

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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Bro. T. Trotter has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Toronto. The Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec have recently appointed two new families to the foreign field, and expect to send them before the year is out. Dr. Troy, at one time a professor in the Southern Baptist Seminary, and for some years a professor at Harvard, has been dropped from the membership of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, because of his higher criticism and new theological ideas. There was a serious hitch in the arrangements of the stationing committee of the Methodist Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Dr. Sprague was named for Centenary Church, St. John, although he had been by one year at Marysville. Mr. Gibson protested, and the committee yielded.

We have received from Mr. Rockwell of Wolfville, a beautiful souvenir of the Jubilee of Acadia College, and also a cabinet photograph of Dr. Crawley, descriptions of which appear in an advertisement on another page. We can commend them very highly. No lover of our College should be without them.

Observer.—Our Halifax correspondent writes us in a private note:

I write to account for the silence of observer thus: There is not much here just now to observe. When there does transpire something I will be there to report. Meanwhile it will be enough perhaps, for me to take care of the outside universe. I think your paper has better trim now that all parts of the creation are being looked after.

—That Resolution.—We are glad the Nova Scotia Central Association took the action recorded in a resolution on another page. The way of raising money referred to costs nearly as much in postage and stationery, in many cases, as the amount contributed. We have had to grieve some friends much to the sacrifice of our own feelings, because we could not see our way clear to advertise schemes of the kind.

—Jubilee Volume.—Doubtless many are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the volume which will preserve for the future, the account of the Jubilee of Acadia College. We are informed it is now in press and will be ready for distribution the beginning of August. It will contain all the addresses delivered on that occasion besides other valuable matter. It will be a neat volume of about 200 pages of reading matter. We are sure there are very many who will send for copies, as it embodies the history of Acadia and of many of her graduates, besides possessing rare interest in other respects.

—Good.—We omitted, in the account of the W. N. B. Association, to mention a pleasing little incident. There is a little band of Baptists at Birch Ridge, Tobique River, Victoria Co. They have been struggling hard to build a house for worship, and were in sore need of help. Bro. Cohoon, at a session of the association at Jacktonston, called attention to their case, and asked that \$20 be received and sent them. The ministers present led off with their \$1 each, until a layman remarked that it seemed as if the pastors had all the money, which little hit started the laymen, and \$21 were soon in Bro. Cohoon's hands.

—That Lone Field.—In this same Western Association there is a lone field, marking the northwest limit of Baptist territory in New Brunswick. It is away up the St. John river, on its tributary the St. Francis. Here, long ago, if a memory of childhood is not at fault, Labrador Father Knight, and later, Bro. Estabrook. But the field was left untilled, and the little church had lost its visibility, when, two years ago, Bro. Henderson took up the work so long laid down. God's blessing has fallen upon the field, and the association had the joy to welcome a new church formed as the result. We wish to ask our readers to remember this lone field and this lone work most tenderly, as they are separated three or four score miles from any church of like faith. Bro. Henderson will be glad to receive tracts or old copies of the Messenger and Visitor.

—The Best Offer Yet.—In order that as many as possible may have the opportunity to know the quality of the Messenger and Visitor, and may be able to decide whether they may desire to have it continued to them as permanent subscribers, the paper will be sent the rest of the year for 50 cents. We are more desirous than we can tell to have a thousand subscribers added to our lists by January next. The editor cannot continue to do what he has done in the past, by way of getting subscribers, as he

has all the work he can stand up under. Will not our pastors and wide awake laymen take the matter up, and send in names on this offer? Will it not help on the work of the denomination—the work of God—to get the paper into all our families? Let there be an earnest effort.

—FRIENDLY CRITICISM.—The St. John Globe has published the gist of the two articles in the Messenger and Visitor on the Y. P. S. C. Endeavor, and has made some friendly comments. They conclude as follows:

Logically and from the purely theological standpoint the Visitor's position seems to be unassailable. But taking a wider view of this matter than that limited by the horizon of any particular church, the question will at once arise whether these special efforts to rescue humanity from the effects of its own vices are not born of the broadest Christian principles, and are not after all the result of that great idea of human brotherhood which Christ himself impressed upon His hearers. The methods may not meet the views of theologians, any more than did the methods of Christ fall in with the theologians of His time; the results may be seemingly infinitesimal, but is not their idea and their object good? Perhaps our contemporary will tell us that from the no-church point of view this may be defensible, but that all those who accept the idea of a divinely-established church are very inconspicuous in going outside of the church to do its work.

