

The Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME I.

Published Weekly by The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XXXVIII.

VOL. II.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1886.

NO. 10

Directions to Subscribers in Remitting their Subscriptions.

Many subscribers live where there is no agent, and are in doubt as to the way to remit their subscriptions. It is very easy. Go to the nearest Post Office, if it is a money order office, it will be found most convenient to send an order. If not, enclose the amount and register the letter, and it will come without fail. To make even money, two night remit together.

All our Pastors are Agents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We begin to send out labels this week. The date to which the subscriber has paid is on the label with the name. When the year alone is mentioned, it means Jan. 1st, of that year. When the month is mentioned, it means the first of the month. It must be remembered that all the accumulated misunderstandings of the past are now to be set right, and there will be some errors. When a subscriber is not credited in full for his payment, will he kindly write us at once, stating to whom he paid last year's subscription, and also send receipt when he has one. When there is only 5, 6, or 7 on the label, it means Jan., '85, '86 and '87 respectively.

OUR STUDENTS.—We were much pleased with the communication from Wolfville last week, speaking of the home mission work undertaken by some of our Christian students there. Some such work as this is necessary to keep up the tone of the inner life. Let the aim of each believing student be the salvation first of all the fellow-students, then of all who can reach in the village and in the whole region round about. Might there not be a system adopted by which all the vacant places within reach of the college should be occupied each Sabbath? How much good might be received by the students engaging in this work, and how much good might be done at the destitute places round about!

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.—The proportion of Christian students in the Presbyterian colleges seems to be still very large. There are twenty colleges under Presbyterian control, and these institutions have 1,981 students in all. Of these 1,147 are members of Christian churches, while 834 are reported as studying for the ministry. These are very encouraging facts. And without going into figures in detail, we may say that the proportion of Christian students in the colleges controlled by Evangelical denominations is rarely less than one-half. It is only in the State Universities and at Harvard that the mass of the students are not Christians.—*Examiner.*

This difference is due to two causes. Christian students prefer denominational institutions, and so the larger number of converted young men are drawn thither, and the powerful religions abroad at these institutions are the means of bringing many to the Saviour, who began their course unconverted. It may be added that irreligious parents and students prefer the state and secular schools. The fact stated in the above paragraph is sufficient to lead all parents interested in the highest welfare of their children to choose the religious college. An institution where nearly all professors and students are godless, is not the place where the student life—the most critical of the whole existence—should be passed. The prevailing influence is apt to be fatal to the highest character and the highest aims.

SEPARATED.—Yesterday I stood on the Banks of the dark river to help a young man of twenty-nine years, a New York broker, into the ferry-boat to take him over to the other side. As he was moving off, his young wife stretched out her arms and caught him, exclaiming in her anguish, "—Don't go! I cannot let you go. If you must go, take me with you."—*Dr. Deary, in Watchman.*

If both the wife and the dying husband were believers, a scene like this is mournful enough. But suppose the husband departing to be with Christ which is far better, and the wife unconverted, then the parting, with no assurance that it shall not be eternal, is unutterably sad. There is only one separation more terrible. This is when it is forever. Reader who you threatened with eternal separation from any of your dear ones?

GAMB.—The New York *Christian Advocate* remarks that "the tendencies of card-playing are well shown in the growth of the disposition to play for wagers among ladies of high social position in an aristocratic quarter of Boston. The pointed altitudes to gambling in polite society, made on a recent Sunday by a prominent minister of that city, suffused with blushes the faces of the fair transgressors—their guilty consciences bringing this confession to their countenances." Barbara Hook made no mistake when she threw the cards in the fire. It is the best place for them.

