

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
VOLUME XLII.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
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## A WAY WHEEZY OLD SUBSCRIBER MAY GET THE PAPER FREE FOR NEXT YEAR.

We are empowered to make the following offer: Any old subscriber sending us the names of three new subscribers, with their subscriptions of \$4.50, shall have his paper free for one year. We hope to send out very many free papers on these terms.

Dr. Strong says that in Rochester University the proportion of ministerial students has declined from 46 to 22 per cent. in the last ten years, and that the proportion of theological students in all the theological institutions, to the membership of the churches, has fallen away 28 per cent. during the same time. For the 601 new churches organized last year, there were but 203 new ministers. This is sadly significant and suggestive! We may need to revise our ideas about Russia, somewhat. Last year she issued 7,427 publications, while Great Britain issued 6,591, and the United States but 4,631. Germany leads all with 17,000 publications, and, strange to say, Italy comes second with 10,863.

— STILL ANOTHER. — Instances multiply of the grand results of the adoption of the weekly offering system in giving to the Lord's work. In one of the poorest districts of Nova Scotia a little band of believers have been trying to raise a certain sum to assist in the support of a pastor, and have always failed till last year, when, adopting the sacred rule of giving, they raised the sum without difficulty. Let others try it.

— ST. MARTIN'S SEMINARY. — Very gladening is the news which comes from the Seminary. The work of the school is going forward very pleasantly and successfully. The attendance is good, there being 81 now on the roll and others expected after the New Year. Best of all, as Bro. Parker sends word in a communication in the church news column, there is a deep religious interest among the students. Miss Wilkinson is winning golden opinions. Dr. Hopper is throwing all his energy and enthusiasm into the work, and Bro. Warren is doing his steady, thorough teaching, and all the other instructors are doing well.

— DR. MARCUS DOOS. — This gentleman, whose sermons had aroused a doubt as to his orthodoxy, was appointed to a theological chair in a leading Scotch university, by the so-called more liberal wing of the Presbyterian church there. He is a man of distinguished ability, but he is inclined to trim very close to the wind, in the direction of heresy. Recently he has preached a sermon showing with how little faith a man may be saved. The *Christian Weekly*, to show the evil tendency of such preaching, suggests that he preach on the parallel subject, with how little morality a man might be saved. The propriety of preaching on both these topics is, no doubt, about equal.

— THE NINETY THOUSAND JEWS IN NEW YORK maintain 40 synagogues. They are a recognized force in commercial and political circles. Among them are wealthy bankers, princely merchants, able and influential editors, and active politicians. They are generally moral and industrious. While they comprise ten per cent. of the population, their contribution to the criminal classes is less than one per cent.

The above we clip from the *Intelligencer*, and it goes far to show the influence for good the Bible is exerting in the world on those who pay regard to its teachings; although they may not represent the highest type of the religion of the Bible. Infidelity fails to produce even such fruit as this. And it must ever fail, inasmuch as unbelief fails to supply the ideals and motives necessary to advancement in real goodness.

— STRANGE ETHICS. — The Bishop of Peterboro has ideas, it is hoped, which are peculiar to him as bishop. He declared, some years ago, that he would rather see England free than England sober,—that is free to drink than helped to be sober by prohibition. Now he says that betting stands in the same relation to gambling that moderate drinking does to drunkenness; and that he could not take upon himself to assert that it was a sin to bet five shillings. This shows what a fine ethical teacher the bishop is, and what a grip he has on principles. In the same way, could he not state that stealing five shillings worth stood in the same relation to stealing one hundred pounds, etc., etc., and excuse small criminalities. At the same time, the bishop is partly right; both moderate drinking and betting lead equally to the more pronounced drunkenness and gambling, but this is a reason why they should be abandoned, not that a small amount of a vice is excusable.

This appeal, in another column, from the F. M. Board will speak for itself. Sister Archibald ought not to be left longer on the field in her present enfeebled condition of health. It is presumed that Bro. Archibald will remain a year or so longer and Miss Wright will continue in her school work, but these best acquainted with the social ethics of the country well know that only by having a mission family on the ground can our moral standing be maintained among the grossly surmising heathen. The Board may find it necessary to send one of the other mission families to Chicacoale for a season—but this can only be done at a sacrifice to some other station. We earnestly hope the call will be quickly responded to by some good brother and sister, and that our churches will come forward proving themselves to the world loyal to Him and His cause whom they profess to serve.