Yes, we consider it to be as inconsistent for one who believes in a divinely-established church to do the work of the church outside of her, as we would think it strange for one to deny that there is a church so established. When a position has logic and theology on its side, it is about as safe as can well be imagined. We may add it as our opinion that there is no better way for what is born of the broadest Christian principle to exhibit itself than in loyal and humble submission and deference to the institutions and directions of Christ.

—WORK AMONG THE LEPERS.—The Christian world has poured out a great flood of respectful admiration upon the grave of Father Damian, the heroic Romish missionary to the lepers on one of the Sandwich Islands; and this is well. There is danger, however, of supposing that this instance is unique, and that it is only the Romish church which can find those who will immolate themselves upon the altar of work and self-denial demanded in case of those stricken with this fell disease. This would be an error. We clip the following from a correspondence in Zion's Herald, which shows that the heroism of Father Damian is neither new nor peculiar to his church:

So far back as 1822 Rev. Mr. Leitner, a Moravian missionary, and his wife—an English lady—forgot home, friends and society, and devoted themselves to the lepers of Cape Colony, who were settled in and around the Lazar house in a valley termed *Hemel en Aarde*. The place was so named because it was so secluded and surrounded—that those within it could behold nothing but heaven and earth, rocks and sky. For six years Mr. and Mrs. Leitner toiled, building an aqueduct and a church, living alone among the lepers, and teaching them the truths of religion and the amenities of civilized life. During this time the devoted missionary received a hundred lepers into the church, and in the very act of baptizing the last of these converts, was called suddenly to his reward. The work was carried on, and in 1846 the government removed the establishment, comprising three hundred lepers, with two missionaries laboring among them, to Robber Island. Messrs. Lehman and Weidman started a school, and one of the missionaries wrote: "It is most touching to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with mutilated hands; some not only without fingers, but with hands corrupted to the wrist." Bro. John Taylor went to teach this school in 1860, and died at his post May 27, 1866. In 1867 the colonial government made new arrangements, dispensing with the services of the Moravian missionaries. In the same year, however, the Moravians began work at Jerusalem. The Baron and Baroness Von Keffenbrinck bought land and built an asylum outside the Joppa Gate, at a cost of \$5,000. Rev. F. Tappe and his wife, who for thirteen years had labored in Labrador, took charge of the hospital. Last year's report gives the Arabic names of thirteen men and six women now in the leper hospital at Jerusalem. Mr. and Mrs. Muller, assisted by a native architect, Elias Daughan, and Dr. Einzier, the honorary physician, have charge of the work.

—When Luther's friends attempted to dissuade him from going in a certain path of duty because it might become a path of death, he replied: "It is necessary that I should go; it is not necessary that I should live."

—One good fruit is worth more than several poor ones. Whoever aims to have the finest fruit must thin, beginning soon after the fruit is set and continuing until it is nearly full grown, ultimately removing three-fourths of all that set. Thinning is now recognized as the key to profitable fruit growing.

Cordova.

BY REV. CHARLES WOOD.

It is that part of Spain sweeping away to the south from Toledo which is richest in orange and olive groves; in historical incidents and venerable legends. Cordova, from her seat in the midst of one of the most fertile plains on the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, has always looked out over the most prosperous portion of Andalusia, and has ever monopolized, as capitals love to, the lion's share among the cities of that province. Roman, and Moor, and Christian, have each done their part to weave about Cordova a network of romance and myth. From any of the pretty villas, on the slopes of the hills around the city, the whole extent of the town is exposed to view. It looks scarcely larger than a well-conditioned New England village. It is difficult to believe that under those few score roofs of red tiles more than 40,000 people now find homes, and that there was a time, not so very long ago, when this Andalusian capital was as large as Berlin or New York to-day. Yet when William, the Conqueror, set sail from Havre for the subjugation of England, Cordova had more than 1,000,000 inhabitants. Its great bazaars rivalled those of Bagdad. Its streets were crowded with caravans bringing rare stuffs from the East. Its palaces were far more luxurious than any then, or perhaps even now, to be found in northern Europe. Crowds of students from France and Italy, as well as from every province of Spain, thronged the lecture halls of its university. Literary, philosophic, and religious questions were discussed here by men who were more enlightened and less hampered by unnecessary restrictions than the northern professors. The Moorish Court at Cordova was more splendid and more civilized than that of Paris or London. Now the passage of a carriage through these silent, grass-grown streets is sufficient to attract the attention of the idle, listless groups on the corners, the lined descendants of what was once the busiest people in the world. The entrance of one or two customers into any of these shops creates a commotion whose influence is perceptible half a square away. Walking for a few hours around the noiseless, tomb-like city, your faith in the very existence of such places as Birmingham and Chicago gradually fades away. The mental images which were once aroused by the names seen, in such surroundings, far too incongruous to be the representatives of realities. Let not those who wish to escape the unceasing, tireless, ever-thrilling activities of the world go into a desert or a convent, let them go to Cordova.

