Messenger and Visitor.

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—It is announced that Dr. A. H. Strong, of Rochester, will shortly publish a book entitled, "The Great Poets and their Theology." On so attractive a subject President Strong will no doubt give us a volume of rare interest and value.

—The death of Rev. Dr. Dean which took place during the past week at San Diego, Cal., where he had been living for some time, resulted from a fall causing a fracture of the hip. He was 88 years of age. The Chicago *Standard* says: "Dr. Dean's service in our missions in China and Siam has made his name familiar to us all, while his character has endeared him to everyone with whom he has come in contact."

—We are requested by the chairman of the Committee on Travelling Arrangements to say that: It has been arranged that delegates from Halifax to the Convention can go to St. John via the Intercolonial and return via Digby and the Dominion and Atlantic, at a cost of $7—for the round trip. Delegates wishing to avail themselves of this arrangement will purchase a ticket to St. John, getting the standard certificate, and the secretary will arrange about the return. Delegates are also requested to observe the addition to the standing notice on travelling arrangements respecting the steamer "Rimouski" and the N. B. and P. E. I. railway.

—The Woman's Number recently issued by the Halifax *Herald*, has deservedly attracted much attention. Most of the writers were more or less known to the public through their contributions to the newspaper press. A number of topics are discussed, the Woman question of course receiving especial attention. Several of the articles possess high literary merit. The *Sun* expresses the opinion that "in literary merit and practical interest the *Herald's* extra is far ahead of the Woman's Number of the Ottawa *Journal* the more ambitious woman's number of the Toronto *Globe*. It is stated that the *Herald* found material so abundant that it purposes to issue another Woman's Number before long.

About the time of the accession of the present Czar of Russia to the Imperial throne it was reported that he was not ambitious to occupy the position of autocrat of all the Russias, which, however illustrious it may be, is not, judging from the lives and fate of those who had immediately preceded him, a position adapted to make a man serenely happy. There may not have been any truth in the reports at that time circulated and there may be just as little in the recent rumors in reference to the withdrawal of the Czar from active participation in the affairs of the Empire and the gradual assumption of the imperial functions by the ex-Czarina. Such things, however are reported.

—The *United States Tobacco Journal*, as quoted by the Springfield *Republican* calculates that if the 500,000 male bicycle riders of the United States consume on an average two less cigars each a day because of their bicycling, which that journal thinks a moderate estimate, the falling off in the consumption of cigars from this cause amounts to 700,000,000 per year. The *Republican* points out that the conclusion of *Tobacco Journal* is not justified either by the laws of arithmetic or the internal revenue statistics as to cigar production. But adds that "if this healthful and absorbing out-door recreation is doing a quarter part of what the tobacco paper says it is, the tobacco business will not be hurt so much as the race will be helped."

—The St John, N. B., International Exhibition and Industrial and Agricultural Fair will be held from Tuesday, Sept 24th, to Friday, Oct. 4th. A pamphlet of 88 pages has been issued by Mr. C. A. Everett, Secretary and Manager, containing the prize list with general rules and regulations for the information of intending exhibitors. The formal opening of the exhibition is to take place at 2 o'clock p. m., on Sept. 24th, military and other bands of music will be present every afternoon and evening and other features to be announced will afford additional attractions. The horse and cattle fair is to be held on the grounds adjoining the exhibition building.

—In the death of Dr. Montague of Newton Centre, the New England Baptist pulpit has lost one of its brightest lights. With rare endowments of head and heart, Dr. Montague was possessed of fine literary culture. He was a graduate of Harvard University and Newton Theological Seminary. The freshness of his thought, his pleasing manner and fine gifts of expression made him a most attractive preacher, and as a pastor he was greatly beloved. The memorial address delivered by President Hovey in connection with the funeral services was remarkable both for grace and felicity of expression and as testifying to the profound respect and tender affection with which Dr. Montague was regarded by his people.

