Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, VOLUME LI. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY. | THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, VOLUME XXXIX.

VOL III. SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1887. NO 18.

—WELL DONE.—The receipts of the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the year ending March 31, 1887, have been as follows: Contributions for general purposes $179,907.86; for church edifice work, $36,370.17; for the debt of last year, $126,226.97; to the conditional funds, $143,000; making the total contributions $349,797.36. Legacies for general purposes, with certain specific designations, $113,878.-02; for the church edifice funds $42,379.17, nearly all of which is a permanent fund, making the total legacies $158,258.19. From all other sources, as income from investments, schools, etc., $44,456.17. The total receipts from all sources have been $552,510.72.

The total receipts of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Union for the fiscal year just closing amount to three hundred and fifty-three thousand one hundred nine dollars and forty-six cents. The appropriations were three hundred fifty-one thousand eight hundred eighty-nine dollars sixty-nine cents: leaving a balance in the treasury of twelve hundred nineteen dollars seventy-seven cents.

The total receipts of the two great missionary societies of the Northern Baptists foot up to $905,620.18. When the receipts of the Publication Society did what the Southern Baptists have given are added to this, it will make a very respectable amount.

—HOW IS IT.—According to an Eastern legend, Joseph lay three days and three nights in the pit into which his brethren threw him; but he knew no darkness, because the angel Gabriel placed there a precious stone which filled the pit with floods of light.

Here is a saint to-day. He has met with losses; has been bereaved; has to suffer long and wearying pain. The light from earthly circumstances is all well nigh quenched. But, in the dense darkness around him, there are promises of God which glow with heaven's own brightness; and there never before was such light in the soul. This is no fable; but a blessed experience to which there are multitudes that can testify. Reader, have you anything to light you when the earth grows dark, and you are about to plunge into the gloom of the valley of death?

—HIGH LICENSE.—As noticed in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, a high license bill has caused great commotion in New York. It was championed by Dr. H. Crosby, who is strongly opposed to prohibition. It was opposed by the liquor interest, and by prohibitionists who could not assent to the principle of taking money for a license to permit a man to carry on the traffic in intoxicants. The bill was pushed through the legislature, but has been vetoed by the governor. *The Voice*, the sprightly organ of the prohibitionists, now proposes a compromise on this basis. Let there be but one saloon permitted to each 500 of the population, and let no license fee be charged. *The Voice* holds that the money for licensing the liquor traffic is a great bribe to municipalities, &c., to continue to permit it, for the sake of the revenue accruing. Quite a number of the leading advocates of the Crosby bill seem willing to accept this basis.

—WHO CAN EXPLAIN?—Lord Byron once said to Lady Blessington: "Beauty and goodness have always been associated in my mind, because, through life, I have generally found them go together. I do not talk of mere beauty of features or complexion, but of expression—that looking out of the soul through the eyes, which in my opinion constitutes true beauty."

How intimate, and yet how subtle, is the connection between the soul and its mora' qualities and the body that enshrines it! Can any scientist, by the closest scrutiny, discern just how it is that certain abiding thoughts and feelings will mould the expression of the countenance? Can they, on materialist principles, explain to us how this happens?

—AS OTHERS SEE US:—Dr. Withrow, late of Park St., Boston, and now pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, Chicago, recently gave an address before the Baptist Social Union, of that city. Among other things he said, are the following:—

"I speak in no fulsome praise, but literally I think there is not a denomination of evangelical Christians that is throughout as sound theologically as the Baptist denomination [Applause] I believe it. After carefully considering it, I believe I speak the truth. Sound as my own denomination is: sound as some others are, and I do not cast unfriendly reflection upon any particular denomination, I do say in my humble judgment there is not an evangelical denomination in America to-day that is as true to the simple, plain gospel of God as it is recorded in the Word as the Baptist denomination. [Applause] * * * Perhaps you think it is that I do not like your form of church government; because it is so loose. True, I am in a denomination that has a considerable number of wheels; and they are pretty well strung up; all of them have their belts on, and all run regular. But it seems to me, Judson's exactly understand it—that without any machinery you hold together faster than if you had it."

