

Messenger and Visitor.

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—THE BEST OFFER YET.—In order that as many as possible may have the opportunity to know the quality of the **MESSENGER AND VISITOR**, and may be able to decide whether they may desire to have it continued to them as permanent subscribers, the paper will be sent the rest of the year for 50 cents. We are more desirous than we can tell to have a thousand subscribers added to our lists by January next. The editor cannot continue to do what he has done in the past, by way of getting subscribers, as he has all the work he can stand up under. Will not our pastors and wide awake laymen take the matter up, and send in names on this offer? Will it not help on the work of the denomination—the work of God—to get the paper into all our families? Let there be an earnest effort.

The Swedish Baptists of the Eastern United States have grown very rapidly. From three small churches in 1883 they have increased to twenty, with a membership of over 1,600. The Unitarians of New England are evidently whistling to keep their courage up. They continually boast of the way all other denominations are coming over to their view, and yet the *Boston Herald*, inclined to make the best of their pretensions, believes that they are not half as strong as twenty years ago. The latest word from Cuba gives the membership of the Baptist churches there, gathered by Mr. Dias and his assistants in the last three years, at 1,523, of whom 330 have been baptized the last year. There are 2,228 scholars in the Sunday-schools. There are now in Rome ten Baptist chapels or mission halls, with nine pastors or evangelists. The church in Plaza Lucina has over two hundred members. Spurgeon's College in London has just sent out its 800th man. Of these, 640 are now living and at work in the ministry. The cost of the liquor used by royalty in England amounts to \$250,000 per year.

—THE LAST OF THE FATHERS.—All faces brightened when Dr. Bill entered the Convention on Saturday afternoon, and he was greeted with subdued applause. He is the last of the second generation of the Fathers of our denomination in these Provinces. The long stretch of years which his life covers and the way in which this life has been interwoven into the conflicts and triumphs of our denominational history, make his venerable form an object of tender and reverent interest, and his presence a benediction at our great gatherings. If he is not becoming too weary of earth and too eager to be away to the home in the many mansions and the eternal youth, we hope he may yet be spared to remind us of the vanishing past and help us in the living and earnest present.

—ANOTHER OF THE FATHERS.—Next to Dr. Bill, the venerable S. T. Rand, with enough titles to run across a page, is the eldest of the fathers, with the exception, perhaps, of Rev. David Crandall. It was pleasant to see Dr. Rand, also, at the Convention. His physical power is slowly failing, and the form, which so long endured the exposure of Micmac mission work, is becoming bent. His mental vigor, however, is well maintained, and he is full of animation, and as ready as ever to keenly and kindly repartee. May his last days be sunny and bright with the light shining over the Beulah land of Christian waiting on the border of the river.

—OUR GRATEFUL SALUTE.—The statements of the leaders of the Salvation Army, with references to their work at a distance, must be taken with a large grain of salt; witness the following from the editor of the *Indian Witness*:
Mrs. Booth-Tucker, alias Commissioner Raheman, made a speech in the Salvation Army headquarters in London, on her return from India, in which she claimed that the natives of India are joining the Army in great numbers. Of course we shall be misunderstood, and charged with opposing the Army, but we squarely challenge that statement, and demand the proof. We live in India. The writer (to wit, the editor of this paper), who lived in Bombay, where the Army headquarters are, knows that, so far as that place is concerned, the natives have not joined the Army in great numbers. After over five years of work, when they formed an Army Corps in that city, a few months ago they had less than twenty members, not one-half of whom were natives of India. We yield to none in our prayerful support of any and every cause that makes for the salvation of India, but must demand that the cause shall be truthful in stating the results of its work.

—It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—Dr. Johnson.

German Correspondence.

In a little village called Neuendorf, a few miles from Lyck, there lived a family to whom we one day paid a visit. The house stood in a field quite by itself, almost hidden by trees and surrounded with barns and other outbuildings belonging to a large farm or Gut. It was what might be called a double house, but not in the ordinary side-by-side fashion. One house was literally piled on top of another, somewhat flattening the ridge of the under one, it is true, but otherwise presenting each their individual features of white-washed walls dotted irregularly with tiny black-framed windows, red-tiled roofs bristling with chimney pots, and overhanging eaves in whose shadows dwelt rival colonies of twittering swallows. It was as if one house, fearing to stand alone, had straddled the other's shoulders, and so together rode they their still, but eventual, life through. We knocked at the door and were admitted into a large, oak-paneled room at the end of the hall. By one of the windows sat a very portly old lady knitting. She rose at our entrance and I was presented in all due form to Aunt Kraemer, with the usual addition of "aus Amerika."

