

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
VOLUME LII.

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W. B. M. U.

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

The British Baptists are moving in the direction of the amalgamation of the General and the Particular wings of the body. The question of union has been submitted to the association, and the vote has generally been favorable in the larger body. Among the General Baptists there is some hesitation, as there usually is in the smaller party to a proposed amalgamation. The Baptist Union of Great Britain received only about \$32,000 for its Home Mission work. The associations, however, spend quite an amount for this object, so that the whole expenditure is about \$92,000. This, however, is a small amount compared with the great need and with this grand gift of \$400,000 for Foreign Missions. — WATTS, secularist, now name for atheist, has come and gone, and there has scarcely been a ripple of interest in the quiet life of St. John. Were it not for the gratuitous advertising he received by those who wished to have a discussion, he would not have had an audience as large as the small one that gathered to hear him the first night, and the still smaller one that listened to him the second. — It is stated that Mr. Rockefeller reached the conclusion to give \$600,000 to aid in forming a university in Chicago, as the result of his own independent thinking. We hope there is significance in the statement of the Standard that "this is the first great thing needing to be done in the interest of Baptist higher education."

The venerable S. T. Rand has had the degree of D. C. L. conferred upon him by Kings College, Windsor. If our brother is to have many more degrees, there will have to be some new ones instituted.

Our young friend Austin K. DeBlois, son of the late lamented Dr. DeBlois of Wolfville, has just received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Brown University. This is the first degree of the kind given by Brown, and has been awarded Mr. DeBlois, after the severest examinations in the department of study which he has made his specialty. This is another instance of the many in which the graduates of Acadia have made a high record at institutions abroad.

NONCONFORMITY IN WALES.—A Mr. Thos. Gee had a census taken, on a certain Sunday last year, of the attendance at the Nonconformist and Episcopal churches, respectively, of the six counties of North Wales. These are the statistics: At Nonconformist worship, 320,078; at Episcopal, 86,438. At Nonconformist Sunday-schools, 135,552; at Episcopal, 25,083. And yet Episcopalianism is the Established church, for which Nonconformists have to pay tithes, &c. No wonder the Welsh are resisting this injustice with all their might.

STRIKINGLY PUT.—Dr. Parker, who has just returned home from his visit to the United States, as a delegate from the strict Baptists of England to the Anniversary of our American brethren, made a good point, in an address before the Yorkshire association. He said that the law of the Christian life was like travelling on a bicycle: it is incompatible with being stationary; if you do not go on, you go off. Any one who has tried to ride on a bicycle can testify how expressive this comparison is. The remark is as true as it is striking.

THE HUGENOTS.—A deep and pathetic interest always attaches to these French Protestants who, in the past, have had such a baptism of blood and fire. A correspondent of the *Watsonian* states some facts which are of the most cheering nature. New life seems to have come to these descendants of heroic sires. The pastors have instituted revival and evangelistic services among their flocks, and powerful works of grace are sweeping through towns and villages made historic by the suffering and bravery of their ancestors. They still are exposed to persecution of a milder type; but this they bear joyously.

BEAR IT MERELY.—The *Boston Herald* has been reading the religious press a homily on what it is pleased to term the ferocity of religious controversy, in the United States. It is not unusual for the secular press of other countries to take the religious press to task for alleged want of gentleness in dealing with controverted questions. Good advice is good, from whatever source it comes; at the same time, when we observe the very beautiful spirit manifested by our friends of the secular press in dealing with the political questions upon which they are at issue, we feel that it becomes us to accept reprimand from them with special meekness.

GOOD ADVICE.—Dr. Dodge, in addressing the graduating class at Madison University, henceforth to be called Col-

gate University, concluded with these weighty words:

Young gentlemen, when you find yourselves pressed by doubt, as you likely will be—I have been pressed myself by doubt—when you find yourself pressed by doubt, don't desert your colors; don't go over to the enemy; don't leave the friends of your Lord for foes; but retreat to the citadel; go where the presence of the great leader shines unobscured in the fulness and richness of his power. Abide there till his inspiration prompts you to go forth into the work of life. Abide there with our Lord; and then, when inspiration comes, go forth regardless of everything. And may God go with you!