BAPTISM OF THE 3,000.—The Pentecostal Day of the Telugu mission, when 2,227 were baptized, was July 3, 1878, instead of June as stated in the Telugu Mission Jubilee. Exercise in the February *Messenger*. The baptism took place in a river a little north of Ongole, and was performed by six native preachers, of whom only two officiated as a limit. The whole ceremony was conducted in the most order-

ly manner, the baptismal formula being repeated in each case, and the time occupied was about nine hours. This instance has settled forever the possibility of the immersion of the three thousand on the Day of Pentecost, which has been so often denied.—*Miss. Magazine.*

TYRANNY OF THE PRESS.—Gen. Sherman describes a state of things which is more pronounced in the United States than here; but it is bad enough among us, and the progress is in the wrong direction. He says:

"The tyranny of the secular press in this country is becoming awful. It is worse than the old tyranny of the slaveholders. The gossip of the newspapers has destroyed social freedom of intercourse. It has made men afraid of their neighbors. It has led to general suspicion and distrust. No man can open his mouth and be sure that his confidence will be respected. No man can write to his acquaintance and be sure that his letter will not appear in print. There is no comfort left in the land. I am old, and cannot be hurt by this condition of things. But it will be the bane of the rising generation, and they will be obliged to rebel against it. It seems as though the man who serves his country most is the target for the greatest amount of abuse by the press."

SALVATION ARMY IN ENGLAND.—The following is from the special English Correspondent of the *Advocate*. The official organ of the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States:

It would be strange, indeed, if an organization like this, including among its agents many truly devoted men and women, and penetrating in its self-denying labors into the haunts of vice and poverty, were entirely fruitless. It would be scarcely less strange if its development were unattended with an excitement and extravagance almost inevitable to its peculiar mission. The refinements of a religion of culture are not reasonably to be expected in connection with a work so unobscured and unquiet. But it is questionable whether the labors of the Salvation Army are in touch with the sympathies and conscientious convictions of the Churches. The license which is permitted, not only to the rank and file of the Army, but to its officers, is gradually alienating the practical good will of thousands of godly people who are not disposed to be too critical when the salvation of souls is at stake. Eccentricities and extravagances may be generally tolerated and forgiven. But it would seem as though the original methods of the Army had lost their force, as though the fire of its Christian zeal were no longer adequate to the creation of the needed excitement, as though questionable and even vicious methods must be adopted so as to meet vitiated tastes. Hence, in the services of the Army, in the language and actions of its officers, in the posters and handbills which are circulated throughout the towns and villages, there are evidence of a deplorable lack of reverence, of a grossly familiar dealing with the most awful truths, of a weak pandering to a debased craving for excitement, from which the lovers of a pure undefiled religion instinctively shrink. It is a question which naturally forces itself upon the thoughtful and devout: Can the religion of the Lord Jesus need such meretricious appliances in order to secure the hearts of men?

Notes on You.

Hi now regard with peculiar reverence the moulds of the white ant. These ants are no respecters of what Mr. George calls "natural rights." They often build their colonies of red earth in the houses of the people—a process much facilitated by the mud walls and floors and the cool, moist shade, which these dwellings afford. The superstitious householder regards this as a special token of the divine favour; or, if he be a more intelligent man than his neighbors (that is, more crafty) he plays upon their superstitious ignorance by announcing that God has specially favoured him; that they are at liberty to come and see the sign of the divine favour for themselves; and that if any of them doubt the anthill to be the abode of a god, they are at liberty to test the truth of the matter. This is usually done as follows: The people grind saffron with water and place the paste near or on the anthill. If in a short time the saffron paste turns blood red, a god is undoubtedly there; if it does not, they accept the proof as positive evidence to the contrary. But the queer part of the business is that the saffron paste invariably does turn into what appears to be a mass of fresh blood. The householder, of course, having announced that God has specially favoured him, has his reputation for truthfulness and ordinary honesty to sustain. He accordingly takes measure to have the saffron turned red and thus support his assertion. This result is secured by mixing a little lime with the saffron while the expectant people stand without. The paste at once turns blood red, and the happy deceiver of the trick becomes celebrated for miles around as the possessor of a house upon which the deity has set the indubitable seal of his presence.

