

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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VOL. IV.

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NO 18

HEROIC.—The heroic martyr age is not past. It will continue till the end, in some form. We are accustomed to regard the South Sea Islands as evangelized, and this is largely true. Still, courage is required in carrying the gospel to those who remain heathen. One secret of the wonderful success of the gospel in the islands of the Pacific, is to be seen in a statement of Rev. W. W. Gill, missionary to the Hervey group. He began work 37 years ago. Since the natives began to believe, no less than sixty of his church have been killed, while carrying the gospel to their savage brethren. Devotion like this will ever be blessed of God to accomplish wonders. O that we had more of it among our churches at home!

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY.—The leader of the Knights of Labor has again shown his wisdom. He has already taken a bold, firm stand against the liquor traffic; he has now written a letter to dissuade the Knights from strikes, &c., and advising them to return to the original object of their organization,—industrial and economic education. In view of the fact that about \$3,000,000 have been lost to employees and as much more to employers, the last year from strikers, it is time a change took place. There is a growing feeling against the attempt of the Knights to coerce manufacturers, and Mr. Powderly will have general sympathy in his course.

JEWISH CONVERTS.—Our readers have been made acquainted with the Judæo-Christian movement under Jos. Babiowitch. A similar movement is now in progress in Siberia. A Polish Jew, Jacob Zibi Scheinman, was banished to Siberia, on a false charge. Before his banishment he had become convinced that the Messiah had come in the time of the second temple. It was not till a tract of Rabiaowitch fell into his hands that Jesus of Nazareth was accepted from the heart. He procured more of this remarkable man's writings, which were read by many of his fellow Jews. Finally he secured a copy of the New Testament, and is pressing it upon the attention of the Jews in Siberia and Poland with great success, as it is being read by them as never before. These movements, springing up from the heart of Judæism itself, seem directly of God, and must, therefore, be full of good omen.

AGGRESSIVE ROMANISM.—Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, is a fair embodiment of the Romish spirit. He is ever ready to bring the power of the Church to bear to carry his point in politics or every kind. He has just interfered in the election of a trustee for the Separate School in one of the wards in Toronto. He selected the candidate he desired chosen, and then issued a pastoral, enjoining upon all true Catholics to vote for him. He claims, on behalf of the Church, the absolute right to determine whom Romanists should choose for a position of this kind, on the ground that "the Church justly and religiously claims the right to define the bounds and rights of her own jurisdiction." This simply means that the Church is to be supreme in civil as well as ecclesiastical power, and shows that Romanism only lacks the power to be the Romanism of the dark ages.

In Montreal the priesthood has set up a claim to have an image of the Virgin erected in the chief park of the city, while, not long since, they strove to secure from the Quebec Legislature the setting up of a crucifix in all the court houses of the province.

Dr. Fulton has been in Toronto on his mission of awakening Protestants to their danger from the aggressions of Romanism. He has aroused strong feelings on both sides. Archbishop Lynch met his charges against the nuns by an offer to have them visited by any delegation the city might select. This, however, does not prove much. The nuns are too thoroughly in the power of the Church to divulge, and suitable preparation could be made for a visit that was expected.

NEW CONVERTS.—Quite a number of churches are rejoicing over accessions to membership. Permit us to remind them and their pastors of the well known fact that the future usefulness or uselessness of these will be determined, in nine cases out of ten, in the first six months after profession of conversion. The habits of the new life will be pretty well formed, or so far on the way as to give a pretty good index of what the life is to be.

We fear that pastors and churches are too well satisfied with mere participation in conference and social services. It should be more strongly impressed upon correct that secret prayer, the study of God's word, family worship, if they are parents, active work of some or several kinds, and liberal giving will alone keep up the inner life and make a strong Christian character and assure a useful career. If these are not attended to, the fruit-fulness of quickened feeling will soon subside, the altar fire of the heart will soon burn low for want of fuel. The blowing upon them by appeal,

&c., at public service will soon fail to produce any heat. The life will lose its motive power and spontaneity. The force of duty may make the convert go through the motives of life for a season; but he will surely sink down into a cold dead apathy, after a time.

