

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XLIII.
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In the churches of Massachusetts revivals of religion of great power are reported. Many have been added to the Baptist churches by baptism. Dr. F. Grattan Guinness is again visiting the churches of America in the interest of the Congo mission field. He is looking for laborers. Men are still lacking. The discussion on seminary short courses for missionaries still waxes warm. Doubtless much good will come of the talk and work of the able and earnest men engaged therein. There are, between 11,000 and 12,000 Swedish Baptists in the United States. The missions of the American Baptists to Sweden have yielded large returns.

SOCIAL PURITY.—Organizations for the promotion of Social Purity are being formed in most of our cities, and much good is being done by them. The following is published by the Social Purity Alliance of the United States:

"In legislation, we have aided to raise the age of protection from ten to sixteen, also helped to pass the Anti-Cigarette Bill. We have caused obscene pictures to be removed from walls and shop windows, and some objectionable places of amusement to be closed, have induced the passage of a bill defining the kind of literature permitted at news-stands, and obliged the keepers of news-stands to have permits at hand. We have circulated since our reorganization over 20,000 pages of social purity literature. We have lectures on the need of higher ideals of morality, demanding the same standard for both sexes."

THE EDITOR ON VACATION.—A well-earned and much needed vacation, for a few weeks, is just entered upon by Dr. Goodspeed, the editor of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. He sailed on the S. S. Fortin on the 28th ult. for Bermuda via Yarmouth. From the latter port he returns all well, with the prospect of a pleasant voyage. Bermuda holds a special attraction for the Doctor just now. Mr. G. has been spending the winter in the sunny isle for the benefit of his health. Many prayers are being offered for his comfort, prosperity, their safe return, and continued usefulness. In the absence of his chief the assistant editor will do all he can to make the MESSENGER AND VISITOR a blessing to its constituency. He (the assistant editor), in his tools, is also indulging in the pleasant visions of a good time coming. Vacation trips being the order—and the necessary order—of the present age, he is quite inclined, if the opportunity offers, to fall into line.

AT THE LONDON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION on the 14th of February, the Baptists of Canada were well represented by Dr. T. H. Rand, of MacMaster University of Toronto. After dinner talk was on the subject of deserters from the churches of our denomination. In a brief speech on this topic Dr. Rand said, as reported in the Freeman:

The Baptists of England are not increasing with the growth of Democratic principles. That is the problem he had been studying. "Let the dead bury their dead" is a law of the Gospel. For we have no outside machinery to keep us up. We live on the life that is in us. If we are men with a message to give, and are in earnest, we have a *raison d'être*. If we say that the non-progressive are all good alike, will not our boys and girls find us out? The Baptists started in Canada on the "open membership" principle, but not one of their churches is open to-day. Professor Rand urged the importance of denominational, as distinguished from national, university education, and testified to the advantage they had derived in Canada from giving their medical and legal, as well as their ministerial, students, a Baptist training all through their course.

THIRTEEN ADVISE.—We think it well to call the attention of all interested and especially engaged in our Home Missionary enterprises, to the article of Dr. Ashmore, found in another column of this issue. In no one feature of our church work is a reform, and a new departure more imperatively demanded, than that our pastors and Home Missionaries see to it, that, instead of persistently attempting to do all the work themselves, they take care to develop the individual talent and working power of the churches. In all our churches more or less of this latent talent is to be found, all ready for the Master's use. If in the majority of the congregations one sermon on the Sabbath were given, and such religious services held at another hour as would call out the members of the church in services of song, praise and prayer, the pastors, now over-strained by the Sabbath work, would be relieved and still be more efficient as teachers of the word; and if properly arranged for, these social services would be quite as popular with the congregation, and even more productive of true piety. Many of our churches are now over-preached and under-praised. Pastors must lead in this reform if it is to become a success.

A FLEXIBLE CONSCIENCE.—A young Methodist minister, in a conversation recently with one of our Baptist pastors on the question of Christian union (of which our Methodist brethren are usually great admirers) remarked that the difference in our creeds, was entirely too trifling to constitute a barrier to even organic union. To clinch this assertion he quoted his own experience. He said that immersion was the only mode of baptism that would answer for himself. But we are led to ask, how is it with his conscience when, as a Methodist pastor, he sprinkles infants?

