

The spirit of church extension on this continent has been almost a mania, and as a result there are churches of several denominations in communities where only one can be well supported—churches living at a poor dying rate, or jealous of one another's additions, churches, too, whose very existence has robbed the kingdom of God of funds that might have been used in other directions far more to the glory of God and should have been so used.

So we welcome every movement to bring the churches together. The principles set forth in the meetings referred to are as old as Christianity itself, and it is only as these principles become the working principles of the Christian churches that the prayer of Jesus for his followers "That they may all be one," will be answered.

(2) The other illustration of the fraternal spirit which I wish to mention, is the friendly feeling between the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The growth of this spirit has been marvellous. But while it seems to have grown up almost in a night like Jonah's gourd, yet its roots stretch back into the past years and the present movement has been but the sudden blooming of the inherent spirit of brotherhood.

Some of you perhaps have read the sermon of Dr. Clifford of London, preached in Tremont Temple, Boston, two months ago, at the close of which the audience passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that the magnificent statements of Dr. John Clifford of London that 'England and America are joined by stock, tongue, literature, religion, achievements, liberty and conscience, in an alliance which can not and shall not be broken, but shall strengthen and increase as the years pass by,' is the unanimous opinion of this audience of nearly three thousand people, in Tremont Temple, September 30, 1898. That this resolution is but the reflection of the spirit abroad among the Americans every close observer of current events must admit.

On the other hand the sentiment in the English metropolis was clearly seen in the Lord Mayor's show two weeks ago. One of the cars represented Britannia and Columbia seated beneath a canopy, while the American flag was carried by a British sailor and the British flag by an American.

"What is the voice I hear  
On the wind of the western sea?  
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be.  
'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a  
people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsman hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last, and be stronger than death is strong."

"Answer them, sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan,  
Let us speak with each other face to face,  
And answer as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other as  
none but freemen can."

Amen and amen.

So let us thank God that we are permitted to see a glimmer of the glorious brotherhood of the peoples of the earth which he has made the heritage of the sons of men. Let us thank God that it is our privilege to live at this time and to have a part in these movements towards the bringing of the kingdom of God.

"We are living—we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time  
In an age on ages telling,  
To be living—is sublime.

"On! let all the soul within you  
For the truth's sake go abroad.  
Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
Tell on ages—tell for God."

### "A Rage for Dipping."

In reporting to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, in the year 1800, the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, Bishop of all Canada, resident in Halifax, writes thus of the religious state of things in Nova Scotia:—

"A rage for dipping or total immersion prevails all over the western counties of Nova Scotia, and is frequently performed in a very indelicate manner before vast collections of people. Several hundreds have already been re-baptized, and this plunging they deem to be absolutely necessary to the conversion of their souls.

On the Saturday preceding these solemnities the teacher sits above the congregation with a number of select brethren on lower benches, appointed to assist him. Before this tribunal the people are brought forward, often by compulsion, to relate their experiences, and if they consent to be baptized they are commonly pronounced to be converted. People come together to these meetings from a distance of seventy miles, leaving their families often in destitute circumstances and their plantations exposed to ruin. All order and decorum are despised by them. Fierce contentions prevail among the most intimate; family government is dissolved; children are neglected and become disobedient. They are rigid predestinarians and hold that all mankind were actually present and actually sinned with our primitive parents. After conversion they are not answerable for any sins they may commit, since it is the flesh and not the spirit which offends. Those who die in infancy they consign over to damnation. Many of them deny the resurrection and future judgment, heaven and hell; though the elect are to be happy and the reprobates miserable after death. Their discipline is democratic. The right of ordination, dis-

mission, etc., lies with the brethren. Their political principles are equally dangerous with their religion. It is believed that the conductors of those people are engaged in the general plan of total revolution in religion and civil governments; and it is a certain fact that "The Rights of Man," "The Age of Reason," and "Valney On the Ruin of Empires," a false representation of the French Revolution, with scandalous invectives against the crowned heads of Europe, and against British administration in particular, have been recently handed about by the professed new lights."