The duty of pastors and churches is plain. Instruct these precious souls. Watch over them. Help them to begin right. Do not be satisfied with mere prayer meeting exercises, although these are of great importance. Insist on the great duties and privileges of the inner life and the outward service.

ILLITERACY IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the census of 1880, there were over 6,000,000 of voting age illiterates, or unable to write. Of these, a little over half belong to the colored race.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—A few years ago, Gardner Colby left a very large bequest to Colby University, Maine, besides remembering other good objects very liberally. His example was followed by the late Ex-Governor Coburn, who bequeathed over \$500,000 to various denominational purposes. Now we find that a Mrs. Hawkes, of Paris, Me., has willed \$50,000 to the Maine Baptist State Convention, \$50,000 to the church at Mechanic Falls, and \$25,000 to the W. B. H. M. Society. May it not be that each of the former bequests has helped to stimulate this lady to do likewise? May we not hope that the example of Mr. McMaster here in Canada will stimulate other wealthy Baptists to give large sums to the Lord's work. May the Lord open some of their hearts to help Aodias in this her time of pressing need.

COMPLIMENT TO THE MINISTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.—A fund has been subscribed by temperance men in the United States to send the *Voice*, the able organ of the Prohibition Party, to all the clergymen of the country. Already nearly \$30,000 have been contributed. The liquor men are becoming alarmed. They see that the ministers of the land have a mighty power, and that the *Voice* is converting many of them to its view. They are, therefore, planning to counteract its influence. To this end, they are also raising a fund in order to put their literature into the hands of all the ministers of the United States. While this recognition of their political importance is complimentary, we doubt whether the move on the part of the rummen will be appreciated very highly by those on behalf of whom it is made.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—An illustration of the disproportionate influence of the Irish in American politics is seen in a fact brought out in a message by Mayor Hewitt, of New York, to the aldermen of that city.

While the Irish born are less than sixteen and a half per cent. of the city's population, they have twenty-seven per cent. in the board of aldermen, twenty-eight and one tenth per cent. on the police force, and nearly thirty-seven per cent. in the institutions cared for by the board of charities and corrections.

This state of things is due largely to the fact that they embody the political power of the Roman hierarchy, and hold together. They are, therefore, in a position to make their own terms with the politicians, who have no higher aim than to get power and keep it. It is not a hopeful indication that New York, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco and, perhaps, Chicago are virtually under the control of the Romish element.

CHRISTLIKE.—How often do good people shrink from laboring and associating with those who are beneath them in intelligence and who are, perhaps, vulgar and very unamiable. There may be no doubt about the piety of these latter, with all their imperfections; but there is, nevertheless, a sense of repulsion which prevents our hearty fellowship. In all this, how different are men from God himself! All who do anything in the cause of good, no matter how illiterate or fallible they may be, are workers together with God. He does not refuse to co-operate with them in work. He also holds the most intimate fellowship with all who have the smallest spark of desire after himself, and what is like him. How this should shame any who are holding aloof from those who differ from them in tastes and sympathies! If God himself will deign to hold communion with them, and associate them with him in his work, surely we should all esteem it even a privilege to be intimate with those to whom God shows such favor. When we remember that he, in all his perfection and holiness, meets the infinite stoop to associate even with the best of us, we should well-even shudder at the thought of asserting any little superiority we have as a barrier to the near and dear relationship which will make us the greatest blessing to the lowly, and make our work with them most effective for others.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY.—Dr. McMaster has been appointed Chancellor of McMaster University. His past experience, his ability and his enthusiasm as an education-

alist give him exceptional qualifications for this responsible position. We are glad to know he is sound on the question of Independence versus Federation. The new University will have the warmest sympathy of all the Baptists of the Dominion, as it starts on what we all hope may be a grand career of helpfulness to the educational interests of the country generally, and of our denomination especially.