—The Templars of the Maritime provinces held the annual meeting of their Grand Council at Amherst last week. Among those in attendance were W. W. Buchanan, of Hamilton, Ont., Rev. Dr. Lucas, of Ontario, and Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton. It is stated that during the past year the order in these provinces has about doubled its membership which at present is nearly 3,000. At a public meeting on Tuesday evening an address of welcome was delivered by Mr. H. J. Logan, parliamentary candidate for Cumberland in the Liberal interest. Mr. Buchanan, of Hamilton, spoke in response. The political situation in respect to prohibition was considered and the necessity of political action in the interests of prohibition was strongly presented. Several counties have selected Prohibition candidates, others are expected to do so and efforts will be made to make Prohibition as prominent an issue as possible in the next Dominion election.

—The following story told in the N. Y. *Tribune* is illustrative of the Indian's shrewdness and his keen appreciation of the white man's inconsistencies: "Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that the Indians once held a war dance near a mission house. He went to Wabasha, the chief, and said: 'Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and teacher. I gave them to you. I visit you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp dance. I knew the Chippeway whom your young men have murdered. His wife is crying for her husband: his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hears his children cry. He is angry. Some day he will ask, Wabasha, 'Where is your red brother'? The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth and said: 'White man go to war with his brother in the same country: kill more merr than Wabasha can count all his life. Great Spirit smiles: says, 'Good white man! He has my book. I love him very much. I have a good place for him by and by'. The Indian is a wild man. He has no Great Spirit Book. He kills one man has a scalp dance. Great Spirit is mad, and says, 'Bad Indian! I put him in a bad place by and by'. Wabasha don't believe it."

—A paper on Moravian missions, read at the International Missionary Union by Mrs. W. H. Belden, says of the Moravian body: "So unworldly and unobtrusive is this church, so pure and simple its doctrine and life, that from a worldly point of view it seems an unimportant denomination. It has stood for one hundred and sixty-three years an example and inspiration to all Christendom. The home of the Moravians was mostly in Moravia and Bohemia. They were the followers of John Huss who suffered martyrdom in 1415. They formed themselves into an association called the Unitas Fratrum (United Brethren) a name they still retain. They received the right of Episcopal ordination from the last remaining of the Waldensean bishops, Stephen, who also suffered martyrdom. This makes them the oldest Episcopal church in existence, the history of the Waldenses showing an uninterrupted line of episcopacy connected with that of apostolic times. Their great leader was Zinzendorf, a man of royal blood and incomparable piety." The number of Moravian missionaries at present is given as 2,500 or about one out of every fifty of the members of the church at home and on the foreign field. One little community of 418 souls has 21 of its sons and daughters in foreign mission work.

—It is stated that the many-sided German Kaiser feels moved to exercise his gifts as a preacher and that on the occasion of the solemn inauguration of the magnificent church dedicated to the memory of the Emperor William I. to take place September first, the anniversary of Sedan, His Majesty, availing himself of his prerogative as the summus episcopus of Prussia, will deliver a religious oration from the pulpit or altar. The German press, we are told, is busy discussing the matter, and much diversity of opinion is expressed. The spectacle of a warrior in full panoply of war invading the places where ordained ministers of the gospel alone have hitherto penetrated, scandalizes the orthodox party beyond measure and they cannot contain their horror at the threatened profanation. The question whether there is any precedent for the Emperor's proposed action is being minutely and learnedly discussed. Whether the Kaiser possesses the spiritual qualifications for ministering in sacred things appears to be a very secondary consideration in the discussion. If he has, why should he not preach, and if a military system has any legitimate place whatever in a christian country, why may not the Emperor preach in a soldier's uniform as much to the glorification of God and the edification of his hearers as if he were clothed in the garb which the clerics assume?