She gazed at me for a moment in speechless wonder, and then, as if not daring to trust her own ears, repeated slowly: "Aus Amerika, did you say, Franze?"

Franze nodded laughingly, and assured her it was really so.

"Aus Amerika! Ach Gott! Hier, Tante Bahm! Tante Bahm!" she called, and a door into another room opening at the call, a stout, white-haired lady with black lace over her head came hastily forward.

"Tante Bahm, Franze ist aus Amerika!"

"Aus Amerika!" echoed Aunt Bohm. Her dark eyes sparkled with joy, she laughed, shook my hands over and over, repeated the name of the far-off continent in an amused tone, and then laughed again as if it were the greatest joke in the world. I had never regarded it in that light before, but now it began to look actually funny.

By this time the other members of the family, to the number of ten or eleven, made their appearance and some of the younger ones had the presence of mind to ask us to take off our hats. Presently we were all seated about the table, chatting busily over glasses of milk, delicious canned raspberries and cream, and slices of golden cake. "Fraulein" was made to sit between the two old ladies on a small sofa behind the table, always the place of honor in German families—and plied with questions about America. Every time my eyes met Aunt Boehm's we both laughed; she because of the joke, I because it was simply impossible to resist the look of pure joy and humor that seemed to irradiate her whole person. Never have I seen a human being so nearly the embodiment of nature's own laughing humor as Aunt Boehm. For her, life could never be a dark brown to be pondered over with knitted brows and pursed-up lips, but a great open secret for every one to enjoy and revel in.

"Und Sie sind wirklich aus Amerika?" she asked once more to make sure of the certainty.

"Ja, aus Canada."
"Aus Canada!" At this startling piece of information her voice rose nearly to a scream. "Aus Canada! Ach! Du lieber Gott, noch weiter!" (still farther!)

Auntie Kraemer, on the other side, clasped her hands and looked toward the ceiling, murmuring, "Aus Canada! Ach Gott, Ach Gott! aus Canada! The rest of the circle stopped eating and drinking, and gazed at me wonderingly. "So young, too," they whispered, and I felt as if I were about to be buried. One lady ventured to ask how much farther Canada might be than America. She had a nephew in America—that is, really in Africa—(actual fact)—did I happen to know him? I had never seen the young man, but if I ever should happen to meet him, would give him greetings from his friends in East Prussia, and promised. The talk then turned to other subjects, and in about half an hour we rose to take our leave. We kissed the white hands of Auntie Kraemer and Auntie Boehm (a beautiful German custom of courtesy toward elderly ladies), turned around in the carriage for a last look at Aunt Boehm's laughing face at the window, and then a row of poplar trees hid the quaint old house from sight as we drove rapidly back to the town.

Easter is a time of great festivity in Lyck. Early on the morning of Good Friday the children of each house go about from one room to another, walking

up their elders by splashing cold water in their faces,—a pastime supposed to awaken fresh surprise with each year; but no signs of ill-temper. Then on Sunday the peasant children have their turn. Armed with baskets and bundles of freshly-sprouted alder branches, they go in parties of four or five to each house in the town, and, standing in a row before the door, sing in high, piping tones, a hymn of the Resurrection. The door is opened, in rush the children, laying about them with the switches upon every person within reach. "Sch-mack Oestern!" they cry.

"Grün Oestern!
Sch-mack Oestern!
Drei Eier, Stück Kuchen, Stück Speck,
Eher geht es nicht weg!"

Green Easter!
Smack Easter!
Three eggs, piece of cake, piece of bacon,
Or I go not away!

Which pathetic appeal, backed up by the baskets held out at arm's length, fails not to secure the desired gifts. Later in the day the servants are allowed to Sch-mack Oestern, and altogether it is no small matter to satisfy all the numerous Sch-mackers. But it is the custom, and your true German will spare no pains to observe it properly. For three days everyone is dressed in his or her best. No one dare touch the piano or play any game. Cake must be eaten instead of bread, and there is a certain dish appointed for each meal. For instance, on Friday, hard-boiled eggs; for Saturday dinner, a goose stuffed with plums, and a turkey with chestnuts for Sunday.