LOSSES.—Dr. M. B. Anderson, after having held the office of President of Rochester University for thirty-five years, has been compelled to resign, on account of failing health. Brown University will probably lose our old class-mate; Prof. E. B. Andrews, as he will probably accept a professorship offered him at Cornell.

CONTROVERSY ON BAPTISM.—It has been a long time since there has been a discussion on the question of baptism. We had about concluded that our Pedobaptist friends had concluded, from experience of attempts of the kind in the past, that it did not pay. A discussion has begun in the *Albert Maple Leaf*, however, which promises to assume large proportions. Bro. Weeks replied to the letter of Mr. Paisley, from which we quoted two weeks ago, in a very clear and effective way. Another Methodist minister, who is very free to state Bro. Weeks as "the good brother," "the dear brother," and an Episcopal clergyman, reply as well as Mr. Paisley. Bro. Weeks wisely refuses to be confused by the multitude of voices, and replies to Mr. Paisley, and then continues the course of study outlined by him, in a way which may well make this reverend gentleman feel he has met a foe man worthy of his steel, if he has not caught a tartar; Bro. Weeks at the same time intimating that he will attend to the others, if they will wait until he is through with his present opponent. Two other jobs in their own accord, on the Baptist side. And now comes the last *Maple Leaf* with seven communications on the other side.

We are not sorry that this discussion has begun. Our people are in danger of accepting our beliefs and not knowing the grounds of them. They are also liable to be carried away with the sentimental busbush about baptism being only a form, and, therefore, of no account, forgetting it is a command of Christ, and that it is a great bulwark of the faith when kept as instituted, or a great inlet of false doctrine when subverted. A discussion now and then helps to intelligencize, and a firmer grip of the truth. We have never known a case where we have lost anything by a discussion of this kind. The truth is always safe; it is error only that need fear the most searching examination. Bro. Weeks has shown himself well posted and able to meet all comers. One of his reverend antagonists seems much more brave since Bro. W. has stated he will not burn aside from Bro. Paisley till he has done.

By Wheel and By Keel.
NO VII.
BY WHEEL.

It must have been early afternoon when we reached the base of the terraced or billowy slope of eastern Nevada, and glided out over the great brown bottom of the Basin. For some time there had been hardly more than suggestions of vegetable life. The plucky little sage-bush, that held its own with such grip and grip for a thousand miles of the journey, often in places arid and sterile enough, had been gradually calling off its forces, and effecting a mastery and gamey retreat; till only homocarpic detachments, scattered at rare intervals over the field, maintained the unequal struggle, like little Baptist churches planted in the frontier states and provinces. It is worthy of particular remark, in this connection, that the sage shrub is never growing singly along these desert edges. The hot, dry breath, and the hot, dry touch of the desert would shrivel it. Several plants are always clustered together, sheltering and strengthening each other. The frontier church may have to struggle for life, but the frontier isolated christian will soon have no life to struggle for—and there are many frontiers both for churches and individual christians, beside the geographical ones.

But now even these specks of vegetation have vanished, and we are fairly out upon the Sahara of the West. It is an utter desert, in every sense, but not a desert plain, being thickly set with smooth, rounded hills, among which lie gently sloping valleys, and tiny levels. It is not at all a sandy complexion, the reddish, yellowish, or whitish hue which one might expect, but is a uniform dark brown. This is due to the fact that the volcanic infested region in old time, and its original sands and clays have been mixed with or covered with lava and scoria. The wear and tear of wind and frost through unnumbered ages has removed all angles and edges, and powdered over the whole land-

scape sand or lava dust, giving the smooth, curved look to the hills and valleys.

One would never have expected to find a desert so beautiful. It was marvellous what an effect that master-artist, Nature, had wrought on such unpromising canvas, with one color and one variety of lines. Those low hills with their soft, graceful curves, showing a warm brown in the sun and a cool brown in the shadow, set among deep-lined brown hollows, and soft-toned brown levels, smooth as sandaled floors.

