

Messenger and Visitor.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1886.

NO. 29

—Sensible.—We referred, a few months ago, to the movement toward a union of the Free Will Baptists and various small Bodies in the United States. There seemed the best prospect of the union being consummated between the first of these and the Christian denomination. It seems now as if the whole situation is at an end. At a meeting of the Free Baptist ministers of Boston and vicinity, not long since, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That while we are in hearty sympathy with Christian union, we favor no denominational union, except such as is founded on the Articles of Faith adopted by our General Conference."

This means that the warmest Christian sympathy is to be had toward all, but that organic union is to be had with none who do not accept their Articles of Faith. This is sensible. In the case of men who have conscientious Articles of Faith, expressing their most deliberate conviction as to the truth of God, cannot be taken on and put off again like a suit of clothes. Or suppose the independent that seems to suggest no belief but its own of sufficient importance to be a barrier to organic union, is not pleased. Neither can we forget that our esteemed contemporary, the *Morning Star*, the able organ of the Free Will Baptists, made a very wise move when the *Christianianist* made a proposal in reference to union of the Free Will Baptists and the Congregationalists, similar to that now made in the foregoing resolution, and which the *Star* heartily approved.

—Da. S. F. Sherman.—Dr. Caylor, in an article entitled *Recollections of Noted Hymnists*, in a recent issue of the *Star*, refers in a pleasant way to Dr. S. F. Smith. He says:

During my visit to Stockholm in 1881, I met at a gathering of Swedish Baptists a venerable Yankee parson and poet, whom all Americans may well regard as the author of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Dr. Samuel F. Smith did about as much to fire the national heart for the conflict with the rebellion, as Webster did by preparing his immortal reply to Senator Hayne of South Carolina. Smith's hymn was the lyric, and Webster's speech the treasury, of loyal argument at the earliest war-meeting of 1861. I spent several days as a fellow-traveler with the modest, delightful old man; he is a short and "spry" veteran of seventy-eight, and is spending the sunset of his useful life at Newton, Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard, his white, classic, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, once described him as:

"... a fine youngster of excellent pith, Fate tried to congeal him by naming him Smith."

If my genial Baptist brother wrought a good service for his country by composing what has proved to be our national hymn, he wrought a like service for the cause of Foreign Missions, by composing that stirring song of the Redeemer's triumph which begins with the line "The morning light is breaking." His author tells us that he has heard it sung among the Burmans and Telugus, and in several other Asiatic languages. When I met him, he had been on a tour among the mission-fields of Asia, and had met with his poetic child in hosts of so many colors, that he did not recognize the hair.

—Read.—The world is constantly in search of negative men; men that never commit themselves to anything, that never oppose anything. They are "what people call good men." The popular idea of a pious man is that of a man who agrees with everybody. A bold, original man like Martin Luther is usually voted a dangerous man; at least, if he is dead. Yet we feel bound to say that the world comes around right after while. *—Boston Methodist.*

Yes, the good-goddy kind of men who never do anything wrong, and who have no character, and who are insipid as the uncooked white of an egg without salt, are often held up as models. If they do nothing wrong, it is chiefly because they do very little of anything, either right or wrong. Physiologically they are a kind of human albuminoids, mathematically they are negative men—minus quantities, figuratively they are unpronounced, like "flesh letters, grammatically they are mere expletives, and throw in the towel to everyone nobody knows. Yet these namby-pamby, milk and water, wishy-washy creatures are held up as models of all the graces! Give us rather a robustious fellow, brim full of human nature, sometimes rollicking with good humor, and sometimes simmering a little with bad humor, but who has pronounced character, and who is a force that will be felt, and who is a subject of grace, will be acknowledged as a power for good, even if he is not wholly sanctified. Faults can be borne with if they are offset by decided virtues; but a man who takes up the room of somebody when he is nobody is not to be endured. A man with all the emphasis taken out of him is no man, and we have seen men who were so good that they were good for nothing. After all, there is no real goodness in this kind of nihilism.