## A Round-Trip Ticket.

— THE WALHALLA AT REGENSBURG.

A few moments' climb up a thickly wooded hill, through a network of sunshine and leaves and flowers pulsing in the fresh morning air, where the song of birds and the music of a little brook tumbling merrily along on its way to the river was delight almost to intoxication, a pushing aside of tangled branches, and a rubbing of dazzled, surprised eyes, and this is what we behold: A beautiful Doric temple, standing like some fair white goddess surrounded by her groves of whispering oak-trees, her steady glance fixed on the clear deep sky, the folds of her skirt blending with the clouds suspended along the horizon; a resurrection or at least a fair copy of the Parthenon at Athens, transferred to German soil and poised on the crest of a hill that might vie with the Acropolis in its commanding appearance and glorious outlook. Not, however, a mass of sorrowful ruins this, but a solid, complete structure bearing the impress of newness and freshness in every one of its marble columns and its grand flight of approaching steps. Beneath, over the brow of the hill, flows the river Danube; as far as the eye can reach, stretch fertile plains and dark forest slopes, while away to the south rise the white lines of the snow capped Alps.

The interior of this magnificent edifice, rich with sculptures and marble mosaics, is a vast hall of the Ionic order, containing busts of celebrated Germans from the earliest times down to the present. A frieze extending around the whole length of the hall represents the history of the Germanic race down to the introduction of Christianity. Here are princes, statesmen, generals, poets, architects, and musicians; Alfred the Great, of Saxony, England, has a place here, and King Egbert of Wessex, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and Rudolph of Hapsburg; Frederick the Great, Wallenstein, Blucher and Schwargenberg; Gutenberg, Albrecht Durer, Martin Luther; Lessing, Mozart, Kant, Schiller, Goethe, and many others whom the nation delighteth to honor.

In the book of the old traditions called the "Edda," appears very often the question: "Knowest thou the meaning of that?" We shall here have to ask ourselves the same question and say: What is the meaning of Walhalla, and why is the name given to this modern imitation of bygone Grecian splendor?

The latter question is unanswerable. However beautiful in appearance, we see before us simply the result of the dangerous experiment of attempting to clothe the full, deep, poetical idea of the original Walhalla in the imported and unfitting form of representation in which it here stands.

Walhalla, "Hall of the Chosen," the Paradise of the ancient Germanic tribes, a German Temple of Fame,—so far logically, and then, with a bound most lamentably illogical, came King Lewis of Bavaria, to the idea of enthroning ancient and modern German celebrities in a temple of classical Greek architecture and giving it the name of an ancient barbarian Paradise. A German temple of fame in the form of the dwelling place of Pallas-Athena upon the Acropolis at Athens! All the gods, barbarian and civilized, must have turned in their graves at the bare idea. It cost King Lewis the next little sum of one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling to carry it out; and no doubt the barbarians have turned him in his grave long before this, for the very incongruity of the thing. Listen to those barbarians' account of the building of the world, and of Walhalla, the palace of their gods, and then judge if the Germans of to-day need to borrow their architectural ideas from Greece, or from

any other land, to do honor to their fallen heroes.

In the old Germanic traditions everything is of colossal proportions, phantastic, fabulous; but through all rings a tone of truth and a premonition of a still higher revelation to come. Once, they relate:

"Twas neither sand nor sea,  
No earth was there,  
Nor firmament;  
A yawning gulf,  
And nowhere grass."

Upon one side was a world belching forth flames and smoke; upon the other, a cold, dark world of snow and ice. The first was called Muspelheim, or the Kingdom of Light; the second, Niflheim, the Home of Darkness. In Niflheim was a fountain out of which flowed twelve streams whose waters turned in the north to ice. From the fire world flew balls of fire upon the ice and melted it, and from out of the melted mass came the giant Ymir, and a cow Adumbia (emblem of the nourishing power of the earth). The giant Ymir signifies the primitive element which the Greeks called Chaos. The cow Adumbia licked a block of salt ice and the man Buri appeared. A son of Buri, Boer, married a daughter of Ymir, and became the father of three sons, Wodan, Odin, Vili, and Ve. Wodan afterwards became the king of the gods. With these three sons of Boer begins the strife of the created powers with the blind, destructive powers of Nature, as represented by the giants. The gods slew the giant Ymir (that is, broke his power) and threw his corpse into a very deep. From his wounds flowed so much blood that all the other giants were drowned therein, with the exception of Bergelmir and his wife, who were saved in a boat and became the progenitors of the younger giant race. This event is described as the Sinfur, or great flood.

