

Messenger and Visitor.

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RENEW! RENEW!

The time for renewal of subscription for the MESSENGER and VISITOR has come to the most of our subscribers. Would all whose subscription expired Jan. 1st kindly renew at once and get the advantage of the reduced rate.

Please send money by registered letters or post office order. Do not send cheques for small amounts, for there is a charge of from 15 to 25 cents on each for collection.

For convenience sake, if two subscribers will remit together, it would make even money.

All pastors of churches are our authorized agents. Money paid to them will be credited as though sent direct to the office.

We wish to warn those who desire to discontinue the paper that all arrearages must be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per year. We cannot accept the advance rate of \$1.50 from those who intend to drop the paper. If any are in straitened circumstances, let them get the pastor to write in their behalf, and they will find that every consideration will be shown them.

ANOTHER great Baptist leader has fallen. Dr. Dodge, president of Madison University and of Hamilton Theological Seminary, died on Sabbath morning, Jan. 15th, in the 71st year of his age. For thirty-seven years he has been connected with the institutions at Hamilton, as professor and as president. His work has been of the more quiet kind; but none the less has he exerted a great influence in shaping the minds and lives of successive classes of students for so many years. The influenza—La Grippe—which has been sweeping over Europe, has been especially fatal to celebrated personages. The Empress Dowager Augusta of Germany, Lord Cairns, Lord Napier and others have already fallen victims. Dr. Dollinger, the famous leader of the old Catholic movement, has also joined the majority, at the age of 91. From the catalogue of Newton, we find that but one other institution has as many of her students at this oldest Baptist theological school in this continent as our own, Acadia and Brown being represented by ten each. Never was Newton more vigorous. We are glad so many of our young men are at so good a place; but we should be more glad still could we secure their services for our destitute churches, when their course is finished.

A Mrs. Hiller is spending about half a million dollars on her own and her husband's tomb; but their bodies will moulder to dust all the same. The paupers in England have decreased from 45 per 1000 inhabitants in 1857 to 23.7 per 1000 in 1889. Dr. H. L. Wayland gives as a definition of a saint, "a man with convictions who has been dead a hundred years; canonized now, uncanonized then."

—SLAVERY.—The authorities of the Congo Free State are determined to put down slavery inside their territory. Three military stations have been formed for the purpose, and ten armed steamers will patrol the Upper Congo and its tributaries. A force of 2,200 native soldiers is already equipped, which will be increased to 8,000 should there be need. The slave trade is making its last bloody harvest. With trading companies pressing into Central and Equatorial Africa, this lane of the country cannot continue very long, even though selfish European governments look on while the curse is rending Africa's palpitating heart.

—OTHERS FOLLOWING.—The Presbyterians of Ontario are considering the question on which our own denomination took such decided action at Ottawa. The Jesuit grant is already bringing forth good fruit. Equal rights in government patronage is not what religion wants, but no rights to it, and no acceptance of aid. The Canada Presbyterian states: The Hamilton Ministerial Association at its last meeting passed unanimously the following resolution: Inasmuch as it is the belief of this association that the genius of the Christian religion is the entire separation of Church and State: Resolved, That this association believes that the consistent application of this principle requires the abolition of all grants to religious bodies for sectarian purposes, and therefore of Separate Schools supported out of public rates; and that all property held by or for religious bodies, and all church officials cease to receive civil patronage in the form of exemptions from taxation.

—CHINA ANNOUNCED.—It would seem that China is awakening from her long sleep of centuries, only less rapidly than Japan. Dr. Lowry, of Peking, writes an article under the above caption to the Christian Advocate, from which we clip the following:

Notwithstanding determined opposition from the conservative ranks, the new movement is rapidly gaining ground. Memorials from many of the leading statesmen in different parts of the empire have been presented, advocating new departures everywhere. The telegraph stretches in every direction, reaching all the great centres of trade and influence. An extensive merchant marine carries its merchandise to every port. A well-organized navy defends the coast, and foreign-drilled troops protect the interior, and now the government has given its sanction to the construction of a great system of railways. Compared with this latter movement, all the other evidences of progress are insignificant. This will affect every subject in the empire, and revolutionize the social condition of all classes of society.

