

Messenger and Visitor.

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The preacher of the associational sermon which appeared in the Messenger and Visitor of last week, was Rev. J. Clark, of Antigonish. Through an oversight the name was omitted.

The recent legislation of the U. S. Congress in reference to liquor in original packages does not seem likely to stand the test of actual working, as in two decisions lately given, one in the District Court of Kansas and the other in the Superior Court of Iowa, the law has been declared unconstitutional as being in conflict with a deliverance of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A woman died a short time since at Fall River, Mass., who was connected in an interesting way with that well-known poem of Longfellow's. In 1832 or thereabouts, Mrs. Nancy Cook, for that was the woman's name, was dipping sand from a bank near her house, when the vessel she was using struck upon something hard and metallic, which aroused Mrs. Cook's curiosity, and she dug away until she had unearthed a complete skeleton in armor. The discovery created a sensation at the time and the skeleton was transferred to the Fall River Athenaeum, where it remained until destroyed by fire in 1843. Meantime the poet visited the town, saw the skeleton, was led to associate it in imagination with the famous Round Tower, and accordingly to write the poem entitled "A Skeleton in Armor."

"Scurzanz" in the Examiner, speaking of educational matters, writes: "The general educational outlook never was better in New England, as evidenced not only in the phenomenal classes entered at Harvard, Yale, Smith, and Wellesley, but in all of our Baptist colleges and academies as well. From every one of them comes the report of the largest things in their history. The administration of President Andrews at Brown is bringing a growth in numbers unprecedented. His frequent and authoritative utterances on the vexing and urgent sociological questions of the time are convincing everybody that we have a grand opportunity at hand. At Newton Centre things are looking hopeful indeed. The number of new students is unusually large, the quality uncommonly good, hence the older professors are feeling younger than ever; and the younger ones, besides finding time to keep the theological curriculum on the jump scholastically, are ubiquitously appearing at conventions and associations, and by earnest, practical utterances are bringing pastors and churches into such live connection with the seminary as they have not always felt."

Referring to the decision of Rev. O. C. S. Wallace not to accept the call of a prominent church in Nova Scotia, the same correspondent writes: "His six years at Lawrence have brought too much to him and them, and the next six promise too much more of the same sort. Disturbance of the strong bond would have been unnatural. The old Bay State does not easily let go of such men as pastor Wallace. Let Ontario, Quebec, and the Provinces make a note thereon."

PASSING EVENTS.

A FEW WEEKS AGO SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the veteran Conservative chieftain, accompanied by a number of his ablest lieutenants, visited the Maritime Provinces and addressed large audiences in Halifax and St. John. Now we hear that the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the leader of the Liberal forces, is coming this way along with some of his chief supporters. This is right, let us see and hear both sides.

THERE ARE TWO CANDIDATES FOR THE LORD RECTORSHIP of the University of Glasgow, and the contest is exciting a good deal of interest. One candidate is the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, the chief secretary of Ireland, and his opponent is the Earl of Aberdeen, who is a staunch Gladstonian. The contest will, therefore, be waged on political lines. The electors are the students, who are entering into the contest with characteristic vigor and the campaign will be a hot one.

BIRCHALL HAS COMPLETED HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, we are told, and some of his productions have been finding their way to the public through the Toronto Globe; but this "literature," it is said, is not a part of the "life" which he is offering to the publishers. At last accounts one thousand dollars was the best offer he had received for the book. Birchall has confessed his rascality, but still stoutly maintains that he did not kill Benwell, leaving it to be inferred, it is said, that he had an accomplice who did the bloody deed. This story, however, obtains but little credence. A petition, accompanied by an appeal from Mrs. Birchall, is being circulated for a commutation of the sentence. The petition obtains but few signatures, for however much sympathy people may feel for this unfortunate and innocent woman, the

result of the trial was to leave but little doubt in the public mind regarding the guilt of Birchall.

CONGRESSMAN MCKINLEY does not seem to have increased his popularity very materially in his own State through his exploits at legislation, as it is said a campaign fund of one hundred thousand dollars, with the aid of the ablest stumpers in his party, is considered necessary to re-elect him. But there seems to be some prospects that, even if he should lose his election, his name will be perpetuated, and that in giving a remarkable piece of legislation to his country, he has also perhaps given a new word to the language. For now, when our neighbors have occasion to say that the price of anything has been improperly and unjustly raised, they find it covers the ground to say it has been "makin'leyd."