We made our way through crooked streets, so narrow that we were crowded against the walls whenever a donkey passed carrying a load in the baskets strapped on each side of his back, and found the narrow door which is now the main entrance to the Cathedral. The long, yellow, unlighted exterior was much more like a barrack or a railway station than a church, but immediately we found ourselves in a great court filled with date trees and palms and huge Oriental plants, while in the center the water played from a fountain which the Moors thought sacred. Crossing this court we pushed aside a heavy, well-worn leather curtain and stood in what was once the grandest of all the Moorish mosques; of what is now the most striking and picturesque of all the Spanish churches. Columns of porphyry, verd-antique and jasper stretch away till the eye can no longer follow them in the shadows. The roof is upheld by more than four hundred of these solid blocks of stone, that look in the distance like gigantic Nubian slaves condemned by some cruel magician to stand forever motionless under this perpetual burden. What the beauty of this building was in the days of its greatest glory is only to be imagined from the few inches of the original edifice which here and there, either through oversight or unwonted forbearance, escaped the thick coat of lime with which Christian architects encased every column and wall. All the rich coloring, all the carved and gilded work of this marvel of human skill is hidden by this gloomy shroud, except a little chapel-like recess on one side of the church. This, in Moorish days, was the holiest of holies. Here the sacred Koran was kept. Here centered the thoughts of every Mohammedan in Spain. The arch at the entrance is formed of a single stone, shaped like a horseshoe, and most exquisitely carved and gilded. Every part of this *Mehab*, as it was called, is finished with such rare skill that it excites equally the admiration and despair of modern architects. The medieval cathedral which, as Charles V. thought, was unwisely built in the center

of this mosque, contains nothing that is comparable in interest with this little Moorish chapel. Cordova might possibly regain something of its former prosperity if its citizens were only far-sighted enough to restore all the remaining portions of the mosque, as nearly as possible, to the original condition. Crowds from every city in Europe would then make as long pilgrimages to see this wonder as Arab and Moore once did to pray within its sacred precincts.—*The Presbyterian*.

Mr. Gladstone on the Study of the Bible.

A gentleman in Manchester, the teacher of a men's Bible class, wrote to Mr. Gladstone on the study of the Bible, and received the following reply, which we find in the February *British Messenger*.

HAWARDEN, Sept. 4, 1887.
Sir.—It is wholly out of my power to reply to your letter in the manner which its purpose would recommend, and its subject requires. But I am unwilling altogether to withhold a few words which may, at any rate, serve as an indication of sympathy with your desire to profit by the treasures of the Divine Word. I will not dwell on the need of light from above or the duty of seeking it, of being vigilant against the excesses of the private spirit, of cultivating humility, of bearing in mind that God has through all these long ages had a people whom He has led, that we are not the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by Christ and His apostles. I will also assume that you are strict adherents of method in this great study, so as to make your results comprehensive. In this view, if you are a Churchman, or indeed if you are not, I recommend you to consider whether the Table of Lessons, old or new, may not be of much use.