In the church there is service twice a day, the second in Polish,—the language spoken by most of the peasants. Nothing could be more cold or forlorn looking than the interior of the Lyck church. The red bricks outside are warm enough, but inside there are walls of that dreary blue wash that sends a shiver through the blood only to look at it. Add to this the pious atmosphere of a church not heated from one year's end to another, and no wonder the preacher's lips were blue and stiff with the cold that sunny April day. His large congregation sat patiently coughing through the long two hours' service. The good old man's heart was of the warmest, and, if he had only known it, there was a witness close beside him that made still clearer the truth his weak voice proclaimed. It was only an old stone pillar, worn and crumbled with age, but through a painted window streamed upon it the most glorious colors the sun knows of, highest of all pure white. "And in the midst of the seven candlesticks was one like unto the Son of man. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

One word further, and I leave Lyck for some account of short stays in other and more favored places in Germany and in neighboring countries. The readers of the *Messenger and Visitor* will be glad to hear that in this out of the way corner of Germany is a little Baptist community of some 20 or 30 members, formed about a year ago and of late increasing hopefully. As in Berlin I made the discovery through the sound of voices singing. They were in a small upper room of a dwelling-house, much too small even for their numbers, and hot almost to suffocation. A young man of a sad-looking countenance was talking to the people very earnestly. His hearers were all of the class called the common people,—poorly-clad, hard-working men and women, but, in a word, honest and God-fearing. The women hushed the faint cries of restless children in arms so as not to miss a word of what was said, the men leaned forward, elbows upon knees, now and then sighing or nodding the head in assent to what touched their hearts. In the prayer-meeting held immediately after the sermon I debated within myself, rather anxiously, it must be confessed, as to whether I should make myself known as one of the faith.

They were all looking at me very curiously, and I wondered how my German would sound in public. At last a motto over the preacher's stand: "Ein Herr, ein Glaube, und eine Taufe" (One Lord, one faith and one baptism) decided me. But I was not prepared for the result. Their joy at seeing a Baptist, and hearing of Baptists in another land was almost overwhelming. The women crowded about me, held my hands, and even kissed my cheeks. Truly the human heart is the same through all guise of tongue, or condition, or outward appearance. The Germans at least; so far as I have known them, are not slow to give expression to its feelings. B. B.

Berlin, July 22.

Circular Letter.

TO THE CHURCHES COMPOSING THE EASTERN N. B. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

In this our annual letter, we shall present a few thoughts on the "Relation of the pastor to his church." That there is a necessity for pastors is plainly seen in the teachings of the Scriptures. A few passages may be sufficient. The church of the Thessalonians is admonished by Paul, "And we beseech you brethren to know them who labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake." Also, in Acts, 26: 28, they are said to be overseers; so made by the Holy Spirit, and their business was to "feed the flock"—meaning the church. In Ephesians, 4: 11, it is said, "He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors, and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." In the age in which we live the pastors and teachers who are called and qualified by the Holy Spirit are competent for all the work that is necessary to be done. In many of the pastors these qualifications are wonderfully blended, and happy is the church who secures such an overseer. The church, calling a man to the pastorate, does not give him his qualifications to impart, but it has the right to choose the man thought to be best qualified to do the required work. In this, however, they are not always wise. Well qualified pastors are sometimes rejected, and unsuitable persons chosen who prove very detrimental to the well being of the church. The man who is qualified by the Holy Spirit will be doing his utmost to do his Master's work, whether he has charge of any particular church or not. Visiting the sick, warning the unrepentant, and seeking to make peace among the brethren will be his soul's delight, and for such things he will continually labor and pray.

But when a man of God takes the oversight of a church, in what sense is he engaged? It is often said that a church hires a minister, or that a minister is hired by a church. Such terms are not in keeping with the spirit of the Scriptures already cited. Pastors or overseers of the flock of Christ do not stand in their official relation to the church as hired men. It is true they serve the churches; but it is as servants of Christ. What is given for their support is given to the Lord, not as hire to their servant.