But time and train wait for no man, and so evening approached we found ourselves ascending the western slope, with signs of life and vegetation again around us. The brown hills have so enchanted us that we have given only a hasty glance to the great Sink of Humboldt Lake in view of which we passed, or to the White Plains, farther on. At Mirage, in that vicinity, are visible sometimes those fair but delusive appearances of green fields and flowing streams which often beguile the traveller in Africa or Arabia. But these and all the other desert wonders are behind us, and we are ascending up the Truckee Valley to the Sierra Nevada, the last great mountain wall that bars us from the sea. Already, when far out among the lava hills we have had ravishing visions of the most outstanding or upstanding peaks. Far away beyond the brown waste we could see their snowy summits pushed up into the sky, and kindled by the setting sun into such glory that they seemed of heaven rather than of earth.

The Truckee River, up whose canyon we are torn for eighty miles, rises in the two delightful lakes, Donner and Tahoe, at the base of the Sierras, and falls into the two dismal sinks, Pyramid and Winnemucca, north of the Humboldt sink, in the desert. The canyon is in a very clear and broken and wild scenery, but the sight hides it from our eyes. Meanwhile we must not forget the people outside the car, in these wild lands through which we have been moving. They have not been many, but they have been of interesting types.

From time to time the Piute or Shoshone Indians enlivened the scene. They have various reservations in the western states. They are not unlike the Mimosa of the provinces in general aspect. They are probably more copper-colored and of larger frame, but in their face-lines, gait, bearing, and costume, the casual observer would note little difference. Here and there their wigwags appeared among the sage-bush and grass-wood, or a tall Indian with nodding plumes and painted face came stalking over the gravel. At the stations little groups of them gathered: squaws with paposes on their backs, and braves with feathers and war-paint in all the degrees of ugliness. Their conversation with passengers was cordial, brief, and to the point; their pet phrases being "Gimmamommas, gimmoommas."

An evidence that we were nearing that far west, which is east, was the growing number of Chinamen. John continually crops up. He is wailer in the restaurants, he is savvy on the road, he is hawker of wood, and drawer of water. He is shabby, immobile face, his long queue, his loose, baggy garments, his curious curved shoes, add a fine flavor of orientalism to the scenery. What breaths of free, fresh air he must draw, out in these wilds where a man may have a square mile of creation to himself, after the crowded and filthy cities of China.

But this vast territory, between the Missouri and the Pacific (comprising the larger half of the United States) is chiefly subject to the miner's pick and the cow-boy's lariat. A broad ribbon of prairie along the Missouri, the vicinity of New Zion, and the valleys of California are dotted with cozy farm-houses, and every acre under the plow is increased. Here and there among the mountains is reared the rude log camp of the lumberman. But the miner's cabin and the cow-boy's ranch control most of this immense area. Of the miners we have few glimpses. They are off in the recesses of the hills, boring like moles into the bowels of the earth, and bringing forth treasures of gold and silver and all manner of metals and minerals. But the cow-boys are like wallows, skimming over the plains and valleys. From mid-Nevada, on into California he may be seen roaming at will, like the Bedouin he is keeping watch over his Texas steers, hardly more brimmed with leather, belted jumper, tight leggings and high boots, mounted on his tawny bronco, with Mexican saddle and bow-shaped leather stirrups, with pistol stuck in his belt and lariat in his hand, he makes quite a romantic picture. He would figure to advantage in a dime novel, rather than as a hero of a Sunday school book.

We know what men almost inevitably become, when the quiet but mighty restraints of home, church, and settled society are removed, and the old Adam is monarch of all he surveys. We may hope that through the development of the

country, the multiplication of towns, the growth of family life and the westward march of the church, this vast region—now a wilderness moral as well as physical—shall blossom as the garden of the Lord.

