

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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—THOSE STATEMENTS.—Will the subscribers to whom statements of account have been sent, please remit promptly, as the offers we make are special ones, and will expire in a few days.

—SCREW TO WIN.—That pluck and perseverance is sure to win is finely illustrated in the life of William Carey. It is told of him that when he was a boy he attempted to climb a tree, and in doing so broke one of his limbs. After many weeks of suffering, the first thing he did after getting out of the house was to go and climb that tree. This determined and invincible spirit, sanctified by the grace of God, insured his success in missionary work in India.

—MR. BRYSON, an Episcopal rector, refused to give the communion to a Mrs. Swayne, on the ground that she had attended Methodist service, and had made herself a "schismatic." She appealed to the courts, and the rector has been suspended from office and emoluments for one year, and has all costs to pay. Those who put themselves under the control of Caesar in religious affairs, must not complain if they are compelled to go to Caesar.

—MANAGEMENT.—The captain of a ship must control his crew or his crew will control him. The orator must master his audience and lead his audience or his audience will master him and despise him. The pastor of a church must lead and teach his people if he will do them good and command their respect. "Let no man despise thee," is an apostolic injunction which he cannot afford to forget. People wondrously enjoy being managed, especially when they see that their best interests are promoted thereby. Let our young pastors make a note of this.

—AN EXAMPLE.—A layman has been holding services at a certain destitute section in Hants, N. S. The attendance has outgrown the school-house, in which the meetings have been held, and now the people, assisted by a brother in Windsor who is ever ready to help on any good work, are building a house of worship. What a grand work is this for a busy man of business to accomplish, and yet, in these provinces of ours, there are any number of just such openings and any number of brethren who might do similar blessed work for the Master, were they but to sacrifice a little time and toil in order to seize the great privilege of advancing Christ's glory by helping men to Him and His salvation. Are there not some who will begin this kind of work at once? Pastors, help those who are fitted for this work into it.

—WHO DOES THE GUESSING?—The *Herald and Presbyter* cites some Baptist author as holding that Lydia, of Philippi, had no young children to be baptized with her, and therefore cannot be cited in defence of infant baptism, and says: "The case of Lydia was always a very troublesome one to our Baptist brethren, and this effort to guess away the difficulties is not very ingenious, though it may be ingenious." A little more needs to be said about this guessing business. Before Lydia's household will give any difficulty to Baptists, the following guesses will have to be taken as facts; for the Scripture record gives us no information: 1. Lydia was a married woman; 2. She had children; 3. Some of them were too young to understand and accept the gospel message; 4. She had brought these young children with her from her home, hundreds of miles away, on her business trip to Philippi; 5. These were baptized with the elders who might be called the household, exclusive of such young children. Is it not wonderful that the Baptists do not accept infant baptism at once, when a difficulty so great as she one founded upon all these guesses, confronts them? May we not suggest to the *Herald and Presbyter* and to others who rely upon Lydia's household to prove infant baptism, a lot more difficulties. Why not guess that Paul baptized infants in every place he preached, and be done with it, for there is just the same evidence he did this as that there were infants in Lydia's household; the records are only equally silent about both. No, no, it is not the Baptists who do the guessing. We only accept what the record states; it is our Pedobaptist friends who have to guess the baptism of infants into the records, in order to make a difficulty for us.

—Here is a whole sermon in a sentence by Hannah Moore: "He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to die; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself."

Eastward Bound.

S. S. DAMARA, NOV. 2.

How fortunate it is that we are able so largely to forget our sad experiences! I was reminded of that fact to-day. Now that we are so gently gliding along upon the smooth waters of the English Channel, on this delightful day, we have almost forgotten how miserably sea-sick we were only a few days ago. Life now begins to appear worth living. I think there have been times, since we left Halifax, when some of our passengers rather doubted the desirability of living. The world with all its joys seemed to have lost its attractions for them. It is marvelous how insignificant this world suddenly becomes to one who is passing through the "desperate" stage of sea-sickness. Equally marvelous is it, that one should have such an unwillingness to leave this world—that he should cling to life so tenaciously—just so soon as he has passed the "desperate" limit of his illness. A new life seems to dawn upon him; his spirits rise with the barometer. Now the sun seems to shine more brightly than it ever did before; the sky seems bluer and the air purer than ever before. His heart becomes lighter as the sky becomes brighter; an unwonted joy fills the heart of the once disconsolate traveller. Thus it always is. So soon as the rift in the cloud appears, and the dark, threatening sky begins to clear and the sun again smiles upon us, we forget the storms through which we have passed. In life there are many storms through which we must pass. Sometimes our heavenly Father seems almost entirely to have withdrawn His presence. Clouds and thick darkness hide His face. But, to the Christian, this dark experience cannot last long. Soon the storm will pass over and he will again bask in the sunlight of God's presence; and in His presence he will find fullness of joy. Child of God, be encouraged by this thought. The heavens will not always frown upon thee. Thou shalt soon forget the sting of thy sorrow; its bitterness will pass away, and thy joy when it comes will be all the greater, because of the sad experience through which thou hast passed.