—JAPAN.—The progress of this country in liberal ideas is most remarkable. A few years ago it was one of the most exclusive and non progressive in the world. Foreigners were shut out and the Christian religion was under a ban. Now the whole country is open to commerce, young nobles have been sent to the west to become instructed in the learning of those more advanced lands, the customs and institutions of England and America are being rapidly introduced, and Christianity is not only tolerated, but it is welcomed. More recently the government has ordered that the English language be taught in all the schools of Japan.

—THE HADDOCK MURDERER:—The trial of Arnesdorf, charged with the murder of Rev. G. C. Haddock, a Methodist minister of Sioux City, Indiana, closed on the 17th. The decision reached was expected. A witness swore, point blank, that he saw Arnesdorf shoot Haddock down; but nevertheless the jury disagreed, and the murderer has escaped. The jury was carefully packed; only one of the twelve voted to bring him in guilty. This juror declares that he was offered any amount he chose to name, if he would vote to acquit the prisoner. The rum power seems determined to keep on, if it must resort to the worst crime and shield the worst criminals. Haddock is a martyr to his zeal in the temperance cause, and he is not the only one.

—CONGRATULATIONS.—We congratulate our brethren in the West upon securing the charter for the University at Woodstock. They will now be able to press forward their educational work according to their own best judgment and the changing conditions of the future. It is not to be wondered at that they feel jubilant. Mr. McMaster's splendid gift puts grand possibilities within their reach. The knowledge that the institution is their own will draw from the people an intense enthusiasm, which will be helpful where money, even, cannot avail. When are we to have some one to emulate Mr. McMaster and do a splendid thing for Acadia, to help her fulfil her grand mission?

—SPURGEON ON SALVATION ARMY METHODS.—Mr. Spurgeon's opinion of Salvation Army methods can be seen from the following, on how to attract a congregation. Who will chide him for his keen strictures? He says: "A tremendous noise is one way of attracting a congregation; but whether or not it is one which Jesus and His apostles would have followed I leave to be decided by those best able to judge. The other day we read in an official report: 'Brass band better than ever; thirteen blowing salvation through their instruments.' If this be so, let them blow till all is blue; it is not for us to rail at sounding brass if it has indeed become a channel of salvation. Blow by all means. If any of you judge that this is your high calling, pursue it ardently; and if outraged humanity should pelt you with mud and rotten eggs, do not reckon that a strange thing has happened unto you. If you should also create about twice as much blasphemy as religious feeling, do not be surprised; if your course of action should bring ridicule on all religion, and educate the mob in the art of rioting, which they may use by-and-bye with unexpected results, do not marvel. If you conceive this to be your line of usefulness, listen to no advice; reckon all who differ from you as your enemies; become martyrs; and go forward as good soldiers, so long as leather and brass hold out. Only be prepared for contingencies. Suppose the big drum and tambourine should cease to charm, what next? What else is to be done? Will you stand on your head? Hornpipes have been tried; will you try the tight rope? I cannot suggest to you a novelty—since we have already heard of Brummagem bruisers, devil-dodgers, converted clog-dancers, etc. No, I cannot continue the list, for it must include several profane titles if it becomes at all complete; and, above all, and worst of all, it must needs contain those blasphemous insults to the eternal and incommunicable name which arise out of the desecration of the word 'Hallelujah.' It only occurs to me to suggest the question, 'Might it not be possible to be a little less vulgar, and so to create variety without extreme exertion?' It might be a novelty to some people to conduct a meeting in which there should be no clang—let it be attempted."

—"KEEPING 'LONG, SIR!"—We clip the following from a contemporary:

"We were at the house of a friend lately, with whom we were dining. There was an old colored house servant in the dining room to whom we spoke after dinner. In other years we had known him for a Christian. 'Well, Henry, how is it with your soul? Are you in health?'