This is a formidable array of charges against the Rev. John Payzant, Joseph Dimock, Theodore S. Harding, James Manning, Edward Manning, Harris Harding, Elijah Estabrooks, Enoch Towner, Joseph Crandall, John Barton and Thomas Handly Chipman. They were, in the year of our Lord 1800, the dangerous leaders who awakened such alarm in the breast of the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, bishop of Canada. They taught many very heretical doctrines and did a good many naughty things according to the report of this celebrated divine. Well, with such reports as these floating about the country concerning them, it is not to be wondered at that they decided in this very year, very meekly decided, that it would be well to have their articles of faith printed, so as to meet the untrue things said of them, then concurrent among their opponents.

Bishop Inglis got at that time for salary yearly \$10,000, from the Imperial government, and \$2,000 from the bishop's fund, making a neat little income of \$12,000, besides his lands in Aylesford where he spent his summers and some of his winters. Had he been paid the \$12,000 for packing as much untruth as possible into his report about the Baptists in this year 1800, he could not have well done better than he did. Their articles of faith and practices were substantially as they are at the present day. Had it been possible, they would have been swallowed up in a flood of false reports. What was tried on their master before them, and failed. It succeeded no better in ending their work than it did in ending the work of him called lord by both the slanderers and the slandered. How much of the false rubbish in this report was believed by the bishop is now known only to the Lord. Charity could lead one to hope that he had been made the victim of some sinners, fond of wicked practical jokes of this kind. Evidently he and his twenty clergymen were not a little alarmed at the doings of these eleven homespun preachers without college training or even a decent living guaranteed. Each episcopal clergyman received his salary from the funds of the S. P. G., in London. These plain, new-light Baptists trusted to the Lord and the voluntary benevolence of the people—poor people they were too.

Bursting with falsehood as the bishop's report is, there is running through it a slight streak of truth. The first sentence is true: "A rage for dipping."

Let even this should not be believed, swamped as it is in lies, I will undertake to prove that Bishop Inglis was decidedly, emphatically true in this assertion.

At Horton, T. S. Harding, young, active and eloquent, was careering over the country, mountains and valleys, preaching like an angel and baptizing almost every Sunday. More than a hundred were led by him into the water, so great was the rage for dipping at Horton. In old age he told Dr. Cramp that this revival spread all the way down the valley and mountains to Yarmouth and beyond that town. At Yarmouth the rage for dipping was so great that on one occasion the Rev. Harris Harding and about twenty of his church were conducted down to the water by the Rev. James Manning. So glorious was the sight and such was the ecstasy of the candidates, the people and the administrator, that James Manning in writing about it, said, it seemed to him like the baptism of Christ at Jordan. So soon as Mr. Harding emerged from the water of the lower Hebron Lake, where the baptism took place, his mouth was opened, and, as if anointed anew, he proclaimed the glorious gospel to the awe-stricken, waking multitude. The rage for dipping was as great at Yarmouth, where Harris Harding proclaimed the message of life, as at Horton where the people listened spell-bound to the glowing declamation of his namesake. Right, Bishop! There was a great rage for dipping.

Look away to New Brunswick! There is the gentle Joseph Crandall. His feet are swift over the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland in particular. Away he goes in mid-winter on his snowshoes, over the country toward the St. John River. Fires flamed up out of the snow wherever he went. Up and up the great river he continued his journey; and wherever he appeared, there fell upon the people a great rage for dipping. In this way the winter months passed, and the beautiful spring of the majestic St. John River returned. Its inspiration warmed and exhilarated all nature, animate an inanimate irrational and sentient; but it did not check the rage for dipping. Let Joseph tell his own story just here: "About the last of May I came down the River to Waterborough. The low-lands were all inundated, and I could not see how the Lord's work could be carried forward just then, as the people could not attend the meetings. We landed at Brother Marster's, and soon the boats came loaded with anxious enquirers, asking about the reformation up

the river. . . And in that room in an hour or two after my arrival, the Lord's work commenced. . . Brother Elijah Estabrooks, their leader, a holy man of God, led the way, and the whole society followed in the holy ordinance of immersion."

