

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.
VOLUME LIII.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.
VOLUME XL.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

NO. 22.

CROWDED OUT.—The account of the Anniversary of the Northern Baptist, recently held at Washington, is crowded out this week.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—A brother who has a son at Acadia, and who had the privilege of a scholarship, has decided to pay the tuition fees all the same, as he justly considers this one of the best ways to help the College in the hour of her need. Are there not others who are similarly circumstanced that will profit by this excellent example?

SORRY.—"F. D. D.," in a private note accompanying his communication, writes: "I am very sorry that the matter has gone so far, but have acted conscientiously and honestly all the way through—and have been roped in." While we deeply regret that the matter should have got into the *Messenger and Visitor*, we are glad to publish "F. D. D.'s" communication, as it is his right to defend himself. No further correspondence on this subject shall appear in our columns.

WALKER.—A speaker at the Baptist Union of Great Britain stated that from 1801 to 1851 the Church of England had built in Wales but 138 places of worship to 2,773 by Nonconformists. It is probable that the same disproportion has existed since 1855. Yet the Established Church draws from the Principality \$1,250,000 per annum from endowments; besides tithes. This is felt to be a great grievance and the Union passed a resolution in favor of disestablishment.

BETTER SHOWING THAN WE MAKE.—Mr. Bishop makes the following comparison between his own denomination (British Baptist) and others respecting lay preachers. While the Baptists of Great Britain are behind some other denominations there, they are much ahead of us, in this respect. For we have scarcely a dozen in the Maritime Provinces.

In the Baptist Union there are 1,840 churches, with 34,000 members, 1,000 local preachers, 4,118 lay preachers, 1 to every 281 members. In 1879, with a roll of 281,000 members, there were only 7,787 local preachers, or 1 in 101. But even this advance carries us far behind other denominations. The Primitive Methodist has 1,000,000 members, but only 16,738 local preachers; every twelfth member is a preacher. The New Connexion Methodist, with 30,000 communicants, have 1,212 local preachers, or 1 in 25.

ILLEGAL.—The British government, in the Local Government Bill, has embodied a clause granting compensation to liquor dealers whose licenses may be taken away, should the bill become law. The government lawyers defended the provision that the "licensee had a vested interest in the license because, once obtained, there was a presumption that it would be continued. A test case has been put before the Queen's Bench, and the decision is that this provision of the bill, put in by the Tories to win the support of the liquor interest, is illegal; because the fact that license is to be taken out pre-supposes the right to withhold it. This is common sense, and we are glad it is law as well. This decision is of importance to us here in the Dominion, as it will be a precedent, should the time come when the question of compensation shall be raised here, as we believe it will. It may help abate the politicians who have already assented to this evil principle.

ZENANA WORK.—The English Baptists are doing a large amount of zenana work in India. The staff of workers consists of forty lady zenana visitors, twenty-seven assistants, forty-six Bible-women, and fifty-three native school teachers. There are now fifty girls' schools, including three boarding schools, several high-caste schools, and many Sunday schools, with an attendance of 1,650 children. The number of zenanas regularly visited for instruction is 850, the pupils 1,837; but this does not include a large amount of evangelistic work—purely Bible teaching from house to house, carried on in Calcutta by Mrs. Ellis and Miss Taylor, and in several other places by Bible-women supported by a grant from the British and Foreign Bible Society, the statistics of which cannot be given in numbers, but amount to some thousands. The income of this department of the work has been about \$25,000.

HOW IT WORKS.—Dr. Bernardo, the head of the great homes for destitute children, in London, was threatened with withdrawal of subscriptions to his work, unless he gave assurance that all the children received were baptized. He gives the assurance as follows:

The answer to this, which is the main question, and quite apart from my personal opinions, is Yes in nearly every case. For, curious to say, the lower we go in the social scale, and the more degraded the parents or relatives may be from whom I take children, the more certain it is that the children have been baptized. It is not that the latter have been born in the common lodging-house, in the work-house infirmary, in the tramps' kitchen, or in the poorest place called "house." In

every instance I ask the question, and keep a record of the answers in my books, and it is a curious fact that as regards 95 per cent. of the children admitted, the reply is, "Yes, they have been baptized."