Our judges are appointed, our magistrates are appointed, and so through all the officers of the civil service, and these men have salaries appointed, and not one of them stands in their office in the sense of a hired man. You could not offend more highly than to speak of them as hired. These men stand upon the dignity of their office; and their office has a dignity. They manage the affairs of State and Nation, and as such they demand respect. Is there no dignity in connection with the minister's office? Does he not fill one of the most responsible and exalted stations in society? He who prays at your bedside when sickness and death are wasting away your life, who weeps with you in your sorrow, and does his best to relieve your troubled hearts; who forgives many an hour of pleasure that he may minister to the wants of others; and who spends many an anxious hour in praying and planning to promote peace; and help men to see the better way, is he not worthy of respect? But ministers must see to it that they do not manifest the spirit of a hiredling. Our Lord said: "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep;" and here I think our Lord brought a very just rebuke upon those shepherds who had preceded him; and it may also reach those who are following him, who are always ready to go where the largest pay is offered. These have not the cause of Christ at heart; but self and self-employment concern them most. These have their reward. But the true shepherd who, like his Master, is willing to lay down his life for his sheep, has true Christian dignity, and wants all to share in it. We are aware that many of our influential and educated churches when they are negotiating with ministers, never write or speak of hiring them. Neither do they re-engage them every year as the manner of some churches is. It is a permanent engagement. When it appears that the pastor is not competent to fill his place any longer, the relation is severed in a Christian way.

Some churches for want of being better informed are liable to make mistakes and bring reproach upon themselves and the man they are anxious to call. We think the better way to dispose of, or to call, a pastor is on his own merits. If one church has not strength and means sufficient to properly take care of a pastor then let them adopt the plan of grouping as many small ones as will make a sufficient field. Let them send a combined call to some suitable brother to settle with them. Let them see that he gets settled in the most convenient place in the group for his own convenience (for what will be for his, will be for theirs), and labor for the best advantage of all. Let them act as if the whole field were one church. They will thus do a work which cannot otherwise be done. It is to be hoped that this plan is receiving the prayerful and careful attention of both ministers and churches. Very much depends on the ministers in carrying out this plan. If it costs much sacrifice let us be true to our principles in order that we may leave behind us a good record and good methods for those who are to follow. As all the ministers of the present day have not had equal advantages for preparing themselves for the work that is expected of them, it would be wise for the churches to exercise charity toward those who have had the lesser.

If the pastor's preaching is a little stale, the church had better excuse him from some of the everlasting visiting, and present him with a few volumes of standard works of the day.

A few hints in this way may help to sharpen a minister up, and help him to explore some of the field that hitherto he has not been able to reach. While he may be anxious to bring the pure "oil" to cause the lamp to burn always, yet he has to learn how the "oil" is to be beaten. Hence help from any God-honoring source may assist him very materially. This his work will be more easily accomplished and the better rendered. We commend these suggestions to your careful and prayerful consideration. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." B. N. HOURS.

W. B. M. U.

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

Fifth Annual Report of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces, Assembled at Fredericton, Aug. 24.

We desire to express our gratitude to our Heavenly Father that we have not one death to record, either of our foreign workers or of the Executive Board.

Our meetings have been held regularly, and they have been seasons of great delight, for we have realized that the banner over us was love.

Five years of the Union of the Societies have proved indeed that union is strength. We have seen most clearly that the divine benediction has rested upon us, and to-day with one heart and one voice we say, "Now thanks be unto God, who always causes us to triumph in Christ."

Our quiet way of working may not appear to the world as triumphant, but those who know the spirit in which it is done, and see the results, must testify to this truth.

The pledge given last year to the Foreign Missionary Board, that the Union would relieve them of work to the amount of \$3,900, has been carried out to the letter. The money has been paid in quarterly instalments. The full amount raised for the year is \$4,244.13, leaving a balance on hand of \$744.13, which, together with a balance from last year, leaves in the Treasurer's hands \$1,709.78. This does not include the \$900 in the Halifax Bank toward building at Kinross.

We have been praying very earnestly for two years that the Lord would raise up and send forth more of our young women to go to tell of Jesus to our perishing Telugu sisters, and lo! He lent His ear and our cry came even unto Him, and abundantly He answered, for four have said, I go at the Lord's command: Miss Nellie Fitch, of Wolfville; Miss May McDonald, of Toronto; Miss Sophia Jackson, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and Miss Sleep, of St. John. Miss Fitch, Miss McDonald and Miss Jackson have been received by our Board, and Miss Sleep has said, I am ready to do the Master's will in this matter.