The need of Christians being wide awake to give the gospel to this great people as fast as they open their minds to new ideas, is obvious.

—ANOTHER BLOW AT THE PAPACY.—The Italian government is striking home at the political claims and prerogatives of the Papacy. The last blow which has been given is in relation to eleemosynary trusts.

Heretofore it has been customary to leave to the Church and the priestly authorities the disposition of the alms and charitable funds. But a law has been passed, recently, by which this office is removed from the priesthood and assigned to persons appointed by the State, so that they are to be accounted for. It will not, henceforth, be lawful, in Italy, for the priest to receive from a dying man or woman a sum of money as a consideration for saying a certain number of masses for the giver, when dead. The State will take charge of such funds and will see to it that the masses are properly said, or the money will not be paid over. So when a young woman, with a fortune, enters a nunnery, her property will not go to the priests or bishops to be used by them, but to the State to be used as it may seem good to others beside the priests. So also of the endowments of monasteries, nunneries, etc. This seems to be one of the severest blows ever aimed at the vitals of the church.

—"HAPPY NEW YEAR."—The following was sent by a pastor to one of the editors of the Evangelist, and was esteemed so excellent that it was published in this paper. We insert it in the MESSENGER and VISITOR, hoping it may be helpful:

With this wish and prayer your pastor greets you this New Year's day. It is a new year now open to you. It is a fresh leaf which the all-glorious God turns to you, saying, "Begin here upon this unmarred page your life once more." The griefs, the sins of the past—let them go. Lay down your burden, whatever it may be, of care, fear, folly, guilt, or sorrow, at this threshold of the New Year, and leave the burden there. Lay the load at the blessed feet of the great Burden Bearer, and never try to lift it more. Would you have the New Year happy? Make each day of it indeed new, untouched by yesterday's shadow, unclouded by to-morrow's fear. Live in the sunshine of each today, praying always, "Give me, Father, to-day my daily bread," and eating with joy the bread daily given.

—DURING MY sore sickness a song came to me, which I have made my matin hymn. May it be yours also to ring like a silver bell, striking the hours of each day of the coming year.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning. Here is a beautiful hope for you—A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over, The tasks are done and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover; Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled, Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever, Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight; With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight, Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them, Cannot undo and cannot atone; God in His mercy receive them! Only the new days are our own, To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—RESOLUTION.—At the December meeting of the Hants Co. Aux. H. M. Board, Rev. Herbert J. Foshey resigned his office of president, and spoke of the satisfaction with which he had labored with his brethren in Hants Co., and the regret he experienced in parting with them. Rev. J. Murray then moved, and Rev. P. S. McGregor seconded the following: Resolved, That we record our high appreciation of Rev. Herbert J. Foshey, both as a Christian gentleman and as a faithful laborer for Christ. Our intercourse with him has been most kindly, and every department of Christian work has received his earnest and generous support. It is with deep regret that we accept his resignation, and trust that in the church to which he goes he may find a noble people and have large success in his loved work.

German Correspondence.

BELIN, Dec. 9.