It may be asked how can one account for this? I have no far to search for the answer. I find that these poor, ignorant people will look upon baptism as a kind of potent talismanic charm, which will assuredly open the kingdom of heaven to their unfortunate offspring. Even immoral women, while still living shameful lives, will secure what they regard as a certain partnership in heavenly blessings for their children by baptism, and then, having done so, with a superstitious trust in the efficacy, they rest satisfied in the self-assurance that they have done their best for their children, that they have "set them up," as it were, in the Divine life, and that all the rest will come of itself.

SOCIETY HELPED BY A WELL PUBLISHED MINISTRY.—Dr. Haskel, in an address on this topic, drew a contrast between the village of Northampton, which has had, for 125 years, the best of a New England ministry, including that of Jonathan Edwards, and a village of infidel tendencies. While from the latter there had not come one college graduate, and it could boast but seven or eight doctors, the former village of from two to five thousand population had sent forth the following:

College graduates 418, ministers 114, ministers' wives 84, foreign missionaries 10, judges 25, lawyers 10, physicians 36, college professors and other teachers 101, college presidents 7, editors 24, historians 6, other authors 24, state officers 35, governors 2, legislators 25, generals in military service 21, United States officers army and navy 28, secretaries of state, senators 5, representatives 8, foreign ministers 2, president of the United States one—in all, 1,000.

ABUSED.—The Roman priesthood are being thoroughly aroused against Bro. Diaz, whose work we mentioned last week. Word has just come that "the Bishop of Havana has issued an excommunication 'Bull' against Rev. A. J. Diaz and his people, and against all Catholic people who give him aid or countenance, or who permit their friends to be buried in his cemetery. The Bishop has also had the picture of Bro. Diaz burned in the Cathedral." This is but a grim intimation of what would happen did Romanists but have the power. This action of the Bishop is as foolish as it is impotent. The day is past when Cuban Romanists can invoke the secular power to aid them. It will, doubtless, but throw the sympathies of the people all the more over on the side of Bro. Diaz and his co-workers.

PREY.—We clip the following pithy sentences from the *Central Baptist*. They are chiefly from Dr. Rill's sermon at Richmond on systematic giving. Read them:—"The Israelites were no more tenants of God than are the farmers of Virginia." "Making money for God is as religious as saving souls." "No man can afford to become rich at the expense of what he owes God." "The tenth of all our income is the lowest round God had put in the ladder of Christian giving." "The time of giving is as sacred as the communion season; the duty of giving as imperative as baptism. Baptists give almost less than any other denomination because of their lack of method. Paying is just as good a test of religion as praying. Christian stewardship is just as honorable as citizenship in heaven. If all we can rake and scrape be put on our tables and our backs, then, we shall have nothing to give to the Lord. Consecrated wealth is consecrated power. How can any one that is covetous and stingy be a Baptist in good and regular standing? The angel that is to carry the everlasting gospel to the ends of the earth, is chained down to the altar by the avarice of professed Christians. We claim to be apostolic in doctrine, but how about apostolic giving? The possession of wealth is as much a call of God as is a call to the ministry. It may be as much our duty to make money for Christ as to preach the gospel. A certain church worth \$100,800 gave to missions nothing, they refused to pay stated pastor's salary, making the pastor dependent on the collections, these go down to 15¢ pastor resigned and church closed. God's Word makes the plan of giving as plain as the plan of salvation."