WE HAVE LOOKED IN VAIN FOR ANY CONTRADICTION of the story which appeared in some of the daily papers a few weeks ago to the effect that the lives of several sailors on a wrecked vessel at Cape Tormentine were sacrificed, because the use of a government ice-boat was refused to brave men who had volunteered to go to the rescue of the perishing seamen. Certainly this matter should have investigation. If the facts are not as alleged, the truth should be known. If they have been stated correctly, it should be determined whether the results were due to the stupidity of the men in charge of the boat or to government red-tapeism. If the former, then these men should be dismissed forthwith and men of gumption put in their places; if the latter, then it would seem that less red tape and more common sense were a great desideratum.

THE IMMEDIATE EFFECT of the MCKINLEY TARIFF has certainly borne much more heavily on the United States than on Canada. For the present season, in the nature of things, the change could not injure the trade of the Dominion very seriously. In the States it has interfered with the course of trade, caused a rise in prices in many articles and induced a more or less general feeling of uneasiness. It is to be expected, however, that in time the influence of the McKinley bill will be felt in handicapping to a degree the trade of this country. At the same time there are indications that certain advantages will arise to Canada from the same source. Our trade being turned away from its wonted and natural outlets will seek new openings, and already is doing so. An experiment, and it is claimed a successful one, has been made in sending eggs to the English market. Eggs, of good size, we are told, will find ready sale at good rates in England. Our surplus potatoes are finding a market in the West Indies, and it is also said that certain parties in Nova Scotia are making arrangements with steamship companies for the exportation of live lobsters to England. New avenues of trade thus opened up may prove permanent and profitable.

MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST is at present attracted to English politics. Matters are not looking particularly cheerful for Lord Salisbury's government. Its foreign policy has been vigorous and such as to command respect both at home and abroad, but its Irish policy seems destined to work its ruin. The result of the Eccles contest is hailed by the Gladstonians as a sign of a general revolution in popular sentiment and an earnest of their return to power. At the election in 1880 this seat was carried by the Tories, the majority being nearly three hundred. At the bye-election, held last week, a Gladstonian was elected. The result can scarcely be regarded otherwise than significant of the declining power of the government. The famine feeds the Irish discontent, and Mr. Morley makes good use of his late Tipperary experience in his attack upon the policy of Balfour. Mr. Gladstone is in Scotland, and a few days ago addressed an audience of 5,000 in the Corn Exchange building, Edinburgh. His speech, which was an arraignment of the government in regard to its Irish policy, is considered, as a grand effort, evincing scarce any diminution of his great oratorical powers. His physical and intellectual forces are marvelously firm, considering his advanced age, and he evidently regards the issues of the hour with the interest of a statesman who expects soon again to hold the reins of government.

The Examiner's correspondent, Neander, writing in reference to the theological department at McMaster University, says: "Dr. Calvin Goodspeed, the new professor of systematic theology and apologetics, is at his post and hard at work. He has made a fine impression in the college and out of it, and we expect great things from him."

Rambling Notes.

BY M. B. SHAW.

Our trip across the Atlantic was quite uneventful. Sunny days and moon-lit nights followed one another in quiet succession. The monotony was broken by twenty-four hours only of squally weather, and the sun and moon asserted their power quite as frequently as did the storm. Some uneasiness on the food question by members of our party was manifested during the first two days, after that all went merrily enough—as to meals. The boys developed appetites that were perfectly amazing. When we had entered the Thames' mouth, and began to tune our harps for known and unknown dangers escaped, then we found true dangers beginning. Our steamer collided with another steamer in the night near Gravesend, and we were run on the beach. But daylight showed no serious damage done, and by noon we were entering London docks.

AND LONDON, whose historic fogs and ever present smoke-clouds had already chilled and grimed us in anticipation; London—name synonymous with all damp unpleasantness in autumn weather—has been bathed in sunlight and flooded with balmy, refreshing breezes during every day of our visit. We have taken in a few of the sights. The Zoological Gardens afforded a delightful afternoon for the boys. Another afternoon was devoted by their elders to Westminster, thinking upon the dusty inhabitants—alive and dead; reading the names, dates, etc., connected with the departed of a few of England's great ones; carried away in spirit by the surpassing melodies sweeping through the aisles and chambers and along the rafters of the ancient pile, when the Abbey choir struck up the even song.

