MR. SPURGEON AND THE COMMUNION QUESTION.

Perhaps it will never become quite clear as to what was the nature of that dispute which Michael, the arch-angel, had with the devil concerning the body of Moses. We may be sure, however, that the Devil was on mischief intent, and imagined that if he could get possession of Moses' body he could handle it in a manner that would be disastrous to the friends of God. It is a curious fact that before the friends of the great and gentle Spurgeon could give burial to his body, a troop began to surge about the bier, wearing the habiliments of mourning, but having in them the spirit of warriors. In the guise of panegyrists they lifted up their voices, not so much to praise the dead as to condemn the living. They gave him praise truly, but gave it in such shape and mood as to make it sting the Baptist brotherhood of America. The most intolerant of men are those who so plead for charity as to cripple those who may not see things as they do. Mr. Spurgeon's supposed attitude on the Communion question has been eagerly seized upon by men who would hurt the Baptists, and have used it for more than it is in reality worth. In proof of what I say I give the following utterances from the lips of a prominent Southern minister, who, in praising Spurgeon, takes a crack at the Baptists of this country: "His great heart, throbbing with love for all that love Christ's name, could not be deceived by any logical fallacies that would deny to other blood-bought sinners the right to sit down at the table of a common Lord. * * I can but believe that there are many Baptists in America that long for the same freedom, and in the absence of ecclesiastical courts to discuss and decide these matters, I long for some Baptist in this country to arise, who, like Spurgeon, shall be great enough to lead the way in this great reform." You see the implication. American Baptists lack the "great heart, throbbing with love" that cannot "be deceived by any logical fallacies." It might be well to inform the author of the foregoing that Spurgeon was not able, with all his great influence, to carry this "great reform" into all the ranks of English Baptists, for there is a fact that today there are more "strict" Baptists in Great Britain than open communionists.

Spurgeon's support for Close Communion is not essential to its justification. At the same time, it is well for the public to know exactly where Spurgeon stood on this question, and I beg respectfully to furnish the following facts, which have an important bearing on the general question.

During my stay in London, I was frequently thrown in company with Mr. Spurgeon, and as he was one of the most accessible and simple hearted of men, I had many frank and unrestrained conversations with him. On two occasions he talked quite freely with reference to the Communion question. And as these interviews were in no sense confidential, I will carefully reproduce, in substance, what he had to say on the subject.

The first conversation took place in his study at Westwood, where, on the 11th of August, 1888 with Dr. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, Ga., and Rev. L. R. Tomlinson, of Manchester, Va. I spent five hours in his company. He seemed to be unusually free from pain on that occasion, and displayed more buoyancy and freshness than perhaps at any other time I was with him. The communion question was brought up by the remark of one of us that at the administration of the Lord's Supper a few nights before at his Tabernacle, he gave no invitation to outsiders of any name. He replied that that was true at that time, but that at other times he did give invitations, which included some who were not Baptists. One of us also expressed regret that the English and American Baptists were not in harmony on this question. And he was asked to give his reasons for inviting those whom he regarded as unbaptized to the Lord's table. He understood thoroughly that the request was not made in the spirit of contention, but with a sincere desire to understand his views as well as his practice on the subject.

It would not be possible for me to forget his answer, for it broke upon me as a thing novel in the history of the communion question. He said that he gave the invitation *"very largely as a matter of hospitality."* He must have observed the surprise with which the statement was received, for he made haste to explain what he meant. He said many strangers attended his Tabernacle, and as many of them were far away from home, he felt that it was hospitable on his part to invite them to the supper. The impression left upon me by his remark was about the same as if he had said that if one were at his house when the dinner bell rang he would feel it incumbent on him to invite the visitor to his table; but that he was not keeping an open house.

He was also quite particular in explaining the relations which his church had adopted with reference to outside persons coming to the Lord's table. He told us how no one could go to the table without a ticket of admission, and if persons came more than once, they were asked if they did not want to be introduced to the pastor; and, at their third coming, if they were not willing to join the church, they were urged to seek membership elsewhere.

He added with evident zest that often those who came to the communion table gladly accepted an introduction to him, and that, in very many cases, after talking with them on baptism, he had the pleasure of baptizing them. This statement was so strong and emphatic that I ventured to suggest that while the American Baptists required them to come by the water in order to get to the table, he used the table as the means of drawing them into the water. His reply was that he would not put it that way, but that quite frequently it worked that way.

Nothing was more apparent in the conversation than his intense belief in immersion as alone constituting Christian baptism. Indeed, I have not heard any man talk who impressed me as being a more sincere and uncompromising believer in immersion than Mr. Spurgeon was. Now, ministers who are quick to use him for striking the Baptists on the Communion question, ought to be candid enough to let their people know where he stood on the subject of baptism.