ALASKA.—It has come out that the so-called purchase of Alaska from Russia was connected with an interesting page of secret history during the war of the rebellion. Just at the time when days were darkest, and it was feared that Great Britain and France were about to raise the blockade and recognize the Confederacy, a Russian squadron hovered around the American coast for some months and finally disappeared as quietly and mysteriously as it had appeared. It is now stated that this squadron was chartered by the United States government to meet the threatened emergency, and when it had passed, went its way. Lincoln, however, did not venture to acknowledge so much had been spent on what proved to be a "dead horse," and did not bring the matter before Congress. The matter remained unadjusted. At length Russia consented to give Alaska to the United States for the \$7,200,000 due her for the service of her fleet. A bill was rushed through Congress agreeing to pay that sum for the vast Arctic territory which is really thrown in, by Russia, in order to relieve the government at Washington

from its embarrassment. The real nature of the transaction leaked out through Gen. Sherman, who was made aware of it while in Russia.

DEAD.—Rev. J. E. Rind, known and beloved by many of our people, as well as by our Free Baptist brethren, to whom he belonged, died in Portland, St. John, on the 18th of May. He was buried at Keewick, York co., where he had been pastor for many years. The *Intelligencer*, referring to his last sickness, says:

Early in his sickness he gave up the idea of getting better. Indeed, when on that last Sabbath in church, he was compelled to stop preaching, he said to those about him, "Brethren, I am done, this, I think, is my last sermon." He seemed to be impressed that his work was finished. True, he had desire, if it was God's will, to live for his family, and his brethren and the cause he loved; but he did not seem disposed to express even that desire strongly. In the last conversation we had with him, he said, "It is all right; what is God's will is my will." The same things, in substance, he said to those who visited him often. He had abiding peace. He knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that all was well. Unsurprisingly and with the confidence of unshaken faith in Jesus, he went down to death. He is "more than a conqueror" through Him that loved him.

We tender to his stricken family and to his denomination, where he seemed so much needed, and where he will be so much missed, our sincerest sympathy.

BY THEIR FRUITS.—The *Christian Enquirer* has a very pithy article on Spiritualism. Even allowing the genuineness of its professed "communications" with the spirits of the dead, it shows them to have been valueless. Spiritualism has been in existence for forty years. It professes to have held communications with the spirits of the men who were the world's great leaders in all departments of life and thought. Still, during all this time, there has not been one thing made known which was not known already—nothing has been spoken by the spirits which has compelled general attention. Well may the *Enquirer* conclude:

We are told that the spirits speak through a certain woman in a trance. But do they say anything worth listening to? We are informed that they write on a slate. But do they write anything worth reading? If a man gave soliloquies that he had succeeded in opening communication with the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, we should, of course, be interested in the announcement. But if the marvellous dispatches from the distant planet merely told us that time and tide wait for no man, and that beauty is only skin deep; if, after forty years of a perfect flood of communications, we had not learned the first thing which was not known before, should we be interested in the announcement? All this is entirely apart from the question of its humbuggery.

By Wheel and by Keel.

NO. I.

BY KEEL.

The immense and elegantly furnished ferry-boat, more like the palace steamer that had floated us down Long Island Sound than the ferry-boats that ply in eastern waters, swiftly covered the three mile stretch between Oakland and the city. Westwood upon the fore-deck, and admired the spacious bay, the pretty islands that rise from its waters, and its Golden Gate, and the doorway to the Pacific and to all strange and ancient lands. Beside this entrance was the city, in the foreground, the docks filled with ocean-going steamers; next the business portion, at the base of the hills and on land built up out of the bay; behind, on the slopes and summits, the mansions of the well-to-do and the palaces of the wealthy.

Dr. Hartwell, missionary to the Chinese of San Francisco, who had kindly met us at Oakland and taken us under his protection during our stay in the city, pointed out the objects of interest, Goat Island, right before us, and Angel and Alcatraz Islands farther north, the Gate of Gold, and Millionaire's Hill where the men of gold have their palaces.

It was the 18th of November, but one needed the assurance of the almanac that it was not the 18th of June, so bright were the skies, and so balmy the breeze. The waters of the bay rose and fell lazily, with true summer sheen and music. On shore, the lawns and grass-plots were Irish emerald, and the flower gardens rich with bloom. In the markets were strawberries fresh from the vines, and yet so anything of all kinds of fruit and vegetables.