Amma Varu is one of the numerous demon goddesses worshipped by the lower caste and no caste people. These are called *sethis*, or powers (*Amma Varu* is termed the *Maha sethi*, or supreme power) and correspond as nearly as I can ascertain to the powers of darkness of which

Paul speaks. The cups or margin tree is held sacred to the *Maha sethi* and near every village such a tree is to be found with its roots a number of small stones or wooden images (of the roughest kind) at its roots, daubed over with rouge and saffron applied by the poor people as *pooja* to propitiate the *sethi*. *Amma Varu* is the village goddess pre-eminently in this part of the country—due probably to the fact that to her are ascribed all deadly diseases such as cholera and smallpox (the latter being, in fact, commonly called *Amma Varu's disease*) with which the country is always more or less afflicted. *Amma Varu* is to the poor ignorant people the personification of all that is selfish and terrible. She is always ready to plague or kill; and their one object in making offerings to her (which they do frequently) is to appease her wrath. They live in the most abject and degrading fear of her. This is the demon *Kali* to whom it was formerly thought necessary to offer human sacrifices. Even now it is with blood only (not human blood, thank God) that she is satisfied. When a fowl is offered to her it is esteemed more meritorious to kill it by biting the neck through with the teeth than by cutting it with a knife. This is done by the person whom the demon is supposed to possess or afflict. He loosens his hair, smears his body with saffron, puts on a lower cloth only, and kills the fowl while performing a half-dance. The idea is that the demon in the person of the man or woman slays the victim.

For a felon on the finger the Telugu use the *tonda* or chameleon. A live one is caught, cut open and tied on the affected finger, where it is allowed to remain until the finger heals—a process which it does not much hasten. To one in whom the olfactory sense is more acute than in the city-skinned low-caste Telugu the remedy might seem worse than the disease.

On Saturday while speaking Telugu I was twice mistaken for a native—once by a blind man in day light, and once in the dark by a man who had his sight. I consider this some ground for encouragement.

The state of the country just now is not enviable. Lidian famines are said to recur at intervals of eleven years. Next year will be the regular time for the commencement of another famine; and present appearances are very much in its favour in this district. The south west monsoon was much lighter than usual, while the north east (the latter rain) was delayed so long that it did little or no good. This district is wholly dependent upon rivers and tanks for its water supply. If rain fails, these fail. The country about me presents a most lamentable appearance. Where last year a plentiful harvest was ripening in the mellow sunshine, nothing is now to be seen but immense stretches of stunted paddy, burnt brown, and without a single head of grain, or at the best likely to return only the seed sown. Some few acres of the lowest lying ground only give indications of a crop. So deficient has been the rain that in this falling alone the cultivated ground is some 8,000 acres less than last year. What you ask, will the people do? Trust to the mercy of the collector to have their land tax abated, raise what they can in the way of dry crops, and go on short rations until the next plentiful harvest. But the failure of one crop does not necessarily mean short rations for all. The *ryot* who farms a piece of land of any size is able to lay by enough during a succession of plentiful harvests to tide over any ordinary scarcity comfortably. Scarcity of rice and consequent high prices fall heaviest upon those who live from hand to mouth by day work. Rice is now Rs. 60 per *garce*—the ordinary price Rs. 40. This means insufficient food for the masses. At such times this class should eat rice. Their common food is a bluish colored thin porridge called *embati*, which they eat at least twice a day. It really does not taste bad; but eaten as the poorer natives eat it, with the hand and from a black earthen dish, it does not look appetizing. The year late rains have fallen, and if the *ryots* do any enterprise they might get a second crop of paddy. But this they never attempt, at least in this part of the country. When the crop fails they have of course little or nothing to do, and are seen in every village street. When asked why they do not go to work and dig wells instead of lazing their time away, they reply that it never occurred to them, or that they haven't the capital, or that it's too hard work—which last reason is probably the true one in nine cases out of ten. The Telugu have a peculiar habit of calling a person by the article he is carrying. Thus a woman with a basket on her head is, 'Hol you of the basket!' A cooly with a *kavadli* is 'Hol you of the *kavadli*!' and so on. Sometimes the mere name of the article is deemed sufficient. A person driving a cow would be called, 'Hollo, cow!'