Wodan and his brothers now set about the creation of the world. From Ymir's blood they created the sea, from his bones the rocks and cliffs, from his hair the trees, from his skull the great arching vault of the heavens, from his brain the clouds, from his eyebrows a wall to serve for defense against the giants, and finally from his flesh the dwarfs who dwell under the earth and in the recesses of the mountains. Four of these dwarfs, Auster, Wester, Norther and Suder, (East, West, North and South) were placed on the four corners of the heavens. The stars were made from flying sparks of hot, glowing metal. The giants Nat (Night) they married to the god Delling (Morning Twilight) and from this marriage sprang the god of light, Dag (Day).

## Missionary Correspondence.

(Continued.)

BOORJEWALLA, Oct. 1.

During all our stay on the "Hilli," our native helper, Nuriash was laid up with a terribly sore hand. It commenced with great pain and swelling in the palm. Running sores opened all over the hand and above the wrists until it seemed as if it would rot off and there seemed a poor chance of his life. He has pulled through, however, and his hand is much better, though not well. His being thus laid by, has much lessened the work on the Bobbili field for the past few months. We feel so much the need of more good workers. The removal of the London Mission from Vizianagram and our purchase of their property, greatly increases the size of our field and the number of people to be evangelized. What can we do for so many people with so few workers? We are delighted to know Mr. Higgins is coming to us this season, but we need another family at the least.

With two new families this fall, we can only occupy the new station of Vizianagram and have a family partly prepared to take up the work at Chicacoale when Mr. Archibald has to leave. Thus Kimeidy is left still unprovided for, and a large part of the country must be left unvisited.

While the removal of the London Mission from Vizianagram has left us a clear field in one direction, their place has been supplied in another direction by the Lutherans. Several years ago Mr. Goffin, London missionary, informed me that he regarded us merely as interlopers, having no rights as a mission that he was bound to respect. To prove his assertion he took his best man from Vizianagram, where he was greatly needed, and planted him 15 miles beyond us at Parvatipoor, where he had procured a small bit of land. I said to him "All right, put him there and let him work all he can, and whenever I go there I shall do all I can, and when I have a fit man to put there I shall do so."

When Mr. G. learned that he was to be transferred to another place, before

letting us know anything of it, he offered the property at Parvatipoor to the Lutherans, and they bought it and have moved there.

I called to see one of them, Mr. Bottman, the other day. Enquiring about his plans of work he told me they intended for the present to occupy the country round Parvatipoor and, half-way to Bobbili, and one of their men told my helper, they intended to go nearly to Palkondah. This is a part of the country where we have done a good deal of work, and in fact nearly all that has ever been done. When I asked him if there would be room for our two missions to work together, he said, not if we worked in the same places and therefore we must not come to their villages, and they would not come to ours. This was rather more than I could swallow, and I gave him to understand that I should never make such an agreement. We had quite a long talk. He said if we went to the same villages and taught differently, the people would lose confidence in one or both of us.

Without confidence in us, they would not believe our message, and so many might be lost. If I admitted that he preached enough of the truth of the gospel for men to be saved, that was enough. I replied that the simple truth and the whole truth was to be taught, and that the responsibility of causing division and schism must rest on those who had departed from the New Testament.

We came here before they did to teach all that Christ had given us in His gospel, and if they came in afterwards to teach Lutheranism and fiction, or trouble arose, they must take the blame. A bad foundation might spoil the finest superstructure. Not the mere salvation of a few people at the present time, but the ultimate success and upbuilding of Christ's kingdom should be our greatest object, and the introduction of error in our teaching now may bring ruin to His cause hereafter, as has been the case in so many countries. I regarded infant baptism as the greatest curse the world has ever seen in the shape of departure from New Testament teaching. This was a tender point and he was ready to do battle for it, but we had not time to finish then, and so the war will go on. I am sorry that it should be so, but I cannot consent to be gagged in the presence of error. We have already had a specimen of how the thing will work. The life of Satya Vadi, our preacher in the Jeypoor country, has for several years professed to believe, but has shrunk from being baptized.

A few months since Satya Vadi wrote me that his wife and child were fully believing and wished to be baptized, and asked me to come up there, or give liberty for them to come to Bobbili. It was just in the midst of the rainy season, when it would have been very difficult, if not almost impossible to get there, besides being the fever season. I wrote to him to get a bandy and come down as soon as he was able. Before he could do so his wife was attacked by cholera, and thinking she was going to die, and I suppose thinking baptism in some way necessary to her salvation, and afraid to die without, she had the Lutheran missionary called in and was poured or sprinkled by him.