No one will doubt but that the *Christian Index*, whose comment the above is, is a "robustious fellow." We like him all the more because he has no mercy of shame, and speaks so plainly.

—Anti-Scott Act.—The anti-Scott Act people of Ontario must be proud of the doings of some of their colleagues. A system of terrorism seems determined upon. In quite a large number of cases, active supporters of the Act have had their property destroyed by fire. These out-

rages are becoming more frequent. It is not incongruous that the men who consent to make a gain out of a traffic which is reeking with blood and ruin should seek to destroy the property of those who seek to put a stop to it. Men who do not scruple to be guilty of the greater crime cannot be expected to hesitate at the lesser. And yet these very men will say that the Scott Act does not interfere with their traffic, and will be hastened by these dastardly attempts at terrorism and revenge.

—Central Africa.—Mr. Grenfell, the exploring evangelist of the English Baptist mission, has made his most important discovery. Stanley Falls block the way of the navigator, on the Congo. Mr. G. has been exploring the Kasai, and has found a navigable water way into the heart of Africa by way of this river and its connections. He has "no doubt that the Kasai system of water-ways will prove of more immediate importance, to the Congo Free State than even the Congo river itself; for it has a ready-made commerce waiting for an outlet."

—Clear.—The following from Herbert Spencer is as clear as the extract gives last week from Hartman:

"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations."

Prof. Tait translates the sentence:

"Evolution is a change from a nebulous, unaccountable all-likeness, to a somewhat and somewhat-distinguishable not-all-likeness, by continuous something-like-differences and stick-togethers."

—The Presbyterian Church of Canada.—The reports of this Church, for last year, as presented at the General Assembly just held, make a good showing. About \$37,000 were spent for Home Missions, \$18,000 of it in the North West. About \$31,000 were given to augment the salaries of pastors on fields unable to give the minimum stipend of \$750 and a manse.

The estimated need for Foreign Mission Work next year is \$71,000. The Church has large missions to the Coolies in Trinidad and Demerara, to the cannibals of the New Hebrides, besides its mission in Central India, and in Formosa, in which last during the past year more than eleven hundred converts have been baptized, and four new churches erected with money paid by the Chinese Government as indemnity for the destruction of chapels by the mob during the recent Franco-Chinese war. The work among the French is being vigorously pushed. The Board employed last year seventy-seven picked men as colporteurs, twenty-six teachers, and supplies preaching in seventy-eight stations. The total contributions last year amounted to about \$30,000. The Home Mission work of the Church in the Northwest owes much of its success to the Church and Manse Building Fund, through assistance from which, during the last three years, to the amount of \$38,393, seventy-five buildings of the value of \$91,710 have been erected.

—Free Thought.—The more we come in contact with those who claim to be free thinkers, the more we are convinced that it is, in a great majority of cases, a bad compound of irreverence, shallowness and conceit. It is not every grocery dealer, street corner orator or village oracle that can intelligently doubt the system of truth which has claimed the homage of head and heart of the best and ablest men all along the ages. Neither is it well for a youth, with his college honors fresh upon him, to be hasty to assume the air of one who has weighed the thought of the great Christian intellects of the past and present, and found it all wanting. Let all understand that assumptions like these are absurd to those who have given much thought to these stupendous and profound subjects. They may impose upon the ignorant and shallow minded; but they will call forth little better than a smile of pity, if not of contempt, from those whose opinion is worth much. Agnosticism, which says "I don't know, and therefore I won't believe," to the great mysteries of life and the great varieties of revelation, is the refuge of some great minds, wearied by their own wrestling with the most profound subjects; but it is also the resort of very many more minds; too weak, too listless or too indifferent to think their way through to any intelligent religious faith. Much of the scepticism of the present day is but the attempt of little and vain minds to get a reputation for depth and originality, by assuming to have independence of thought, and to have rejected the general belief as unsatisfactory to their deep thinking.