The answer was: 'Well, sir, I'se keepin' 'long. Jes' keepin' 'long, sir.'

'But, Henry, are you serving the Lord?'

'Well, sir, I'se goin' through de motions. I'se goin' through de motions, sir.'"

Are there not very many who, were they as frank as the old negro, would confess they were "just keeping 'long"—just "going through the motions." They attend worship, are punctual at prayer meetings, keep up family worship, it may be; but it is without heart or joy; it is from a habit formed in other days; it is but "going through the motions." That is a sad enough state to be in. There is danger lest the soul become confirmed in this heartless formality, and lose the longing for the spirit which should give life and power to these forms of worship and service. But there is a worse state still—where professors have given up even "going through the form." In the first case, there may be sincerity, while there is little unction. In the latter case, there is complete abandonment of service, often a subtle skepticism as to spiritual verities altogether.

—A PRIZE.—Our excellent contemporary, *The Wesleyan*, has the following:

The *Arkansas Baptist* offers $1000 for a single instance in Greek literature where *baptizo* means to sprinkle. But Rev. J. H. Riggin, says the Nashville *Advocate*, offers all he can realize by the sale of his property, and all that he can beg or borrow, to any man who will produce a single passage from the New Testament in which the word *baptizo* means to immerse.

Offers like the above do not serve much of a purpose. There is always a loop hole for escape. This much can be said about *baptizo*. It would be as easy to show that *hudor* does not mean water, in the New Testament, as that *baptizo* does not mean immerse. The literal meaning of each equally, is as above, in the Greek language. If we do not accept the meaning of the one, in the language of which it is a word, why the meaning of the other.

—THE SERIAL:—Our new serial begins this week. We hope all our readers may begin it, as it is fitted to interest and profit.

Ontario Correspondence.

A very important event has just taken place among your western brethren, about which a little information might not be unwelcome to you in the east. I refer to the fact that on Friday last the bill to charter McMaster University received its third reading in the Ontario Legislature. Few greater events have yet marked our history. You, who have Acadia, and who know something of all the blessed influences that go forth from a christian University unifying and empowering the denomination, can appreciate what this matter means to us, and you will not be surprised if we rejoice and accord the 22nd of April a special honor henceforth.

By way of giving this event its proper setting, permit me to refer briefly to our educational policy, and specially to its very wonderful developments during the past year. Our institution at Woodstock has now been in existence nearly thirty years. It was founded amid difficulties and has had difficulties all the way along. Beginning modestly, it made steady advances—and gradually increased its curriculum until about ten years ago half the university course was covered. This shows clearly enough that Dr. Fyfe and Prof. Wells, who for so many years directed it, aimed at full university equipment. The great hindrance to that consummation was the lack of money. But the aim was to secure a great christian university as soon as possible. When Principal Wolverton assumed control, he adhered to the same policy. Three years ago, however, we turned aside for a time from the thought of a Baptist University at Woodstock, to consider the scheme known here as the Federation of Colleges. The proposal was that there should be a central teaching university supported by the province, and that round it should be grouped the various denominational colleges teaching those subjects which are most closely related to religion. The scheme was plausible, and seemed to offer at a minimum of expense, all necessary safeguards in the way of securing the christian thought in higher education. Our honored brother, Senator McMaster, generously offered to provide such a college in Toronto, on condition that the denomination should raise within two years certain sums to ensure the permanency and efficiency of the institution at Woodstock.