One feature of the West which the railway has obliterated is the emigrant wagon. The old track along which the "prairie schooner" sailed its slow way toward the sunset, has been near as during most of the journey from Council Bluffs. It is a road sown with graves, and watered with tears and blood. It was worn by men mammon-mad, who cared more for gold than for home, friends,—and apparently—life itself. If I may quote again Mr. Croft's very readable "Tourist," "The first gold discovery was made Jan. 19, 1848. The announcement caused the wildest gold fever excitement ever experienced, not only in America but in every part of the civilized world. Tens of thousands in the Atlantic states left all they held dear to make their fortunes in the new El Dorado. Ships, steamers, barques, brigs, and all manner of sailing vessels were chartered or purchased for a trip 'round the Horn.' Thousands, again, boldly struck out on land, crossing almost unknown, trackless deserts and pathless mountains. Horses, mules and cattle were pressed into service, as well as all kinds of conveyances, while many started with hand-carts, propelling them themselves, upon which they packed their tools and provisions for the trip. Again, others started with only what they could pack on their backs."

It has been estimated, and we think correctly, could the bones of these emigrants be collected, and those of their animals, together with their wagons and carts, in one continuous line between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast, since the rush began in 1848, they would be more numerous and closer together than the telegraph poles on the line of the Pacific railway. How long will it be before the death-roll of the missionaries into all the world shall equal that? A few men die in Africa or India for the gospel's sake, and the church stands aghast at the sacrifice. Ten thousand die for gold's sake, and men hardly wonder. Surely in this also Christ's yoke is easy and his burden is light.

We breakfast in Sacramento, the capital of California, a city about equal in size to St. John. That it is the equal of St. John in any other respect, far be it from me to estimate; but it is a pleasant place enough, situated at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, with fine buildings and broad smooth streets, well lined with shade trees. The great wall of the Sierras, which confronted us at sunset, is all behind us now. Up we had soared in the darkness, rising sometimes a hundred feet in a mile, past Truckee city, which thrust its roofs sharply up to resist the weight of the snow, which falls to a depth of twenty feet; through long tunnels and miles upon miles of snow-sheds, sharp-peaked like the houses along the way, down, down the western slopes, a wild coast, 7,000 feet fall in a hundred miles, from snowy summits to green fields and gardens of bloom between midnight and morning; skirting the Great American Canyon, where the river flows, a thread of foam, below us, penned in by perpendicular cliffs, 2,000 feet high; swinging around the bare shoulder of Cape Horn, with a chasm 2,500 feet deep beneath us, and a crag of unknown height above, and rolling out at last into the fair valleys of California, rich with orchards and vineyards.

The ninety mile run to San Francisco, formed a very pleasant conclusion to the long chapter of travel. It was through a goodly land of green grain fields, and apparently limitless stretches of vines and fruit trees. Beside the stations stood the eucalyptus tree, with thick leaves of shining green, and the mangonia, which sheds its bark instead of its leaves. Here and there were seely pools, deep set in reeds and rushes, from among which there came flying lines of plump ducks and squads of snow white herons.

About ten o'clock we came to the narrows of San Pablo bay, at the head of San Francisco bay, and caught the first glimpse of Pacific waters. At Baltimore, where we had said goodbye to the Atlantic tides, we had crossed the head of Chesapeake Bay with both wheel and keel beneath us, a colossal ferry-boat, having received the train, engines, cars, passengers, and all, and totted them safely over. Here, at our first greeting of the Pacific, we had a like experience, in crossing the Narrows of San Pablo, a distance of three miles.

San Francisco Bay, along whose Southern shore we are running, is as pretty as a picture. Countless flocks of gulls stand at ease beside its margin. Patrons of the island rise from its shivering waves; beyond rises the city.

Here is Oakland Ferry. We bid farewell to our companions in travel. We shall meet them no more under sun or moon. We gather upon traps, and paddle-wheels bear us across the Bay to San Francisco. The coast-line lies behind us, the ocean before; wheel gives place to tread.