Let me add, that Mr. Spurgeon's church does not admit any to its membership who have not been immersed. It is for people to say whether there is any more bigotry in shutting people out from the Communion table than there is in denying them membership in our churches. Who will explain the difference?

I feel constrained, also, modestly to say that Mr. Spurgeon's "hospitality" argument must strike many others as it did those of us present on the occasion as utterly unsatisfactory. It was simply a sentimental prompting, and did not really touch the great questions which cluster around the Lord's Supper. It also showed that he utterly ignored the popular grounds upon which open communion is practiced.

In the following October, again being in London, I was invited to accompany Mr. Spurgeon on a visit to Leystonstone, where he dedicated a new house of worship, and near which we spent the night together. Except when we were asleep, we were continuously together for over twenty-four hours, and during much of that time no other persons were present. It gave me an opportunity of drawing him out on various subjects by many candid questions, every one of which he answered with childlike simplicity and courtesy. While traveling on the train, I somewhat playfully expressed my wish to see some strict, well-rounded Baptist before I left England, and asked him if there were any Baptists of that type in London. He quickly replied: "Why, yes, a multitude of them." And when I inquired further, if they had any churches of their own, he said: "I suppose they have at least one hundred churches in this city," adding that he was constrained to say that many of them were not very progressive, but that they were composed of really good people. He took evident pleasure in giving me such instructions as would enable me to find some of the leading Close Communion Baptists of London. Some of these brethren I had the pleasure of meeting, and found them to be among the noblest of God's people. They spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Spurgeon, and said that in his heart he was really with them. Dr. Edward Parker, President of the Manchester Baptist College, when in America in 1889, said that Mr. Spurgeon was hardly looked upon in England as an Open Communionist, and he said of himself: "As compared with the bulk of English Baptists, I am a strict communionist myself, as my church fellowship is strictly of the baptized."

During the conversation, on our way to Leystonstone, I referred to the report that he had spoken so bitterly against the Close Communion Baptists of America. It was interesting to notice how he received this announcement. He said he was aware of the fact that such an evil rumor had been put in circulation against him, and declared that it was utterly impossible for him ever to have said such a thing. He admitted that it was impossible for him to remember everything that he had ever said, but added that he knew what was in his heart, and that there was nothing there that would prompt such harsh criticisms against any. He was evidently pained beyond measure that his American brethren should have been wounded by a misrepresentation so wilful and causeless.

But it yet remains to record his most emphatic and memorable utterance with reference to American Baptists: "I have," he said, "not one word of unfriendly criticism to utter against my Baptist brethren beyond the Atlantic. On the contrary, I believe that the Baptists of America are the best Baptists in the world, and that the best Baptists of America are the baptists of the South. Moreover, if I were to come to America to live, I would join a close communion church and conform myself to its practice on the Communion question." As we talked further, he said that it was impossible for an outsider fully to understand the Baptist situation in England, and even the little that I saw and heard convinced me that American Baptists need to exercise charity and forbearance toward their English brethren. They have persecutions and complications to which we are strangers, and if they do not hold all the distinctive views for which we stand, we ought, at least, to rejoice for such testimony, in favor of the truth, as they are so nobly bearing.

It may be worth while to say, in closing, that the attempts of Pedobaptists to cripple the Baptists by striking them over the dead body of Spurgeon, is notably unfair. He would not approve of any such undertaking. The hardest blows which Pedobaptism has ever received were administered by the stalwart arm of this noble man of God. His denunciation of infant baptism has literally sounded around the world, and will still be heard until the unscriptural institution has been swept from the earth.—*W. E. Hatcher, in Religious Herald.*

Christ's Seamless Garment.

IT IS ON EXPOSITION AT ARGENTEUIL, A FEW MILES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 20, 1894.—Thousands were present last Monday at the exhibition to public view of the holy relic of Argenteuil. After grand Pontificial ceremonies, the garment was kissed by the multitude. All this means that the festivals in honor of the holy garment at Treves are now to be equaled by the revival of veneration for the tunic of Argenteuil, which, from time immemorial, has been looked upon as the inner garment worn by Christ when he was scourged at the pillar. This relic has always maintained its local celebrity, but the Bishop of Versailles having referred the matter to Rome, the Sacred Congregation of Relics has declared that the authenticity of this tunic is more than sufficient to authorize the intense reverence due to the accessories of the passion of our Lord.

The last festival of Christendom in its honor was in 1680, when the tunic was transferred to a magnificent reliquary presented by the Duchess De Guise. That of this year will be honored by the presence of several Cardinals and Bishops, including prelates from England, Ireland, and the United States, and will last until June 10th.

