

Messenger and Visitor.

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—EMIGRATION.—The emigration from the different countries of Europe differs very widely; but they all agree in this, that the major part come to America. From Austria-Hungary only about 6000 emigrate yearly; from Germany, over 100,000 each year; from France, but about 7,000. The emigration from Italy is increasing rapidly. From Norway, about 26,000 depart each year. Of those mentioned, the emigrants from Germany and Norway are the most intelligent and industrious, and those from Austria-Hungary and Italy the most degraded and thriftless.

—LAYMEN.—The Christian Advocate declares that Methodists must make more use of their laymen or fall behind. The general statement will hold good for the denomination that makes the most use of the laymen will pass ahead. The officers of an army would fight a poor battle, and the ministers of a denomination will not put the army of the aliens to flight. The plan of systematic church work aims to give leaders a following, and make all church members active soldiers of the cross.

—THE BETTER WAY.—The Practicality of Co-operation in Revivals" was discussed at a recent minister's meeting of the Congregationalists in Boston. The leader, Dr. Plumb, believed co-operation would prove futile unless there were a well defined basis of union accepted. Another speaker declared that his observation went to show that work along denominational lines was more effective than in union organizations, provided there be co-operation in sympathy and courtesy. Is not this what general observation would confirm? In union organizations a fetter, more or less strong, is put upon the freedom of action. There must be a compact to avoid touching upon certain peculiar truths. This is an inquiry to conscience, and weakens loyalty to God's word. Whereas, where people work in their own body, there is perfect freedom, and there is no danger of violence to principle.

—THE DIFFERENCE.—Professor Max. Muller, the celebrated Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, recently gave an address at the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He declared that all the sacred books of the East, embodying the various great religious beliefs taught that salvation is by works—must be purchased by the saved one. On the other hand, the Bible is one long protest against this doctrine, and is the only book which reveals a salvation by faith or which makes good works, but the offering of a grateful and loving heart. The Bible is the only book that can be a mainstay in that awful hour when the soul passes all alone into the unseen world. This testimony coming from this erudite professor, and one who is not a type of an evangelical thinker, has all the greater force.

—DR. PARKER ON BEECHER.—Dr. Jos. Parker delivered his eulogy on Beecher on the 4th, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, before a packed audience. It was a tribute which "Mr. Beecher's warmest friends could scarcely wish excelled. It was not a discriminating portrayal of his life and work, but altogether eulogistic. The secular press commended it as worthy of the occasion, of Mr. Beecher, and of the orator.

—NEW THEOLOGY.—The American Board has just had its annual session at Springfield. There was intense interest over the matter of the action of the Board in refusing to send out as missionaries those who hold to the idea of probation after death. The committee to whom the matter was referred was divided. The majority brought in a report commending the Board for its action. The minority brought in a counter report censuring the Board. The ground of censure was that the Board was not a body to determine the theological qualifications of candidates for missionary service. This was a matter to be left to a council called by a church, according to the independence of the churches recognized by Congregational church polity. The advocates of the New Theology also claimed that there should be allowed to go to the heathen as missionaries, representatives of all the beliefs held by the churches contributing to the support of the mission. While having anything but sympathy for the New Theology, we cannot help but believe the advocates of this theory have some justice in their claim. As long as Congregationalists recognize churches and pastors at home, holding this view, as having regular standing in the body, as long as they ordain men to the ministry who own this belief, we can scarcely see the consistency of refusing this recognition in case of those who propose to labor as missionaries. We do not make these remarks as a plea why the Congregationalists should send new theology men to the foreign field, but why they should be consistent and refuse to continue to recognize those who hold this view at home. So far as we can see, the

only way to preserve the independence of the churches and still discountenance this error is to weed out those who hold this belief from the body.

However, there is much to be said on the other side. A large amount of trust funds are in charge of the Board, contributed with the understanding that they were to be used to advance the old doctrines of the body; and to use these to help spread beliefs repugnant to the donors would be breaking faith with the dead. In reply to this, however, it may be said that enough funds are given by those who hold to the New Theology, to support those of that view who wish to be foreign missionaries.

The conservatives may also say that the amount given by new theology men are given in full knowledge of the fact that the Board does not intend to send out men holding their view. If they give, with this understanding, they cannot complain.