A great deal of traffic in Berlin is carried on by means of canal-boats. There is nothing more picturesque in the city than these long, narrow boats moving slowly through the dark-colored water. They come in from the surrounding country, (which is intersected by a network of small lakes, canals, and branches of the Spree), laden with bricks, plaster, coal, wood, and all sorts of farm produce. Some of them are painted in brilliant colors, green, yellow, blue, and red, and after they are unloaded and the sides and hulls appear above the surface of the water the Hafensplaeze (four-sided expansions of the canal where the boats come for unloading) are aglow with their reflections and that of the busy life upon the banks. Very often the boats loaded with fruit and vegetables do not go to the Hafensplaeze, but anchor close under the stone walls of the narrow canal. The wares are set forth for sale upon rough wooden stalls erected on deck, and there the whole family of the owner—for they know no other home—sit and enjoy themselves and make picturesque scenes for the passer-by to admire! The way in which the boats are propelled is even more picturesque, but it is extremely doubtful if the poor canal-dwellers find the sweat of their brows anything more than a pretty tough way of earning their bread. The canals are not very deep, and long poles, nearly the length of the boat, are pushed into the muddy bottom, the men stand at the bow, and leaning their shoulders against the crutch-shaped upper ends of the poles, walk in a nearly horizontal position to the stern, draw the poles out, and repeat the process. In this way two or three men, or even one man with his wife and children to help, can bring a heavily-laden boat forward at a rate plainly perceptible to the naked eye. When they pass under a bridge which has to be raised or drawn, the whole neighborhood is in commotion. Street-cars and omnibuses gather in line on either side, idlers hang over the railings of the canal, and everybody but a few cranky people who are in a hurry are sorry when they get through. At night the canals are doubly attractive. Each boat carries two colored lights, and the reflections of rows of street-lamps quiver in the water like golden spindles twisted by the water-kelpies. There is witchery in the commonest water-side lane.

A most interesting and characteristic class of laborers in the great daily struggle for bread are the dogs, which, in Berlin, are very commonly used as draught animals. Sometimes there is only one harnessed to the pole of a small wagon, with a man or woman pulling upon the other side; and again as many as four manage to draw the load of a small horse. As far as I have observed them, they are treated kindly and with proper care, but their extreme willingness to work, and the wistful way they seem to regard the world to which they only half belong, makes the sight a very pitiful one. What may be their views of life and their feelings toward the boriborred and careens ladies' darlings, perked up on the velvet cushions of those elegant equipages rolling by? Their masters could best answer the question.

But for dogs who have nothing to do, Berlin is a veritable Elysium. There are thousands of them (literally) running about the streets, well muzzled, but for all that poking their inquisitive noses into everything of interest to dogs or men. One of the most esteemed breeds is called the "Mops," and is said to have been introduced from Russia. The story is as follows: King Frederick William IV. once paid a visit to England, and while at Windsor Castle admired very much a fine collection of dogs belonging to the Queen; but, with the true spirit of German criticism, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Only the Mops is wanting!" The Queen's curiosity was aroused and she desired him to procure a specimen for her. This the King promised to do but alas! upon his arrival home he found that the only Mops in the kingdom, an old fellow who had kept watch for many years at the door of the royal library in Berlin, was irretrievably dead. What was to be done? The royal word must be kept, but not even the royal command could create a Mops. At last, when the Mopless epidemic was at its height, a Russian general, who happened to be at court at the time, declared very logically, "With us in Russia the Mops must be hunted up, because the emperor can will it so!" So word was sent to St. Petersburg, and Emperor Nicholas took the matter in hand at once. An old Jew in his service, who knew where everything sought was to be found, was sent south to the Crimea for the thirtieth time in

his life, but certainly for the first time with such an important commission. There, on the veranda of her castle, sat an old lady surrounded—not by her children and grandchildren—but by seven Mops, every one of the seven unspeakably well formed, with the necessary short ears, short, blunt, black nose, and the dearest little tail in the world curled up into exactly a ring and a half upon the fawn-colored back. The old Jew presented the Emperor's compliments; the old lady, who was a countess, bowed, and the very prettiest of the Mops was whisked away to become the founder of a new race for the delight of thousands of dog-lovers in Germany, England, and America.

In the next letter I hope to write about some other ways and doings of people in Berlin.

"I Hear the Roll of Tears."

I hear them individually as each old one is shunted and side-tracked and put into the museum of past worthies. I hear the new one puffing and moving out of the station for its fixed journey. I hear the decades sweep across the stage. Another one brings us to the end of a century. I hear the centuries as they move onward towards the consummations of the ages, and amid this ra id on-roll of years I hear the plain injunction, "What thou hast to accomplish on life's mortal stage, thou must do quickly." This sharp turn from old year to new makes one's ears quick and attend. I step down from the station platform. I place my ear on the rail; I hear. I hear the train, my train, and now, longer or shorter, it is only a question of hours ere I go.