J. R. HURCOMBS.

The Relation of the Churches to Christ, and to One Another.

I find that as an organized body, there is too much division and too much individual independence among us as Baptists: I believe that the churches as different members of the one great church, have their individual work to do, and their respective spheres to fill. It does not speak well for any organization to disseminate principles that sap its foundation.

As Baptists, we are very apt to teach our churches that they are entirely independent of one another—that each local church has nothing to do with sister churches in other localities. Some of our brethren on both sides of the Atlantic, seem to have forgotten that the churches are only different members of the one great body. Looking 'right of this fact, our churches drift away from one another. The sympathy that ought to exist between them, is, to a certain extent, lost. The word of God teaches us that individual churches, as well as individual members, are only the different branches of the one great tree—the several members of the one great body—the body of Christ. Paul regards the church as one body, and that the head of that body is Christ; and in the same passage he says:—"For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." (Eph. 5: 22-33). He teaches that there is an inseparable connection between each church and the body of Christ, and therefore, between all the churches. If the churches were to pay proper regard to this fact, there would be more interchange of kind, brotherly sympathy among them. When one member suffers from any disease, the other suffers also. When one eye has been injured, the other suffers in a sympathetic way with the injured one. So our churches being the several parts of one great whole—the several members of the one great body, ought to sympathize with and to help one another. When our churches look upon one another as being entirely independent, and separate from sister churches, the enemy comes in, breaks through our ranks, and takes advantage of our weakness. The result is, we have no strength to fall back upon. In order, therefore, to have healthy churches—churches that can do work—churches that help other churches, we feel their welfare at heart, and do what there is in their power for their prosperity—churches that feel the responsibility which their professed love for the Master has imposed upon them, to contribute as much as is in their power towards the extension of the bounds of his church at home and abroad, we must teach them this great fact: that they are only the several parts of the one great whole—that they are only the several branches of the one great tree—that they are the several members of the one great body. We should impress upon their minds, the duty devolving upon them to the welfare of sister churches—to comfort them in their adversity, and materially to help them in their weakness.

DAVID PRICE.

Paradise, March 1st, 1886.

John B. Gough and His Life-Work.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Last week when my beloved life-long friend was lying unconscious on his death-bed in Philadelphia, I sent to these columns a brief tribute of affection. Now that his unique and extraordinary career has ended, it may be permitted to one who knew him to the very core for over forty years, to indicate the salient points of the man and his life-work. The career of John B. Gough reads like a romance; its shadows were frightfully dark; its brightness was most picturesque and beautiful; for the "beauty of the Lord our God" shone through it. What marvellous contrasts! Fifty-two years ago a poor tradesman boy trotting along with his little sister behind the cart which carried the corpse of his mother to the Potter's Field for a pauper's burial. Then the drunken harlequin of a low theatre, and the forlorn broken-down bookbinder of Worcester, standing beside the railway track with a phial of laudanum in his trembling hand, on the verge of suicide!

We turn the kaleidoscope, and behold he is on the platform of Exeter Hall, with Shaftesbury in the chair and a vast audience of preachers, professors, peers, and philanthropists listening enraptured by his eloquence! That kind tap on the shoulder by Joel Stratton, the tectal shoemaker, and the signing of the pledge the same evening at the temperance meeting, made the pivot of his whole history. A good wife—one of the sweetest and the bravest ever given to human weakness—and the converting grace of God did the rest. In the midsummer of 1836 I was staying with Gough at his Boylston home, assisting him in the conduct of a series of revival meetings in the church to which he belonged. The church was without a pastor, and Gough was supplying the pulpit with ministers, superintend-

ing the Sabbath school, conducting the inquiry-meetings, and visiting the factories for religious conversation. I said to him: "Brother John, what a superb preacher and pastor you spoiled in order to make a great temperance lecturer." Our evening talk took me to a neighboring farmhouse in which he and Miss Mary Whitcomb had met during their few days of courtship. "We didn't talk here," said John to me, "but only about religion and my wife's salvation; Mary took me on trust and I took care of her, and I married her on the journey of life with three dollars in my pocket and the best with her in the world." It is to that stricken widow in the "Bill Bate" home to-day that we owe our thanks for forty years of splendid services to humanity. Angels may have their spheres of usefulness in heaven, but down in this world no angel can compare with a humble, patient, Christ-loving woman.