The home-like quiet and comfort of the Benton House, which 2000 miles of unbroken travel made very grateful, and the final preparations for taking to the water, are our sufficient excuse for leaving the town largely unexplored. It is a strapping young fellow, forty years old, and 250,000 strong, and growing like a weed. It would form a fine field for an anthropologist, being full of men of every rank, occi-

dition, nationality, religion and irreligion. On Friday afternoon, under the conduct of a good Baptist friend, we visited Millionaire's Hill, at the zenith of San Francisco society, and China-town, at the nadir. After worshipping at the magnificent residence upon the summit, of railway kings, merchant princes, gold-wine nabobs, land-jobbing pashas, and other non-hereditary magnates and potentates, and querying whether such stately piles sheltered as much true home cheer and contentment as the log cabin, or the vine-clad cottage, we took our seats on the cable-car for the Mongolian Desert, social and otherwise, to the Golden Gate, just below. The cable-cars are on the same principle as those of Chicago and Philadelphia, in which we had recently enjoyed the honor of riding. Instead of horses to draw the car along the rails, there is an endless cable a little way below the surface of the ground, running along under the middle of the track, and kept in motion by a steam-engine, at some point on the circuit which the car-line takes. In the car is an ingenious arrangement by means of which the conductor at will "grips" the cable, or ungrips it, thus attaching or detaching the car. The cable is sometimes, as in the east side of Chicago, many miles long and has dozens of cars attached to it at once, carrying them along much faster than the horse-car. The San Francisco cable-car attracts our special notice, as we found them ascending and descending such steep streets as I had not met with anywhere but in Quebec. I had supposed the cable could not be employed except in level sites, whereas we were now informed that these hills were the birth-place of the cable car idea. Horses could not be employed on the more precipitous streets, so, as a necessity, often, became the mother of invention. The descent on which we now ventured was so very abrupt, that as we loaded the car, we instinctively clung to the seat, to avoid slipping off, much to the amusement of our friends.

China-town, at whose borders we presently alighted, appears to occupy a considerable area in the heart of the city, and contains the houses, stores, work-shops, restaurants, opium dens, theatres, and joss-houses or temples of perhaps 25,000 sinners-pure Mongols, and take it altogether it is a crowded, dirty, unwholesome, and thoroughly unattractive place enough. It was our first glimpse of the heathen east, though in a western setting, and not very reassuring, but very interesting withal. Chinese women passed by, and groups of funny little children romped on the streets. We visited a first-class restaurant, with a dreary-gaudy air about it, and looked at the curious but not appetizing concoctions which adorned the tables—"asty horrid messes" one of the party thought.

Here is the scene of Dr. Hartwell's labors. For many years a missionary in China, he was obliged on account of the climate to return to America. Finding a large colony of Chinese located on American soil, he gladly entered upon the work of evangelizing them, so becoming a foreign missionary at home in a quite unusual sense.

The only other place of interest we remember visiting was the Jewish Synagogue, on our own street, a few blocks down the hill. It is called the finest house of worship in the city, and is in architecture and internal arrangements not unlike any large Christian church. The Jose House and the Synagogue, representing the hoary faiths of eastern and western Asia, standing together in this fresh young city on the sunset edge of Christian America, form a curious study.

That we were prevented making the personal acquaintance of the remarkable region of which Frisco is the eye, is perhaps a blessing in disguise. If we had seen with these visual orbs [the vineyards which greet the horizon; the wheat-fields where a team turns a single furrow through breakfast and dinner; the pumpkins that will turn the scale against a barrel of flour, with a man astride the barrel; the big trees that vie in circumference with a circus tent, or at least a gold-mine, and the other marvels which crowd this vast museum of natural wonders, I might be tempted to jeopardize whatever reputation for veracity I may have contrived to bring across the mountains.