CHAS. HARRINGTON.

Missionaries on Furlough.
NO. VIII.

The Peninsular and Oriental S. S. Company has long had the contract for carrying Her Majesty's mails to and from India. The steamers of this line are fast and well-found, and are largely patronized by English officials, both civil and military, who frequently obtain a short furlough and wish to spend as much of it as possible in their native land. Formerly these steamers received mails and passengers at Bombay, and carried them to Suez, at the southern-end of the Canal. Thence they were conveyed by train to Alexandria and reshipped into other steamers of the company which took them to Brindisi, the ancient Brindisium, on the south-east coast of Italy; thence by train to Calais, and across to England. The time occupied from Brindisi to London is about sixty hours, and the whole journey from Bombay about seventeen days. At the beginning of the present year a new contract was made, by which the land route between Suez and Alexandria is done away with, and the mails carried through the Canal to Port Said, and on to Brindisi. Under ordinary circumstances a few hours at least are gained by the new route, and the trouble of landing and reshipping saved. But all this is owing to the discovery of the electric light, by means of which ships can proceed through the Canal by night. Many of these ships are provided with such lights on board, adding much to the comfort of passengers and safety of the ships. But to traverse this narrow waterway more powerful ones are necessary, and a barge is stationed at the entrance with all necessary apparatus, which is put on board, and at night the outside of the ship is one blaze of light. Thus furnished night is the best time for making the passage, as few if any ships are then moving. Only one other line, the Orient, running to Australia, is yet provided with these lights.

Life in such a ship as the *Peshawar* is restful and pleasant; restful I mean to passengers, but not to the host of stewards, cooks, sailors, and others who are always on the move. At one time you wonder that they can find anything to do, and again that they are able to do so much. Everything is kept scrupulously clean. At eleven o'clock every morning an inspection of the ship is made by the commander and other officers. They visit every part, look into every cabin, and see to the servant who has allowed a particle of dust or dirt to remain on anything in his charge, or anything whatever out of its place.

The entire crew numbers one hundred and fifty-four, of whom fifty-one are Europeans. There are sixty-seven adult passengers and twenty children, yet this is only "the number the ship can accommodate." The passengers are missionaries, officials, tourists, merchants, and others; and are a pleasant and agreeable company.

Aden was reached the evening of Feb. 29th. The town is built in the crater of an extinct volcano; and although it is no longer troubled by heat from below, it is from above. During the months of June and July particularly it is a perfect furnace, compared with which India is a paradise. Here, however, England always keeps a large military force, as it guards the entrance to the Red Sea, and in time of war might be of the greatest advantage. Here also is an enthusiastic young missionary physician, Dr. Patterson, of the Free Church of Scotland. He left home in November, and after spending three months with the missionaries in Cairo in studying Arabic came on here. He will locate about ten miles from the seaport, where the heat is perhaps not so great, and from which point he can reach the tribes inland. The people are Somali and Arab, and further inland a good many Jews. This mission was begun in 1866 by Keith Faulkner, son of the Earl of Kinross. He worked at his own charges, but placed himself under the control of the Free Church. He did not long stand this trying climate, but died last May of fever. His wife returned home; but she and his mother offered three hundred pounds each annually to sustain a missionary if one could be found. This excellent young brother considered it a call to him and offered his services. He comes at the worst season of the year, and against the advice of older missionaries in Egypt, who think he should have a better knowledge of the language, and begin work in the cool season. There is not one Christian near him, except a few pious English soldiers. The days of heroism are not yet passed.

The passage up the Red Sea occupies four days, and at this season of the year is exceedingly pleasant. The Egyptian government is now erecting light-houses on the most dangerous reefs, to sustain which a charge is made on ships passing through the Canal. This is a wise course, as many fine vessels have been wrecked, and from the deck we can see their bones bleaching on the rocks.

Suez, March 5.