The whole question was discussed scarcely less strongly and warmly than at Des Moines last year. The policy of the Board was sustained, and the same officers, substantially, appointed; still it could be seen that the new theology sentiment has a strong following, and will continue to agitate until they gain concessions or there is a rent in the body.

May the Lord keep us from the inroads of all new doctrines.

—COULD NOT FIND IT.—We heard a very interesting account of the conversion of a prominent Episcopal family to Baptist sentiments. The children were attending Sabbath School, and the teacher adopted the excellent custom of requiring the scholars to look up proof texts, on some given subject. One week the subject for proof was infant baptism. The children did their best but could find no proof texts. In their perplexity they applied to their parents for help. They also began to search the Scriptures, but could find nothing to satisfy them. The more they examined the Bible on the subject, the more it seemed to them that the Scriptures favored the Baptist view. Finally, one and then the other began to drop into the Baptist meeting. At length they each discovered that the other was passing through an experience similar to his or her own. The end was that they united with the Baptist Church; and one of their sons became a Baptist minister, and another a professor.

The Bible is not a good book from which to get proof texts for either sprinkling or infant baptism. If anyone think it is, let them try and find them.

—DOCTORS IN UPPER BURMA.—The following, from the *Rangoon Gazette*, will be read with interest. It shows that British rule is being surely established in Upper Burma. This will prove an unspeakable blessing to the tyrant cursed land. Lower Burma has had a history of amazing prosperity since the British occupation and the annexation of the upper province will add to the general progress.

It is clear that the doctors in Upper Burma are gradually becoming convinced that their little game is played out, and that further open resistance is useless. The weekly bulletins still mention doctors constantly being caught or shot; but a voluntary surrender on their part is now a more frequent occurrence than it was a few months ago. This, of course, may spring from various causes. It may be due in part to their being convinced now that the British Government does not punish any one after the brutal methods of King Theebaw; partly also to the conviction that they are likely to get off more easily if they do surrender, than if they wait until they are actually caught. The spirit of the thing, too, is gone. The most arrogant doctor now can scarcely assume the airs of a political personage, call his doctors by the high-sounding name of a national struggle for independence, or talk about driving the English into the sea. If he does so, he must be conscious of the fact that he is talking absurd nonsense, and must know, that, whether his hearers contradict him or not, their keen sense of humor—a sense the Burmese possess in a high degree—must lead to their laughing at him in their hearts as an empty and foolish boaster.

—A GOOD LAW.—In Waldeck, a little German principality, a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who has the habit of getting drunk, and if one who has been a drunkard applies for such license, he must produce sufficient proof of his reformation to warrant his receiving it. Furthermore, it is required that the officer to whom application is made shall ascertain the character of both the parties who are desirous of marrying as to whether one or the other is addicted to drinking.

Is not this a good law? Is it not within the proper scope of government. Its function is to protect and assure the best interests of all subjects. Should not a thoughtless young girl be protected against the almost certain misery which union with an inebriate will bring? Why will not the young ladies of our land make a law like this for their own guidance, and refuse to receive attention from any one who tampers with intoxicants? How much suffering it would prevent!

The New Scholar.

"Girls, what do you think? We are to have a new scholar!" said Florence McFairland, entering the school room in a somewhat excited manner.

"How have you heard the news, Flo?" asked George Converse. "I hope it is to be some one we shall all like."

"I can't say for certain, but just as I had finished practicing and was coming out of the music room I heard Miss Walker and Mrs. Ensey talking about the new scholar that was soon to be here and what classes they should put her in. They said something about her being delicate and not much advanced in her studies."

"Oh! I should not wonder if it is Ida Bowman," exclaimed Susie Reed.

"Ida Bowman? Who is she?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Why, haven't you heard of the Bowman who have recently come here?"

"Do you mean the new-comers who have bought the Miller property and forwarded for it such elegant furniture from Boston?"

"Yes. Some of the family came on last week. They passed us on their way to church and looked quite stylish. Mother says there is an only daughter about my age, but she is in rather delicate health and did not come on with them, as she is still under the doctor's care and they wished to get settled first."

"The Miller mansion," as it was called, was indeed an elegant residence set back upon a high knoll and surrounded by fine old trees. There was a broad carriage-drive up to the house enclosing a smooth-lawn lawn, with here and there a few choice blooming shrubs. It was upon this lawn that Susie Reed first saw the young girl of whom they had been talking.