—A Florida dentist, it is stated, has been devoting his inventive genius to the production of an instrument for measuring the power of the human jaw. In a somewhat general way it has been known for a long time that a large amount of force, potential or actual, was intimately connected with that part of the human anatomy, but perhaps no one had ever before conceived the idea of obtaining a definite and arithmetical expression of this human jaw power so as to reckon it up in pounds and fractions thereof,—according to the table of avoirdupois. What suggested the idea—whether it was some unlucky experience connected with the dentist's own calling or whether he had been visiting law-courts, legislative halls, religious parliaments or woman's rights conventions—we are not told. The inventor has registered with his instrument the jaw force of 150 persons and found it to vary from 65 pounds in the instance of a little girl of seven years to above 200 pounds in the case of several adult persons. One person was found whose jaw power the instrument (the limit of which is 270 pounds) could not register. And, wonderful to relate, this superlative energy of jaw was possessed, not by a preacher or a lawyer or a member of the Legislature or by a woman's rights advocate, but by a physician. Truly there seems to be no end to the illustrations of the truth of the saying: "It is the unexpected that happens."

From New York.

If you have space, and consider this article worthy of publication, it may prove of interest to some of your readers by giving them a little idea of what I have seen and heard during my sojourn of a few weeks in New York. My home at present is in Brooklyn and I shall ever remember the day of my arrival here, it being the anniversary of the union of the Sabbath schools of Brooklyn, where eighty thousand children paraded to the best band music in the city and were reviewed in Prospect Park by ex-President Harrison, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenburg, and several distinguished statesmen, and from there marched back to their different churches, where devotional exercises were conducted, after which the children were served to ice-cream and cake (which is so dear to the hearts of American children) and Canadians as well, (but they don't get so much of it). Brooklyn is called the city of churches, and deservedly so, for you cannot go many blocks without sighting a church of some description. It has also had its distinguished preachers, it being the home of Henry Ward Beecher, has had Talmage, Berhends, Cuyler, Lyman Abbott, R. S. Storrs, A. C. Dixon, Cortland Myers, and many others of distinction. It was also my privilege to be here on memorial day, which is recognized by the nation and set apart as a day on which they decorate the soldiers graves, who so valiantly gave their lives for their country. The orations by Governor McKinley, Harrison, and Gov. Morton, of New York State, were delivered at Riverside Park, New York, where U. S. General Grant's old and new tomb is. Gov. McKinley is certainly a great political orator and I hear has the coming presidency in view. He referred to the departed soldiers in such pathetic tones that the people all around him were weeping. I would say just here, to any Canadians who may visit New York, not to fail to see Greenwood cemetery, it is considered to be the finest in the world, and is beyond my powers of description. One thing I observed on my arrival here, I regret to say, was the attractive looking liquor saloons, situated on about every second corner. How sad to think this is permitted in a city that has had the moral advantages that New York has had, but the majority, which is principally made up of foreign elements rule here, consequently the law endorses it. Last Sabbath I decided to visit some of the missions in New York. First I went to Jerry McAuley's old mission rooms, 316 Water street, near Franklyn square. He has been dead for several years, but the work still goes on and great good is being accomplished by this mission. S. H. Hadley superintends this mission at the present time. It has done a noble work for God and humanity. This mission has saved men and women who had reached the lowest grade of wretchedness and crime. Turn where you will, you will see invitations on every hand, painted on the walls, calling the outcasts to hope and to heaven. They have grand soul-stirring songs which speaks forth the gospel in every line. One man's experience was this (and his was about the average): "Thank the Lord for a salvation that could reach an old drunkard such as I was. Boys I came here some years ago shivering and shaking from drink and crime and in rags. I gave myself to Jesus that night. He took me just as I was and saved me, and I have never wanted a drink since. Many a time I had braced myself up against whiskey barrels on the Bowery until four o'clock in the morning, and then been swept along with the sawdust. He has saved me boys and can save you." One poor drunken creature sitting in front of me got up and asked them for God's sake to pray for him. He had about made up his mind he said to commit suicide as he walked along the East River, but that he had been mysteriously attracted there, not knowing what it was. This mission seems to reach the almost hopeless cases. From there we went to the Mariners Temple, which many of you know was conducted by Mr. Avery for years. This is a fine, commodious building. The present pastor is Rev. Mr Robinson, an Englishman, is a very enthusiastic speaker, and I have no doubt, is doing a good work, but I must confess I was rather disappointed in this mission. There was not a very large audience, nor did they seem to manifest the interest that the other missions that I attended did. After this meeting was dismissed, I visited one mission on the Bowery. This one, my brethren informed me, they keep open most all of Sunday night. Several leaders addressed this meeting and I assure you it was well conducted. The speakers, ten or more, sit back of the desk in front and as each one gave their address they went out and other supplies would come in. In this way they can prolong their meeting so late. This mission is more of the McAuley style. Notwithstanding all the gospel privileges they have in this city some parts of it is sadly in need of evangelization. On my way home from these missions I got a good idea what the slums of New York are like. Shops in full operation, beer gardens booming, theatres and liquor saloons being patronized,—you would imagine they had all turned out of their homes on the side walks, and the noise and confusion of the elevated railroad running over your head and horse and cable cars at your side was almost deafening, and I concluded then and there it would take more than Dr. Parkhurst or McAuley's mission to cause a complete reformation there.