Two things, however, especially I will commend to your thoughts. The first is this: Christianity is Christ, and nearness to Him and to His image is the end of all your efforts. Thus the gospels, which continually present to us One Pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise you remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes—one to feed the people of God in green pastures, the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces, on the whole distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works. But we all require to feed in the pastures and to drink at the wells. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same cannot be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work, but not for us all. It requires to be pursued with more of external helps—more learning and good guides, more knowledge of the historical development of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth, and of the power and goodness of God. I have sent you this very slight outline, all that my time allowed, with the knowledge that if I postponed my reply to what I feel fuller, it might, amidst the pressure upon me, end in my sending no reply at all. With every good wish, I remain, your faithful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Elffe Tower

From the finely illustrated and graphic description of that "aerial observatory which human audacity has just established at a height of three hundred meters above Paris," by M. Camille Flammarion, president of the French Astronomical Society, in the July *Cosmopolitan*, we extract the following interesting paragraphs for the benefit and instruction of Herald readers:—

At first you are dazzled by the details of its construction, and the prodigious entanglement of this forest of iron. As you get up higher, you gradually estimate the elevation attained, by the diminution of the surrounding edifices, by the panorama of Paris spread before you, by the extent of the horizon which keeps receding. Up to the first platform, of which the height is sixty meters, you are especially struck by the grandeur of the work, by the skill of the engineers who constructed this iron building, and you are tempted to feel some pride, in the power of man. At the second platform, at a height of 119 meters, you are still living in the sphere of humanity, you admire the genius of science and industry, you feel the intense life of the Paris which surrounds you, you reflect on its history, ages long. Human life in its different manifestations is there under your eyes. You

see it, you hear it, and while you tower above it, you feel that you are a part of it.

But as you go higher, you begin to have a feeling of isolation, of a void, of aerial solitude, which aeronauts alone understand completely. The third story of the tower soars at a height of 207 meters, that is, at an elevation greater than all the structures existing on the globe. From that point Paris is already shrunken—still, however, a city of stone (white or grey according to the light) in a verdant country. It still extends quite far in different directions, but appears surrounded with verdure. The city, the hills which are about it, are lowered, and Paris extends in the middle of an immense plain in which the Seine marks its sinuous course. Passy, Montmartre, Pere Lachaise, Mendon, St. Valere, St. Germain, make part of this plain without bounds. The noises of the great city are extinguished, the wind blows in your ears, and seems to carry away, like a dream, the last echoes that reach us.

Let us go still higher and reach the fourth platform at a height of 273 meters. For this a slow ascent of three-quarters of an hour on foot suffices. From this point we look down into the atmosphere. The horizon has risen with us, and remains at the height of our eyes, traced like a circular line all around us, with a radius of sixty kilometers (36 miles). The immense capital appears like an island in the ocean of nature. It is no longer Paris alone, but a small portion of France that we have under our eyes.

About this highest platform rises a round cupola, divided into three working cabinets, one for astronomy, another for meteorology and physical science, the third for biological studies and the microscopic analysis of the air. Above these cabinets is the lighthouse or beacon, which will be lighted by electricity with an illuminating power equal to from five to six thousand carcel lamps. Finally above the lighthouse, the tower terminates in a terrace, which stands in mid-air 300 meters (about 1,000 feet) above the ground. Standing on this narrow summit, the horizon seems without bounds, circular and regular like that of the sea, and the size of the sky is indescribable—an immense cupola placed on the terrestrial plane at an immeasurable distance. You have not precisely the sensation experienced in the basket of a balloon which floats freely at a height of several thousand meters and transports us above entire nations, with their frontiers effaced. You are still fastened to the earth; you have your feet on the globe, but, relatively, you are much more isolated than the highest mountains, because the tower rises straight and solitary into the sky; and, better than the basket of a balloon, you enjoy the grandeur of the heavens, which, for the aeronaut, are partly hidden by the balloon itself.

Years ago we read a story which amused us, but in whose truth we had no confidence. It was said that a Presbyterian elder in Connecticut said to his pastor, in answer to a question in regard to a certain young man's joining the church: "He thinks he is converted, but he has doubts about baptism, and I told him to study the New Testament, prayerfully, on the subject." The pastor answered: "You might as well have told him to go and join the Baptist church. Why did you not explain the covenant to him?"

After twenty years we at last believe that story. For in the Moody meeting in this city a Paedobaptist minister heard that a Baptist minister said to an inquirer who had found peace, and who asked, "What shall I do about baptism?" simply "Read your Bible, decide for yourself what your Lord did, and do the same." One would think that was an answer which any man would have given, but the Paedobaptist was very angry, and inveighed in no mild terms the unfairness of the other for teaching "Baptist doctrine" in the inquiry room of the Moody meeting. Verily, if the Bible is a Baptist book, and commending the example of Jesus a "Baptist doctrine," were we a Paedobaptist we would try to avoid acknowledging that we thought so.—*Western Recorder*.

