Messenger and Visitor.

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—GLAD TIDINGS:—We learn from the *Independent* that a great revival is proceeding in Tokio, Japan. It is not long since Tokio and the rest of Japan were thoroughly pagan. Now we hear of a great Christian revival in that city, with no fewer than five hundred conversions in a single month. The whole city seems stirred, and missionaries, native pastors and theological students are busy gathering in the harvest. Everybody is interested in Christianity, and nobody speaks against it. This is a revolution of itself.

—RUM ON THE CONGO.—The Christian part of the so-called Christian world has been almost horrified at the river of rum which has been poured into the Congo region, since it was opened to commerce. It has been felt that the country has been more cursed by the rum than it has been blessed by the touch of outside civilization. The abominable traffic in liquor bids fair to neutralize, largely, all Christian missionary labor, while the total abstinence of the Mohammedans, in contrast with the drunkenness spread abroad by nominal Christians, gave the followers of the false prophet an immense advantage in the eyes of the best of the heathen. It is gratifying to learn that King Leopole is adopting measures to limit this curse. All dealers in alcoholic liquors within a certain area must pay a $500 license fee, and not sell more than a certain quantity, and what is known as the rum trade is altogether prohibited. It is to be feared, however, that these restrictions will be as paste-board and not as iron, as is too commonly the case. Their failure, if they fail, may emphasize the necessity of regulations more stringent and lead to their adoption.

—BAPTIST YEAR BOOK OF ONTARIO, &c.—The Year Book of our brethren in Western Canada has just reached us. It is a well gotten up volume of 175 pages. It contains less statistical matter than that of the Maritime Provinces; but gives a full account of all that has transpired in connection with the various boards and the conventions of the body. This number of the Year Book will be historical as containing the record of several radical changes of the constitution of some of the governing boards, the account of Mr. McMaster's grand bequest, and the charter of McMaster University. We learn that 2,214 were baptized in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and the North West during last year. The total membership of the churches is 31,301. Twelve new churches have been organized, and twenty-four new places of worship built. McMaster Hall has sent forth 43 graduates, of whom nine are at work in the Maritime Provinces and five in the United States. Of the 69 old theological graduates of Woodstock, 25 are in the United States—a much larger proportion than of the McMaster men. The totals given to the various departments of the Lord's work are: Pastoral support, $116,846; building, etc., $73,522; current expenses, $39,092; Home Missions, about $19,000; Foreign Missions, $15,219; education, $9,742; other objects, $13,509. The actual attendance at McMaster Hall is 42. There are also seven on the roll of students who are on the field at work, and nine are in University College.

—TOBACCO CURE.—If there are any of our readers who wish to get cured of the tobacco habit in any of its forms, we advise them to go to Abyssinia:

"King John, who claims to be a dependant of the Queen of Sheba, has decreed that the nose of any of his subjects found taking snuff shall be cut off, while smoking or chewing tobacco forfeits life."

If King John ruled in this land how much more money many Christians would have to give to the Lord's work! We fear, however, that the roll of some of our churches would be considerably reduced, and the pastors would have a busy time, for a while, attending funerals.

—STATISTICAL.—Our brethren in Western Canada have the same complaint about short pastorates as we. Of 181 pastors, 98 have resigned in the last eighteen months. Eleven of these have gone to the United States. They have had the large number of twenty-four ordinations within the last thirteen months. If these are men of the right stamp, as we believe the most of them are, this is a most encouraging feature.

—THE SUGAR TRUST.—The sugar combine in the United States is said to have a capital of $10,000,000. The profits can be estimated from the following: The refiners before the combine presumably did a paying business. Since the combine the price of sugar has been raised one cent per pound all round. The annual consumption in the Union is reckoned at three billion pounds. This will give them $30,000,000 of profit above that realized before the combine took place. The fact that they have pocketed 12 per cent. on their entire capital out of the gains of four months of business shows how enormous their profits are. Two committees are investigating this and kindred trusts. It is to be hoped something may be done, but it is wonderful how little is done by legislatures to remedy evils of this kind when the corporations, which are the seat of the evil, are either very wealthy or control a large number of votes. We are glad to see that our parliament is investigating our Dominion "trusts."

Toronto Correspondence.

MISSIONARY DAY AT MCMASTER HALL.

