

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
VOLUME LII.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
VOLUME XL.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1888.

NO. 25.

—How is it?—Our readers no doubt noticed, a few weeks since, a notice in the *Messenger and Visitor*, calling a council to consider the propriety of the ordination of Mr. Bliet to the work of the gospel ministry in our denomination. We confess the announcement was a surprise, as we have it on the best authority that Mr. Bliet has professed to be already ordained and has, we believe, administered baptism on that understanding. If he already has been ordained, why seek it again? We shall be happy to publish any explanation which will set the matter right. We have heard that the brethren who came in response to the invitation did not organize, as it was found the call for the council had not been made to churches to send delegates, but to individuals.

—THE MARINER'S TEMPLE.—Our readers will be interested to know that Bro. Avery is being blessed in his new field. The following is from the report of the Secretary of the general mission work:

"It is doubtful if anywhere on Manhattan Island, has the power of the gospel been more abundantly manifested than on this field. Strong faith and untiring energy have marked the labors of the pastor, the Rev. J. F. Avery."

"Nighly for three months he has preached the gospel to eager congregations made up largely of men who have never been accustomed to attend church. From a handful, the congregations have steadily grown, until last Sunday evening over four hundred were present."

"Many have been converted and are now new men in Christ Jesus. The pastor is frequently in receipt of letters from men in other towns and cities, from men who, under the influence of the gospel as they heard it at the Temple, have abandoned their lives of sin and have retired to make glad homes long desolate because of their absence. In some cases wives and mothers write words of fervent thanksgiving for what has been done for husbands and sons at the temple. An outdoor service was begun recently. It is held on Sunday evenings before the regular services."

"Great throngs have gathered to hear the gospel. The street has been packed from wall to wall so as to be impassable. The crowd has been orderly and earnest."

"From the Temple steps the gospel has been sung and preached. The singing has been interpreted by short, pungent sentences from the preacher, which have been home thrusts from the sword of the Spirit and have reached many hearts."

"Much more might be said of this field. Enough has been said to prove that what is commonly regarded as the hardest field for missionary labor in New York is not proof against conscientious human effort and divine power."

—THE ARMADA.—There is to be a celebration at Plymouth, England, in connection with the tercentenary of the Spanish Armada. Of course in a demonstration in connection with the overthrow of the attempt to crush out Protestantism by Spanish spears and inquisition, it would be supposed that reference to the faith which was delivered from being drowned in a sea of blood and groans, and to the Queen who led the people in their resistance which changed the face of history for the Anglo-Saxon race. But the authorities were afflicted with funkyness. They wished the incumbent of the most ancient dukedom in England—Norfolk—to preside. Unfortunately he is a Catholic, and made his acceptance conditional upon the absence of anything which would glorify Protestantism or Elizabeth; and they have yielded, for the sake of having his exalted dukedom as president on the occasion. This will be reading history up side down as well as backwards.

—THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS AND THE SISTERS.—The question of the separate work of the sisters in connection with Foreign Missions has excited a good deal of attention among the Baptists of the South. They have ever done honor to the church. Their Convention, unlike the Northern May meetings, is composed of delegates of the churches, being much like our own in constitution. Hitherto, there have been no separate societies for the sisters, the principle being maintained that all should do their work for Christ in the organization stamped with his seal. There has been agitation, however, and the whole question came up in their recent convention, through the report of a committee to revise the constitution. This committee recommended the sisters to form societies in the churches for collecting money, and that all the amounts raised should be contributed through existing channels. This means that what they raise shall go as church contributions into the general funds of the Boards controlled by the convention controlled by the representatives of the churches. The organization of a General Ladies' Society to receive the funds raised by the sisters and to control them was disapproved. There are a few sisters, however, who desire a general organization. These called a meeting of Southern Baptist sisters to consider the question. State conventions urged the sisters in their bounds to discontinue the movement. So a handful met, voted that a resolution should be submitted, but there were so many present who were in unison with the action of the convention that they voted that the formation of any

new society was inadvisable. But the few determined sisters who desired such an organization, were dissatisfied. These formed themselves into a general "committee," as they termed the new venture, and seem desirous of inducing the sisters to hold a separate convention, and to report all moneys raised to them. While it is a small affair, at present, it is feared it may prove the thin end of the wedge to split the sisters off, quite largely, from the direct work through church channels. The leader are said to be most excellent sisters, but very determined, and seem inclined to push their own ideas. It is to be hoped, however, that they may see their way clear to work through the present church channels, and so save confusion and, it may be, conflict.