I do not wish to speak disparagingly of New York, for I like it very much. Those people I speak of in this degraded condition are principally foreigners. The American people, as a whole, I consider very fine, intelligent, wide-awake, hospitable people. S. J. Bigelow.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys:

There has been no school for a week and a half. This is Moharram holidays.

Under a yonder tree sits a pedlar with a basket full of candy. On the corner of the street is another. His counter is a bedstead, which is loaded down with confectionery, in great variety. See! Candy horses! Candy elephants; Candy mice! Candy camels! Candy cows! Candy roosters! Candy birds! Candy temples! Candy snakes! That girl has just bought a candy doll and paid the money down. That four-year old boy is crying because his mother will not buy a candy horse for him. But she is dragging him along by the arm telling him she has not a copper to her name.

Drub-a-dub! Drub-a-dub! Thump! Thump! Thump! Is that the Salvation Army coming up the street? No! It is a crowd of Mohammedans and Hindus. The boys too are out in full force.

Lookout! Do not go near! Keep back! There is a tiger! He is walking on his hind legs and brandishing his fore paws to see whom he can smite. But it is not a tiger after all it is only a mortal foolish man who has painted and striped himself with savage colors, until he verily resembles the brindled denizen of the jungle. They are leading him all over the town, with music and dancing and loud halloo.

There are half a dozen of these mock monsters and each one is a centre of great attraction. When the boys come home to dinner they all swagger around and paw the air and try to stride like a wild beast. Indeed all through the year you may see them proudly going through these bestial gymnastics, thinking that he is the most like a man, who can act the most like a tiger. They remind me of a certain boy, whom I saw once, who thought he could never be a man until he learned to smoke and chew and swear. As if he could grow to be a man by copying after Beelzebub!!!

Here comes the calathumpian procession! Get out of the road! A paper house is coming up the street, borne on the shoulders of a dozen men. Its pink domes and balls and perforations look like the pictures we have seen of famous costly Mohammedan tombs. It represents a Mohammedan hearse. Before this bier are carried painted idols. They are the images of Mohammedan warriors who died in battle. The name of the chief was Hosein. He was the grandson of Mahomet himself. These images are showered with perfume and pappoo—a small vegetable like peas. Children are brought to receive their blessing. This is a Mohammedan affair and we are surprised to see these idols, for they do not believe in idolatry. However they declare that these are only to remember the dead warriors by, who were slain in battle at Kufa, twelve hundred years ago.

The procession halts on the margin of a lake. Its banks are fringed with grass that has sprung to life since the recent rains. Boys and girls and men and women are running and jostling one another in their eagerness to get a good place to stand on the green shore and view the closing ceremonies. This is not really a lake but a broad tank, dug out and diked up on purpose to hold water for use during the long months when there is no rain. All around the edge of the water and on the circular dike flutter the gay colored garments of the Orient. If the people were not so noisy, you might imagine for a moment that they had come out to witness a christian baptism. The images are carried down and dipped in the water and borne again in triumph, purified for another year.