But the people did not respond. And as negotiations proceeded, those who represented us in the conferences with the government became more and more dissatisfied. The problem became more complicated—and the whole scheme was pronounced at last to be a miserable compromise. Meantime, the two years had almost expired, and considerable anxiety was felt lest everything should end in disaster. A year ago this month, days were spent in an earnest discussion of the whole situation and the decision was reached that Woodstock should be expanded and strengthened. Mr. McMaster, on being approached, agreed to transfer the monies he had intended for the Arts' College in Toronto to Woodstock, on certain conditions. It was felt that Principal Wolverton's duties were too numerous, and that his services in managing the financial affairs of the college were indispensible. Accordingly, he was pressed, and consented to take the position of Financial Manager and at the same time Dr. Rand was urged to accept the Principalship. A meeting of the Board was convened on the 20th of last May, to receive his answer. It was one of conditional acceptance—the main condition being that it should be clearly understood that Woodstock should be left open to the freest expansion that fixed policy should be to extend its courses to the university standard just as rapidly as means should permit, and ultimately to attain the status of an independent university. This condition was, after a most thoughtful discussion, unanimously accepted. The people were again appealed to on the new basis, and in a few weeks pledged nearly $40,000 for buildings and apparatus at Woodstock.

Since that time, advances have been so rapid as to have constituted a succession of surprises. I cannot go into detail. Let me indicate them briefly.

1. A year ago, we had two institutions independent of each other and liable to constant friction. After next November—when the new charter comes in force—they will be one, under almost the same control.

2. A year ago, neither of these institutions was directly under the control of the denomination. Toronto Baptist College was controlled by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees. (It should be stated, however, that the Board had just handed over very important duties to the Senate, a representative body). Woodstock College was controlled by a Board of Trustees elected by those who had subscribed certain sums for its support. By the new charter, both of these will give way to a Board and Senate that will be composed mainly of representatives from the Conventions.

3. A year ago, we had little expectation of soon being in a position to go before the Legislature to request university powers. However, matters matured so rapidly that at our Convention meeting in October, it was decided to take that step. Owing to the fact that the government had the Federation scheme on hand much opposition was met with. But, though the contest has been keen, our rights have been secured.

4. Heretofore, there has been great diversity of opinion in the body on this subject. The experiences of the past year, and the heat of the late contest in the Legislature, have created an *esprit de corps*, and made us more united than we have ever been before. Our policy has now been crystallized in a magnificently free and unfettered charter, and it is backed by Mr. McMaster's princely generosity to the extent of $700,000.

These are the facts. We are jubilant over them. They are beyond the highest hopes we knew a year ago. And we are sure that our eastern brethren who have been so far in advance of us in educational matters, will rejoice with us. I presume that these facts will be hailed by you all. We expect that some of the fears you entertained in connection with the affiliation of Toronto Baptist College with our Provincial University will vanish when you know that that affiliation will be abandoned. Toronto Baptist College will be our common Theological School, controlled by us in common; for the new arrangement provides for the supervision of the theological department by the east and the west in common. Another reason why the change here should be hailed with delight by the Maritime Provinces is this. We know that you grudged us Dr. Rand when he came to us. But, brethren, if ever man was guided by God in anything, Dr. Rand has been guided in all these things by a gracious Providence.

Though other honored names might be mentioned in connection with our progress, yet we all feel and cheerfully acknowledge that Dr. Rand has been the main instrument in God's hand in bringing about these great results. His high christian character and thorough acquaintance with educational problems, both won our confidence and gave him such influence with the government as no other man could have had—whilst his tact and insight and determination prevented such mangling of the charter as would have rendered it practically useless. When we think of the mighty issues, still hidden in the future, that hang upon these transactions—issues, the reach of which we can but poorly estimate, which certainly will bless our denomination and through it our country and the world; when we think, too, of all the problems that confronted us a year ago, and of the peculiar qualifications required in him who should successfully grapple with them; when we think further of how the Lord prepared Dr. Rand by an enriching experience in the east and then brought him west just in time to be ready when our crisis came—when we think of all these things we feel assured that the good hand of our common Father was in it all, leading His servant by a way he knew not. And so, brethren, the Providence of two years ago which some may not have understood, stands revealed. He meant it for our good. He meant that Acadia should have a sister university in the west, and He sent a son of Acadia to establish it.