"Girls, she has come! Ida Bowman has come! I saw her on my way to school, and she is just lovely. She was in a wheel-chair out on the lawn. Her lap was full of flowers and a splendid Newfoundland dog seemed to be on guard. Once or twice he actually went behind her chair and pushed it as she directed him. They made a beautiful picture, for Ida has long golden ringlets, and she was dressed in light blue silk or something of the kind."

"I wonder if she is a cripple?" said George Converse. "Well, we must get and make much of her, for it will be just splendid to have a rich and aristocratic girl in our school. We have had so many poor, ill-dressed ones of late that I declare it makes the school-room actually look dingy."

"So, George, you are for having only bright butterflies of fashion about you?" said a pleasant voice near the group of girls.

Georgia looked up and felt somewhat abashed as she found Miss Walker had, unnoticed, entered the room, where a few who usually went together were already assembled.

"Don't you think beauty and wealth attractive, Miss Walker?" asked Florence McFairland.

"Certainly, in some respects. But you must remember 'handsome is that handsome does.' I have noticed of late, and with regret, little cliques among you, and that some plainly-dressed but otherwise bright scholars are receiving the cold shoulder. I should be extremely sorry if Ida Bowman's coming adds to this feeling of exclusiveness simply because her father happens to be blessed with a larger share of this world's wealth."

"Quite a lecture," whispered Susie Reed, as she bell rang and they turned to their seats. "Well, anyhow, I don't mean to associate with all sorts of people in or out of school."

Florence laughed, but George looked sober. She was thinking of what Miss Walker had just said and was wondering if she had not of late somewhat slighted a few of the scholars. But Susie Reed, Flo McFairland and Kate Bryant did have such a way of making others follow in their lead. She saw, though, that she was becoming too greatly influenced by them for one who had already professed a desire to become a follower of the lowly Jesus.

A new influence, however, was to come among them. Ida Bowman, in her wheel-chair, propelled by a pleasant-looking attendant and headed by the stately Newfoundland dog, daily made her appearance at the school room door, where she was left for a few recitations.

She was not exactly a cripple, but had fallen out of a high swing and hurt her thigh. The fright had also given a shock to her nervous system, so she was very ill for many months, and when once more able to be about appeared very weak and delicate and still suffered pain in her thigh, so the doctor objected to her walking about much until her general health improved and she grew stronger; so she spent much of her time out of doors in a wheel-chair with Nero for her companion. Study had been imperatively suggested for nearly two years, so he was usually behind

those of her own age and anxious now to make up for lost time.

Susie Reed, as near neighbor, was almost officiously polite to the little stranger on her way to school. Florence McFairland too tried to make herself of importance to the new scholar. But, somehow, though gentle and polite to all, Ida seemed to more readily accept kindnesses from the poorer children. To their surprise, the very ones whom they had slighted as almost beneath their notice, Ida would gather around her at recess, tell them stories, or share with them her fruits, nuts, or simple confections.

"Why, she is not the least bit proud or stuck up, like some of the girls," said one.

"No, indeed!" added another, "she talked just as sweetly to me yesterday as though I had been dressed in silk. I don't believe she would hurt our feelings by calling us, as Susie Reed has, 'the calico girls,' just because we can't dress as fine as they do."

"She is a dear little lady," said another, "and mother says no true lady is ever proud or stuck up."

"That's so," responded Bessie Clark. "And I believe she is a true Christian, too, for she is gentle and patient even when in pain. And she never gets angry as some of the girls do, and she looked so sorry the other day when one of them became excited about something and almost struck her school mate. I overheard Ida very gently say to them as she tried to make peace between them, 'Jesus tells us that we must love one another.'"

Ida Bowman was indeed a mystery and a study to them all, but it was not long before her influence for good was felt in the school, and the proud, haughty girls found that if they would make friends with her it must be in a different way than the exclusive one they had devised and talked over. Mrs. Ensey and Miss Walker noticed with pleasure the greater harmony among their pupils, and remarked, "How true it is a little leaven leaveneth the whole. Ida Bowman shows us this by almost unconsciously scattering about her good seeds that are beginning to bear rich fruits."

And thus the new scholar proved a blessing and example to them all by her sweet, gentle Christian ways.—*Ch. Weekly.*

The Minister's Surprise.

"Not a very promising evening for prayer meeting, John," said little Mrs. Addison, the minister's wife, as her husband beat a dismal tattoo on the window pane.