The Tower was inspected on another day, and we were duly impressed with its multitudinous, antiquated relics of many a hideous transaction. St. Paul's has been visited several times. It has recently been the scene of a big sensation. On the last Sunday in September a man in the congregation shot himself to death while the service was in progress. Of course this rash act was of itself startling, but it occasioned, if we may trust the papers, a profound discussion among the big-wigged, pedantic divines as to whether the sacred edifice must or must not be reconsecrated after so polluting a visitation. The controversy has been brought to a close by a compromise, so last evening's papers state. It has been decided learnedly that a "Reconciliation" is all that is required. The uninitiated all know, or are alike ignorant of, what that term implies in this connection.

We have revelled in the search for names associated with the immortal Pickwick. Yes, we have actually been in and out, up and down the modern "Fleet," have hung around the corner on which is transcribed the, to me, graphic title, "Old Bailey;" "Gray's Inn;" "Lincoln's Inn;" we have seen them, and "Goswell street" was traversed, while all the way we were meeting suppositional "Mrs. Cluppins," and felt the gaze of "Mrs. Bardell" upon us. We stood across the street and gazed long and intently upon "The George and Vulture." It made no difference that the place looked new and fresh, the name was there, and we had an impulse to enter and call the "Wellers," father and son, to congratulate the latter on his remarkable testimony at "the trial," and the former on his gentle treatment of the "Shepherd—Stiggins."

We have heard four representative preachers—McNeil, the Presbyterians of rising fame; Stuart, vicar of Saint James, in Holloway, known as "the mission preacher;" Wheatley, a popular Methodist, and Spurgeon. The last filled all my expectations. Having read his latest published sermon each week for over four years, the Tabernacle seemed familiar. The very tone of the preacher's voice seemed like something known long, and loved. His exposition of Isa. 40: 31, brought in incidentally, was delightful. I confessed to having received new light on this passage during a recent visit to the bedside of one of his aged deacons. The text was described as being a true and vivid picture of the Christian's experience, and John's words in his first Epistle, 12th, 13th and 14th verses, were used to illustrate the idea. "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." Fly away, little ones! try your wings, while you enjoy the first rapture of peace in Christ. "I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one." A tussle is implied there, the running of a race, the mastery in conflict. "I have written

unto you, fathers, because ye have known Him from the beginning." That is a walking kind of a thing, said the preacher, in his inimitable way. One other incident I must narrate: as I rose to leave the pew into which I had been shown by the usher, I turned to a motherly looking Christian lady to thank her for the loan of her hymn book, and expressed my delight in the service. "Isn't he an old dear," she said.

McNeil was impassioned, masterful, almost savage in his denunciation of sin. His, however, is the cry of the true ambassador; he invariably points the sinner to the all-sufficient Saviour. As I left the crowded church some of the expressive expressions of a Western friend came to mind. I think he would have called the muscular Scotchman a rugged preacher.

The other preachers presented faithful gospel sermons, and held the eager attention of their large audiences.

Our brief London visit will soon be over. On the 11th inst. we expect to sail from Liverpool for our Eastern home and work. The thought of the prayers of the friends at home constantly ascending for us, is an inspiration. The text from which we heard Spurgeon preach so grandly shall be my motto: "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." Courtney Road, London, Oct. 9.

The Bird of the Air.

"And common is the common-place, And vacant chaff well-meant for grain." I am often brought to a dead stop in conversing with certain men. Not that I have nothing to say, but that it is useless to say anything more. They are so full of their own ideas, so prejudiced, so conceited, that I just let them talk on, and leave them. And who is the victor in the case? The man who talks you blind, or you who walk off, pitying him?

Good talk is rare as snow in June. If any one were at our tables, what kind of "table talk" would he have to report? "Anything worth preserving? It is an uncommon gift, it would seem, this of profitable conversation. Might it not be worth while for father, mother, or any one gifted member of the family, to bring up some subject at the table of more than passing interest? It is hardly worthy of immortal beings to discuss food, and work, and their neighbors' doings; to dwell on the characteristics of their friends, or the follies of people; to retail the gossip of the community. Any family may have good mental pabulum, if they would be at one-tenth of the pains to provide it that they bestow on food for the body.