A RELIGIOUS PAPER.—Are there any heads of Baptist families to whom the following will apply?—
A man—a Methodist—the father of ten children, called the other day, paid for three months, and ordered his paper discontinued. His reason was that he was "not able to pay for so many papers."

"Do you take any political papers?"
"Yes."
"Do you take any other religious papers?"
"No."
"You are a member of the church, are bringing up ten children, and do not intend to take any religious paper for them to read. Do you think, sir, that is right?"

Of course he backed out, and bid us good-day.
No man can justify himself in such treatment of his own family. Those children are as much entitled to good religious reading as they are to food and clothing. Give them good religious reading, and they will make good citizens. Withhold it, and the chances are ten to one against them.—*Methodist Advance.*

THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND held their autumn assembly in Birmingham, with usual success. Sermons and public addresses of marked ability and power were delivered to large and enthusiastic meetings by the masters of thought in the Baptist Israel. The themes for sermons were: "The Gospel—God's Saving Power"; "The Issues of Agnosticism and Faith"; &c. An address of welcome was given by the union by the evangelical Nonconformist ministers of Birmingham, in which eloquent and touching reference was made to the faithful testimony that the fathers bore to the great central facts and verities of evangelical Christianity, and to the great principles of civil and religious liberty. Like a mighty inspiration the names and deeds of such men as Andrew Fuller, William Carey, John Foster, Samuel Pierce, Robt. Hall, William Knibb, John Howard Hinton and Charles Vince, some of whom had ministered in the place of the present assembling, fell upon the ears and encouraged the hearts of all the brotherhood, compelling them to rejoice in their present work and prospect of future success. A courteous but firm refusal to accept the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury to cooperate union with the State church was passed.

A Word of Testimony.
The Christian Endeavor movement is having extraordinary success. Without doubt this is its day of greatness. A new thing, especially when that new thing seems to be adapted to bring into efficient activity the young people of the churches, has irresistible charms. But when the initial enthusiasm is past, much of the present vigor and efficiency will vanish. Already it is not difficult to find local endeavor societies which have lost their early zeal and are now dragging along heavily and sluggishly. A vow is not of lasting power unless supported by a mighty energy. Organization must be everywhere touched with fire if zeal is to flame constantly. Therefore if any trust to "organization" and a "pledge" as a sure means of making useful, zealous and devout those who, while members of the church, violate without compunction their covenant vows, they will suffer something of disappointment sooner or later. The young of the churches ought to be trained. They ought to be set to work. Every pastor who is wise will do his utmost to give them something to do. Probably the fact that many either have neglected this from thoughtlessness, or failed to do it from lack of tact, accounts partly for the success of the Endeavor movement. But it may be here said that the pastor who cannot secure service from his young people without the aid of an Endeavor Society, will probably not be able long to guide the new organization as to accomplish satisfactory results and avoid certain dangers.

There are three tendencies which have been noticed in connection with this movement.
1. A few months ago there came to my hand a circular from a city in this State soliciting money from all "Christian Endeavorers," to aid in building a "Chris-

tian Endeavor Chapel." The "Endeavorers" were urged specially to contribute because this was the first "Christian Endeavor" chapel, etc., etc. Already the lot of land had been purchased by the local Endeavor Society, and it was thought that all "Endeavorers" would enthusiastically aid in the erection of a building which should be the centre of religious activity under distinctively "Endeavor" auspices. It is true that the Christian Endeavor leaders instantly saw the importance of rebuking this scheme, inasmuch as it would prove a confirmation of what the opponents of the Endeavor idea had often declared, namely, that the tendency would be to lead to action quite independent of the church. But in spite of the rebuke of *The Golden Rule*, the incident shows very plainly where one danger lies. It is a straw to indicate how certainly the members of these organizations come to feel that they must do something apart from the regular church work to show what a strong, useful, blessed and indispensable thing a Christian Endeavor Society is. A few days ago I was endeavoring to persuade a young man, who is deeply interested in secret societies, to attend church. His reply to my remarks was, "If every one would live up to their obligations as members of secret societies there would be no need of the churches." A significant word! Is there not a tendency for the members of the various human organizations to exalt these above the church. And is not the Endeavor movement open to suspicion in this very line?