—TOO BAD.—We were pained to learn last week from Dr. Day that 165 of our churches had not contributed anything to the Convention Fund, up to June 1st. It is not too late for these to save their record or make it; but they must redeem the time. With all the crying need which abounds on all hands, and in view of the appeals which have been repeated over and over again, it does seem strange that so many of our churches could remain non-contributing so long. We can scarcely believe it is because the membership of these churches is less generously disposed than that of those who have been helping on the Lord's work with their means. Can it be that no effort has been made? This is probably the reason in a majority of cases. Who is responsible for the want of effort? Can it be that any of our pastors have not bestirred themselves? However, this may be, let all take hold of the work at once, or our year will end with our denominational work crushed under the incubus of debt. Let us never forget that the eternal welfare of hosts of precious souls is at stake.

—PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.—The reports of persecutions of Lutheran pastors in Russia are all too true, a Russian correspondent of the *Interior* writes:

Between sixty and seventy Lutheran clergymen have been arrested, and a part of this number have already received sentence of banishment to Siberia, while others are held to bail awaiting trial. If I had the strength I might tell you tales that would make every American's blood boil with indignation; and these things are not done in a corner, nor in the darkness of the Middle Ages, but in the full light of the nineteenth century, and in civilized, enlightened Russia.

—SHARP SHOT.—Dr. Crosby, of New York, regards the use of beer and light wines, and high license, as the great cure for intemperance. A Presbyterian gives him the following sharp shot:

I see by the minutes of the Presbyterian Assembly the name of Dr. Crosby on a committee to confer with the President on the evils of Liquor Traffic in Africa. Will the conference substitute beer and light wines for rum and whiskey as the cause high license for the colored gentlemen of the Congo?

—THE LATEST FROM MR. SPURGEON.—The following is from the June number of the *Sword and Trowel*. From this, it is evident that Mr. Spurgeon is altogether dissatisfied with the late action of the Baptist Union. Some men are re-elected on the council of the Union who have avowed their belief in future probation and are out of sympathy with the generally accepted view of inspiration and the atonement. Mr. Spurgeon evidently expects a Union to be formed of those who stand true to the old standards and are unable to adopt a compromise. This is what he says:

"It was no small comfort to see the Baptist Union anxious to clear itself and make peace. I hoped that in this happy frame of mind it would do something which would mend matters, and therefore in a haste I retraced my prophecy that it would do nothing at all. But what has it done? The resolution, with its footnote, with the interpretation of its movers, and the objection of the old council, fairly represent the utmost that would be done where everybody was in his best humor. Is it satisfactory? Does anybody understand it in the same sense as any body else? Does not the whole virtue of the thing lie in its pleasing both sides a little? And is not this the vice and the condemnation of it? I am not, however, careful to criticize the action of a body from which I am now finally divided. My course has been made clear by what has been done. I was afraid from the beginning that the reform of the Baptist Union was hopeless, and therefore I resigned. I am far more sure of it now, and should never under any probable circumstances dream of returning. I see what I think it right to remain in such a fellowship will do so, but there are a few others who will judge differently, and will stay upon their convictions. As my resolution whether any others do or not, I have felt the power of the text 'Come out from among them and be ye separate,' and have quit both Union and association open for all. The next step may not be quite so clear; but this is forced upon me, not only by my conviction, but also by the experience of its utter uselessness of attempting to deal with the evil except by personally coming out from it. The distinct of the gracious life is to seek congenial communion, and hence the necessity of some form of fellowship for ourselves and our churches will suggest

