

The Church Guardian,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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The Halifax Editor can be found between the hours of 9 a. m. and 1 p. m., and 2 and 6 p. m., at his office, No. 52 Granville Street, (up-stairs), directly over the Church of England Institute and next door to the office of the Clerical Secretary.

A FEW WORDS IN RESPONSE TO SOME QUESTIONS OF THE "VISITOR"

The *Christian Visitor*, in a recent issue, pays us a graceful compliment in a short article in one column, and belabours us in three articles in another, thus uniting the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. In the course of these articles, he asks us two questions:—

The Rev. Mr. Pentreath is reported in the *Church Guardian* as saying in a sermon on Baptism recently that: "baptizing in the New Testament invariably means merging into a moral condition, never into water." Will he please inform us how he gets a baptism into a moral condition in this passage in Mark 1: 5; "And there went out unto him all the land of Judaea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." Or in this passage John 3: 23; "And John also was baptizing in Enon near to Salem, because there was much water there."

We have no desire to enter into the interminable controversy on Baptism, but a plain question deserves a plain answer. *Baptizein* means to merge into a fluid or into a moral condition, and that *abidingly*. We stated that in the New Testament it expresses "merging into a moral condition." It is baptism into Christ, into repentance, into forgiveness, into death, into one body, &c., never into water. Water is used as a sign of that transition which *baptizein* expresses. "Baptism is our spiritual transition into Christ, performed with water as its sign."

Take the first passage. Will the *Visitor* accept John the Baptist's own explanation? In St. Matt. iii. 11, he says: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance." If, therefore, he baptized with water as an instrument unto or into repentance in the one case, he did so in the other. The proposition *en*, translated in, is susceptible of various meanings, and proves nothing for or against the mode of his Baptism, with which, at present, we are not concerned. *Enon* being the plural of *spring*, probably took its name from the *polla udata*, the many fountains, translated in our version "much water." John is nowhere said to have "baptized into water," if he had done so, he would have *drowned his converts*. The *Visitor* advises us to read Dean Stanley's article on Baptism. The brilliant and erudite Dean is not considered of much authority on Baptism or many other important doctrines.

If the *Visitor* would like to read something really valuable from our point of view, we recommend him to read, if he has not already, "Baptism tested by Scripture and History," by the Rev. Dr. Hodges, published in New York. It is

the most admirable presentation of facts concerning the subjects and modes of Baptism that we know of.

The other question the Editor puts is this: Referring to a statement made by our correspondent from Moncton, that among those not brought up in the Church of England, there were two Baptists at the recent Confirmation, which was stated merely as a fact, and with no disposition to "crew over" any other body. The *Visitor* asks: Is it true that two Baptists in Moncton have left the Baptist church and been confirmed in the Episcopal church?

One of these resigned her membership in the Baptist denomination a short time ago; the other, though unbaptized, was—by training, family, attendance on the worship, and predilection—a Baptist until of late. Our aggressive friend is not content with attacking us. He gives, in the same issue, a parting shot to the retiring Editor of the *Wesleyan* on that long drawn out controversy about *baptizein* and the Lexicons. There is no doubt that a great part of the success of the Baptists is due to their persistent hammering away at Baptism. Their presentation of it has many points which are attractive to the popular mind. We, too, attach the utmost importance to the doctrine, but it is only a part of the whole. The undue prominence given to it by our Baptist friends, reminds us of the story of the Presbyterian minister who preached forty-eight sermons out of one hundred on predestination, and in his farewell sermon took the text: "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

We recommend those people who would rashly tamper with the existing Marriage Laws of the Dominion, to ponder well the following reference in the *New York Churchman* to the sad consequences of the lax views which prevail respecting Marriage in the United States, and which Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister and others near of kin, have been very important factors in producing.

We are bound to accept the facts as they are presented to us in the marked difference between the moral tone of English society and society in the United States. Not only are Divorces more frequent, but in many other ways is shown the demoralizing effect of holding loose ideas upon the subject.

This is what the *Churchman* says in a recent article:

"The utter confusion of our American State laws as respects marriage creates one of the greatest perils of our civilization; and the Church in her legislation should show herself wisely conservative, and yet fearlessly independent of all civil legislation that violates the law of God.

Clearly, no human law can make that lawful which God's law disallows.

The tendency of American legislation is certainly adverse to all laws designed to regulate matrimony. Divorce is becoming a pestilent curse and scourge of society, and the marriages of uncles with their own nieces are not unlawful nor wholly uncommon in some parts of our country. Are we not taught by such a condition of things to throw the whole influence of our Church into the defence and protection of the sanctity of marriage in a twofold view of the case: as a civil regulation, upholding all restraints upon *incepedit* marriages which the laws have established, and as a divine ordinance, enforcing the simple statement of the Prayer Book and the canons, "that, if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's Word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful?"

And as a sad and startling commentary on the above in the same issue it prints the following:—

"It has just been decided by an English judge that 'no foreign court can dissolve an English marriage—the parties being English subjects.' Nor will the law recognize the divorce if one of the parties remains an English subject.