2. A young man is an enthusiastic member of an Endeavor society connected with a Baptist church in a certain community. He removes to another community, where the Baptist church has no Endeavor society, while the Congregational church has one. Which of the two churches will this young man choose as his church home? I dare say confidently that in the case of the ordinary young man he will go to the church where there is an Endeavor society. That is, he will choose his church home not on account of doctrine but on account of methods of work. And this is one thing which should be very carefully considered when summing up the good and evil of the Christian Endeavor movement. There is ground for the fear that the whole trend of the movement is to produce a generation of Christians who will regard methods of work as vastly more important than the doctrines of the Word of God. And surely this is not the crying need of our day.

3. The relation of the movement to the denominational newspaper is worth thinking about. *The Golden Rule* is the recognized organ of these societies. Strong efforts are made to put this paper into the hands of all members of such organizations. Club rates, and nearly all the modern "inducements" are offered. Now if this paper is taken and read, the denominational paper will probably not be taken and read. Do we want this to happen? Do we want to train up our Baptist young people in this way? Shall we give them a paper which will keep them informed specially concerning *Christian Endeavor* work, and in general about Christian work, or shall we give them a paper which will instruct them specially concerning *Baptist* enterprises, and in general concerning Christian work at large? I think that this is a matter worth earnest attention by all those who are considering whether they shall favor the introduction of an Endeavor society into their church.

The Methodists early saw that they would suffer loss as a denomination if their churches fell in with this movement, and they therefore organized the Epworth League, the objects of which are the same as those of the Endeavor societies; but as the league is a denominational organization, it becomes a part of the machinery of the Methodist church, and is therefore not open to some of the criticisms which may be passed upon the Endeavor societies. The leaders in this movement are aggressive. Lately they have sent circulars broadcast which were skillfully prepared. To Baptists there was sent a form which contained testimonials from eminent Baptists, to the Methodists the circular was in form the same, but the testimonials were from eminent Methodists. These good brethren are not disposed to let their light shine—they mean to make it shine. But Baptists would do well to consider whether this is a call from God or from man only.
O. C. S. WALLACE,
Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 11, 1890.

European Correspondence.
— PARIS, Feb. 5.
Goodbye to Berlin, and Germany, and the Germans,—but not to their memory. Somehow all three manage to creep into one's heart with a feeling that stays. It is twenty-one hours from Berlin to Paris by express train, and much further in some other ways. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 3rd I was at Hannover, and had partaken of my last meal in the land of the sausage. It (the sausage) was fresh and good, and I know there's many a time coming when I shall be hungry for some of those delicate slices that defy our ill-sounding appellation of "sausage."

The view of Hannover from the station is not very inviting, but the town is said to be both beautiful and interesting. The favorite residence of our beloved Georges I. and II. of England was here, and it was the birthplace of Herschel the astronomer. I regretted not being able to visit Hildesheim, a short distance from Hannover, one of the gems of mediæval architectural art. Not nature, but art is the proper mother of Northern Germany, and her treasures are not to be seen by a hasty railway journey. Nature has been at best but an unkind stepmother to the provinces lying north of the Harz mountains and the enchanted region of the Thuringen, Bohemian, and Black forests.

From the Belgian frontier to the Russian there is scarcely a hill deserving of the name, except, as I am told, on the northern sea coast. Low flat plains and scrubby forests of spruce and hemlock gleed solemnly past your car windows, mile after mile, hour after hour. The rivers flow without an effort, as if taking an after dinner's nap between their wild morning's work in the mountains and their coming plunge into the ocean's unending toul. The scene is not without its own peculiar interest. The villages with their red-tiled houses and church spire in the midst have an air of thrift worthy of the American quality which goes by the same name. The large towns and cities are enterprising and prosperous. The land is studded with the tall chimneys of factories, and thick with their smoke. In the country the fields show an advanced state of cultivation. Early as it was in the season, I saw that farm work had commenced in many places. The farms are not divided by fences as with us, but by ditches, or landmarks of stones. I should much like to know if the possessors ever fight over their boundary lines. The collecting of all dwelling houses into villages and towns makes the distances too great for the farm laborers to return home for their meals, so they munch their thick slices of bread and meat under the nearest bank, sitting or sprawling about on the wet sodden ground with an unconcern most beautiful to see. Nearly all the country roads are planted with trees—and such trees! If you imagine a lot of brooms stuck into the ground, handles down-most, you will have the very thing. Some of them have had their day, too, and would be turned into firewood at home, except, it might be, by the trustees of a district school. I suppose they are indicative of the industry of the country. Did you ever know a capable housewife who didn't turn her broom upside down after using it? That's for economy as well.