You are aware that one day in every month is set apart in McMaster Hall for the consideration of missions. Every member of the college, whether professor or student, is supposed to be present at the exercises, which usually consist of prayer, the reading of papers or addresses on previously assigned topics, and discussions growing out of them. Now and then a student tells the story of his work on some mission field during the last summer vacation, and his failures or successes, as the case may be, are turned to the profit of all. A more practical way of teaching Pastoral Theology than this could hardly be devised. Two months ago Bro. Vining spoke of his labors last summer in the valley of the Ottawa and of the remarkable work of grace which occurred in connection with them. His large field embraced a community in which there was not a single Baptist, in the schoolhouse of which he got permission to preach. Through the Divine blessing about fifty were converted and formed into a Baptist church. This church immediately moved in the matter of a meeting-house, which was recently dedicated free of debt. A month ago Bro. Maxfield related similar experiences at Sherbrook, a thriving town in the province of Quebec. In this place a little band of Baptists had been trying for years, and in the face of great discouragements, to hold the fort. Now, through Bro. Maxfield's instrumentality, aided by benevolent friends of the cause in Montreal, they are worshipping with increased numbers in what has been styled a gem of a church edifice. The Baptist cause in the province of Quebec east of Montreal, has been for many years in a very languishing state; but a brighter day appears to be dawning. It is believed that the union of Ontario and Quebec in home mission work will prove to be a means of strengthening the weak churches in both provinces.

The question before the College in the first part of its recent missionary day was City Missions. A very interesting and inspiring address was given by Mr. Hall, city missionary of Toronto. From Mr. Hall's statements it appears that in Toronto, which he considers the most christian city on the Continent, there are yet hundreds of families living in utter ignorance of Jesus Christ and his great salvation. They are found mostly in back lanes and courts which the more ordinary missionary effort fails, as a general thing, to reach. How to reach and christianize the the ignorant and degraded masses that are found in our large cities, is a question certainly demanding the most serious attention of the church. In many of these cities exists a wickedness hardly excelled by what is seen in heathen lands. In New York and Chicago for example, there are districts containing from ten to thirty thousand of human beings without a single church, while whisky saloons may be counted in them by the hundred. In some instances the churches are moving to more respectable quarters, and are thus widening the gulf between themselves and the neglected masses whom they should rather endeavor to save. The church, whether in city or country, that does not concern itself in the evangelization of the spiritually destitute in its own neighborhood—that lives, in other words, entirely for itself, goes far towards forfeiting its right to exist. Such a church shows itself ignorant of the law that holds in the kingdom of God, which makes growth dependent on self-denying efforts for the spiritual good of others. The fact that everywhere people are flocking to the cities serves to invest the work of city evangelization with peculiar interest and importance. Before many years the population of New York will be equal to the present population of London, and that of London will be double what it now is. Civilization is to be favorably or adversely affected as the city populations of the world are brought under the saving, purifying power of the gospel, or are left to the domination of whisky rings.

The students of McMaster Hall are doing considerable mission work in Toronto, chiefly in connection with the missions which have been established under the auspices of the different Baptist churches of the city, of which missions there are now about a dozen. As tending to make their work more effective, they have recently organized an evangelistic band of about thirty, which enables them to maintain continuous evangelistic services at any particular point, by designating four or five men for each evening of the week. Last week the point of service was the Ossington Avenue mission—a mission of the Bloor St. church, and the meetings, which have already resulted in good, are to be continued through the present week.

On the afternoon of our recent missionary day Rev. Mr. McLaurin, returned missionary from India, addressed us on "the development of church life among converts from heathenism," a subject full of interest in itself, but rendered especially so by the masterly way in which it was handled. Mr. McLaurin possesses, in an eminent degree, the qualities and qualifications of the genuine missionary, and by his spirit and his deeds he has nobly won the profound love and respect which are so freely accorded him by his brethren. It is a matter of deep regret that his health still continues poor. May God answer the many prayers that are being offered for his recovery, that he may yet be spared many years to the cause to which he has devoted his life.

The question of the location of the new university gathers to itself new interest as the time approaches for its settlement. The correspondence in relation to it in the *Canadian Baptist* has now become so voluminous that it will be necessary this week to issue a supplement to clear it off. In some minds the question of location appears to be pretty closely bound up with that of independence. Those who favor federation know that their wishes in this respect will be more likely to be realized with the university in Toronto; while some who prefer Toronto for location are yet so opposed to federation that they may possibly be led to vote for Woodstock, where the principle of independence will be more secure. It will certainly be better, however, not to have the settlement of the question turn on such issues. If the great majority of Baptists in Ontario and Quebec favor independence now, as indeed they seem to do, they may be fairly trusted to maintain their position in the future, whether the university be located in Toronto or not. Certain it is that no vote of to-day can close the question forever, and the policy of the institution at any time in the future will necessarily be shaped by the prevailing sentiment of the Baptist body of that time. What is especially required is a dealing with the question on its true merits, and apart from all local prejudices and party feeling. A decision should be sought after that would make impossible the after-retraction by either party that they might have gained their point had they but manipulated their forces more skillfuly. Otherwise—and especially if opinion be pretty equally divided—there will be a perpetual temptation to reopen the question. My own opinion is, that should it be decided to locate the university in Woodstock, the decision would be ultimately reversed. Before ten years the mistake would be apparent to all, and the denomination as a body would insist upon its proper rectification by coming to Toronto. Toronto and independence are, I believe, the two planks of the educational platform; by adopting which the best possible results are to be attained.