FANATICISM.—Some fifteen years ago a Mrs. Dora Helen Fletcher Bookman was carried away with the entire sanctification idea. Supposing herself especially holy, she next thought she held a corresponding and more intimate relationship to our Lord, and proclaimed herself his bride. Strange to say, she had a following. Among others, a young Methodist minister, George Jacob Schweinfurth by name, acknowledged her claim, and at her death, advanced on her pretension by avowing himself to be a divine incarnation, and he has followers. The lesson is, those who claim most sanctity are most liable to the wildest fanaticism, therefore, because of such pretensions. Real sanctity does not blow a trumpet on its own behalf.

NEW PRESIDENT FOR BROWN.—Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, an old classmate of our own at Newton, has been appointed President of Brown University. Dr. Andrews has had a fine training for his work, having been Professor at Newton, President of Denison University, and Professor at Brown and Cornell. The Presidency of Brown is the highest position educationally in the gift of Baptists. While not so conservative theologically as some might desire, he is full of energy and practical wisdom, and will, no doubt, lead Brown on in her splendid career. Dr. Robinson retires full of years and honor. During his regime the endowment has increased from \$600,000 to \$1,000,000. During the Alumni dinner, at the commencement of the University, Governor Ladd, who was sitting alongside the President, whispered the question, "What kind of a building do you need most, up here?" Dr. Robinson replied, "An Astronomical Observatory." "Well," responded the Governor, "I'll build you one." The announcement of this proposed gift was received with great applause. Let some one make a similar proposal for Acadia, and wouldn't we applaud too.

ACCORDING TO THE following, from the *Canadian Baptist*, the gospel is making more impression on the French Canadians than is generally supposed:

It has recently been computed by those who it is claimed, have good opportunities for knowing the facts, that there are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand French Canadians in Quebec who are either professed Protestants or in such a state of doubt and distrust that their connection with the Roman church is at the best but nominal. It is probably not generally known how much is being effected through the agency of the various evangelical churches for the enlightenment and religious welfare of our French Canadian fellow-citizens. It was stated in the Presbyterian Assembly the other day that the Presbyteries have under their control and dependent upon them for support 33 French Canadian schools, with 912 pupils, of whom 324 were or are Roman Catholics. In the schools at Pointe au Tremble 3,000 French Canadians have already been educated, and every year the children of some Roman Catholic parents are refused admission from want of room, even though such applicants have the preference over French Protestants. The attendance at this school during the last session was the largest in its history—95 boys and 50 girls. And this is a thoroughly Protestant school. Let all the churches, wherever they may or may not do in connection with the Equal Rights Association, follow up the work so well begun on this line. No one can doubt that it is a genuine Christian work, and many may query whether it is not the only evangelical and successful way of fighting the powers of ultramontane darkness.

BRITISH CAPITAL.—It is almost impossible to obtain an adequate idea of the wealth of Great Britain. Not only does she own nearly as much shipping as all other nations combined, not only does she carry on manufacturing on the most colossal scale, the produce of her foundries and factories penetrating into every land; but her capital is also now overflowing into almost all the countries of the earth. She is largely interested in the great industries of her colonies, which stretch around the world. Her capital is invested in nearly all the States of South America, notably in the Argentine Republic. She has a large deposit of her wealth in Egypt. Now the economists of the United States are becoming alarmed at the hold her capital is getting of the undeveloped

wealth as well as of the operating industries of their country, and still there seems to be no limit to the stores of accumulated wealth seeking an outlet for profitable investment abroad. While some alarm is being aroused at this power possessed by British capital in foreign countries, there is one good which must result: it will become more and more difficult for Great Britain to engage in war. Her capitalists who have a large, if not a controlling interest in her politics, have too large a stake in countries like the United States to permit them to risk its confiscation by war. On the other hand, it makes it possible for other countries to take a little the advantage of her, from a knowledge of this fact.