"An hour and a half in Cologne!" It was ten o'clock in the evening, and thus the train called "direct" or "through." I learned before morning the directness of the route to Paris. There was no help for it, however, and we all bundled out of the train and into the station in the worst possible humor. There was the usual sleepy, smoky crowd one sees in a station at night, looking as if they were waiting for trains that never come and never depart. The dime novels and views of Cologne in the refreshment corner alone looked awake and lively. Their vicious red and yellow covers leered through the clouds of tobacco smoke with an insolence almost insupportable. I walked up to the guardian of "literature of the day," and asked for a photograph of the cathedral. "How much?" "One mark." "Too dear, and it's not even clean." I said, pointing to a cloud of finger-marks hovering over the very spire of the sacred edifice. The man was disgusted, and so was I, but for different reasons. I left him grumbling at "these English," and went out to try and get a look at the real cathedral. But a thick mist was over the city, and the dome was almost hidden from view. I could scarcely make out its outlines higher than the arches of the great doorways. Spire and roof, tower and buttress seemed as if melted into impenetrable night. I walked all around it in memory of a previous visit, and some idea of the vast-

ness of the structure may be gained from the fact that six minutes were required to make the circuit, walking at a moderate pace.
At half-past eleven we were once more on the way. I was, with seven other ladies, packed into a narrow compartment in a manner that offered small hopes of repose, or even of ordinary wide-awake comfort. I hoped at starting that some of the others would be travelling but a short distance, but I soon found I was not alone in the hope. Upon a general questioning, it was discovered that the destination of one and all was Paris. A blank look of dismay followed, and then a laugh. We could not turn each other out, as we should dearly like to have done, but we could at least be companions in misery. Five of the number were Germans, whom I have always found sociable and friendly with strangers, and were soon on the best of terms. The other two were Russians who talked in German with as much ease as in French, and in French as fluently as in Russian. They could speak English and Italian upon occasion, and I dare say had the whole confusion of Babel at their tongues' ends. The Russians are said to possess more talent for acquiring languages than any other people, and I can well believe it. These two looked so dark and mysterious, their clothes fitted so badly, and their countenances were so forbidding, that I am sure they were countesses or baronesses as well. The elder of the two carried a large yellow leather cushion upon which she sometimes rested her head or arms. From its size and the color of the old lady's complexion, I judged that it was filled with tea. You know Russian tea is here considered the best, and she probably couldn't live in Paris without her native cup, any more than without the cigarettes I knew she had tucked away in her capacious pockets. Meanwhile she drank the ordinary quality at all the stations where it was to be had, and I heard her cursing the miserable stuff in two or three languages at once. Then she produced a cigarette and asked our permission to smoke, just as any other gentleman would do. Some of the company pretended to cough and she again showed herself the gentleman by puffing away as hard as ever. It was delightful to watch her. I have seen French and Italian women smoking, but never with such a perfect abandon of masculine enjoyment as this old Russian lady.

We were approaching a station and I stood up to look out of the window. A sudden lurch of the car threw me into the very arms of my countess, putting out her cigarette, and an end to my delight in her. I begged her pardon and retreated hastily to my seat—but rather too hastily for the welfare of my hat, which had fallen from the rack and lay right in the path of retreat. It was never demolished, but the poor thing looked so ridiculous that I hadn't the heart to be angry at it. Besides, we were nearing Paris, and—but I mustn't describe French millinery here.

After leaving Cologne we had our baggage examined at two places, at the Belgian and French frontiers, and were obliged to change cars three times. We were all too sleepy and cross to know why or where, but were absolutely certain that it was unnecessary. It became more and more evident that we were no longer on German territory. The cars are not so well built, the compartments are poorly heated and less comfortably cushioned. But the French officials make up for discomfort by added politeness. They not only thank you for handing them your ticket, but for allowing them the pleasure of punching an returning it. You feel that you are a public benefactor.