—Lord Shaftesbury traced the earliest implanting of the principles that gave the stamp to his whole benevolent life to a servant, who, he says, "first taught me in my earliest years, to think of God and His truth. She entered into rest when I was about seven years old, but the recollection of what she said and did and taught, even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the days that I heard her. The impression was, and is still, very deep, that she made upon me; and I must trace, under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my latter life, to her precepts and her prayers. I may safely say that I have ever cherished her memory with the deepest gratitude and affection. She was a special providence to me."

W. B. M. U.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come."

Extracts from a letter from Mrs. Archibald, written at Beodunga, while on a Tour.

We went 24 miles to Aukaletumpia, over some of the worst roads that have tried my patience for many a day.

After arriving here we found so much small-pox that we did not think it advisable to remain, as we had hoped to do, so the next morning as soon as I could take another ride we came on to Kaimidi. A great many here have a sufficiently intelligent grasp of gospel truth, to save them, if the spirit would apply it to their hearts and consciences. Pray for our out-station workers, that they may be kept in the right way, and that the power of God may be manifested in them. I never knew more inquiries at Kaimidi than at our last visit; and I fully believe that could one man take hold of the work there, and give himself to it heart and soul, that in a short time there would be a turning to the Saviour. But how can one man give himself to the few thousands of Kaimidi, when there are tens of thousands to whom necessity compels him try to minister? From there we went to Tekkali, where we remained eight days. Sub-raidi's little flock of Christians evince the call their shepherd is bestowing upon them. And oh, how well many of the unconverted know the gospel. In some places it seemed as if the whole villages were ready to lay down their arms before the cross, and accept the sacrifice made thereon.

Then we went to Calingpatam for a number of days, and while there heard that the man who was a prisoner of the Lord Jesus at Palcondah was at liberty, and that he was ready to be baptized. We went on to Chicaole for a day or two, and then again to Palcondah, where Ganesh followed his Lord in baptism. I returned home, and Mr. Archibald went on to Aukaletumpia, where there was less small-pox and where he had a good time preaching to the people.

The heat on the plains is great, and at Kaimidi people are dying by tens and scores with the cholera, while in other places it prevails to a more or less extent. Where are they going, and what are we going to answer to God's questions by them by and by? Are the westerners attending their business with the energy and love that will clear them of all responsibility regarding those who are perishing? No, I do not think the Maritime Provinces Baptists are doing enough to free themselves from this dreadful load. Do your pastors talk this matter to their people? I suppose someone wrote you about our conference. This was a blessed time. I would have done so, but I had to turn my attention at once to our Telugu association, and that left me too worn for any writing. Went out on tour when I felt more like keeping still. Mr. Goodspeed sent out our appeal with a grand editorial, and may be abundantly rewarded. We did not do that hastily; but some of our hearts have been burdened with the condition of this "people." We are but drops in this great sea of heathenism, and we believe that Canada contains the men and money—every man and every dollar that the Lord needs to set the currents of the water of life flowing in all directions. We asked for 52 new men, and 19 is the quota of the Upper Provinces: 20 have offered, so the mail of last week, informs us. And a number of ladies have also volunteered for the foreign fields. Is that not cheering to the friends.

We made no mistake when we asked for 33 for this northern part of the Telegu field. Is 33 too many for our Baptist people to send out? I saw in the Messenger and Visitor the other day, that there were 40 young men ready to be employed by the Home Mission Board. After all the work that has been done in our provinces with the present number of Christ's ambassadors of every denomination, with all the able and earnest laymen, and great body of church workers, if the home field still demands 40 new workmen, what adequate discipline can we give of the needs of the thousands of immortals among whom we live, and for whom we are trying to work? Are our young men urged to look to the foreign field, or does the fear of scarcity at home cause our professors and ministers to touch this matter as lightly as possible.

The Executive Board of the W. B. M. Union will hold its Annual Meeting in Fredericton, Saturday, August 22nd, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

The Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. U., on Saturday, 22nd, at 9 o'clock, p. m. The Annual Mass Meeting of the W. B. M. Union, will be held on Monday, August 24, commencing at 2.30.