As Mr. Gough's first reformation was connected with his singing a pledge of total abstinence, he always attached great importance to the use of the pledge during all his active career as a Reformer. The chief aim of his speeches, with all their wonderful impersonations of character, their racy humor, and harrowing pictures of human misery, was to convert his hearers to Abstinence, and to persuade them to elench it with a pledge. What heart-moving scenes he used to reproduce before us, and with what showers of tears they were witnessed! It was the power of a Charles Dickens but in soul-shaking laughter and in soul-moving pathos, and to those were superadded intense Christian convictions and a voice of thunder to the conscience. My readers will recall now the stories under which they laughed and wept as they never did under any other orator of our time. For example, one evening at Philadelphia there is in his audience a pitiable sot who has squandered his fortune and character until no one is left to him but the faithful daughter who often brings him home from the dram-shop. While Gough is depicting the sufferings of a drunkard's children, the man sobs and whimpers to his daughter "Birdie, do you ever suffer like that with me?" "O father, dear father!" Presently he is so overcome that he sobs "Birdie, Birdie, I am going to sign the pledge; yes I will, I will." "Oh, dear father!" is all that the overjoyed girl can articulate. He is as good as his word, and he keeps it. During the remainder of his life he is a sober man. The administration of the pledge was with Gough—as it was with Father Matthew, the celebrated Irish Reformer—the central idea of his work. During a fortnight in Cincinnati 7640 persons signed the pledge; among them were three hundred college students.

Mr. Gough showed me several volumes containing over 150,000 signatures! The number of human lives to which, under God, he gave a new direction, must have been exceedingly large.

To compute the moral and spiritual results of such a career by statistical figures, would be as idle as to tabulate Paul's work by counting the verses of his Epistles, or Spurgeon's work by counting his discourses. But the figures of Gough's life are amazing. He travelled 450,000 miles. He delivered 8664 public addresses. His eloquent voice was heard by nearly ten millions of his fellowmen. No man, with the possible exception of Spurgeon, has ever reached as many auditors. (Mr. Moody did not begin his public work until thirty years after Mr. Gough.) In Great Britain, where his influence was relatively much greater than in America, he was the first address of Temperance who ever gained a hearing among the upper classes of society. To him more than to any one else, the National Temperance League and the Scottish Temperance League owe much of their earlier successes in gaining a solid foothold. The lamentation over his departure will be deep among all classes from Land's End to John O'Groat's.

Many who heard John B. Gough's intense dramatic addresses, charged as they were with passionate emotion, may have regarded him as only a brilliant sensationalist. A grievous mistake they have made in that estimate. He was a good logician, and he argued with vivid pictures and life-incidents, just as our divine Lord taught abstract truth by parables. Mr. Gough of the platform was one of the most calm, level-headed, and majestic leaders of the temperance movement. His good judgment seldom went astray. He wrought a wider and more solid work than any man since Father Matthew, because he discovered the vital point, and brought his artillery to bear upon the Malakoff of intemperance, and that is the *Banking*—the *Banking*. He stoutly maintained the legal right of a community to prohibit the dram-shop; he was an earnest, non-partisan suppressionist. But he always held also that liquor-drinking was the fountain-head and support of the traffic, and he aimed to reach the individual conscience, to break up the evil habit, and to make his fellow-men and women total abstinents. He struck down to the roots.

As a fervent, earnest Christian, he anchored the Reform to the everlasting throne of God. Legal action without moral sanction was to him an absurdity and a delusion.