—Death an Absurdity.—"Death is an absurdity!" exclaimed Ralph Waldo Emerson as he turned away from the grave of his brother Charles. How true this is when death is viewed from any other than the standpoint of the devout believer in the Bible. If death end all, or if at death the conscious existence is swallowed up in the all pervasive life of the universe, as Emerson believed, how strange a thing it is that men should die, especially would this be so when men are taken at the time they can be least spared, and when they have just gathered the experience which fits them best to live. Take, for instance, the case of a husband and father. He is needed by his family. He may be wielding an influence in the community of the highest and best kind, as the result of long years of moral growth and garnered wisdom. Just when he is most indispensable to all around, just when his plans are well matured for a long life of increasing usefulness, just when he is best prepared to be a blessing to all—just then he dies. If his life is not to go on in a form in which all these developed possibilities can be used, it would seem as if life were one great irony. It is hard enough to reconcile much which happens, even with the belief that there is a life hereafter; but take this away, and all is darkness.

—Explanation.—The following note from Prof. Newman explains itself:

"Please insert in the *Messenger and Visitor*, for Mrs. Newman, a short note saying that the change in the heading of the *Star* from 'in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada' to 'in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Ontario' was due entirely to a freak of the printer, and was not noticed until stationery was called to it by a sister in Nova Scotia. Either because the title was getting odd, or for some other reason, the printer put in a new and slightly different type, and, inadvertently doubtless, substituted Ontario for Canada. It is needless to say that the *Star* has no idea of narrowing its constituency, but wishes to be in the fullest sense a Dominion paper. As the *Star* does not appear in August, it seems desirable that an explanation should be made through the *Messenger and Visitor*. Yours most truly,

A. H. NEWMAN.

—Salaries in the English Episcopal Church.—By statistics covering the period from 1856-1885 it is found that the average personal property of English bishops is \$270,000—this is exclusive of real estate, life assurance and settlements upon their families. The extremes were \$60,000 and \$100,000; it will be some time before they are convinced of the advantages of Disestablishment.

—Praying for Good Harvests.—This hint to the ladies is furnished by a correspondent of the *Rockville, Conn. Journal*: "If there were more praying for good harvests before marriage, there would be less praying for bad ones afterward."

That is very true. We fear, however, that there is very little praying done over the choice of either husband or wife. The careless way in which the young take upon them the indissoluble bands of matrimony, is simply appalling. This most important step in life, which is to its greatest goal to bless or its greatest woe to curse, is taken, in a great proportion of cases, in anything but a serious spirit. Yes, if you ever pray for anything, pray for divine guidance in the choice of a companion for the long journey of life.

—Lay Evangelists.—The *Interior*, published in Chicago, is a little afraid of the proposal of Mr. Moody to start a school for the training of lay evangelists. The experience, after Mr. Moody's meetings there in '77, makes it cautious. "Lay workers are good; there cannot be too many. We need lay preachers—men who will go out and spend the Lord's day at some destitute place, assisting in Sunday school and speaking to the people of the great salvation. Our work is suffering for the want of such workers. Professional lay evangelists, however, who give themselves up to the work of peripatizing through the churches, is a different thing. This is what the *Interior* says of those that the revival of '77 pushed out:

"But we do not forget that a swarm of 'lay evangelists' flew up in the summer air of that revival which were like the flies of Egypt. Such a brood of religious enthusiasts never before appeared in this part of the country. They could be seen in the streets parading with their limp-bags 'bagsters' in their hands at any time of the day, and they spread themselves out over the country, invading towns and churches, and making themselves offensive to the pastors who refused to resign their pulpits and people to them. They ran the usual course of such enthusiasts, into Plymouthism, perfectionism, adventism, higher-life-ism, and every imaginable religious fanaticism. After doing irreparable mischief they subsided, and went back to soliciting life insurance and peddling subscription-books."

—Horton Academy Catalogue.—We have received a copy of the catalogue for 1885-86. It contains all the necessary information regarding the courses, expenses, &c. We advise all those who are thinking of sending their children to school away from home, to write for a catalogue. Our young folks who are desirous of getting an education, will be interested in seeing what is done at the Academy. The total attendance for the year has been 77. From N. S. 61, N. B. 81, P. E. 1, C. B. 3, Quebec, 1, and New Fed. 1.