Our sing ye praises unto Him,
Draw near with joy to-day,
For God is King of all the earth,
And He does hear us pray.

His people He takes pleasure in,
To faint ones He gives strength,
And with their precious golden sheaves,
He'll bring them home at length.

Our faithful band of workers on the foreign field are preaching Jesus to the

perishing multitudes all about them, and watching for souls with an earnestness that is born of the Spirit from on high. They have had the great joy of knowing that some who have passed to the other world, were believers in the Saviour, although they had not publicly made a profession of their faith in Him.

Mrs. Churchill, at Bobbili, has been pressing on with her work, though with a heart frequently very sad, as she looks at the two little graves in their garden, wonders, often, why those sweet buds should have been so early gathered for the upper world. But she has the consolation of knowing that they are growing in the paradise of God. She holds two weekly prayer-meetings, teaches her regular Bible classes, visits her Zenana women, and from house to house with Siamma her Bible woman, who has been such a grand help to her for so many years. The girl's school in town numbers 40, and the Sabbath-school 50 pupils. She has five boarders.

Mrs. Churchill occasionally tours with her husband out over their large and desolate field, but whether in the town or out in the villages, she is ever-carrying the light of life to abide in those dark places.

Mrs. Sanford, at Bimlipatam, has been for the greater part of the year in very ill health, not able to accomplish as much work as she would have done had it been otherwise ordered. But we know that her Christ-like influence is a power; there that the gates of hell cannot prevail against.

To some He gives grand active work.
And with it consolation,
To some He says stand still my child
And see My great Salvation.

In either case if from the heart
"Thy will be done" we say,
He'll use us for His glory still,
And bless us every day.

Miss Grey is still in Bimlipatam. She says her work among the women, although often amid discouragement and perplexities, has gone steadily on in the town and surrounding villages. Lizzie, who has been her most efficient helper for three years, has during the year been married to P. David, and went to Chicocole.

During the month of October Miss Grey spent eight days in Gumbarama, and sixteen days in Raiga. She says the people here and in all the surrounding country, are becoming well acquainted with the message of the gospel of Christ. We may confidently expect soon to hear of a glorious gathering in of precious souls, from those well watered places, for already here and there is shooting forth the blade next the ear, and by and by the full corn. At last accounts Miss Grey had two girls in training for Bible workers. Her own full and interesting account of her work will be given.

Mrs. Archibald though much worn by her long years of faithful service is still superintending the schools, visiting from house to house, leading many her to trust in our sympathizing Lord. She with Mr. Archibald travel and visit from village to village, scattering the precious word which cannot return void. There are on this field six Sunday schools and six day schools. The day schools are at Chicocole, Tekkale, Kimidy, Akulampara, Kasebugga and Barhammore. There are thirteen in the boarding department.

Mrs. Archibald talks of making us a visit; next year, if all goes well. She richly deserves a rest, and will be warmly welcomed home by the Women's Baptist Missionary Union.

Miss Wright is still at Chicocole, her helpers are B. Horriamah, B. F. Miriam, S. Sarrah, S. Ruth and P. Lizzie. They have visited among all classes, but chiefly among the Sudras Malas, and Madagas. She speaks in the highest terms of the native Bible women, says through all the Cholony season they went steadily on with their work, declaring the truth as it is in Jesus, in by the ways and highways, feeling assured, that He who sent them forth to the work, would take care of them. Miss Wright has done more than her usual amount of touring this year. Her health seems to have been perfect and the smile of heaven has rested on all her work. Her report in full will be submitted. Of our brethren Sanford, Churchill and Archibald we leave the honor to report, as we contribute somewhat toward their salaries. They are most unmistakable planting the cross of Christ in the Telugu land. Thousands have heard from them the way of life and salvation. Some have with gladness entered that way and are to-day rejoicing in their newly found Saviour.

Everywhere there is the sound of the going forth of the Lord, who has declared that He has made bare His Holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

So shoulder to shoulder we'll steadily move,
The banner lift high as we go,
Hidden in Jesus we never need fear,
"Thy will be done" we say.

At home or abroad the work is the same,
It requires great grace from on high,
But to those who constantly walk in the light.

"Well done" He will say by and by.
M. E. W. Cor. Sec.