The garment now being exhibited at Argenteuil, a small town to the northwest of Paris, famous for its asparagus beds of fig trees, is declared to be the veritable seamless garment or tunic (sadin) which the Saviour wore at the crucifixion. The story related concerning it is briefly as follows: It was purchased by the Disciples after the crucifiction and concealed in a church at Galatia. At the time of the Persian invasion of Asia Minor it was preserved from destruction by one Simeon, and by him handed over at Jaffa to St. Helena, the mother of the Empress Constantine. Finally it was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne, who presented it about 800 A. D. to the Convent of Argenteuil, of which one of his daughters was abbess.

The actual condition of the famous relic is very imperfect. The whole of the left sleeve is missing, and a large piece has been taken out of the same side. The tunic is about five feet long by three and a half broad. It is hand-woven, and made of camel's hair, very similar to the dalmatias now worn by officiating priests. As seen in the casket in which it reposes it appears to be almost black, but when looked at in the light it has a red tint like that of a dried rose. The shrine in which it is kept is carried in procession through the church every afternoon from Ascension Day to Whit-Monday, the congregation being afterward admitted to view it in the vestry, but an exhibition of the tunic in its entirety is a very rare event. The garment is placed under seal by the Bishop of Versailles, in whose diocese Argenteuil is, and he alone has authority, with the sanction of the Pope, to open the casket. The last time that this was done was nearly forty years ago, when Pope Pius IX. desired to have a small fragment of the tunic, two other small pieces being cut out of it at the same time.

Argenteuil is not the only town which boasts of possessing a garment worn by the Redeemer. A score of other places claim to be favored in the same way. Of these the most famous is that of Treves, which is also said to have come into the hands of the Empress Helena during her travels in Palestine, and to have been given by her in the early part of the fourth century to the Church of Treves. The apparent possibility of there being two relics was settled by the authoritative declaration that three garments were probably worn on this solemn occasion—a tunic near the skin, a robe, and a cloak—and that Argenteuil was quite within its right in exhibiting one of them. In 1891 the Bishop of Versailles sent representatives to Treves for the purpose of comparing the two treasures, and after comparison it was decided that both relics were genuine, but belonged to different years of Christ's existence. Treves, it is held, possesses one of the outer garments (the simba or chetoneth) worn by our Lord, but Argenteuil has the tunic which was worn next the body at the crucifixion, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots.—[Church News.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Look at that flock of wild ducks swimming far out in the bay! One, two, twenty, forty, sixty, sixty-seven! They are not ducks but little boats. That which looks like the head of the duck is a fisherman in the bow of the boat. The tail of the duck is a fisherman in the stern.

Let us go down to the shore and see them come in! Here is one boat landed ahead of the rest. It is merely a raft. Three logs have been hewed down a little and pegged together. The ends are sloped off like sled runners so as to make good speed through the water. However, they do not go like lightning, nor could they cross the Atlantic in five days. A low sideboard serves to keep the fish from slipping out.

The surf is very angry tonight. Big billows are tumbling in as if the ocean were pouring down a precipitous mountain in a series of cataracts. It looks like a broad river with a dozen mill dams, one above the other. These cascades, terrace upon terrace, make one of the grand sights of the world.

These cobbled rafts, when they come ashore, have to run the gauntlet of all these Niagaras, and the fishermen do not think it any fun. See! There is one coming now! The men try to manage it, but the mighty breakers stand it on its head. It plunges as vertically into the brine as if it had been shot from the sky. The men, too, go down beneath an avalanche of foam. But after the billow has spent its rage, the black bottom of the boat appears above the yeasty waters like the back of a young whale. At a few rods distance one man comes to light shaking the froth from his head like a bushy Newfoundland. At about the same distance on the other side the second man comes to the surface, captures a floating paddle and strikes for the capsized craft. These fishermen can swim like porposes. They wait till the next billow rolls over them. Then they turn the boat right side up, rescue the net of fish, get their cargo aboard once more, climb on deck and pull for the shore.

The next raft manages more dexterously. It is over whelmed, and if it were a deep boat it would be swamped. But the plucky mariners hold it to its course and stick to it like barnacles. They brave the storm as if navigating a life-boat, and lay the spoils of the sea at the feet of their wives and children, who have been waiting for them upon the sandy beach. The fish are small fry indeed—not so large as smelt. All fall to work. They pick the glittering plunder from the net and throw them into baskets. A flock of crows hop around like hungry chickens. If one shining minnow drops upon the sand, his scales and fins go forthwith to be transformed into raven plumes.