—Send to Book Room, Halifax, for cheap edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* 4c. 50c. each, before Rev. Adams Chambers comes with lecture and exhibition. You will enjoy it better to read it first.

The Vision of the Holy Hand.

There was a Christian man who, by the providence of God, was called to spend a Sabbath on a bed of sickness. He earnestly brought his Heavenly Father that now, in his retirement, he might be in the Spirit on the Lord's-day. As he meditated upon Divine things he fell asleep, and dreamed that death had come. Suddenly he seemed lifted into dazzling, describable lights. He saw his Saviour seated on the throne. The Lord held out a golden, glittering crown to him, saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." The crown was placed upon his head his heart was elated, and he had a mighty reward for all the struggles and sacrifices of a life of faith on earth. Just then a glorious angel led him aside and placed before him a magnificent book. He opened it, and it looked like an album filled with photographic views. They were the scenes of his past life, but not only were the visible circumstances shown, but the invisible as well. There were the incidents of his boyhood and school days. In each were seen noble, vigorous spirits of ill, trying to do him harm, demons of envy, demons of tempers, demons of cruelty, demons of selfishness; but a strong Hand was ever near, ready to protect from their assaults. In one scene there was a theatre entrance with its blinding lights, and he was seen about to enter, but the Hand laid hold of him and drew him away, and he recollected how, once in the days of his youth, he had strong attraction to a life of sinful pleasure, but some holy influence held him back. There was the doorway of a humble place of worship, and this unseen Hand was leading him to enter. Then there was the interior of the chapel and the minister had a bow, and the unseen hand was in the pulpit and placed on the bow an arrow, on which was written, "Flee from the wrath to come," and the Hand directed the aim so that the arrow flew to his bosom, and he went away as if wounded to death. And, as he looked on that picture, well he recalled the Sunday evening when the living figure touched his heart, and he stayed to offer up one deep expression of gratitude. The next page showed him in his quiet bed-chamber, and the loving Hand was there binding up the wound, opening the Bible, and pointing to the promises. Then there were scenes in which he was wrestling with demons and buried down, and the Holy Hand uplifted him again, and dropt the fire away. Sometimes that Holy Hand was bending his knees and leading him to pray. Sometimes it appeared with an open Bible, and a fine ray of heavenly light falling on a text just suited to his needs. Sometimes it seemed to open the sky and reveal a glimpse of the glory beyond. Sometimes it held a portrait of Jesus, now as a gentle, forgiving, patient, holy example, and anon as a crowned, friendly king. In some pictures he saw himself resisting that Hand, even piercing it, fighting against it, trying to avoid, and sometimes succeeding in getting away from it; and then there was morose beneath, and thorns around, and darkness above. By-and-by the Hand came again, with infinite strength and gentleness, and drew him back to green pastures and still waters and bright, peaceful sunshine. As he turned over page after page the story of his earthly history came back to his memory with a light unknown before. He saw that this holy, loving Hand was that of the Spirit of God. And then he understood how that glorious Spirit had striven with him all the way along, ever bringing holy thoughts, opening up to him the Scriptures, and taking the things of Christ and showing them to him, all the while placing, in indelible characters upon his forehead, the name of God, so that angels above and men beneath might recognize he was a member of the Royal Family, and had the sealing of the Spirit. From the Holy Ghost had come every good resolve, every pure thought, every sweet spirit, every power to resist evil, and the guidance of every step heavenward. He rose with an impulse he could not resist to sing an earthly song in heaven—

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path
When Satan's blind slaves,
I sported with death."

He felt the crown was not his by merit, but went at once to the throne and cast it at the feet of Jesus, ascribing to Him all the glory. This act brought a new and deeper bliss, amidst which he awoke to sing:

"Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter whilst there's room,
While thorns made a wretched choice,
And rather stars than come."