"No, I am discouraged. It rained last Wednesday, also, and our attendance lately has been lamentably small. I wish I could do something to increase it. This afternoon I saw twelve or fifteen of our young ladies going into Dr. Haverland's, and I could not help wishing they would care a little more for spiritual things; but come, dear, the bell has rung," and a few minutes later the pastor and his wife entered the little chapel, where a few very few of his people had gathered to worship God. Deacon Gross was there—"cross by name and nature," the young folks said; and dear Father Brighthope was not, and the heart of the minister fell as he made the discovery, for Father Brighthope was the minister's right hand man.

A few others had gathered, and the service began. The first hymn dragged drearily, for the chorister was absent: At its close the door opened, and fifteen young ladies entered. It seemed to the weary minister as if the dull little chapel brightened wonderfully under the influence of their bright faces.

Another hymn was given out. One of the girls volunteered her services at the organ, and the sweet old hymn floated out on the evening air and put new zest into the service.

Then the minister read one of the chapters of John; and if the prayer he made was unusually fervent, it came from a heart filled with thanksgiving to God for sending these young folks into the house of prayer.

Another song followed—"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?" and then Deacon Gross made a prayer, and the meeting was fairly begun.

There was, in a moment, a slight stir in the girl's corner, and sweet Grace Haverland rose to her feet, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "I have found Jesus, and I love him beyond all earthly telling."

Said Helen Grant next rose: "I love God because he first loved me and gave himself for me."

There was a pause, and Effie Carroll at the organ burst out into the hymn, "Wishing, Hoping, Knowing," dwelling joyfully on the chorus:

"I know he is mine,
I know he is mine,
No longer I'm hoping,
I know he is mine."

"And I know he is mine, too." It was a boyish voice—the voice of Arthur Haverland—that spoke those words, and tears of joy sprang to the pastor's eyes. He could not wait till the close of the service, and crossing the aisle, he gave the hands of his son and daughter a hearty shake.

Two more of the girls expressed a hope in Christ and three of them, including the minister's daughter Amy, expressed a desire to come to Jesus. It was a glad meeting, for God was there; and after it had ended and the minister had grasped the lady's hand, Amy whispered: "It was a prayer-meeting we attended at Dr. Haverland's, was it not?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, as Sunday that led us to think of this—the sermon you called a failure. It was from the text, 'Immanuel, God with us,' and I think God has been with us ever since."—*Church Home.*

Help by a Raven.

A good many years ago, in a village near Warsaw, in Poland, there lived a pious peasant by the name of Dobry. He was an honest man and an industrious man, but very poor. He had been sick and not able to work for some weeks. In consequence of this he got behind hand with his rent, and was unable to pay it. His landlord was a very hard man. He had called several times for the money, but could not get it. This made him angry, and he told Dobry that unless the rent was paid before the close of that day, he would send a constable the next morning and have him turned out of doors. This distressed the poor man very much, for it was just in the midst of winter. The weather was very severe. They had several small children, and the idea of being all turned out in the cold when they had no place to go for shelter, was dreadful. But Dobry was a Christian man. He knew that the eternal God was the refuge of his people. He knew what a near refuge this is. He had often turned to this refuge before when he was in trouble, and had always found relief there. He resolved to do so again in his present trouble. So at the close of the day he gathered his family together for their evening prayer. Before engaging in prayer he read the 50th Psalm, in which this precious promise is found: "Call on me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." Then they knelt in prayer. Dobry told the Lord of their trouble, and asked him to please not let them be turned out of their home in the midst of winter. When the prayer was over they sat down again, and sang one of their favorite hymns.

While they were singing there was a pecking at the door. Dobry opened the door and a raven came in. This was an old friend of theirs. Dobry's father had taken it out of the nest when it was quite young. He had reared it very kindly, and had tamed it, and then let it go. But the bird never forgot the kindness that had been shown to him, and he often came into their house, as though it was his home. As he hopped into the house on this occasion, Dobry saw that the raven had something in his bill. He reached out his hand to receive it, and the bird laid down on the palm of his hand a gold ring set with precious jewels. Dobry felt very thankful when he saw this. He knew that his Father in heaven had sent it. He took it immediately to the minister's to show it to him and ask him what he should do with it. On looking at it he saw that it belonged to Stanislaus, the King of Poland. Then he took it to him, and told him the story connected with it. The King was greatly interested in the story. He sent for Dobry and rewarded him liberally, so that he was no longer in need. Then Dobry built himself a new house, and over the door of his house a stone tablet was put in, and on the tablet was engraved a raven with a ring in his beak, and under it the promise which had been so wonderfully fulfilled on that occasion: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee" (Ps. 115).—*Bible Promises.*

Lost Opportunities.