The children all go to school nowadays. There are little bits of history, geography, and kindred subjects, which might be brought forward by some one professing to be ignorant asking a question or two. The ideas that start up from the daily news might be considered. Where is Heligoland? Its history? Who is the Governor-General? Of what family? What is the nature of his office? Is he any relation to the African Stanley?—a hundred really good subjects are lying before us.

Some art is allowable in this matter. As the nice articles of food require a little culinary talent the day before, so perhaps some preparation might be made for mental tid-bits. Good hosts are studiously careful to provide entertainment at table for their guests. A suitable subject is started, a good story is told, a bit of humor thrown in, as in the alighting of a bee's tongue the carver cried, "That's a lapins tongue."

But in some way we should try to provide a diversion from the vacant inanities of the ordinary dinner-table—a something, whatever it be, that will render us oblivious to the sound of lapping. What a relief it is when a child innocently makes a speech charged with drollery! O boy, spontaneously bursting into funniness, say some more of the unexpected good things. When you savagely cry out, "More!" and mother gently suggests your manners in her "What else, Johnny?" reply, "More beans!"

Sunday talk is hard to manage. Even when we know how to do it, there is a lack of will and wit to carry it through. We all confess that we ought to leave the world on Saturday night, and we all unite to drag it into Sunday. We are hampered at the dinner table by the feeling that it is not right to talk business. We try to soothe our consciences by talking over "the service"—the choir and the sermon are particularly good subjects. But few do this sort of thing as it should be done. It degenerates into paltry criticism. You show how you would have done it; how many other points you would have touched upon; and what tunes you would have sung—

all which does not tend to impress the solemnities of the worship upon your family. Probably you find that Mary and Tom are becoming adept in tearing the choir to pieces, and in making mince-meat of the minister. The glow is all gone from the sermon; the blessedness of worship vanishes. Is this your Sunday dinner-table? What good has ever come from it? If Tom and Mary are ever converted, it will be of the Divine determination, which saves our children in spite of the stumbling-blocks we place before them.

Behold a better way. I confess the difficulty of conducting profitable conversation on Sunday. But whenever you sit down at that hallowed meal, try to realize your happy lot. All well and cosy; a good dinner before you. The young people have come in with good appetites. As you sit and eat and carve and help the rest, and as the Sunday pressure is lifted by little Jennie making a remark about Mrs. Blank's new bonnet; and as you, one by one, drift into talking about "the discourse," try to point out the good features; ask the children for the text, for the illustrations, for the subject; draw attention to the appropriateness of prayer and the hymns, and be sure to say that there was enough truth there to save us all. We could do this surely. And Jesus Himself would draw near and feast with us.

Real spiritual talk is the hardest of all. None of us are very much given to spiritual-mindedness; and what we do know and feel we are loth to give expression to. Some have the gift, however, and should cultivate it. The conversation of Christians should be "seasoned with salt." Our Master taught the lesson at the Well of Samaria. Indeed, He was always improving the opportunity to introduce purely spiritual subjects, grading them, so to speak, to our dullness by putting them in the form of a story. The veil is transparent, but it is by the drapery that we are caught to behold the truth enshrouded. Can we not learn from Him to talk of goodness (continually) in such forms that those who listen to us will remember? "He spake as never man spake." "Leaving us an example."

W. B. M. U.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.
That the spirit of prayer may rest on us all.

Dr. Pierson says: "Behind all the apathy of individuals and the inactivity of churches; behind all the lack of enthusiasm and the lack of funds; behind all the deficiency of men and of means, of intelligence and of consecration, of readiness to send and alacrity in going, there lies one lack deeper and more radical and more fundamental, viz, the lack of believing prayer." Luke II: 1.

Extracts from Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Sanford's letters to Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. U.

In her reviews of the past year Mrs. Churchill rejoices in the fulfillment of the promise of her Lord's presence which had cheered her in the midst of physical suffering and weakness. Work in day and Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, the care of boarders, zenana work, and visiting from house to house or street to street, occupied every moment.