This decision grew out of a flagrant dissolution of marriage by a court in Kansas, the injured wife receiving the terrible intimation that her husband had obtained a divorce from her in that State. Nearer our own city a case of similar kind occurred but lately—a wife receiving a letter from her husband that he had obtained a divorce from her in Utah.

GETTING THEIR EYES OPENED.

The *Appeal* publishes the following from one of its subscribers:

"Our Reformed Episcopal Church from some cause does not make the progress which its friends expected, and our low Church friends instead of favoring the cause, are quite as much opposed to it, as the extreme high Churchmen. I think perhaps one thing that hurts us is a disposition among the R. E. Church people to legislate too much; people will not be controlled in everything, but will think, act, and judge for themselves. I do not think we have anything to expect from any kind of Churchmen, and the accessions are to be made from outsiders who like a liturgical service with some freedom, and to avoid the extremes of some of the other denominations. There appears to be no way of stopping the progress of High Churchism, 'the people like to have it so' and the adulation of the Bishops is disgusting. The Bishops are the Church."

Judging by their press utterances, the followers of Dr. Cummins are very dissatisfied. They don't grow as they expected. "Low" Churchmen ignore them. The denominations give them the cold shoulder, *except at "union" meetings*. The "outsiders" from whom they expect to gain, are the "discontented," who are dissatisfied anywhere, and will only serve "to add to the wail now going on."

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

MR. W. B. SHAW is meeting with increased success in his tour through the Parishes. In the Mission of Greenwich, he secured the large number of 48. To any one who knows Mr. Pickett's Mission this is very gratifying. In Cambridge, aided by the indefatigable efforts of Rev. B. Shaw, he secured the extraordinary number of 140. This is most remarkable success. In Westfield, 47 subscribed, comprising almost every Church family. Our present circulation is nearly 4,000, with several important Parishes still to canvass.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

We gladly find room for the letter of a Newfoundland correspondent, and we only wish the Bishop of that important Diocese could arrange it so that we might have a regular weekly or fortnightly letter from the Island, and so afford our four thousand readers more frequent opportunities of learning of the work and progress of the Church there.

We have too long ignored the value of the press; while the denominations have used its unfounded influence to spread their peculiar tenets, and to keep themselves and their work constantly under the eyes of their people and of the general public.

We know the reasons which have prompted many in the Church to withhold their support from a Church paper, and we have endeavoured so to learn wisdom from the history of the past as to remove all possible objections to our publication.

Our work is—irrespective of party—to maintain and extend the principles of the Church of England, and to impart a better knowledge of what is being done in the Parishes.

We have quite a number of subscribers in Newfoundland, and we hope to have very many more; and wishing to remove local selfishness, and to bring our people to recognize more and more, as a real thing, our common heritage and our mutual fellowship in the Church, as members of the Body of Christ, we trust we shall be helped to make our efforts successful.

Correspondence.

FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO RAPID CITY, N. W. T.

RAPID CITY.
LITTLE SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.
N. W. TERRITORY,
May 27th, 1880.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

Sirs,—So many of our old parishioners and friends asked me to write a detailed account of our "experiences" coming out, that I told them the only way I could ever manage a letter to all would be by asking you to insert one in your paper, which we expect to find intensely interesting here. If not too long and stupid, therefore, will you publish my letter?

We left Halifax on Thursday, the 22nd of April, my eldest son, my two little boys and the maid, and very desolate it felt: the only way was not to look as we passed the well-known landmarks and rushed by the beautiful Basin for the last time, for it must certainly be a long while.

Fortunately, we had some dear friends in the train, but I could not help a dread that the rest of our party might not turn up at Elmsdale, where we were to meet, and go on by the Quebec Express at 2 o'clock. However, they all arrived in good time, and we got the luggage checked for Truro, as they could not check through to Chicago from the way stations. At Truro we rechecked for Chicago, and again said good-bye to our friends there, and we felt the "God-speed" from each cheering.

At Amherst we stopped for supper, and there was the last wrench! and we seemed fairly on our way, after bidding good-bye to the last place we knew on the route. Our party consisted of my husband and me, seven children, a man and maid servant, and two young friends of ours, going West like ourselves to take up land. After we got a little over the feeling of desolation, in leaving all we loved behind, we began quite to enjoy the trip. We had very nice guards, who were very kind and attentive, and made us as comfortable as possible all along the Intercolonial.

On Friday morning we were left standing in a snow shed, where it was almost dark for some time; and at length we were told that the freight train, which had gone on before us, was off the track, and no one knew what would be done. However, after four or five hours, the engine came back to us, and ran us up to the scene of the wreck. Except in the *Illustrated News*, I had never seen anything like it! Going through a snow shed the train had run off the line, and there the carriages were piled up, one on top of the other, the roof torn off the shed, bits of carriages, broken rails, all piled up together. Such a wreck! we had to leave our train and walk about half a mile over the roof of the snow shed, on the bank, anywhere, to get to the train they had sent back for us. Then all our luggage had to be carried from one train to the other. It was wonderful to see a short, sturdy old Frenchman, with an enormous box on his back, walking as easily as if it were a feather weight. That delayed us so long, that when we reached Montreal on Saturday morning we found the train for Toronto waiting, so we could only hurry from one train to the other, and I was sorry not to see Montreal.