A VACATION.—There are many wearied pastors in these Maritime Provinces of ours. The strain of a year's work of the gospel ministry is not small. The demands made upon the physical strength are not small; those upon the mind are still greater; but the drain upon heart and soul power is the greatest of all. When a man is overworked, in any calling, it hinders the highest effectiveness of his labor; but this is especially true of the work of the ministry. When a pastor is suffering from partial exhaustion, his mind is incapable of its best effort, there will be a listlessness about all his efforts which will prevent that energy and enthusiasm which are indispensable to effective pastoral service. In addition to this, when a pastor is wearied, he is apt to take a gloomy view of things, and this is almost fatal to his work. When a man begins to lose confidence in the means of grace, and to go through the service in a hopeless kind of a way, it breeds a faithlessness in his people which cuts the connection between themselves and the power of God. We wish it were possible for all our pastors to have a short let up from labor. We are sure it would be for the good of the churches in the long run. They would come back with freshened vigor and redoubled hopefulness. Don't wait, brethren, until your pastor is compelled to ask for a rest. If you ask him to take it, and help make it possible, by presenting him with something to fill his lean purse, it will gladden his heart as he sees he has a place in your considerate regard, and will make his rest doubly refreshing to himself with the prospect of greater good to his people.

### New York Letter.

In compliance with your request of some time ago, I send you this communication bearing on matters current in the city and neighborhood of New York.

The great number of Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers dwelling and doing business in the Empire City is very noticeable, as also very acceptable here. About one-tenth of the members of the church to which your correspondent ministers are from the land of the "blue noses," and nearly as large a proportion of his congregation is thus constituted; and "may their shadow never grow less" is his sentiment concerning them. In the homes of several of them the *Messenger and Visitor* is regularly welcomed, and some of them retain pleasant personal recollections of its accomplished editor.

A word concerning three ministers originally from the Province of Ontario, but now laboring in this vicinity, will be of interest. Rev. R. S. McArthur, D. D., pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of this city, is throwing off all manner of work, sermons, lectures, addresses, pastoral visits, interviews, editorial and other literary labor, with a constancy and facility that are simply marvellous, and with a success, especially in the matter of direct church work, that is quite phenomenal. Rev. J. L. Campbell, late of Brooklyn, and recently become pastor of Lexington Avenue Baptist church of this city, is laboring on his important field with such characteristic fervor, tact and power that his success is already manifest, and the future of it, under God, is manifestly assured. Rev. R. B. Montgomery, pastor of Willoughby Avenue church, Brooklyn, is doing good service to large congregations in his new and spacious house of worship, and we all expect shortly to hear some very pleasant things concerning him.

To-day the New York Baptist Ministers' Conference, comprising not only the Baptist ministers of this city, but also those of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and smaller adjacent places in the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, closed its meetings till the second Monday in September. Vacations, fittings to the mountains, to the sea and across the sea, are the order of things for the next two months, alike for "flocks" and

for "shepherds," with numerous exceptions, however, for there are a good many pastors and peoples who clearly recognize and warmly respond to the necessity of "holding forth the Word of Life" as earnestly and faithfully during "the heated term" as any other. During the past year the Conference has done a good deal of profitable work in the way of papers and discussions on standing and current topics, but occasionally a paper coquetting with novel and antiquated heterodoxy, if not fully embracing it, in almost an unaware, though in the end, and in the main, it is pretty certain to receive the kind and degree of criticism it deserves. Is the proportion of those who are afflicted with an itching heretical tendency greatly on the increase? Or is a certain amount of the malady, and not much more or less, to be expected in all times and places?

On Thursday of last week, a very interesting event occurred—the bi-centennial of the Piscataway Baptist church, situated in New Jersey, about 30 miles from New York. This church is one of three adjacent "sister churches," the first of which, "Middleton Baptist church," was organized in 1688; the second, the "Piscataway," in 1689; the third, the "Cohansey," in 1690. In very early times, Baptists who suffered persecution from the Puritans in New England, fled to the State of New Jersey, the very liberal constitution of which forbade persecutions on the score of religious opinion; and thus these ancient and ancestral churches came to be organized. Like her two venerable sisters, the Piscataway church has been increasingly "the joyful mother of children." The Baptist churches of Scotch Plains, Morristown, and New Brunswick, all in New Jersey, are her daughters, and through these she has numerous grand-daughters, and great-grand-daughters, all of whom always delight, as they did by their representatives on this occasion, to "rise up and call her blessed." The church has always been remarkable for her soundness of Christian doctrine, principle and practice, and for her power of perpetuating this sterling characteristic in her offspring. It was, in a high degree, refreshing and fortifying to hear the simple proofs of these facts presented in the elaborate, scholarly, and devout historical paper of Dr. J. F. Brown, a former pastor of the church, which will appear in a forthcoming memorial volume. In all these eventual 200 years, this model church has had only eleven pastors, including the present, the godly and beloved Dr. J. W. Sarles, who has ministered to it for the last 11 years, and who is likely to minister to it for many years to come. With a single unfortunate exception of long ago, the pastors of this church have all been men of very high Christian character and great soundness in the faith, the church having habitually "coveted" these "best gifts," and having attached but slight importance to mere brilliancy of talent in comparison with these.