D. M. WELTON.

Sunday Services in Boston.

Many of us who have lived for some years in and near Boston, have become accustomed and almost impassive to many things that meet us in the sphere of religious thinking and doing, which once would have shocked our moral sense. We now smile at that which formerly would have made us sigh. We tolerate what once would have roused us to remonstrate. But now and then, here and there, you meet with serious and reverent christian people, and with some people, who do not claim to be christian, in the stricter meaning of that phrase, who are yet honest, thoughtful and devout, in relation to the sacred and stern verities of religion, who confess themselves revolted and disgusted by much they see and hear about the Sunday services of this Puritan city of Boston,—no longer entitled to the reputation of being Puritan. In the judgment of some, Boston has always had more praise for purity than it has deserved. But about its Sunday services—what of those? Saturday evening take up your daily journal, or if you are one of the five hundred thousand within and near Boston, who, it is said, read the Sunday papers, the *Globe* or the *Herald*, each sheet giving you, for five cents, twenty pages, and eight columns to a page, turn to the long string of notices, announcing the religious services and performances—may we not borrow that word performances, from the vocabulary employed by the managers of Theatricals, Operas and Dime Museums, without being charged with misusing the phrase? Read over those notices of Sunday services. As you read them, are you not made sad? Have your moral sensibilities also become steeled by your environments? Have you, too, lost your reverence for the holy things, in which your pious and praying mother trained you in your childhood?

There are some ministers and churches in Boston, and in the adjoining cities and towns, who steadfastly stand aloof from this silly age of advertising for a Sunday-congregation. But the number of such is very small. Nearly all the churches, or rather the men who provide the programe and conduct the services appointed for the Lord's day, resort to advertisements, and exhibit or hint in advance what they have to offer in the shape of a religious entertainment. There are a few who simply announce in the Saturday or Sunday papers (?!) the place of worship and the hours of service. Even that, one would think, was quite a needless advertisement to be repeated every week. Meeting houses are not on wheels though the pastor's furniture and family usually are perambulating. Yes, there are ministers in Boston who will not belittle themselves and degrade their high calling by tricks to lure an audience. They will not insert claptrap notices in Saturday, last of all, in Sunday, newspapers. Do these men have to proclaim their messages to vacant pews? No. Nor yet to empty heads, capable only of being attracted to the sanctuary by some *ad captandum* advertising. They preach to people who would soon forsake and utterly despise a christian minister were he suspected of resorting to shallow devices for the sake of getting a congregation. These brainy, studious, earnest, energetic preachers, who have something to preach and know how to preach, may not draw a crowd; but they have the men and women who weigh much if they do not count many men and women who are the spiritual and aggressive forces in the cause of God, men and women who do not run around where they can secure free seats, steal their preaching, escape the expenses of supporting the institutions of religion, and avoid appeals for contributions for the prosecution of Christian missions. I know, and am glad to know, some men in our Boston ministry who do advertise, but who advertise honestly in the secular press, and who are faithfully, earnestly and successfully preaching gospel truths to very good congregations. But, alas, how many—who in their eagerness to fill the house, and to win a reputation as popular and successful ministers—will not scruple to employ strategem in advertising in order to trap an audience. What is gained in that way? Nothing worth gaining. Certainly nothing that will counterbalance the mischief that is done to religion and to souls. The sacred cause of truth and righteousness is put in jeopardy. The confidence of people in the Christian ministry—I mean the confidence of those who have been ensnared by deception—is shaken; and shaken not only in the minister who has deceived them, but in all ministers, and, indeed, in the very religion which these men are seeking by questionable methods to sustain and propagate.