Here Esq. Esty, said you are going to break up our church, took up his hat and went out saying, "My parents gave me up to the Lord in infancy, and from that I will not depart. But he was the first one to go down into the water before a great host of people the next morning. "Such a day of the Lord's power" says the enthusiastic Joseph Crandall, "was I believe rarely witnessed on earth." There was about thirty immersed on one occasion. This meeting did not break up till after the sun had gone down; and it was truly solemn, and delightful as well, to hear the praises of the Lord sung by great numbers of happy converts, returning home in their boats from the solemn scene. . . The clear setting sun, the broad expanse of smooth water spreading over a large expanse of land, the serenity of the atmosphere, the delightful notes of the feathered songsters, and the solemn tones of the hymns sung by the happy converts in the boats, presented to me an emblem of the very presence of God. It seemed as though the very heavens had come down to earth."

Yes, the great rage for dipping extended into New Brunswick. The first sentence in the Bishops report is true whatever may be said about it as a whole. But the dipping was not performed in an indelicate manner; it was not "deemed to be absolutely necessary to the conversion of the soul"; it had nothing to do in the giving of life—regeneration; but what about the Prayer book formula? The converts were not brought before the church "by compulsion." Consent to be baptized did not lead the church to pronounce them converted; "the leaving families destitute and farms to go to ruin," was mere fiction; "the despising of all order and decorum," is another statement entirely destitute of the essential element; "fierce contentions and the dissolution of family government," must be classed with the things that were not so; "the neglecting of children and their disobedience" cannot be placed in the neighborhood of truth. "Not answerable for sins after conversion" also has to go down on the dark catalogue with the statement, "that those who died in infancy were consigned to damnation"; "the denial of the resurrection, judgment and hell," is another statement of beliefs that did not exist among Baptists or orderly Newlights of that day. The danger of their political principles and their purpose to overthrow civil government also goes with the class of statements on which no one could put the label, "truth."

But while the Bishop wrote so many things that had no salt of truth in them, his first sentence was confessedly a great fact. There was a great rage for dipping. Why? The Holy Spirit anointed the preachers. He came mightily on Christians, enlightened, convicted and converted sinners; quickened their consciences and made the command and symbolism of baptism plain, and the regenerated souls longed for it as the newborn babes for its mother's breast. To follow Christ in baptism was the delight of their hearts. The Holy Ghost generated in the souls of the converts a rage for dipping.

What is needed now all over the same ground? A rage for dipping! Who can create it? The Holy Ghost! Prayer, faith and preaching with His power, sent down from heaven, will reproduce on the same ground the same rage for dipping, which arrested the attention of Bishop Inglis and so alarmed him in the year 1800.

That rage for dipping is a fire in the soul, kindled by the Holy Ghost. Rice, the new convert of prejudices, put the new Testament into his hands and as the iron to the magnet, and as the bird to the wing, so will the new born soul call for the glorious symbol of death to sin, life from the dead, and Christ joyfully accepted as the captain of the great Salvation. A divine fire in the heart is this rage for dipping.

For the Baptists, the eighteenth century went out gloriously, and the nineteenth came in with the shoutings of the new converts, wherever that rage for dipping appeared. How shall the last years of this century pass away? Let the enthusiasm, the courage, the faith, the zeal which filled the immortal eleven,—the young preachers of one hundred years ago—fall upon the host of preachers now on the same field and upon their churches and this dying century also, would pass away with shoutings and hallelujahs and the on coming one, would be ushered in, and were Bishop Charles Inglis in the flesh and on duty as he was a hundred years ago; he might report to the S. P. G. that a great rage for dipping prevailed in the Maritime Provinces.

H. M. S.

Put these three questions before you and ask yourself the questions, Am I drifting? Am I serving myself? or am I giving myself to God and my fellow-men? And if any of you are past middle life, if any are old men, remember that it is never too late to begin to live.—Rev. Lyman Abbott.

The proper attitude of an intelligent and honest Christian is one of fearless, thorough, self-controlled inquiry. He should not decry new views of truth as of course erroneous. He ought to be sufficiently hospitable to them to weigh them well, to give them a fair chance to prove their worth.—The Congregationalist.