In my last letter I gave some account of our journey as far as Halifax. Let me continue the description of the trip from that point. The *Damara*, unfortunately, was to sail from the wharf at Richmond. This fact made it impossible for many of our Halifax friends to see us off. A few, however, met us at the steamer and remained with us until our departure. We were pleased to notice the interest which these friends manifested in us. The familiar faces of brethren Maynard, Freeman, C. W. Williams, Geo. McDonald, and Miss Lila Williams, have lingered in our memory during our voyage across the ocean. We shall think of these friends as they lay to rest upon us waving their handkerchiefs and bidding us farewell. When we were far down the harbor we saw the handkerchiefs still waving, until finally they faded from our view. Then as we left the deck and went below we realized, as we did not before, that we were off for India. What a world of meaning is in this custom of waving handkerchiefs! Only a form, and yet how suggestive! As we saw the waving of hands and handkerchiefs we knew that fervent prayers were rising to God in our behalf. Of those who were with us till we sailed, two were fathers and two were mothers of members of our missionary party. The pain of leaving home was lessened by the presence of our dear parents with us.

The *Damara* has 15 passengers on board. With the majority of these we have become very well acquainted and have found them very pleasant. The voyage has been a good one, though we have had some weather which we should consider rather rough. One woman did not leave her berth from the time she left Halifax until yesterday—19 days. To most of us sea sickness has not been so serious. At first we found the experience rather ludicrous. It was quite amusing to see the dishes upon the table flying in all directions. To find yourself knocked about from one side of the cabin to the other, or sprawled upon all fours on the floor, is quite a ridiculous experience. But ere long one gets tired of this fun. To have your soup or tea emptied in a flood upon your knees, or to be pitched headlong down the stairway, running the risk of breaking your neck, is to carry the experience farther than most mortals care to go. You never know when you will be slammed against the wall of the saloon; nor can you predict with any degree of certainty in what direction you will next take a "header." One naturally prefers to have the use of his own will in circumnavigating himself. It is rather amusing to see how desperate one will

become when tossed about in this unceremonious way. His exclamations of remonstrance and protest are both loud and decided. But protests and denunciations are useless, however exasperated one may be. Hence the best way is to subside, and take the experience with as good a grace as possible, committing yourself to the "tender mercies" of the staggering boat and the merciless waves.

During the voyage—twelve days—we find many things to interest us, and many ways to occupy our time. Whether sufficiently free from sea-sickness, we spent our time in writing, reading, eating, sleeping, etc. We have had a good opportunity during the voyage to get a lot of correspondence of our hands. Part of the time we have found amusement in watching porpoises. These fish swim around the bow of the steamer. They are nearly as large as a man and swim much faster than the steamer sails. To watch them dart like a shot through the water, or jump entirely out of the water, was great fun. During the evenings we have sometimes enjoyed a number of games. Some of these we never heard of before, and others were old and familiar. But they all helped to pass away the time very pleasantly.

November 4.—At noon on Saturday, we sighted land for the first time since leaving the rock-bound coast of Newfoundland. For the last thirty-six hours we have been making our way up the English Channel. The weather in the Channel has been pretty rough. The chief attraction on this part of our voyage was the "lights along the coast." The captain informed us that there were about twelve of these lights stationed along the coast. He gave us the names of the lights and a description of them; so that we could observe each as we came to it, more intelligently. Some of them are fixed, others intermittent, and many of them can be seen twenty-five miles.