What has set your correspondent to pursue this line of pessimistic reflection and remark? I am looking over this Saturday evening's issue of the Boston *Herald*, far the most enterprising and best conducted daily journal in Boston—though, in my judgment, the healthiest in political and moral tone. But the *Herald* will care little for any opinion I may entertain as to its politics and its moral tone. Coming to the column containing the advertisements of Sunday services, I go carefully through the list. I count up eighty-four notices. What a medley! What a *gallimaufry* is offered for Boston audiences tomorrow! What topics are announced for discourses! How *tricky* some of the advertisements are. What varied entertainments are promised you, if you will only come to "our services." What a banquet of religious diversions is held out to men and women hurrying in all their sin and guilt into eternity, to appear unrenewed before a holy and insulted God! The cry of nearly all the advertisements is—"Come one and all;" "Seats are free;" "No collections;" "Come early;" "We close promptly;" "Procure your seats before they are all taken;" "We expect a crowded house;" "Miss —— will sing;" "The young and celebrated cornetist will astonish you by his playing;" "Mr. ——, the wonderful barytone, will be with us;" Our minister will preach on "Heathen Boston;"—very pertinent; Another will discuss the question, "Do we need a Bible?"—that depends on what kind of a Bible the preacher proposes to consider.

What a curiosity in this long list of religious advertisements. What a straining to draw people to the house of God. And what is done with, and for the people, when once they are drawn thither? The question is under frequent and earnest discussion, "How shall we reach the non-church-goers?" Another question deserves some consideration, What is to become of the church-goers, who are rushing after religious novelties, sensations and frivolities? And yet another question merits attention, How shall we reach and reform the ministers, who are so anxious about the non-church-goers, that they will descend to such shocking trifling with truth, sincerity and sobriety, in order to draw people to their ministrations? And, finally, what benefit would non-church-goers derive from men who have no Christ to preach?

But the Lord Jesus Christ lives and reigns. He will gloriously defend his cause, and finally overthrow his enemies, whether these enemies be open and scoffing infidels, or only religious charlatans.

Boston, Feb. 25. WATCHER.

By Wheel and by Keel.

BY WHEEL.—NO. II.

We remained in Chicago ten days. Our host, on the west side, was one of that large number of Nova Scotians who have fared forth from their little peninsula into every corner of the earth, and entertained us with proverbial Blue-nose hospitality. We had rejoiced in summer skies and summer airs beside the Delaware and Potomac, but anyone who has walked the streets of Chicago in November, will avouch that the winds there on parade, that have come down from the north-east corner of the Arctic Pole, by the Short Line *via* Hudson Bay and Lake Michigan, are not even "second cousin once removed" to those "spicy breezes" which are so popularly supposed to

"Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."

One or two days were spent at Morgan Park, taking a last view of the far-stretching, tree-dotted prairie which I had so often beheld sweet with grasses and flowers in the spring, and desolate with drifting snows in the winter; glancing again into No. 33, whose rude and homely aspect, a four years' residence had softened into something akin to grace; and receiving a parting benison from that goodly company of students, in and over the classes, which evermore give point to the aphorism,

"Stone walls do not a college make."

A farewell meeting was kindly arranged for in the Seminary Chapel, and characterized by true western heartiness and enthusiasm. President Northup uttered some helpful words on behalf of the Faculty, and Rev. E. B. Curry, of Windsor, N. S., my fellow-student at Acadia as well as at the Park, and my nearest fellow-pastor for a year in the "Black North" of New Brunswick, presented, in a few well-chosen and wholesome sentences, the good wishes of the students. There lies on the desk beside me, as I write, the very handsome Oxford Teacher's Bible, with which they emphasized the hope that we carried the gospel to the Japanese, it might prove a "word of life" to many who are "in the region and shadow of death." I was interested the other day in reading that Bro. Curry has removed from Evansville, Wis., to Tremont, Nebraska, and noticing the very appreciative manner in which his work in the west is already referred to.

The greater part of the time at the Park, however, was occupied, more prosaically, in getting ready for the road—books and all and several of those elegant and costly articles with which the college seminary boy usually adorns his "traps." I am reminded of the amusement one of our missionaries prepared as a great and joyful surprise for his father. With much difficulty he restrained himself from displaying his treasures until Christmas morning, when with a sudden and joyful exultation he drew forth a great ink bottle which he had subjected to a partial ablution, a blue cotton label which had once done duty on a roll of goods, an empty spool, a well-washed stone from the garden, and a pair of colored glass, carefully polished. "Aren't you very glad, papa?" he exclaimed, when all these treasures had been exhibited. His father, thinking of the giving rather than the gift, replied with thorough sincerity, that he was "very glad," repeating, as he afterwards added in telling the story, that when we offer what we account our chief treasures to our Heavenly Father, He is "very glad," though they must often be the veriest rubbish in His palace. If an earthly parent knew how to receive worthless gifts from his children, how much more will our Heavenly Father accept the offerings, valueless in themselves, of those who love Him.