itself to those who sorrowfully come forth from the old camp. To institute such a thing formally, and ask persons to join it, would be folly; it must grow up of itself by the demand of those who desire it, and then it will be true and lasting. I do not, therefore, move in this direction till I hear from other brethren of like mind that they desire to do so. It will not harm us to abide alone for a little while, till we see where we are, and then, whether we are few or many, we can unite to help our poorer brethren, and to conserve the faith. Our desire is not to oppose others, but that we may strengthen each other's hands in the Lord. Utterly isolated church life would have its evils, and in true union there is no only strength but joy. This will come in due time if it be the Lord's will.

—WIRE PULLING.—The following is from the *Congregationalist*. It is had enough for such methods to have place among scheming politicians; when they are resorted to by members of a great Christian body, it is disgraceful. It is to be remembered, however, that the whole denomination is not responsible for the action of a few leading men, and it is to be hoped that the candidates for bishops were not parties to the tactics used. The press generally of the body should follow the example of *Zion's Herald* and throw all this down. The *Congregationalist* says:

The result and manner of the election of bishops has called out some extremely plain speaking in *Zion's Herald*. It is evident—indeed, it is admitted freely by everybody—that wire pulling and electioneering were indulged in to a degree probably unprecedented in Christian history, and quite incalculable. Instead of the spirit of prayer for divine guidance, the spirit of bitter personal rivalry seems to have prevailed. It is no depreciation of the quality of the successful candidates to say that many of the best men—such as Dr. Rochester—were overlooked. We trust that the selection made may prove to be wise, and that in future such elections may be made more calmly. The general impression made by the doings of the Conference upon Christians of other branches of the Church is one of the honorable growth, energy and consecrated usefulness of the Methodist body—yet of some special dangers to which it is exposed.

—ROBERT.—We regret that the proof reading of the account of the Anniversary at Wolfville was not better. Mr. Shaw is credited with his own oration, and that of Mr. L. D. Morse as well, and there are some very vexatious errors in grammar.

—PUSHING THEIR BUSINESS.—The great brewers of New York City are pushing their evil business. Their method is this. They select a locality where they determine to establish a saloon. Here they hire a room, furnish it, stock it with liquors and engage a man to take charge. They then take a chattel mortgage on it all, as security. In this way very many of the saloons are virtually run by the brewers. To show the extent to which this is carried on, the *Voice* publishes a list of these mortgages taken by the brewers of New York during eight weeks. One brewing firm took or renewed ninety-nine such mortgages in this brief time, amounting to \$65,933. About 400 have been taken or renewed by the brewers altogether. It will thus be seen that the saloon business is backed by all the power of the brewing interest. The struggle to suppress them can scarcely hope for success while the breweries are allowed to run at full blast.

From D. G. Macdonald.  
III.

The fifth day of January last found me at G. T. Depot here, enquiring my way to McMaster Hall. On arriving I was warmly received by all and began at once to inhale the healthful mental, moral, and spiritual atmosphere which permeates the whole institution—as well in the study-rooms of the students as in the lecture-rooms. A word as to the inner and higher life of the school may here be in place. At 8:30 a. m., a service of praise and prayer is held in the chapel, at which all the faculty and students are expected to be present. This service is led by the professors in turn. Each evening around the tea table, family worship is held, led by the students in turn. On Tuesday evening and on Lord's day morning (immediately after breakfast) students' prayer-meetings are held in the chapel. All of these devotional exercises are of course helpful to our spiritual life; while the walk, the toboggan and the foot-ball keep the body in order. I felt at home at McMaster from the very first hour—especially so when sitting in room No. 14, conversing with our own kind and genial Dr. Welton. He it was that preached my ordination sermon more than fifteen years ago, at Newport, N. B. The inspiration of that sermon has never left me. Text: "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death." The necessity, responsibility, magnitude, and grandeur of the work of saving souls were impressed upon my entire nature by that sermon, and on that solemn occasion, in a way that has made a permanent impression. The sermon

endeared the Dr. to my heart. The occasion gave him a fresh interest in me; and it will go without saying, that I was delighted to meet him as one of my professors, with the prospect of digging some Hebrew roots under his guidance. The digging has gone on and the Christian friendship and fellowship have not diminished.