The various exercises of this most interesting Bi-Centennial celebration clearly illustrated and strongly emphasized, though in an incidental way, the importance of sound doctrine, high spiritual character and long terms of service on the part of pastors; and on the part of churches, equal importance of rock-like stability in upholding Christian truth; and of persistence, like that of gravitation, in devoting the energies of the church exclusively to its Scriptural functions and spiritual work. West Side, New York, June 24.

### German Correspondence.

LYCK, East Prussia, April 27. The principal thing to be noted about a European train is the way you get into it; and what is, perhaps, even more noticeable, the way you get out of it. The whole train at a distance, with its numerous small wagons raised high from the ground, looks like the tin affairs made for children to play with. But these are no playthings. The Germans especially have no taste for sporting with human life in the manner so much in vogue at the present day. You may purchase your ticket without a misgiving as to its "being a tempter's Providence." As the train approaches your nerves are not rasped nor your blood turned cold by the long lunging scream of an American locomotive; but the ears are greeted with one impudent little toot and then it is all over and done with. Now comes the tug of war! Three or four inches of projected solid footing, three or four feet of airy nothing, and the door of a narrow compartment yawning somewhere in the region of your head—to mount, to overcome, to take possession. If you are a woman, with the usual number of feminine travelling appurtenances, I should say it

was next to impossible; but with only a valise in one hand, shawl-strap, hand-bag and umbrella in the other, it is merely a matter of time. The guard does not assist, but there is a note of triumph in the way he bangs the door after you which is infinitely better.

The train in question rolled slowly out of the Friedrich Bahnhof and I settled myself as comfortably as possible for the night. My sole companion, a young lady in the opposite corner of the coupe, sat very upright and kept up a heavy measured sighing, exceedingly soothing and gratifying to hear. Now and then the train rumbled over a bridge, lights flashed by, or streamed in quivering rays across the dark bosom of a river. Frankfort-on-the-Oder, the scene of many a hard fight during the Thirty and the Seven Years' war; Kunsersdorf, where Frederick the Great was defeated in 1759 by the Russians and Austrians; Posen, one of the oldest of Polish towns, and the residence of the kings of Poland down to 1296; Bromberg, where the Vistula and Oder unite their waters and draw commerce to and fro by means of a canal; Thorn, once the scene of the massacre known as the Blood Bath of Thorn and now famous for its gingerbread;—a whistle, a sudden jar, a shout from the guard for each, and these were all left far behind in the darkness. The young lady left me at Posen, still sighing, and bidding me adieu in a tone so mournful that I, half asleep, fancied she floated past in a sigh of smoke and vanished on the horizon into the thin mist of all sorrowful and departed things. There were actually cinders on the window panes next morning, and I could never quite make out what the locomotive knew about it.

The day was one of April's sulkiest, and no one can deny that the long stretches of watery brown fields, low hills, and scraggy forests of East Prussia in early spring are anything but dingy. There was absolutely nothing to relieve the monotony except the rows of pink feather beds laid out to air on every available fence and woodpile between Berlin and the Russian border. Of a lighter shade and far brighter tone than the subdued reds on the tiled housetops, they seemed the only things that were not waiting for a little more drizzle to still further blacken their sides and moss their backs before sinking into the dreary soil from which they had grown up. Some of my liveliest recollections are due to those same bright-colored beds. I remember particularly certain mornings in our pension in Berlin when our good Frau, armed with a long needle and a huge ball of darning cotton, would come panting into our room and remove the white casings from the two downy comfortable monsters. The room would be bright with color for a little while, and then, as the Frau drew on other snowy cases, we would hear that peculiar click of a sharp needle through linen which belongs to a deft seamstress as much as the proper snap of a whip to an understanding teamster. She always wore a particularly grim visage on those mornings and we used to set down the knots and puckers in her forehead to the ones she put into our bed-coverings.