J. H. FARMER.

—Last year there were thirty-eight temperance papers started for the purpose of moulding public opinion to the need of prohibition.

Spring in the Soul.

"O God, do thou turn us again and show the light of thy countenance that we may be saved." We like those old prayers full of heart cries for turning, restoration, and reconversion. "Enough of wandering in the wilderness, we want the rest of the fold. Enough of the drudgery, degradation, and hunger of the far country." We long for the old home where the hired servants have bread enough and to spare. Enough of living at this poor dying rate—with a love which is neither hot or cold, with a divided heart that sometimes longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt and other times craves for the Canaan of promise, that is not satisfied with the pleasures of sin, and yet will not enter into the rest of faith. We want the whole-heartedness that never wavers, and the love that burns with white heat earnestness. Enough of the cold, dreary, fruitless winter of spiritual death. O God, do thou turn us to Thyself, and grant us a Divine spring season in our souls.

"Turn us." The turning is introduced in the right place. We complain of the *fallen world*, forgetting that the world fell only when we fell. We create our own world. All is right when we are right. We are looking at things around us through jaundiced eyes and all is yellow. Disordered society is often the projected impress of our own minds and feelings. The old clock on the stairs complains that all the clocks and dials in the neighborhood are wrong, what it wants is a good cleaning and oiling, when it has been put right itself all the rest will be right. The preacher finds fault with the congregation, that they are dull and unsympathizing and that they need reforming, while the people are inclined to believe that the drowsiness that comes over them occasionally is a contagion of the pulpit. A man who is not well sits down at the dinner table, he is in a dainty mood, he begins to find fault, the table is ill-laid, and the food not properly cooked, and everything out of place. What he wants is to see his doctor. No cooking can please a diseased appetite. A man enjoying good health comes to his meal after five miles walk in fresh air and has nothing but praise. A religious service may prove sometimes a poor fare, but if we are spiritually healthy—hungering after righteousness—we shall not be disappointed, we will sup with our Lord and He with us. When we are spiritually invalided—out of sorts, fastidious—it is we ourselves need changing—turn us.

Let us not forget that it is not *God* that is to turn, but *man*. We sometimes speak of his leaving us, whereas the truth is we are leaving him.

Watch the sun setting on a summer's evening, gradually sinking, as if reluctant to part and leave the earth which it made so beautiful with its beaming face, it withdraws from the deep valleys, still shines on the high hills, it takes a long time to part, at last it disappears beneath the horizon and nothing is left but the after-glow, which soon fades into darkness. But it is not the sun that has left the earth, it is the earth that has left the sun. God has not left man. "In him there is no variation or shadow of turning." His love is an eternal sun ever shining in its full-orbed noonday glory that will never set. If ever night settles down upon our souls it is because we have turned away from the sunshine of his presence.

The sun gives as much heat in winter as in summer. The reason of the cold—that makes us shiver and freeze so that we have to wrap ourselves in folds of thick clothing, appearing like walking mummies in the street, and pile fuel on our fires, and warm our chapels with hot air to keep circulation—is not that the sun gives less heat, but that the earth lies at another angle towards it, and does not bask in the full light of its shining countenance. The reason of our moral winter is that we have turned away from God. His love has not changed, it is from everlasting to everlasting. Our spiritual winter is of our own making.

We pray for a revival. It is reasonable and right to do so. It is good to get the down-pouring rain sometimes, the streamlets rushing down the hills into the valleys, creating a flood in the river, causing it to overflow its banks; it enriches the soil, the meadows will be green for it, there will be a more luxurious growth, more abundant pasture. A genuine revival is a down-pouring of the heavenly rain, a flooding of the river of God so that it swells over its banks and overflows the plain of the world; the soil of Christian experience is enriched, and half withered devotions grow green and luxurious. A revival is a high spring tide in the church that flows up far above the ordinary water marks, and floats old craft that have been high and dry on the beach for years and bears them out to sea, and they make for the haven of immortality.