I was also pleased to meet five students from the Lower Provinces, among them Bro. Boggs—a worthy son of an honored sire—and Bro. Hutchinson, my class-mate at Newton Centre up to the time of his coming here.

Oh! that a larger proportion of Acadia's sons would give themselves to this most blessed of all employments—the study and proclamation of the gospel of Salvation. Their educational aspirations, as a rule, are higher than those of a friend of mine who laughingly says, that the highest ambition of his school-boy days, was to be "one above the tall"; and while A. C. was present to be his "tall-man" he was always content. Acadia's sons and daughters aspire for the head, and many of them come to this great educational centre. They need not fear the competition.

On my arrival, I found that through the kindness of Drs. Castle and Welton, there was an appointment for me to preach on Lord's day; and so it has been every Lord's day since, and many week days as well. I have long had it in my heart to take the course of study I am now pursuing, but if I could not have the privilege of preaching in connection therewith, the course must be abandoned. "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; yes, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" The work is delightful. The manifest approval of God increases the delight. Besides the filling of regular appointments, many special opportunities are afforded in a city like this, and so my winter at McMaster Hall has been pleasant and profitable, affording as much happiness as a sinner could expect, with seven-hundred miles of space between him and those he loves best.

On the first of March, I accepted the pastorate of a mission church in a needy, populous and promising part of this city, with the privilege of completing my course in the Hall. The church was but three weeks old when I became its pastor and the membership numbered forty. Several other openings were presented, in many ways more advantageous than this, but none within reach of the College, where I saw greater need and greater possibilities.

Toronto, May 7, '88.  
P. S. A letter from Charlottetown today states that the offer of help for rebuilding was from Bishop McIntire (Roman Catholic), amount \$50.00. Come Baptist "Bishops," and all of you who are "made a kingdom to be priests unto God," etc. (Rev. 1. 6), let us follow this noble bit of practice from a Bishop whose doctrine we must reject.

Missionaries on Furlough.  
NO. XII.

Brianza has one of the finest harbors in Italy. O more properly it has two: the outer large and well-sheltered, from which large ships go through a narrow passage into what may be called a natural dock. The "Rome" was drawing more than twenty-three feet, but the glided softly in and was moored to posts on the side of the principal street. All baggage had to be examined, the chief article for which inquiry was made being tobacco, as it is a government monopoly in Italy. Dealers have a special license to sell tobacco, salt, and postage stamps, all of which are found in the same shops.

A large number of passengers landed, and soon left on the mail train for London. We and a few others who were to tarry by the way started about dark for Naples, a who's night's ride. It was daylight when we reached the west side of the peninsula, and we had a view of the picturesque bay and town of Sorrento. From that to Naples, a distance of about twenty miles, the scenery is grand. The road winds round deep ravines clothed with groves of oranges, pomegranates and olives, with villages perched on the tops or terraced sides of hills, many of the houses bearing the appearance of oomfort, if not luxury. We reached the Bay of Naples, several miles from the city, and the train runs along the shore of that beautiful sheet of water on our left, with Vesuvius quietly smoking his morning pipe on our right.

