a very difficult matter for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."—*Ex.*