We went into a railway station at Coburg, and finding there was an emigration office there, we went to the window and asked if the Assiniboine River was open. At first he replied "busy now!" So we waited a few minutes, and then, finding we meant to wait, he looked up and said: "What is it you want to know?" "Is the Assiniboine River broken up yet?" my husband said. "I have no instruction," he said most curtly. "Dear me!" I said, "do you never give any information, except when you have received instructions?" When he spoke more politely. This "bumpishness" in officials, who are paid by Government to give every information and assistance in their power, we found to be very much the rule in that part of Canada; in fact, from there throughout the journey—and as I am sure we looked very respectable people, and not a bit like emigrants, for we had neither a baby nor a bundle, I rather resented it. In Nova Scotia we always found it quite the reverse with officials.

We arrived at Toronto on Saturday night about twelve o'clock, and found our friend waiting for us with a carriage, to

take us directly to his house, and we all fully appreciated the kind welcome, and the rest of being in a house again—though, once we had eaten our supper, I think we all felt bed the greatest luxury we could possibly have, after two nights in the train. On Sunday morning, to our great disgust, we found one of the little ones covered with measles! We thought she had them in Rawdon, but we found that had been Scarlatina, and this, the doctor said, was undeniably measles! Fortunately, our friend's little girl had had them, and they would not hear of our leaving Toronto till our little one was better. We enjoyed the rest there immensely, and were charmed with Toronto; we drove about a great deal, and I was particularly struck with the beautifully kept grounds, round all the public places. The grass was so vividly green there, though our friends regretted that we had not seen the city, with the trees in leaf. The churches are particularly handsome. My husband read in the Cathedral on Sunday evening, and we heard Dr. ——— preach.

We left Toronto again on the Wednesday morning, our little girl being wonderfully recovered, and had no extraordinary adventures till we arrived at Port Huron, the first American station. There, our luggage was ruthlessly opened, notwithstanding the fact of our having a pass from the Custom House officer and the American Consul at Halifax. So, let me warn intending emigrants against the farce of paying two dollars, as we did, for that same pass, which the Port of Huron people only laughed at, as it is utterly useless, unless one's things are going through as bonded freight. I asked them what was the good of paying their Consul two dollars for it, if it was no use, but they seemed to consider it rather a good joke! Our luggage, of course, contained nothing contraband, except, perhaps, some unmade dresses, which, after they had passed our boxes, I told them were there, and that if there was anything to pay, I would give them an order on the Consul! Though, my husband said afterwards, he did not believe they would have passed such a lot of things as he had, twenty-eight boxes, if it had not been for my chaff. I found, as a rule, that these men would do anything in the world for you, if you only made a bit of fun over it; certainly, fun does carry one a long way!

Of all the many places we passed through, I was most impressed with Chicago. Notwithstanding the fact of its being only seven o'clock in the morning, I don't believe there was anybody not in full working order for the day. Such a busy, bustling, handsome town. Every one looking so full of life and business. We had transfer omnibus tickets, which took us through several streets; and the way they pile up the luggage, on huge vans, to transfer it from one station to another, and the way they fling the great boxes about, and trundle them over, and generally break them to pieces, is something most wonderful. Our boxes, even those we had considered strongest, and even unnecessarily heavy, were all, more or less, injured, and had to be re-packed and examined, to insure their getting farther, without quite coming to pieces; and with all the rush and bustle, and general row, there was such a wonderful system of checking—as the luggage had all to be re-checked from there to St. Boniface—that the greatest order prevailed. Yes! Chicago certainly is wonderful.

We arrived at St. Paul's, Minnesota, on Friday morning, and as there were two or three hours to spare, I took a cab, and went to see some friends of mine, who lived a mile or two out of town. They have a charming place there, and most kindly begged us to stay over till the next day, at least, with them. We hardly thought we could manage it, but as some of our luggage had not turned up, they persuaded us that it would be our only hope of seeing it again. And I must say the halt was very delightful, and we all felt better for our comfortable beds and delicious baths,—for oh! the softness of those soft coal trains!! I was talking rather earnestly that evening to my eldest boy—the morning we arrived at St. Paul's—when he suddenly exclaimed, "oh! you have such a dirty face!" Though the Pulman guards were very civil in letting us first-class passengers make use of the washing apparatus in their carriage, it seemed to have so little effect in any case—such a partial effect—that at last we could only console with each other on the blackness of our faces and hands.

St. Paul's is quite a new place, but building up wonderfully, and already has some extremely handsome streets;