It is no wonder the Neapolitans are proud of their city. It is indeed beautiful. One can sit for hours together on some point overlooking the city and harbor and enjoy without fatigue the fine panoramas. Its bay with many small boats and an occasional ocean steamer, its green hills and villas with Vesuvius looking down threateningly over them, its islands of Capri on the south and Ischia on the west

unite in forming a picture of rare beauty. It is well, however, to see Naples as a whole, and not wander round the narrow streets for a close inspection. The houses are large, and high scarcely serve to express the distance the upper stories are from the earth, or their nearness to the clouds. That is each house seen from its own front street, for the whole city is built on the side of a hill, and the tiers of houses rise one above another like the seats of an amphitheatre, so that the first floor of one dwelling may overlook the sixth of its neighbor immediately in front. To go from one street to another parallel with the bay it is necessary to climb a long flight of steps or go up a zigzag road. The streets running up the hill are particularly narrow, many not more than ten feet in width, and yet in addition to the ordinary purposes of a street, they serve as work-shops of various kinds. On one side a shoemaker or a tailor is busy, on another a washerwoman is plying her art, and a little further on some culinary operation is in progress, such as preparing vegetables for cooking or divesting a poor chicken of its feathers. And yet passers by do not seem to object or feel disturbed. It is needless to say that such streets are filthy.

I think it is Mark Twain who says it is very fortunate they are so narrow, for if they were twice as wide it is to be presumed they would hold twice as much dirt which might have injurious effects. And yet we were told that previous to the cholera, four years ago, they were much worse. Since then an abundant supply of excellent water has been brought into the city, and a reformation is in progress. Then every morning and evening cows and goats are led along from door to door to supply customers with milk. In India such a necessary in order to obtain a pure article. I did not inquire why it was done in Naples, but the custom is, to say the least, suggestive.

Nothing about Naples is so grand as her volcano. It is about twelve miles from the city. Many years ago a good road was made to what is called the Observatory, about one mile from the foot of the cone and two thousand feet above the sea level. Five years ago a German company completed this mile of road and constructed a railroad up to the cone. It is worked by a stationary engine at the foot by means of a wire rope passing round a great wheel at the top. The price of a ticket to be conveyed from the city to the top is twenty-five francs. If visitors decline what is considered the orthodox way of visiting Vesuvius, a charge of five francs is made for passing over the road from the Observatory to the cone, and eighteen more for a ride up in the cars. We chose to dispense with all regulations and paddle our own canoe. A party of nine of us hired two carriages to the Observatory for thirty francs a carriage. Arriving there, only four would dare to attempt the climb. We followed an old path near the company's road, and reaching the cone clambered up as best we could. It is nearly two thousand feet in perpendicular height, and the ascent varies from an angle of thirty-five to sixty. Much of the way your feet sink deep into the soft ashes, and you make slow progress; again you step on a piece of lava and it slides down under your foot, perhaps further down the mountain than you were a moment before. The best progress is made over large boulders of lava, and these can be found nearly half the distance. Our party consisted of a minister from Australia, a large strong man, a young girl of fourteen, a boy of twelve, and the writer. Our young friends got very tired and had to rest very often, and so we were two hours getting to the top. Had they not been with us the climb could have been made in an hour and a half. But all our efforts were rewarded by the grandeur of the scene. It was far beyond anything we had imagined. The crater is a great basin-shaped cavity on the top, perhaps three hundred feet in diameter. Near the centre of this, and about fifty feet below the rim, is the great hole twenty or thirty feet across, from which it throws forth a shower of red-hot lava accompanied by clouds of white smoke or vapor every minute or so. If the interval is longer the explosion is proportionally greater. The sound is like the roar of distant cannon. We could only glance over the rim and then retire to avoid the falling lava. Nearly all fell back into the basin, but sometimes pieces fell several scores of feet outside. One great mass was thrown into the air, and we counted three minutes before it fell back into that great furnace. It was grand and awful beyond all description. The descent is an easy matter, and we ran down in about fifteen minutes. We remained at the Observatory till after dark. The white vapor took the appearance of flame, the burning lava of immense sparks. Reluctantly we turned away, and it was nearly ten o'clock when we retraced the streets of Naples to the hotel.

Vesuvius, April 18 '88.  
H. W.  
(Concluded next week)

Letter from the Congo.  
The following is from the engineer of the missionary steamer "Peace." It was addressed to Bro. Avery, and has been forwarded to us. We gladly publish it.