I suppose we have all been through this sort of reverie recently—have been through and come out, I hope, on the right side, and are now more set than before to do our part in the work committed to human hands.

Probably the old and new year found the desolated run-coursed city of Halifax more deeply engrossed in the liquor question than in any other, for the local election is still some months in the future. The condition of this city from a temperance point of view is really appalling. What is the fact? Three-fifths of the rate-payers (meaning thereby the payers of rates and those of the provincial franchise lists) are in favor of rum-selling. How do I know? One hundred and eighteen applications for license have been signed each by three-fifths of the rate-payers in the section to which the application relates. That certainly means that a large majority of the citizens favor rum-selling and run-drinking and drink-ard making, and are willing to subscribe their names in token of their desire. This is the appalling fact which presents its grim front to the temperance reformer, whether Good Templar, or Sons of Temperance, or W. C. T. U. Such being the condition of the constituency we shall expect to find the city council a rum council. Is it so? It is. Like people like representatives. Recently a strong effort was made to displace the city license inspector, who is evidently so-called because he does not inspect. The W. C. T. U. petitioned to have him removed. A strong case of neglect of duty was made out against him. The council's committee reported adversely to the inspector, but not unanimously, for his removal. The council were a tie when the vote was taken, and the mayor decided in favor of retaining the inspector. Thus the matter stands, and I fear it thus will stand for long. Meanwhile I fear the three-fifths will increase in number till the case is beyond hope. What should be done? I think there should be many temperance sermons, many temperance addresses, much temperance instruction in schools, but besides, and better than these, much hand to hand work with individual rate-payers. The rum-seller takes the ratepayers one by one and gets three-fifths. Let the temperance reformer adopt the same plan, make a start months before the time for filing applications, and do his utmost by persuasion and entreaty to win to his side upwards of two-fifths at least of the rate-payers. Here is the spot where efficient work can be done. It must be done here or it will not be done at all. The liquor dealer studies this business of obtaining licenses and you find him very active in placing the names of his friends on the voters' lists. Every name thus secured goes to make up his three-fifths. The liquor dealer does not much care about temperance sermons, but he would have reason to fear his own tactics skillfully and persistently played off against him. Oh! I do hope the temperance reformers will really get down to the huge business they have in hand and do it manfully.

And I hope liquor drinking will be gotten out of our churches, and that the churches will bow themselves to the work of reform.

The interest in the work of united prayer-meetings seems to be waning. The meetings in Halifax and Dartmouth were not largely attended. The weather has not been favorable, but I suspect the experiment of united meetings has about run its course.

Halifax and Dartmouth each sends four students this term to the Wolfville institutions. This is better than they have done for many years. Two of our wealthiest citizens, John Gibson and Thomas A. Ritchie, have died since the year came in. This means the distribution of well nigh a million of dollars among a large circle of legatees.

I forgot to mention that no Baptist or Methodist is among the 118 applicants for license to sell intoxicating liquors. Halifax, Jan. 14. OBSERVER.

An Ant Funeral.

Mrs. Hutton gives this account in the Evangelist, of some ants which she saw in Sydney. Having killed a number of soldier-ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says:

"I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the nest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walked regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier-ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs; and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two leading ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ant's grave. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging. These were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of the ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it."

W. B. M. U.

"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY. "For an outpouring of the Spirit of Missions on our home churches."—Matt. 18: 19.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Miss Nettie Fitch to her mother, and will be perused with much interest by the readers of the MESSENGER and VISITOR:—

STRAINSHIP REWA, Dec. 2, 1889.