On Saturday, Nov. 20th, in the midst of a dreaching rain storm, we boarded the "City of Sydney" sailing for Japan and China. She was named after Sydney, N. S. W., to which she formerly ran, and not Sydney, N. S., at the beginning of our journey, but the name had a home-like sound, none the less. Dr. Hartwell and one or two other new-made friends kindly accompanied us to the steamer, despite the down-pour, to bid us the final God-speed. Miss Hess had found a little German Baptist church in the city, and several warm-hearted Teuton ladies appeared with wreaths of flowers, to sweeten our "Fareben sie wohl."

We had an hour or two to say these

farewells, to examine our new home, and to survey the busy scene on the pier, at which lay several large steamers beside our own; but at four o'clock the hawyers were eluded, and swinging clear of the docks and the shipping, we steamed rapidly down the bay, and out through the Golden Gate. The rain had ceased, and the passengers sat around on the after deck watching the receding city, and the ir coming and out-going vessels, and taking a last long look at the shores of "God's Own Country," as the citizens of the free and enlightened Republic are pleased to call it, not intending any irreverence. At our left, as we passed through the Gate, were the Seal Rocks, where numbers of huge seals were disputing, and we stood too far off shore to descry their uncouth gambols or hear their hilarious "Yoi-Hoi, Yoi-Hoi." The revenue steam launch followed us well out to sea, to prevent the steamer smuggling any goods ashore that might have been brought from Asia on the last home passage, and kept concealed while she was in port. The launch was a tiny little thing, and as she dipped up and down over the billows, she looked like a sparrow keeping watch over an eagle.

The serene and melancholy enjoyment with which we viewed these parting scenes, was brought to an untimely conclusion. Scarcely had we gained the open sea when Harold, or some other tempestuous wind, fell foul of us. The steamer-chairs on the after-deck were speedily vacated. The November night settled down dark and stormy. The homeland vanished in gloom. The cordage creaked. The timbers groaned. Blow in the state-rooms, the passengers groaned also, in dreadful union. Of the woes of that night

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up your soul."

CHAS. HARRINGTON.
Yokohama, Japan, April 3, '88.

Dakota Correspondence.

One of the severest winters ever experienced in the west, or I was going to say, anywhere, has passed, and "gentle spring" is approaching, but exceedingly slowly in this part of the world. A good many weeks ago the wild geese began to migrate hither from the south, and we thought the condensed winter was going to give place to the more congenial season presently; but no, spring comes to be lingering long and drearily in the cold lap of winter, and still we hear the "obstinate," "Oh, it is very cold," repeated very often every day. The season thus far has not only been cold, but it has been very dry, so that vegetation scarcely moves at all. We have not had an hour's smart, heavy rain for seven or eight long months, and the result is that the ground is as dry as a bone, the wells and ponds, and even the rivers, are going dry; and without a change ere long, a famine is predicted. A vast amount of illness of various kinds also prevails, and greater mortality, perhaps, than ever was known in the North-west before. This is thought by many to be owing to the excessive drought.

Mission work during the past winter has not been very cheering in North Dakota. The exceeding severity of the season, and the changes going on in the pastorate, have probably had something to do with the matter. For some reason or another, more than half the pastors in Red River Valley Association, and a very large proportion of those in North Dakota Association, have been unsettled during the past few months, and others are talking of moving. The conflicting elements that compose the churches, the weakness of the membership, and the migratory tendencies of the people, are some of the causes for this state of things. The writer has been scarcely five years on his field, and yet he perhaps is about the longest settled of any Baptist pastor in North Dakota. We have the itinerancy of the Methodists without their method, which makes it very hard for the cause of truth and the progressive spread of the principles of the gospel. I don't know that the pastors are entirely free from blame in the matter, although perhaps the fault on the other side may be more easily seen, at least by the eldership.

Within the last month two new men have entered this (the Red River Valley) association. One came to us from the Methodists, and promises to be quite an acquisition to our ranks. Rev. C. W. Riches is a young man of 30 or 35 years of age, reputed to be devout, scholarly and polished, and takes the field lately vacated by our excellent Bro. Peter Grant, who has gone to the Pacific coast for his health. The other, Rev. Geo. H. Kemp, who is likely to settle at Grand Forks City, is from England, but spent a season or two at Niagara, New York, before moving west. Several fields are yet vacant which cannot afford to be long so.