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in,
Else had I still refused to taste
And perished in my sin."

J. HUNT COOK.

The Spontaneousness of Christ's Life.

Christ's life was spontaneous. It had the calm zeal and willingness of enthusiasm. It was not borne as a load, it was performed as a joy. "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." Predicted as a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, it is the very wonder and mystery that up through every sorrow his heart sent such a flame of love and joy that affliction became the very fuel of gladness.

Many views of the Saviour do him great injustice, and are almost destitute of even respect. Many of the ideas of Christ, as he is represented in material offerings, make little else than a masquerade of his divinity. He is represented as one crouching under suffering, bearing it with weakness, overcame and cast down. In this respect he is made less than many a man who carries a world of trouble for the sake of his country and fellow-men, and who yet stands a prophet of peace and joy in himself. How many confessions and martyrs have borne irrepressible torments for the sake of truth, singing while the flames itself was scorching their flesh, their blood, beating down their nerves and overcoiling the body, and making them triumphant over physical and spiritual suffering by the power of higher feelings.

Christ's glory was this, that he accepted his mission with such gladness, cheerfulness and enthusiasm, he did the will of God with such alacrity, that though he was pre-eminently, and above all that ever lived a man of suffering, yet he contained a joy to suffer, and was himself an overmastering sufferer. What was his state of mind in apparent in that last interview with his disciples—that prolonged love-feast which preceded his crucifixion. He says, "My peace I give unto you." In that hour of tempest and darkness and coming anguish, while there was agitation everywhere else, in the heart of Christ there was peace—peace enough not only for his own wants, but for the wants of his dear disciples.—*Morning Star.*

Maxims for Christian Work.

Ingratitude and faltering may chill the philanthropy that looks to man for its reward; but he who, like Howard, kindles his torch at the flames of the sacrifice of Golgotha and opens his heart to the inspirations of divine love, may carry that torch with unwasted brilliancy, and even with still augmented brightness through all the fierce blasts of human scorn and ingratitude, and down into the darkest, dampest recesses where human wickedness and misery assume their most revolting and loathsome forms. And as this love is in strength and duration the mightiest agencies on human character, so it is, also, the simplest. It throws dignity and splendor round any task, however lowly, and any station, however obscure. As Luther was fond of saying, the nail-servant who sweeps the house, with God's love in his heart, as his controlling principle, is as really serving him, as the preacher dispensing his gospel, or the martyr defending his truth. Jesus, the son of the Father, was as great when stooping to wash the feet of the frail erring disciples, who were so soon to forsake him, as when with troops of attending angels he rose majestically from the earth he had ransomed to his native heavens. And here is the grandeur of the morality of the New Testament. It brings the motives of the heavenly world, and the view and love of an omnipresent God, to bear on all the petty details and wearisome taskwork of life. It circumfuses Paradise, if we may so speak, around the beggar Lazarus, lying in sickness and neglected need on the highway. Be it what I may, poor, unknown, reviled and wronged, if I but love God; do I what I may, be it but the duty of my God-given station, performed with a God-fearing heart, it matters little what man may think or say or do toward me. I am God's charge and child and heir. My prayer scales his heavens; his eye marks and guides my weary path; and this path leads me through the tomb up to his throne and home.—*Dr. Williams.*

The Free Church of Scotland is pushing its missionary work. The review of last year's operations, as recently presented at Edinburgh, was very encouraging. The revenue was never so large. It amounted to £27,229. The evening devoted to addresses by missionaries was characterized by enthusiasm and hopefulness. The large hall was crowded, and the speakers were in thorough accord with their subjects. The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, a son of the late Lord Kinross, who has entered on a self-sacrificing mission to the Mohammedans of Arabia, excited deep attention. He gave his hearers the feeling that they were listening to a man filled with a dominant purpose in life. Dr. Laws, who is returning to Livingstonia, made a stirring appeal on behalf of the natives of Africa, 700 of whom, he said, pass into eternity every hour, only two having heard the Gospel.