March 22d, 1888.

Dear Brother,—Buds and Blossoms of October and November have just been received. I have been looking for them for a long time, and as mails are so irregular here, it is hard to tell when they will come, as mails do not come up from the west by steamer or train, but are carried 235 miles on the heads of the natives, the men travelling that distance in about nine or ten days, and sleeping by the wayside at night. It looks risky to trust so valuable packages to a native; but they seldom fail to deliver the mails in perfect order. This is also the sole mode of transportation. All our goods and provisions, and everything we bring from the home land, must be carried this way, in loads not to exceed 60 lbs. in weight; even the steamer that are now on the upper river and our iron horses—all have been transported in the same way. It looks like a very laborious way of carrying a living; but it seems quite easy for a man to ascend and descend very steep mountains with his load. They generally go in caravans of from ten to thirty men, headed by a foreman, and make very good time, and are prepared to help each other over rivers. This is generally done by finding a shallow place, and fording it.

When I first came in company with these people, I saw they were intelligent and bright, ready to learn anything that I would show them, with as much real willingness as any people would. They at first want to know who are their friends. Those on the coast have been deceived by white men so much that it is no wonder they hesitate and wait to know if a person is a friend; while I find those up-country more willing to believe an "follow the say" ings of a white man.

I have now travelled over 2000 miles of Congo water, being the Upper Congo and its tributaries. In this I have witnessed most all kinds of healthful life that are to be seen in this western part of the Congo Free State, and have not seen to our place yet where we were not welcomed by a large company of people, wanting us to come among them as soon as they know we are their friends. It is now getting so that when we are coming in sight of a town, and the people know that it is the "Henry Reed" steamer, they no longer fear to come out in canoes to meet us. They come on board, and bring us such articles of food as that part of the country afford. We pay them in cloth, beads, or brass wire or courses, for these are the principal currency of the country. I have, after landing safely, gone to their homes and visited them in their modes of living, and examined their household goods, and in most cases must say that they are far from being a low, degraded people, as they are supposed by some to be. I find them to be generally industrious. Some manufacture a cloth from grass, others make fine iron mats, while others engage in the manufacture of earthen bowls, pots, kettles, water jugs, vases, flower pots, and even pipes for smoking tobacco. I also hear that in a section which has not been visited by white people that iron is extensively worked. I have seen many tools made there, and they seem to be not only good iron, but made by good workmen. I saw one fine spear that appeared to be of superior steel. I have also seen many finely-made tools of iron and copper from up the Well's river, which indicate that that part of Africa is very rich in these metals. I am told that there are large quantities of metals in many parts of the Congo Basin.

There are many things that will eventually bring in white men as traders. But the main thing needed now is helpers in the vineyard of the Lord. The labor has scarcely begun. Millions are in need of a word to cheer them on their way, as they annually leave the shores of Time. O what a sad sight it is, as we leave a town with hundreds on the banks, each earnestly looking as though they wanted something new, and not one knowing of the treasury of God which they might inherit life everlasting—all willing to listen and glad on the armor as soon as they know it is true, and throw away their charms! And just think, less than one ministering missionary to each million of these people! How long must this remain so, and our home land filled with the best of talent? Many would come and engage in this work, but the finances are the great hindrance. O if the Christian people of America could see but one-tenth of what I am witnessing, they surely would respond more freely to the call of finances for the Congo! Not one dollar can be wasted in spending it on these people, as they are worthy of more than can be given them. My heart almost sinks within me as I visit them, and see the dear, bright little girls and boys, and they each bow and shake hands; and by present appearances millions of them must grow to manhood and womanhood in ignorance of Christ, and even an education, while thousands and even millions of dollars are lying idle in each State of our noble Union. My prayer is that more interest may be awakened in behalf of this needy people, and the means supplied to set them, at reasonable distances throughout this great country, that they may see the true light, and receive lives to live eternally.

J. E. CAMP