The temperance question has been the exciting one for the last eight or nine months here. Six months ago "local option" passed with a sweeping majority

in over 50 counties in the territory, and now the struggle is to make prohibitive "prohibit." The success of the measure is varied in different localities. The smaller villages and country places succeed better than the towns and cities in enforcing the law. However, the measure, taking it all in all, is restraining the sale of liquor considerably, and driving a good many out of the nefarious business of saloon-keeping. There is talk of trying to have the vote tallied again the coming autumn on the question, and petitions are being circulated to bring it about. No doubt but the unprincipled saloon men and their friends will try every measure, right and wrong, that they can avail themselves of, to defeat the continuance of the restriction. They will hail high license with delight, to get out of the unenviable position they now occupy as skulkers and dialysal men when they carry on their business, which they hate to give up.

The heart and soul of the great mass of this country is awake on the question, and prohibition must sooner or later come to this nation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If it does not, and that very soon, we to the nation! License, high or low, is but a delusion. This whole business of licensing men to evil doings and from the pit, whether it be the sale of indulgences by a corrupt prelate, or the permission to spread ruin or devastation among men by a corrupt magistracy, I am astonished at and ashamed of the position taken by such men as Dr. Crosby, McArthur, etc., etc., of New York, and even by such a man as Dr. H. L. Wayland, of the *National Baptist*, usually so clear-sighted and correct in ethics. But I am persuaded that before ten years these good men and true will have the mist driven from their eyes, and they will see that expediency and apparent success must not and will not rule in matters of right and wrong are in question.

The betrayal of our Lord and Saviour for 30 pieces, or for 30,000,000 pieces of silver, would be of the same character. Any amount of money would not change the animus of the bloody transaction, nor will it in the case in question. I am delighted to find the position our Canadian Baptist papers take in regard to this crying question. I am proud of every one of the editors, for they speak not with luted breath, and give an accurate count: God bless you, brethren, and He will so long as you hold to the right unyieldingly.

In Memoriam.
SARAH A. BISHOP.

On the 14th of March, 1888, I received from my father the following telegram: "Your mother died suddenly, this morning." This was preceded by an intimation of her illness, which I afterwards learned was of very short duration. My mother was a Christian woman, and a member of the Baptist Church in her native town. In later years she enjoyed remarkable good health, but during the whole period of my boyhood my recollections are of a sick mother. The loss of health, of dear friends, of near relations, of all her children, except myself, seemed only to draw her closer to her Heavenly Master, and to increase her resignation to His Divine will. She could always say "Not my will but thine be done."

JAMES BISHOP.

On the 19th of May, instant, I received from the family doctor the following telegram: "Your father died this morning, suddenly." When last I heard from him he was in excellent health. I can faintly recall that Sabbath morning when he was baptized by Rev. Abraham Stronach and received into the church at Billtown, from which it is he lived the life of a God-fearing man and a consistent Christian. He always gave liberally to the support of the Gospel, particularly in his own church, and, considering his rather moderate pecuniary circumstances, contributed largely to denominational objects. He was, however, just rather than generous, and in what he gave, as well as in all he did, he was actuated rather by a sense of duty than of benevolence; by a conscience rather than sentiment or feeling. In religion, in temperance, in politics, he was a man of most decided views. I think I may be pardoned when, as a final tribute to his memory, I say he was pre-eminently a man of honest purpose and sterling integrity.

For a kind, loving and devoted mother, a dutiful, upright and prudent father, the example and influence of their Christian lives and the assurance that my great loss is their eternal gain, I have reason to be most deeply grateful to the Giver of all good.

W. H. B.

On May 25, '88, P. S. At the present moment I am not sure, but owing to the sudden death I take for granted, that my father made no disposition of his property. It was his intention, as I learned the last time I saw him, to make another contribution to Acadia College. I will see that his wishes in this respect are carried into effect.

W. H. B.