—Eight East India firms, signing them selves "Opium Merchants," have memorialized Lord Dufferin for a reduction of the duty to be paid in India on opium, and stating that the opium trade is in danger of "death by inanition," owing to the high duties in India and China and to the opium now produced in China. We would be only too glad to believe that the abominable traffic is in danger of speedy death by inanition. Many thousands of our fellow-beings have come to their deaths by inanition through the use of the drug; and now, if the traffic itself could only die a speedy death, by "inanition" or otherwise, all good people on earth and angels in heaven will be ready to sing a song of thanksgiving.

—The statistical statement just issued for the Society of Friends in England shows that for the first time for many years there has been a decrease in the membership of the body in Great Britain. The number of members reported in Great Britain is 16,887, which is one less than the preceding year.

—There is an intellectual atmosphere about just now, which is neither the fruit nor the friend of a scientific age,—a haze to be wise, which like the haze to be rich, leads men into speculation upon indeterminate sciences. Theology must not be bowed up with such speculations.—*Henry Drummond.*

—Dr. Leister, of Chicago, had a sorrow come upon his way to Richmond, Va. recently. While riding in the cars, with his head leaning on his breast, a bullet crashed through the car window and he was covered with pieces of broken glass. Had his head been over the missile would undoubtedly have caused a severe wound if not death.

—A great Pedobaptist lawyer went to his own brother, a Baptist preacher now pastor in Virginia, and asked for baptism and to be permitted thereafter to remain in the Presbyterian church. The preacher said: "No, brother! I can't put my mark on you and turn you out into another man's pasture."

—"I expect to die in a state of disobedience. I know inerration in baptism; but if I were to go to the Baptists, it would bring into my family an amount of trouble which I do not care to take upon myself. I have deliberately concluded to let my husband and children have their way about it, and will remain where I am, although I admit that my convictions are with the Baptists." That is just what a Pedobaptist lady said.—*Religious Herald.*

—It is reported that, "two Americans in Japan have been confirmed in the Buddhist faith. They are Professor Ernest Fenellos and Dr. W. D. Bigelow, both graduates of Harvard College." Meanwhile the leading men of Japan are discussing methods of converting the empire into a Christian nation and leaving an effete Buddhism behind them as a cast-off shell. The report is by no means complimentary to Harvard College.—*Presbyterian.*

—The statistics presented at the recent meeting of the Southern Assembly give the following items: Synods, 13; Presbyteries, 60; churches, over 2,100; ministers, over 1,000; communicants, 135,000; contributions for sustentation, \$27,500; evangelistic fund, \$19,043; invalid fund, \$10,797; colored evangelistic fund, \$1,312; foreign missions, \$73,170; publication, \$15,151; educational, \$15,277; for training colored ministers, \$3,600.

—"Giving should be an act of worship. Why do we have fairs and festivals? Is it not to do away with the pain of giving, as if giving was a sort of surgical operation, whose pain should be relieved? Let us honor the offerings of the poor, and not depend only on the few gifts of the rich; the latter are precarious—the former abiding."—*Dr. Judson.*

—During the operation of the Scott Act in the town and county of Peterboro', thirty-two convictions have been secured. The fines amounted to \$1,700 and the costs \$300.

—Mr. Spurgeon, on Sunday, May 16th, sent a letter to his congregation,—the first time for a week, he had been able to take a pen in his hand, in which he writes, "I shall this week issue my nineteenth hundredth sermon." This must be an unexampled achievement in homiletics. And the best of it is that he should have been enabled to send forth nineteen hundred of such sermons.

—When the Scott Act had been in force but six weeks, in the county of Ontario, the county gaol at Whitby was empty, as event believed to be unprecedented in the criminal history of the country. Such a fact needs no comment, nevertheless we shall not be surprised if some anti-prohibition statisticians undertake to prove that within these six weeks there has been more whiskey sold in the above county than during any period of the same length before the act came into operation.—*Ed.*

This, That, and The Other.

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