Meanwhile the tigers plunge into the tank and wash the brindled colors from their bodies as Longfellow's Indians washed the war-paint from their faces and the blood stains from their fingers, in the river that flowed from the footprints of Gitche Manito the mighty. The Moharram feast is ended. The holidays are over. School commences again on Monday. It is needless to say our Mission schools do not observe these holidays.

By this celebration, year after year, Mohammedanism advertises its own condemnation. Its Foreign Mission Board was a glittering army! Its missionaries were fierce warriors! Its gospel was the point of the sword! Its arguments were: "Be a Mohammedan or die!!" Its inspiration was the doctrine that whoever died in the battle of this bloody mission went straight to Paradise to enjoy all the wicked pleasures that a wicked heart could wish!!

How different the methods of the christian missionary! He is sent forth on wings of love by a body of christians and a Board who have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts; who are obeying the gracious orders of the Prince of Peace, and who have learned from Him that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The missionary's only sword is "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." His only force is the force of persuasion, the power of the Story of the Cross, the sweet inward compulsion of the "still small voice."

In India there are eight times as many Mohammedans as there are inhabitants in all the Dominion of Canada! And the Hindus number four times as much as the Mohammedans! Pray for them all that they may hear of our Saviour and be led to His feet.

Yours truly,

L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, July 5, '95.

W. B. M. U.

Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. Manning, St. John West, N. B

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:

"Be ye strong therefore and let not your hands be weak for your work shall be rewarded."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

For our annual gathering that the blessing of God may rest upon each meeting and wisdom from on high gives that we plan wisely to extend His kingdom.

Notice.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's Missionary Aid Societies will be held in Leinster street church, St. John, on Friday, Aug. 24th, at 3 30 a. m. Executive meeting on Thursday evening, 7.30.

Mohammedans Hearing of Jesus.

Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, Moulmein, Burma.

At one of the street preachings a converted Mohammedan visiting Moulmein from Rangoon was preaching specially to Mohammedans, and they became very angry. A few of them challenged our preachers to a debate on the claims of Christianity and Mohammedanism. The invitation was taken up but the Mohammedan brother was obliged to return to Rangoon and could not meet them.

They then asked Mr. Armstrong to meet them and he invited them to come to our hall. This they were unwilling to agree to. They wanted the meeting held in a club room they have furnished in a Mohammedan quarter of the town. It seemed a somewhat doubtful course for safety, but Mr. Armstrong agreed to meet them there and asked for permission to invite some friends to accompany him, and that they should appoint a Mohammedan gentleman, whom he knew to be a reliable man, as chairman They offered to provide seats for twenty-five Christians, the rest of the audience some seventy or eighty, to be Mohammedans, admitted by ticket only, to insure their gentility.

The first meeting was arranged for, We went, wondering what the outcome would be, it was so uncertain what turn the meeting would take The chairman began by saying he hoped the audience would act like gentleman; that he took the chair only on condition that everything was done courteously and quietly He should leave the room at once if there was any unseemly disorder. He then arranged that each side should have fifteen minutes to say what they pleased, and asked Mr. Armstrong to open the debate. After fifteen minutes they extended the time to thirty minutes to allow him to finish his argument which was to prove that the Bible was true, especially on account of its fulfilled prophecies, which all centred in Christ, and were fulfilled in Him.

When the moulvi's turn came to speak he waived the whole of the first speech and brought forward a paper of difficult question (as he thought) showing that the Bible contradicted itself, Mr. Armstrong replied,—he knew before what questions they usually bring forward.

Then the moulvi said he could not accept the explanation; but for argument's sake admit the Bible to be true, then what would he do with the passages in the Bible which spoke of Mohammed? Here he brought forward a number of such, laying greatest stress on the passage, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, from among your *brethren*,' etc. *Brethren* must refer to Ishmaelites and could not mean Israelites. By this time it was 11 P. M., and most of the audience, including the chairman, had not dined. So they earnestly begged for another meeting, Mr. Armstrong to begin by answering these questions. The next Friday evening was appointed, and all departed in the most friendly way, offering us flowers as we left the room.