My beloved brother did not outlive himself; he fell just as he might have wished to fall, at his post of duty, and ringing out his last note—a solemn appeal to his young countrymen. Nearly all the great leaders of the Temperance Reform, with whom I labored thirty years ago, are gone: William E. Dodge, Horace Greeley, Stephen H. Trigg, Albert Barnes, Dr. B. Chapin, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Dr. Charles Jewett, Gerrit Smith, Vice-President Henry Wilson, and John Marsh have all "fallen or sleep." Their words are rust; their bodies dust. And now that star which shone so long and so brightly, whose rays guided so many a poor outcast to hope and to a Saviour, has suddenly vanished into the light of heaven. We shall never see another John B. Gough. God never repeats himself. But if the workmen die, the work goes on, and others shall grasp that silver trumpet which fell from the hand paralyzed by death. O my beloved Brother John, "very pleasant hast thou been to me, and thy love was passing the love of women"; but thy life battle hath ended in triumph, and he who plucked thee out of the horrible pit, that thou mightest save multitudes from the drunkards' doom, hath welcomed thee to thy crown of glory.

"Servant of God, well doest! Rest from thy loved employ, Thy battle fought, thy victory won, Enter thy Master's joy."

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

A certain Methodist editor advised a brother not to go into the newspaper business. The would-be editor, however, was deaf to all suggestions, but after he had tried the experiment he found it was not so easy a thing as he had supposed. When the editor who had remonstrated with him, was spoken to on the subject he remarked, "Well, I did my best, for I warned my brother not to come to this place of torment."—*Con. Baptist.*

The forthcoming Baptist year book of 1886, will show a total of members of organized Baptist churches in the United States of 2,372,238.

The real difference between the Reformers and Baptists plainly stated is that Baptists believe salvation from past sins essential to baptism, while the Reformers believe baptism essential to salvation or the remission of past sins. This is certainly more than the difference between two-edged and two-edged for which some are wont to contend.—*Con. Rep.*

Nineteen brewers and distillers are members of the new Parliament, England.

Madame Leveillé, nee Saint Germain, recently died at the ripe age of ninety-one, "after having given to the parish where she departed this life an example of all the Christian virtues." In the brief notice in *La Miroir* it is said: "She leaves to society 519 children and grandchildren, of whom 46 are of the fourth generation, 389 of the third generation, 83 of the second, and 5 of the first."

Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, is credited with a good speech. Asked how he succeeded in business, he said recently: "I always made it a principle when the Almighty wasn't on my side to get on his."

GORMON FOR A MINISTER.—A short time ago the whole congregation of a Free Church in Scotland, who were thinking of calling a certain minister to their pulpit, hired a special train and went down to Glasgow to hear him preach. They evidently believe that settling a pastor is serious business. Last year a student could hardly transpire out of Scotland.

The Missionary Review has just received and forwarded to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York, an offer of \$25,000 from Robert Arthington, of Leeds, England, on condition that that Board promptly found a new mission to the Wanaasi and Wakanai tribes or nations in East Central Africa.

GLIMPSES AND GLANCES.—The *Biblical Recorder* quotes Rev. C. Durham as saying: "The New Theology equals four nothings.—Nothing needs to be believed; Nothing in particular (except some statements of the Bible) needs to be renounced; Nothing special needs to be done; and Nothing worthy of mention needs to be expected."

That the roller-skating mania is running out is shown by the great decline in the price of box-wood, of which the skate wheels are made. Last year this wood commanded from \$20 to \$40 a ton, but now it can be had for \$12, and is likely to go lower.

Some time ago, brother Wm. C. Wilkinson, discussed in the *Sunday School Times* the question, "Is it right sometimes to lie?" He dismissed the question. We are reminded of a famous address made by a bishop to his "clergy." In his address he argued for the other side of the question. After many compliments had been paid him, he said a poor, half-witted brother who had been silenced from preaching, what he thought of the address. The weak-minded brother answered, "I can't say till I know whether you believe it yourself." "Of course I do," said the bishop. "But," said the brother, "you contended that it was proper to lie under certain circumstances; and how do I know but you are at it now?"—*Index.*