Though we have been carrying on work there for years, and the only work, yet the Lutherans have coolly gone into the village and have built a house, and we are told by one of our men there they have been urging our people to leave us and join them. I say to them, "All right; we can stand such things if you can. Go where you please, and I shall claim the same freedom, and to the extent of my opportunities and ability I shall preach the truth to all who will listen, whether Lutherans or Hindoos." The only preacher they have at Parvatipoor is a Baptist, educated by Baptist money at the Bamapattam Seminary, who left the Baptists and joined the Lutherans, because of a quarrel with some preacher. He confessed to me that in his heart he believed the Baptists were right. Mr. Bottman thinks Baptists very uncharitable. I told him the charge of uncharitableness comes with a bad grace from any Pedobaptist body; that we as Baptists have fought against bitter odds for the mere right to exist, and now that we have won the battle, we do not feel that we owe to Pedos any debt of gratitude whatever. And if persecution could not destroy or silence us, he must not think a desire for their good opinion could do so.

## MARADAM, Thursday Evening.

We visited a village three miles away this forenoon, where some London mission Christians are supposed to live. We saw only three, an old man and two women. Chemia Busasavana, who is with me, rather turns up his nose at the

thought of their being fellow-Christians. The old man, he thinks, is a hypocrite, and the women do not know anything. "They are like the Catholics," he says. I think he is too hard on them, though they are very ignorant, it is true. The old woman thought her sins were taken away when the water was poured on her head. The old man seemed to think most of the rupee and the cloth he got after the pouring was over. Still I think they have a measure of faith in Christ, and we must try to do what we can for them. They are a good part of the Christians left by the London Mission. They left us a pretty clear field, taking about all who were worth taking, while a few were turned over to the Lutherans. And now we have a tremendous work before us, that only the power of the Almighty can enable us to accomplish. Here we have it? If not now, when shall we have it? How shall we obtain it? May we all be led to cry mightily for a display of God's saving grace, and give Him no rest till He come and set up His kingdom gloriously in this Northern Telugu country. G. CHURCHILL.

## 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."

HILLSBORO, Albert Co., N. B.

Our Woman's Missionary Aid Society has been greatly cheered and encouraged by a visit from our sister, Mrs. John March, of St. John. She was with us five days. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 31, she spoke in the First Hillsboro Baptist church. The night being very dark and rainy, very few were present. The collection on that evening was eight dollars and eighty cents (\$8.80).

The following night a meeting was held in the Surrey Baptist church, which was successful in every way. A collection of \$14.50 was taken.

Friday evening a meeting was held in the Demoiselle Creek church, near the Albert Mines. At the close of the meeting a W. M. Aid Society was organized. Up to that time there had been no society there, and we believe that they will do well. The officers are: Mrs. William Melton, President; Mrs. William Lander, Vice-President; Mrs. Edward Woodworth, Secretary; Mrs. Jordan Woodworth, Treasurer; Mrs. John N. Steeves, Auditor. The collection taken amounted to over \$9.00.

On Sunday afternoon our sister visited the Salem society, a branch of the First Hillsboro society. Her words there were very touching and powerful, and all present seemed to feel, "Surely the Lord is in this place." The costumes, idols, etc., which Mrs. March showed in all the meetings, did much to impress the people as to the terrible state in which so many of our fellow-beings are living. At the close of the meeting a collection of \$18.50 was taken. Since the meeting the friends in Salem have raised the amount to \$25.00.

Sunday evening another meeting was held in the 1st Hillsboro Baptist church. Again the night was dark and rainy, but quite a number were present. A collection of \$10.00 was taken.

We feel very grateful to Mrs. March for her inspiring and touching words on missions, and we pray that she may be spared many years to do the grand and noble work which she has so long been doing. By her visit to Albert Co. over \$60.00 have been raised to send the gospel to the perishing. That is simply counting the collections, and we believe that many dollars will find their way to the treasury of the Mission Board, and many prayers will ascend to God in behalf of the mission work as a result of this visit. It will be long before it is forgotten.

We would advise any W. M. Aid Society that has not had a visit from Mrs. March to write her at once.