I sometimes wonder by what manner of license, custom or other authority, the proper names of one country have been transformed into the barbarous equivalents considered proper by another. The English speaking races are especially addicted to the habit. There is no name too musical or vocal to be laid under tribute of our harshest consonants, because, forsooth, the genius of the language requires it! No foreigner takes equal liberties, at least with American names, but conscientiously mouths his New York, Philadelphia or Mississippi with all possible deference to our ideas of harmony. If one remains in his own country it matters little; he may sing "beautiful blue Danube" to the end of his life and be perfectly justified in it as far as the river Danube is concerned. But let him stand by its green, not blue waters, by the way, and talk say, with a native of Bavaria about the Danube and he must be prepared either to be regarded with incredulity or to learn his geography lesson over again. So in Lyck, at the end of my journey, when I told how I had seen the meadows flooded for miles and miles along both sides of the Vistula, I learned that in Germany at least I must say Weichsel if I wished to be intelligible. How it ever got to be Vistula is the puzzle. B. B.

A student once proposed to the learned Dr. Parr that they join in writing a book. "Yes," said Dr. Parr, "and if I would put in all I know, and you put in all you don't know, what a big book it would be."

The meeting of the Aid Societies in connection with the Western Association met this year on Monday afternoon in the vestry of the Liverpool church. It is estimated that at least three hundred women were present, with quite a sprinkling of brethren in the background. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Crandall, County Secretary for Queens, who, after the opening exercises, called for reports from the different Aid Societies. A number of Secretaries responded, showing that the work was progressing and our sisters becoming more and more alive to the great subject of Missions.

Mr. Higgins, our Missionary elect to India, was then called upon, and addressed the meeting on the discouragements and encouragements of missionary work. Our brother's address was a grand one, and from what we heard afterwards was used by the Master. We feel sure that earnest prayer will follow our missionary in his work.

Miss Johnston also addressed the sisters, and then we had a recitation by Miss Crandall, entitled the "Hindu Woman's True Story." This was very nicely rendered, and was listened to with rapt attention. At the close of the meeting the Aid Society in the Liverpool church, which had not been working for some time, was re-organized, with fourteen members, and a good prospect of future success.

One thing struck us with regard to this meeting, viz: the attention given by the sisters. Let such a meeting be held in town, and before the hour is up, you notice a restlessness on the part of the audience, and then one and another will leave the room, greatly to the discomfort of those who remain.

The journey to Liverpool being more difficult than to many other countries, it was resolved that instead of attending the Central Association, a few days should be spent in visiting the societies in Queens County. In this work we were very kindly aided by the pastors of the churches, who did all in their power not only in making arrangements, but in helping forward the meetings.

Tuesday evening was spent with the society at Milton. This is in good working order. We hope that as a result of that meeting, more of the young people will be induced to help in this work.

Wednesday was to have been given to Brooklyn, but a pouring rain prevented.

Thursday evening, a large meeting was held at Mill Village, and a society organized with twenty-three members. The meetings of this Society are to be held with the entire church, and we hope that a greater interest in Missions will be the result.

On Friday evening Brooklyn was again visited, and this time with greater success, a society being organized with 23 members.

On Sunday evening a meeting was held with the church at North Brookfield, which was largely attended. The society here has been organized for some months, and has twenty-two members.

Monday afternoon was spent with the sisters in South Brookfield, where the Society numbers eleven; and the evening found us on our way to hold a meeting in Caledonia. The church here is small, but our sisters seemed anxious to work, and a Society was formed with eight members.

Had it been possible another fortnight could have been well spent in this country. The churches are scattered, and the great need is for information. Our Mission work will prosper in a far greater degree when we have some one constantly in the home field. A heart to heart talk will do more in half an hour to rouse, encourage, and interest than columns of written matter.

In spite of beautiful scenery and the kindness of friends, the travelling 144 miles by stage is a case of "rattling our bones over the stones," and we could not help feeling that could the government but experience it, that much talked of railway would be forthcoming at once.

A. B. J.

When Father Taylor, then a young and ardent Methodist, called on the dignified Dr. Allen with a view of getting leave to take services in his, the only meeting-house in Duxbury, the latter asked him what his business was. "To preach the gospel to every creature, as my Master has commanded," said Taylor. "Is not that what the Bible tells us?" "Yes; it tells us that," replied Dr. Allen, "but it does not say that every creature can preach the gospel. I preach all the gospel that is needed in Duxbury."