We spent two Sabbaths on board the *Damara*. Both days the weather was rough and disagreeable. However, we managed to make the day seem as much like the Sabbath as possible. In the morning we gathered together for a short service. About eight of us joined in a Bible-class for a couple of hours during the evening. Singing filled up the remainder of the time. The first Sabbath on board was as little like our usual method of spending that day as could well be imagined. Part of the time I was feeding "dry hark" by the forkful to sea-sick women stretched out upon a long sofa; or peeling apples, squeezing lemons, etc. Your correspondent was once a hospital chaplain, but never before a "hospital nurse." I have often heard that it was a good thing to "learn a little of everything"; and I may say that I am trying to become accustomed to new and untried experiences of every sort. Our captain was a jolly fellow, and took delight in chaffing the Nova-Scotia passengers about our ships, climate, country, etc. We found it quite a pleasure to give him back as much as he gave.

For the last hour or two we have been slowly drawing up to our landing place through several miles of docks. The "spy" looking custom-house officers have come on board. They are already eyeing us sharply, and will soon be overhauling our luggage and "digging in the depths" for dynamite, etc. Another interesting class of beings have also come on the steamer. They hover around the passengers like hawks over a chicken-yard. Being the first specimens of Englishmen that we had seen on our arrival, we were singularly impressed with the "uncouth, non-politene" of these English people. But these singularly polite people frequently offering us their assistance, plainly overdid the matter and betrayed their desire for a "job," and a chance to rob the innocents by exorbitant overcharges. Finally, in spite of custom-house officers and porters—or perhaps better, by the aid of them—we hops to get ashore and make our way into the midst of the noise and confusion of London. W. V. HIGGINS.

In the *Central Baptist* we find the following bit of history, which carries its own moral: A few years ago an infidel club established a town upon the border of Missouri, calling it "Liberal." They determined that no church should be established in the place, and that as far as possible God and His people should be kept out of the town. They built a large hall, costing some \$1,200. The club is broken up, the town is a failure practically, the hall has been sold to the Methodists for a house of worship for \$500, and even in Liberal the power of God is being felt. It is said that the railway authorities were appealed to by the infidel founder for a side track, but they replied, "Any people who want no church and no God, will not need any switches."—*Christian Secretary*.

Missionary Correspondence.

BOONJEWALIA, Oct. 1.

It has been so long since I have written anything for the *Messenger and Visitor*, that I almost feel ashamed to begin again. Should anyone enquire the reason of my long silence, I must confess myself without a sufficient excuse. The days have just slipped past one after the other, till they have grown into weeks and months. My last letter was written in April, while on my last tour, before the hot season had fully set in. To escape the extreme heat, we started a week or two later for the hill, or mountain, I suppose we might call it, near Kimpdy, in the Chioacole field. It took us five days and nights to travel the distance—less than one hundred miles—by native bandies. Without any previous mutual arrangement to that effect, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and baby from Cocanads, Mrs. Archibald from Chioacole, Mr. Archibald from the top of the "Hill," and we from Bobbili, all met one Saturday morning at the foot of the Hill, and to get us and our belongings all up to the top we required quite an army of *Sowra* coolies. A sufficient number was forthcoming, but it being famine time and the hot season together, their strength was not at all equal to our needs, so three men had to walk most of the way, and a hard, stiff climb we found it. But once at the top, we soon forgot the hardness of the way. The air was delightful, so clear and fresh, it was just a pleasure to breathe. The mercury stood at 80 degrees, instead of 100 degrees as in the plains. After a few days of observation, though some things were not just to my liking, I decided to copy Mr. Archibald's example in a hump house for ourselves or others who may come after us.

For several weeks I had little help and had to work almost single handed, and it is no little praise of the climate to be able to say I never worked harder in my life. Still, the best I could do, things moved slowly, and it took much longer than I had planned for.

I had no carpenter, so all the wood-work such as door and window frames, etc., I had to do myself. I used to go to the woods in the morning as soon as it was light enough, cut down some trees and rough hew the stuff, and bring it out on my shoulder to a shed, where I would work under cover during the day. Some may care to know how and of what material our houses are built. Mr. Archibald's is built of mud, and I commenced to build mine of the same material, but finding it too difficult to get coolies enough to build with it, I decided to use mud and stones, the latter of which were close at hand.

It was so late in the season before the walls were begun, that I felt sure the rains would set in before they could be finished, so put the roof up first and built the walls under cover, and I hoped to have no trouble. But alas for the plans of "mice and men." All know the case of the man who built his house upon the sand. I did not do just that, but built instead upon mud and the result was much the same in both cases.