Morning dawned and the sun promised a fine day. Forgotten the cold, the sleeplessness, the stiffness of limb and joint; were we not almost in sight of Paris, the gayest of gay and beautiful cities? Village after village pirouetted merrily by, their white walls gleamed in the sun, and the waters of brook and standing pool laughed in a perfect ecstasy of delight. Suddenly a maze of gray roofs sprang up like children at a game of "I spy!"—there was a shrill whistle, the Russian countess gathered up her packets and tea-cushion, while I—was shown into the customs house to have my trunk searched for cigarettes! B. B.

— If it is left to me to discriminate and to judge how much of this Book is true, and how much false, then I must myself become infallible, or what guide have I? If my compass always points to the north, I know how to use it; but if it veers to other points of the compass and I am to judge out of my own mind whether it is right or not, I am as well without the thing as with it. If the Bible is right always it will lead me right; and as I believe it is so I shall follow it, God helping me. I will not judge the Book; the Book judges me.—*Spurgeon.*

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W. B. M. O.
"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.
"Prayer for our native preachers and Bible-women."

Letter from Mrs. W. V. Higgins.
S. S. Rewa, Dec. 7, 1889.

The warm weather has come at last. We have been in the Red Sea since yesterday afternoon. Leaving Port Said on Thursday morning about three o'clock, it took us twenty-four hours to get through the canal; and from three or four o'clock on Friday morning until some time in the afternoon we were coming through the "Gulf of Suez," when we entered the Red Sea, in which we will be for three days.

Yesterday it was quite warm, but this morning there is a fresh breeze blowing, and I feel rather chilly. Last evening was one of the most beautiful I had ever known. The moon was almost full, and shone upon a sea as smooth as a mill-pond, the air was very warm, and there was no motion to the ship.

Yesterday the punkahs were started, but rather too soon for me. It is quite a novel sight to see the punkahs going. They are all connected by cords, and two natives stand outside the windows pulling these cords, thus keeping the air in continual motion.

But I must tell you about our visit to Port Said. We got into one of the boats waiting at the side of the Riva, and were rowed to the shore, where our tea was taken, and we were landed. The place is not a large one. There is one main street running due east and west for some distance; off this are a large number of smaller streets, and off these again are yet others.

Of course the town is built on sandy soil. The streets are firmly packed in the centre, but on the sides the sand is loose. It is one of the most wretched places you could imagine. The women, except the negroes, in true Eastern fashion, have the face covered. A black band covers the forehead to the eyes, then there is a piece of coral stalk placed between the eyes down upon the nose, over which, below the nose, is another piece of black cloth, this again extending half way down the skirt of the dress, entirely covering the lower part of the face. The corn is to keep the covering from coming down upon the face and preventing the person from breathing. You have seen pictures very much like these persons we have seen in real life.

As we passed along the street we saw several Egyptian donkeys. Their owners would come up to us, and endeavor to persuade us to take a ride on them. One fellow informed us that his donkey was *Mrs. Lang-tr-r-r-y*, and then named over several other distinguished names of other nationalities, not knowing to which we belonged. It was most amusing. Again, we saw men at the public wells filling the skins of animals with water, in true Eastern style; also women with their queer shaped earthen vessels filled with water and carried on the shoulder or head. Everything is precisely as the Bible gives it.

As we passed along the street we saw a man, with a head of thick, discoloured hair, sitting on a mound of sand by the roadside begging. He was waving his hands and talking in his own language. Whether he was lame or blind I do not know; but he was a most pitiable object. In several other places, on heaps of sand by the roadside, sat women with their faces covered, holding out their hands and begging for money.

Mortality is scarcely known among the inhabitants of these Eastern towns and villages. There seems to be no law in Port Said, and it would be wholly unsafe to appear out on the street there after dark. Oh! the filth and degradation! How it did make my heart ache! I knew that people could be and were degraded, but I had never realized it before, and the sights that I saw at Port Said affected me deeply! Indeed, I felt fairly frightened at the thought of engaging in a work so momentous as this mission work! Again and again I found myself saying, "Can there be another hell! Is not this one enough!" And yet we are told that this is civilization compared with the condition of many of the towns of India! Just think of it! I do wish that all my friends at home could get one glimpse of what I have seen; it would be such an incentive to more earnest living. Oh! do all you can at home for Foreign Missions.

We cannot realize until we see from what we have been saved ourselves. And yet I have caught only a glimpse, and a poor one at that, of what is to follow.
ESTER C. HIGGINS.