While this work has been going on a boy has been left to hold a boat in the surf. But, when he is not watching, a big billow comes in, inundates the boat, washes overboard a net full of fish and scatters them like a thousand silverlings upon the waves. The father, with quick eye, beholding the disaster, rushes wildly into the water, gives the boy a blow on the back for his carelessness, and with the help of his household proceeds to snatch his lost boat from the brine. But with the receding billows half at least is carried out to sea. Over the place, forthwith, a cloud of gulls flutter and chuckle with irrepressible joy. It is a pretty sight—their snow white breasts, the soft beating of their wings, their graceful descent into the water, their strong ascent again to swallow the pearly prize and dive for more! It is a royal banquet. We have been pitying the poor fishermen, and helping them catch their scattered game. But now for my part, in spite of myself, I am congratulating the gulls. Their voices have brought the mid-ocean to our feet. The Atlantic has rolled into the Bay of Bengal. Indeed these jubilant birds always seem to me to be our own Nova Scotia gulls, for they followed our ship all the way from Halifax to Liverpool, from Liverpool to Madras, and from Madras to Bimlipatam. So also from the rocky shores of the Maritime Provinces have come the white wings of the gospel, with tidings of "the unsearchable riches of His grace," deeper than the boundless sea.

Very truly yours,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, May 7th, '94.

Union.

The following I clipped from a number of the *North-west Baptist* of '91 which might be read with profit by many who call themselves Baptists.

"Union is one of the cries of the age, and we are led to ask, Is this sign of the times an omen of the proximity of the millenium or otherwise?

As we hear the cry we must think, and study, and decide whether the union clamoured for is such as will hasten the fulfillment of the Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one," or whether it will postpone the fulfillment of that prayer. The greatest cry for union comes largely from those who are not united among themselves, and who are either indifferent to principle, or have none. There is only one grand and true ground for union, and that is a oneness of doctrine and practice, and the more prayerfully and conscientiously Christians study God's word the sooner will they become united, for the word is the true centre and bond of Christian union. There are some general lines of Christian work along which different denominations may work together. But when these interfere with principle we call a halt. Can two walk together except they be agreed?" How true it is that we hear the cry of union sounded out, and with such enthusiasm too, even when it is to be feared principle has been placed in the back ground, and the unionist in his fancied "heaven below" forgets that Christ has laid the only foundation upon which this great superstructure can be successfully built, and just as the material is prepared for it so it will go up. Build it on any other foundation and it will be but a tower of Babel.

This cry for union may gain the applause of such as poultice their consciences with such sayings as: "It makes no difference as long as you are sincere," and cause others to pat us on the shoulder and say, "your a good fellow;" but it is to be feared it does little to defend those principles which we have received from Him who "spake as never man spake," those principles upon which the bloodstains of our fathers are indelible. G. C. CRABBE.

Deerfield, May 28.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

The evil world—and oh! remember this—is a step, a long step, beyond the evil thought; and it is a step toward the precipice's edge.—*Frederic W. Farrar, D. D.*

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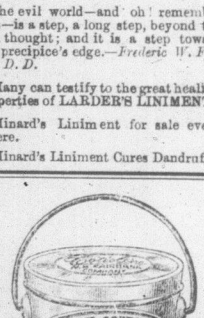

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MONTREAL.

Childhood Memories.

My earliest recollections are associated with my grandmother's home, on a New Hampshire hillside. As I visited the place, after long absence, I was surprised at the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, not intelligently noticed when I was a child. Old Kearsage—a mountain that in after years, from another point of view, I had learned to love, and one with which I always associate the thought, "A strong mountain is our God"—seemed more sublime than ever.

Why, I asked myself, should I have forgotten that mountain and those hills, lakes and valleys? I remembered all about the house and barn and barnyard gate, an old cart body in which I played house, and especially my cow, which was only a potato with sticks for legs and horns, and but for which Eliza, the house girl, who made it for me, would now be forgotten. I remembered my grandmother's soft, gray hair, even the caps she wore and the little capes like her dresses.

Now, as each day I try to have the attention of my pupils absorbed in the subject at hand, and watch the results in succeeding days, I am convinced of the truth that "Memory depends upon attention."

When a child I never saw old Kearsage, though it was before my eyes every day, but played on with my broken china and potato cows.

I am still a child. "When the mists have rolled away," shall I behold grandeur now unperceived, and wonder that my mind was so entirely occupied with lesser things?—[CLARA.

A Duty Discharged.

CLINTON, Ont., March 23, 1894.—A well known resident of this town has taken it upon herself to call the attention of her friends an old remedy from which she has derived benefit. She is conscientious in the matter and is prompted only by a sense of duty and gratitude. Here follows a letter which she has written to a prominent firm in St. John, N. B.:—

"I feel it my duty to give my testimony as to the efficacy of your "Indian Ointment." I suffered with Eczema for over three weeks with very much pain. After trying two doctors without any success I procured a box of your ointment from the local Druggist, Mr. Watts. After using two boxes I was thoroughly cured and have not had the slightest attack since. I can recommend it to any person suffering from the same disease."

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Yours truly,
MRS. R. J. MOORE.

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"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 129 pounds; I now can brag of 159 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

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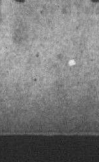

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