A revival is the coming of spring to an ice-bound church in which formality and frigidity have lowered the spiritual temperature to zero, and the trees in the courts of the Lord are leafless, and the plants of grace are frost-bitten, and sermons hang like icicles around the eaves of the pulpit, and the prayer meeting has become a kind of religious refrigerator, and no poor lost wanderer is attracted thither to seek rest and warmth. A *natural* spiritual revival is welcome as spring. It must be genuine. If we introduce artificial warming apparatus into our chapels, we object to the introduction of artificial, mechanical fires into our worship. Let us not burn strange fires upon the altars of our God.

We want revival meetings, not to turn the Almighty and all-loving God, but to *turn us*. We were wondering one morning this winter why the water did not run, we sent for a plumber, and he soon explained the mystery, the pipes were frozen. O there is infinite fulness in Christ! His riches are unsearchable, but we may have broken our connection with him, the pipes of faith are frozen.

There is only one way by which nature turns winter into spring. It is by bringing the face of the earth into a new position towards the sun. Then the snow banks vanish and the frozen streams flow and sing, the woodlands and groves are filled with music, the flowers bloom, the seeds sprout—life, sweet life, is everywhere building up the waste desolations of death, climbing up to highest places and blooming down in lowly dells, invading the most hidden spots, embracing with its green arms the rugged rocks, healing the scars of winter, claiming the whole landscapes as its own. Great, glorious, welcome change after the long barrenness and death of winter. What has brought it about? The earth turning back its face to the sun. Nothing else could do it. No amount of artificial heat. Men may succeed to keep a few plants alive in their conservatories, but nothing will produce the life and beauty of spring but the returning of the earth to her great and generous lover, then her pulse begins to throb and her heart beat.

There is but one method of converting the winter of the soul into spring—turning to our God so that his face may shine upon us. Then our affections will thaw and flow, our frozen tongues will be heard in grateful songs of praise, the long buried seed and bulbs of truth will awake and germinate. Our faithless prayers and fruitless preaching will disappear like ice in April.

Turn us, O God. We want more than one turning. The return is gradual. The earth has been gradually turning back to the sun since the 21st of December. At first there was little apparent change. The cold and frost were with us in March and the snow in April.

Now and again a day or two of mild weather deceived the birds, made them believe spring had come, they began singing, a few stray daisies woke up in sheltry spots and opened their mild eyes, but, alas, we were soon back again in winter. But spring is coming and soon the ground will relax, and the snow will melt from the hills, and the warm winds will blow from the south and the winter will blow over, and the flowers will appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of the birds will have come.

So we trust with us the turning has begun, though, perhaps, no church calendar can give the exact date—the 21st of December. There has been a point, a pause, in the departure, but in many instances God alone knows when the process, which is so gradual, began. It is often a long eternal conflict, now there are songs of cheering hopes, and again we are back struggling with the wintry winds of doubt and fear; some time may elapse ere the deadness and coldness of the heart is overcome.

Let us have patience, for, as sure as summer triumphs over winter, the good through God's grace will triumph over the bad within us, and instead of the desolation of winter, there will be a spring in the soul, a harvest of bloom and beauty to be followed by a summer of fruitfulness and plenty.

Pray to Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into morning.

"O God, do Thou turn us again and show the light of Thy countenance that we may be saved."

—Cold prayers are like arrows without heads, swords without edges, birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Those prayers that have no heavenly fire in them always freeze before they reach as high as heaven; but fervent prayer is very prevalent with God.—*Spurgeon.*

—The earth's internal heat is now being forced into practical service at Pesth, where the deepest artesian well in the world is being sunk to supply hot water for public baths and other purposes. A depth of 3,120 feet has been reached, and the well supplies daily 176,000 gallons of water heated to 158 degrees Fahrenheit. The boring is to be continued until the temperature of the water is raised to 175 degrees.