"As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

Abbot Lee had never been accustomed to attend the sanctuary regularly, and it was a subject of remark among the churchgoers, when, one bright Sunday morning he walked into the church before Sunday-school closed, and took a seat immediately in the rear of the Bible class. Day after day he occupied the same place—never coming in, however, until after the opening of the school.

He appeared to listen attentively, and more than once Mr. Kingsbury, the superintendent, resolved to speak to him about "the one thing needful"; but, as he "was busy here and there" during the hour, he postponed the conversation until a more convenient season. One morning he was startled to hear that the young man was dead, having been sick only a few hours.

He learned that in the midst of his dying agony he had begged and prayed for a few hours more to prepare for death; but for him it had been written, that "time shall be no more." How bitterly did Mr. Kingsbury regret his indecision! He had had it in his heart to do this irreligious youth good—but, "as he was busy here and there, the man was gone."

If he were the only busy one who neglected the present for a future that may never come, the case would not be so sad.

Are there not loving mothers all over the land, who have it in their power to twine the tendrils of their little one's hearts so closely around themselves and the dear Saviour that they will never wish to go astray, who yet are so busy here and there that they lose all this sweet influence? While they are engaged with their housekeeping and the making of dainty garments for their loved ones, the children have grown up and grown away from them; and before they realize that they have lost their hold upon them, they are gone—gone forever from their grasp. Too late they discover that these sons are not "as plants grown up in their youth; nor their daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Are there not many fathers, Christian fathers, too, who neglect to impart that instruction which they owe to their sons until the world has insured them?

While the father was busy with his farm, his merchandise, or, it may be, in watering the souls of others, his own boys had gone into the whirl and dissipation of life—far out of his reach.

Let us each one strive not to let the cares and responsibilities of life cause us to neglect "the one thing needful"; and may we never be so busy here and there as to forget to speak a word for Christ, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—*Baptist Teacher.*

This, That and the Other.

—The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.—*W.R. Alger.*

—The difference between some men and a dog is that they will go into a saloon together and the dog will come out perfectly sober.

—The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden says it is right to pray for the success of your political party, "provided you don't belong to a party that is past praying for."—If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fears. His success is a question of time.—*Professor Phelps.*

—From \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 worth of gold is used annually in the shape of foil for gilding, lettering, edging of books, sign and ornamental painting and dentistry, gilding taking the greater share.

—The daily average of pages published by the American Baptist publication Society is 1,031,282. This indicates the demand of our people for denominational and religious literature.

—Oh, that I had lived more with God, though I had been less with men that are eminent in the world! How much more sweet would my life have been! How much more blameless, regular, and pure! How much more fruitful and answerable to my obligations and professions.—*Id.*

—The Buddhists continue to make most vigorous efforts to counteract the spread of Christianity in Japan, and it is said that the Honganji sect was never so busy. One school in Kioto alone is to be rebuilt at a cost of \$12,000 (Mexicans) and other Buddhist seminaries and colleges are being started in various parts of the country.

—MAKING A WILL.—There are thousands of Baptists in this land, who if they should not give all they ought while living, should make a Will and give at their decease. Now, Brethren of the Ministry, will you not see to it, that every one whom you can influence, and to whom God has given more than they will expend while living, and more than their families will need when they are gone, shall early make a Will and secure bequests for this Missionary Work and Bible Work that will aid when they will no longer be here to give it personally.—*Ex.*

—Protestantism is gaining ground in France. In 1813 it could not number 150 pastors, neither did it possess a single charity, educational or evangelizing establishment. But now it has 900 pastors, 37 orphan homes, 42 retreats for the aged, two convalescent reformatories for prisoners, and numerous blind, deaf and dumb asylums. A new impetus has been given to evangelistic work, and the prospects for the future look very encouraging.

—Some would-be wag sent Henry Ward Beecher a letter, containing on a sheet of paper only the words "April Fool." Mr. Beecher opened it, and then a delighted smile beamed over his face as he exclaimed: "Well I've often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign it, but this is the first case of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."—*Id.*