M. F. CAMP.

The many friends of Mrs. March will hear with regret of her being laid aside from active duties by a severe illness, which we hope will not prove serious. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, which she has been so eagerly sending to the suffering Telugu women, is her light in the midnight hour of pain and fever. May this useful life be long spared to accomplish much for her Lord and Master.

The establishment of Christian schools at the mission station is a part of the regular work. In them some of our sister missionaries spend much time. A portion of each day is devoted to Bible study and in this way much gospel seed is sown in the youthful heart. From this department we may in time look for some of our best results. Generally speaking,

the children are bright and quick to learn when an interest in study is once aroused. But a serious hindrance to this work is the difficulty in retaining the heathen children at school. Too many of them leave before they advance beyond the lower classes, and the disinterested parents will use any trifling excuse to make their attendance irregular. As an illustration of the importance of Bible study in the schools, the following is given by a missionary:

"Do you know how sin came into the world? Have you ever heard?" I inquired of an old man in India, one afternoon. He had been listening to our preaching, and I put the question while offering the people books. Not of course he did not know. He had no one who could tell him.

"Eve ate the fruit," quietly replied a boy about twelve years of age, who saw the old man was puzzled.

"Are you a Christian?" I said surprisedly; for he cheered me to get such a good answer from him.

"No, sir," he answered, "but I go to the Bible school's ABI that explained it all. This was how he came to know more than the old man. The Bible tells us things that nobody would ever be able to know without it."

"Sir! have you the 'Sea of Love'?" a boy of India came running after us to ask that same afternoon.

"We were very sorry we had not a book with that title. In some of our hymns and books Jesus is called a Sea of Love; and it is a beautiful name, is it not? If you try to think how deep, how broad, how long, how lovely the sea is, you will understand what a meaning this name has."

"Oh, my soul, dive into the sea of the love of Jesus!" is the chorus of one of our Bengali hymns; and the first verse says:

"If you dive, you'll be refreshed,  
If you dive, you'll be enriched,  
Dive, then, like a diver, and get the saving wealth."

## Literary Notes.

In addition to the usual array of unusual attractions, the Christmas *Wide Awake* will be enlarged sixteen pages to admit Grant Allen's serial of adventures, "Wednesday the Tenth," a tale of the South Pacific. The same number opens serials by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and William O. Stoddard, the former a story of modern Norse boys, the latter an American farm story. Howard Pyle the artist contributes to the Christmas *Wide Awake* a "Lady-and-Tiger" sort of story called "Lambkin; was he a Hero or a Pig?"

"Belcher's Farmers' Almanack" for 1890 compares favorably with its sixty-five predecessors. It contains an extensive compound of marine, agricultural and commercial operations, together with the names of the Dominion and Provincial officials in all the legislative and executive departments; the army and navy officers; the clergy of the different denominations, and their locations; the churches, moral and benevolent institutions of the Province of Nova Scotia—and all for 10 cents. It is a necessary part of the furniture of every well-furnished desk in Nova Scotia.

The announcement for the 31st and 32nd volumes of the *Methodist Magazine* for 1890 is particularly strong. The substance of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," a sumptuous and costly book, will be given with 116 fine engravings, illustrating life and adventure in India, Ceylon, Burma, Borneo, Celebes, Australia and New Guinea. The editor will describe, with over 100 illustrations, the adventures of his large tourist party in Europe last summer. A series of special interest will be the "Vagabond Vaguettes," describing a journey on horseback throughout the length and breadth of Palestine and the Levant, with nearly 100 woodcuts. The Serial Stories will be Mrs. Barr's "Master of His Fate," a Yorkshire tale, and "Kathleen Care," an Irish story. An important series of papers on "Social Progress" will be given, and a series of "Character Sketches," and stories illustrating Social Reform. A sketch of "Thomas Brassey, the great 'Captain of Industry,'" by Prof. Goldwin Smith, will appear, and other important papers. Twenty cents per copy. \$2.00 a year. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, and S. F. Huestis, Halifax.

## Robert Hall's Humor.

In sympathetic company, Hall often gave full play to his great fund of wit and humor. A very sedate old gentleman, a Baptist minister, and a very poor preacher, felt a little scandalized at some of his witty flashes, and on meeting him one day, undertook to remonstrate with him on the subject.

"My dear brother," replied Hall, "you know we live in a wonderful world; there are a great variety of men in it, having a great variety of work to perform, while each does his own work in his own way. For instance, there is yourself, when you preach, you take all your nonsense into the pulpit, and when I preach, I try to keep my nonsense out of it."

This remark finished the conversation.