Before commencing to build with the stones, I had got the wall part way round built up with mud nearly a yard high, and not wishing to lose all that work, and hoping for fine weather till it got thoroughly dry and strong, I built upon it. But in a few days the rains set in and the mud kept getting softer instead of harder, until one day when we had just got the wall up to the wall plate and had one room finished, all that part built on the mud came down in a heap, and I lost four or five days of hard work, and so I did not get our house quite done.

In order to have it as far along as possible, we remained on the Hill two or three weeks after other missionaries left. Under the circumstances it was not the most pleasant place in the world. It was literally a case of building a house, if not a "palace, in the clouds," of which we have all heard. After the rains set in, the clouds used to settle down upon us, day after day, so thick we could often not see objects fifty yards away. If any one wishes to know, as I used to when a youngster, what the clouds are like, the best way to describe our clouds is to say they were just like our thickest Bay of Fundy fog, only more so. After a time it got so bad we had to move out of the open work-place we were staying in, into Mr. Archibald's big house, and there we kept a fire burning all the time to keep things dry. But it was nice and cool, especially at night. We used to get our supplies up from Kimpdy by coolies, but sometimes they didn't come on time. Once, for two or three days, they did not put in an appearance, and when Saturday evening came there was nothing on the hill to eat, neither rice, nor bread, flour,

meat or anything but the milk our cow was giving. Sunday morning I hurried off some of our men to different villages to try to find something, but in vain. However, at two o'clock the coolies came and the famine was over. Glad enough were we, a few days later, when we found ourselves one evening at the foot of the Hill and bandies waiting to take us to Kimpdy. Thence a couple of nights by native bandy, took us to Chioacole, where three days were spent conferring together on mission matters, and then the home drive to Bobbili. Heavy rains, muddy roads, broken-down bullocks and swollen rivers made this last anything but a pleasure trip. A day or two of rest, however, and we were ready to take up our work again, feeling we had been greatly benefited by our vacation and our escape from the hot season, which, we are told, was a very trying one at Bobbili.

I am sorry to say our good health record has been interrupted. Last month there was a general outbreak of malarial fever in Bobbili and neighborhood. Mrs. Churchill, myself, and some of our servants and boarding children had an attack. It was not of a severe type, though we were a good deal pulled down by it. I seem, however, to be clear of it and am so much better that I am making a tour toward Vizianagram, where I hope to meet Mr. Sanford and go with him to visit some of the out-stations connected with our new station of Vizianagram.

So much for matters personal. Of general news I have not much to write. While we were away on the hill, there was a very general outbreak of cholera all through the country, and large numbers died. In connection with this, we have heard of cases that were peculiarly sad. But one case was horrible. One dresser told me that in a village not far from Bobbili, a marriage ceremony was being performed, the bride as usual being only a child. While the ceremony was going on, the man was attacked by cholera and died. The parents and friends begged and entreated the Brahmins that the preceding ceremonies should be regarded as not binding, and that the girl should not be regarded or treated as a widow. They would not consent, but insisted that the remaining ceremonies should be completed between the girl and the corpse, which was done. G. CHURCHILL.

W. B. M. D.

"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."

Extracts from the Minutes of the Regular Executive Board Meeting, held Nov. 13, 1889.

The vice-president, Mrs. G. O. Gates, occupied the chair. After reading the Scripture, prayer was offered by Mrs. M. E. Cowan. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's quarterly account was read and was exceedingly satisfactory.

Letters were read from Mrs. Churchill, Bobbili, India; Miss Wright, Chioacole, India; Miss Gray, Bimlipatnam, India; Mrs. Smith, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Sophia Jackson, Liverpool, N. S.; Rev. Prof. Keirstead, Wolfville, the secretary of the Baptist Convention; Rev. W. J. Stewart, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board; Rev. J. H. Doolittle, superintendent of the Baptist Missions in the North-west.

We regret to learn from Sister Churchill's letter that she had been suffering very much from attacks of fever, she was still very poorly, and wrote while unable to sit up. Sisters Wright and Gray are in their usual health and pursuing their loved work with ever increasing interest. Their quarterly financial accounts were pleasing in the highest degree. Miss Gray said Mr. and Mrs. Sanford had gone to Vizianagram to fit up the place somewhat before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins. She would be left with the care of the Bimlipatnam station during their absence.

Prof. Keirstead's letter conveyed the kindly resolution passed by Convention at its last session inviting the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union to hold its next annual mass meeting with Convention.