Among the discouragements we find that one of the zenana women had sent her word not to come until she sent for her. Her mother-in-law was very angry because of the visits, and would not allow any more singing, reading or praying on the verandah. On Mrs. Churchill asking the husband if he could not arrange for her to continue her visits, he made answer that he had no objection to the teaching himself. He believed neither in the superstition of the Hindoos or the Christians. If his wife wished to read the Bible he did not care, but his mother had control of much money and many jewels, and he feared to offend her.

Again, there is encouragement, because asked by a Brahmin, head master of the Rajah's boys' school, to visit his wife. She was an intelligent, pretty little woman in her teens; had learned to read, and quickly learned to sing a few hymns. She seemed interested in the story of Christ's birth, and each week committed to memory verses from the gospel in Matthew. Then came interruptions. Mrs. Churchill was taken ill, and unable to visit, and the woman's father died, when a week or two was lost on account of the ceremonies connected with his death. After a while came a message that the Brahmin's wife was ill, and wanted the teacher. Though suffer-

ing much from chills and fever, Mrs. Churchill managed to reach the house, to find the patient in a small, close room, the air of which was impurity itself. To relieve the physical suffering was the first care, and then to point her to Jesus. Siamma, the Bible woman, visited her daily, nursing and teaching her, but she died soon after, never having had purr air until they carried her on to the verandah to die, for no one among the Hindoos may die in their own house. All that the faithful worker could do was to pray that the Holy Spirit would use some of the passages of God's Word which she had committed to memory, to lead her to trust her soul in His keeping.

Mrs. Churchill says they have been more successful this year in getting boys to teach and train for work at Bobhill, four having come to them during the year. "Two are homeless ones from among the caste people. One had asked for baptism; but as he did not speak Telugu well enough to be examined by the church, Mr. Churchill thought he had better wait for a few months. The two first mentioned were heathen, pure and simple; but they are learning to pray, and we see an improvement.

"Of our four girls, two have been baptized during the year; also another girl in my school.

"I have added one to the girls' boarding department this year; but do not expect the Mission to pay her board for years to come. This is the little two-year-old 'Doramah,' of whom you may have read in the Link, whom I received from the dancing women last September. The girls love her, and I think her advent among them will make them less selfish.

"A new head-master has been placed in the school, and through his influence and that of the head-master of the Rajah's school, more Brahmin girls have been in attendance than for years past.

"The school year closed March 31st, with 62 pupils. These all attend the Sunday-school also. Mrs. Brander, the government inspector of girls' schools, examined mine in February. She spoke highly of our work in her report to government, as I see by the director's printed remarks just received. He hopes that a new building may be erected at an early date, and says: 'A grant equal to one-third the cost will be given.' We have received from government towards teachers' salaries during the past year over 195 rupees.

"Dear sisters, pray earnestly for our work, and expect great things from the Lord."
M. F. CHURCHILL.

Mrs. Sanford writes from Bangalore, whither she has gone for the benefit of her health. The advantages there are good for the children's schooling. In her trial of physical weakness she can see the goodness of the Lord, and though permitted to give little active service to the Lord's work, there is a blessedness in the service of patiently waiting and trusting in Him.

"We are hoping and praying that several families may be sent out this year. The great need has been put before you, and I believe the hearts of many have been stirred—come to hear the call, and to come, while others, by assisting with their means and their prayers, can honor the Lord Jesus in this work in their own loved land.

"I am having remarkably good news from Mr. Sanford, who is spending a good deal of the time in touring, finding some encouragement. Miss Grey, too, is cheered in her work, so she writes me. The others at the different stations, from whom you are hearing, are all pretty well."

— Professor Shaler has recently said, in Scribner's Magazine, that the development of the American Colonies, their rapid growth in the century preceding the American Revolution, depended in a large measure on a botanical accident, viz: on the introduction of tobacco into the commerce of the world. No contribution from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever travelled so fast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half of the peoples of the old world. The eastern coast of America, from the Hudson southward to South Carolina, is peculiarly well suited for the growth of the tobacco plant, and the rapid extension of the British Colonies in America, which brought their population at the time of the Revolution to a point where they numbered about one-sixth part of the English people, was largely due to the commerce which rested upon the use of the plant.

Tell your neighbor he can have the Messenger and Visitor from this date to end of next year for \$1.50 in advance.