"If you are not wearied with my descriptions, I shall try to give you some idea of Naples as it appeared to me last Saturday. We entered the harbor at 7 o'clock, a. m. The morning was not particularly bright, and at first we feared the day would be positively disagreeable. But the sun soon succeeded in dispersing both the clouds and our doubts. Breakfast was at 8.30, a half hour earlier than usual. Nearly every one was on deck long before that time, myself among the number. I had been able, while dressing, to catch occasional glimpses of the city, and thought it looked quite common-place, but rather pretty. But when I ascended the gangway and stepped out on the other side of the ship, a sight met my astonished gaze that made me tremble with surprise and delight. There, right before me, lifting its awful head skyward, was Mount Vesuvius, with its column of smoke, and its little patch of snow at the very summit, relieving somewhat the general blackness. But there it stood frowning down upon us, bringing to mind the devastations of former days, and its present terrible

possibilities in the same direction. Notwithstanding the dreadful experience of the past, the people still continue to build and live, not only at the foot, but up the sides almost to the top of the treacherous mountain. Several parties started to visit Pompeii. The captain said there would be time to visit the ruins and be back in good season. My friends and I decided not to go as we wished to do a little shopping in Naples, and knew we would not have time for both. We well knew that the moment we stepped on the wharf we would be seized with offers of assistance and it was even so. We had decided to dispense with such offers, and enjoy the pleasure of piloting ourselves about. The task proved even more difficult than we anticipated, for two men fastened themselves upon us like leeches, and for nearly a mile at every turn or corner they besought us afresh to accept their escort. Finally we managed to convince them they were not wanted. Shortly after we engaged the services of a nice old man, who for a shilling apiece agreed to conduct us over the town and interpret for us. I do not know that it would be at all wise for me to attempt a description of the streets of Naples. You have doubtless seen pictures which would convey to your minds a better idea of them, than any words of mine could do. However, I shall try to tell you something of the old portion of the town, which is far the most interesting. Walking up from the wharf we went aside from the thoroughfare into a narrow alley, dirty, odoriferous, full of stalls, ill-kept men and women, ragged urchins, etc., and soon found ourselves in an old court, walled in on all sides by tall, old brick buildings in various stages of decay. The windows were narrow and high up from the ground, many of them were adorned with window boxes filled with flowering plants. Opposite to us was another narrow alley, across which, from window to window, were fastened cords hung full with freshly washed clothing. The floor of the court was paved with stone, which was worn in hollows by the tramp of many feet for ages past. The place was full of busy life, old women with their stalls, men with donkey carts—and men who seemed to be donkeys without carts—in other words loafers, flower girls, beggars of the Italian wretchedness. We soon found ourselves the objects of wondering gaze, and decided to make our stay short. We next asked our guide to take us to some store where we could purchase some sun hats and some muslin to trim them. He took us to several fashionable stores before we succeeded in making him understand the kind of hat we wanted. He said, "I take you to the great bazaar, and he did. It was a curious place indeed. We entered from the street which seemed to be a narrow store, with no counter, but goods displayed in great profusion on either side. We passed on for a rod or two, and down some steps, and found another kind of goods displayed in the same way, and so it was down, down as far as the eye could see. Here we had quite a time to get precisely what we wanted. In my efforts to explain to the guide that I wanted a hat for the sun, he grew confused, and said, "Oh, yes, for your son, I see!" and immediately began to tell the store keeper that I wanted a hat for my little boy. . . . I at last found something that would do, but it was an exorbitant price, and I undertook, in oriental fashion, to barter for a lower price. I succeeded beyond my expectations, and would doubtless have gotten it much cheaper still had I been wise enough to extend the parley."

DARTMOUTH.

This Sunday school, in its capacity as a Mission Band, gave its fourth quarterly public exercise, Sunday, Jan. 5th. The programme indicated in the Primary Quarterly, with additions adapted to the older classes, was successfully presented. One of the most pleasing features was the tree upon which the offerings of each class were placed. The amount raised during the quarter was \$18. The school supports itself, and these are additional offerings. It is impossible to over-estimate the benefits of the whole Sunday-school thus being brought under missionary training, and engaging in missionary work.

M. W. W.

The Women's Union Missionary meeting was held in the Brussels St. Baptist vestry, Thursday p. m., Jan. 9, and was presided over by Mrs. W. J. Stewart. On account of the storm, not more than fifty ladies were present. An enjoyable session was experienced.

The power of Christianity centres in the person of its Lord, and the Christian motive that is strongest and most powerful always is "for my sake."—Dr. W. M. Taylor.