A Telugu man from the other coast had come to us a short time previous, who said he had been a preacher there, and brought letters to that effect. He was very poor, and we allowed him to help in the school till he could find something else to do. He knew no language but Telugu, but was very much dissatisfied with the small pay he got. He asked to go to this meeting, though he could not understand a word spoken. After the meeting he offered himself to the Mohammedans as a convert to Islam. This they felt to be a great triumph as he ranked as a teacher and preacher. The very next mail we had letters from India saying that he had been excluded for bad conduct. I think perhaps the Lord used it to give the Mohammedans courage to go on.

On Friday they gave Mr. Armstrong practically all the evening, and he told them some very plain truths which the audience listened to without disorder, though the moulvi always said, "He could not accept the answer." Again they appointed another meeting, the argument still waging around the passages which they contended foretold Mohammed. Mr. Armstrong opened the next meeting by saying that his contention was that Mohammed was not a prophet at all, and that the Koran was not from God. He asked them to prove him a prophet if they could. This they declined to do, or rather would not undertake; so he said that with their permission (it was their turn) he would prove the negative proposition. He did not spare them, but preached Christ as the true prophet and Saviour, and then by numerous passages from the Koran showed its follies and inconsistencies. It seemed marvellous that they sat there and listened to it all. But it grew so late that they had to close with his unanswered speech. (The fifteen minute arrangement they had given up the first night.)

He agreed to another meeting to give them a chance to reply. They asked for one a week later; then they postponed it for another week, and again for another week, evidently preparing something to meet the arguments brought forward. Another crowded house greeted us last Monday. Again they allowed Mr. Armstrong to begin and then they brought forward an elaborately written paper, which was almost wholly a repetition of the passages used before. But my husband had his paper also this time, translated word for word, and written out in Hindustani. He had the last half hour of the meeting also, and made havoc of the part of their paper which argued that the Comforter promised in John xiv was Mohammed.

They were still eager of another meeting, and it was agreed that we should have one as soon as my husband returned from convention. This is a hasty sketch of the meetings, but gives no idea of the intense interest created throughout the town and especially among our large Mohammedan population. Plainly as Mr. Armstrong has spoken to them they all are respectful and friendly. Whenever they meet us, they bow and greet us as friends, when formerly they were the most bitter opponents in all gatherings for religious discussion. It has changed the whole attitude of Mohammedans towards Christians. Instead of angry opposition it is earnest inquiry and eagerness for discussion without bitterness.

We have a Tamil Sunday school held in a native house in a Hindu quarter on Sunday afternoons. The Mohammedans gather there now every time—not children, but eight or ten men who come and seat themselves and talk eagerly over Bible truth for as long as I can stay. These men understand Tamil and I reach them through the Tamil Bible. Last Sunday, after a lengthened talk on the atonement, in which there was no bitterness, one said to me, "Tell us how you became a Christian."

I answered, "Do you think I was born one?"

"No," he said, "but tell me how you came to Christ!"

I cannot remember ever being asked such a question by an native before.

I told him simply and plainly the story of my own conversion, and they listened very attentively. Then I told him I had been given a Tamil Testament that week, and as he had asked me for one the Sunday before, I thought the Lord had sent it to me specially for him. He took it and bowed his head over it as if in prayer. He had before said he would read it through if he had it. Five of these men promised to come the next Sunday. Surely the Spirit of God must be at work among them.

Book Notice.

I took up "The Thirty Years Labor in the South," a history of Richmond Theological Seminary, by the Rev. C. H. Corey, D.D., one day after dinner and was so fascinated by its thrilling incidents and by the magnitude of the work of which it gives a graphic account, that I did not find myself able to put it down till I had finished it. Most successfully and right nobly has Dr. Corey performed the great labor into which he was led by a remarkable series of providential events. This little volume of 250 pages is a credit to the Doctor. It ought to have a large circulation.

E. M. Saunders.

Nine tons of sturgeon have been shipped to New York this year.

For Spasmodic Coughs—Minard's Honey Balsam.