Rev. J. H. Doolittle, after speaking of the past work done, aided by the Union, on the Cardiff and Sourisford fields, says:

I have just returned from a tour over the whole district, and there are greater things to tell. At Cardiff there have been three baptisms, and numbers more are halting. A church with a membership of about 30 was organized last Sunday. At Sourisford there have been 25 conversions, the result of special services in one district; four baptisms at another evening came there was nothing on the hill to eat, neither rice, nor bread, flour,

have been asked to support has been abundantly blessed.

M. E. MARCH, Cor. Secy.

It will be remembered that \$250 of the W. B. M. U. funds was given to aid in home mission work in Manitoba. In acknowledging the last remittance, Mr. Doolittle writes to our late treasurer:

You can scarcely understand what joy it gives us to see our friends in the East taking such a hearty interest in the work of this country. We are busy planning our work for the future, and with the increased co-operation of the Maritime Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, our prospects are most promising. We are providing for our greatest need permanent pastors, and we must do an enlarged summer's work through students next season. We are likewise moving in the line of vigorous evangelistic work. It will also be necessary for us to provide a building fund. We ought to erect at least six church buildings next summer. We are arranging to have the *Messenger and Visitor* regularly supplied with information by Brethren Hall and Whitman of Emerson, and are also providing a printed sheet for general circulation. We shall also make some provision for maps of Manitoba and the North-west, indicating the extent of our field and the location of our mission. The money you have forwarded was designated to fields in a new section of the country, which is rapidly opening up. An excellent work has been accomplished there. On one field there were several baptisms, and a church of about 30 members was organized. In the other field there were 25 conversions, and a widespread quickening in the whole district.

I trust you will be kept fully informed as to the needs and progress of our work. I shall keep your Society constantly in mind. Wishing you abundant prosperity in your work, and heartily thanking you for your assistance,

I remain, faithfully yours,
J. H. DOOLITTLE.

The needs for Christ in Manitoba and the North-west are greater at the present time than ever before. The country is just recovering from the shock of a commercial panic. Prospects are promising and immigration is rapidly increasing. If Baptists are ever to work in that country, now is the time. Such opportunities have never been open to them before. Our brethren are making a desperate struggle to fulfil their obligations to those thousands, many of whom are from our homes and our country. In addition to the loud call for pastors and student preachers, there is great need of Christian schools. Prof. S. J. McKee says, "There are more waiting for educational facilities who would soon be ready for service, if an institution were provided, and such a school could have 150 or 200 students for a start." To accomplish all this work earnest and persistent efforts are being made. The appeal to our Convention and to the Ontario and Quebec Convention must receive an unanimous response. Rev. A. Grant thinks if this aid were given for four years, they would then be in a position to do their own mission work.

Sisters, the claims of this mission are still upon us. Something has been done. Bread has been cast upon the waters and it has been found after few days, but too much has been left undone. Let us try to overtake the past opportunities. If our sisterhood of 30,000 make an offering of ten cents each to this special work, at the beginning of the new year, we shall greatly assist those worthy calls for our sympathy and help. Although our brethren and sisters in Manitoba and the North-west are prosecuting their work so vigorously they don't forget the spiritually destitute in the foreign fields. With us they feel that the work at home and abroad is one. Miss Frith, of the Ontario-Quebec Societies, recently made a tour through that country, and organized several mission circles. This will be a source of strength to Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Manitoba. At a recent meeting of its board, Miss Booker, of Emerson, was appointed a missionary to the Telugus, to labor with the missionaries of the Ontario and Quebec Societies; but will be supported entirely by the Baptists of Manitoba and the North-west.

There is not a differing relation woman bears to social life, but is treated of in this book—the Bible. As a daughter, you will find her an example, obedient, gentle, and true, even if obedience mean suffering, as in the case of the daughter of Jephthah. As a sister, she moves before us in the gentle case of Martha, and the contemplative love of Mary of Bethany. As a wife, examples abound of wise helpmeets from Ruth to those of whom Paul and Peter speak. As a mother, so lofty in her love, so noble in her purpose—from Hannah to Mary, the mother of Jesus. As a widow, so calm, so heroic, and so loving, until, as in the widow of Nain, we seem to see her tears, and hear her songs of joy. All that is pure and holy is before you in living example.—From "Friendly Words to Young Women."

Thus you will see that the work you