The fine new library-building, of pressed brick, which had been erected during the summer, was almost ready to receive the very large and valuable library that had been crying so long for fair treatment, and preparations were making for a new Theological Hall, to be the finest building on the grounds, and to afford study and class-room for the ever-increasing list of students. By this time the Seminary will possess a material equipment, in some measure commensurate with her unexcelled intellectual and moral furnishing.

The farewell gathering at Morgan Park was followed, a few days later, by a somewhat similar meeting in the Immanuel church, in the city. On a cold and rainy night a goodly number of Baptists living on that side of the town gathered to give us several hundred warm handshakes, and express their interest in the foreign mission work. Among the few personal friends present was Rev. I. W. Corey, a New Brunswick boy, who is meeting with much success in the "Evangel Mission," near the City Limits. Dr. Lorimer, the well-known pastor of the Immanuel; Rev. Mr. Frederick, temporary pastor of the Morgan Park church; Rev. C. F. Tolman, at one time missionary to India, and now the western secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union; and Rev. R. Mapleson, of England, one of our missionaries among the Telugus, whose station has the imposing name of Nursaravapetta, and who was then returning home on furlough, spoke to us in words of mingled encouragement and advice.

But now *revenons a nos moutons*, that is, to our Wheels. At noon of Saturday, Nov. 12th, we boarded a "Rock Island and Pacific" train, and were again *en route*. The run from the Lakes to the Pacific was full of interest and enjoyment, as had been the run from the Atlantic to the Lakes. The 2000 miles of our land journey that lay west of Chicago, though less varied than the 2000 miles east of that city, was more novel and striking. The broad prairies of Illinois and Iowa outstretched the farmlands of Maryland and Ohio; the vast and painful monotony of Nebraska swallowed up the lesser platitudes of Maine and New Brunswick; the rugged grandeurs of the Rockies and the Sierras overtopped the Cobequids and the Alleghanies; the ample flow of the Mississippi and the Missouri bore away on its bosom the remembrance of the Kennebecasis, the Androscoggin, and the Susquehanna.

The transit of Illinois, from the "Garden City" to the "Father of Waters," was made in seven hours. During my stay at Morgan Park, however, it had been my fortune to traverse the "Prairie State" in every direction, and its scenery was as familiar to me as that of my native province. It is a beautiful state, with a charm in some respects peculiar to itself. There is one beauty of Maine, and another beauty of Maryland, and another beauty of Nevada, and still another beauty of Illinois. There is nothing startling, impressive, or immense in its aspects; no grandeur of mountain peaks, no desolateness of limitless plains, no solemnity of silent forests. Its features are of a milder, more affable and easy type. It consists chiefly of a gently rolling or "billowy" country, clothed with corn and grain, and well diversified with streams, bluffs, and groves of hickory, butternut, and other deciduous trees. Again the crest of one gently swelling brow of land, and look off across its slowly sinking trough to the crest of the next billow, miles away, where the corn is in tassel the grain standing in the shock, and the fine dairy herds lowing in the pasture, affords one a picture of plenty and content that is not soon forgotten. Sycamore Valley, where Rev. A. C. Chute, of Starrucca, N. S., is the worthy pastor of a worthy church, is such a bountiful lap of nature, and the scene as one enters it of a mellow summer afternoon or a white sleigh in winter, is as fair as heart could wish. Rockfield, a swell of land that lifts lowly up from the Illinois River, where Rev. B. F. Simpson, now of Duluth, and others of the Maritime boys have preached, is another of the many fair and fertile scenes that the traveller may greet. What halcyon days I have spent on some of these broad sacred farms, when the grain fields were in stock, and the corn yellowing in the autumn breeze!

"When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strutin' turkey cock,
And the clackin of the guineas, and the cluckin of the hens,
And the rooster's hallelujer as he tiptoes on the fence,
Oh, it's then the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed the stock,
Like proud is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

Nowhere in the shock, slope of an Iliide, so naturally as on the warble in such strallow, could the muse bow again, what smile as she draws her upon the view! Autumn-scapes rise

"There's somepin' kind o' hazy like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer over, and the coolin' fall is here.
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-bird and the buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin' and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the courage to attempt,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

I think I cannot deal more kindly with the patient reader than to ring down the curtain upon the beauties of Illinois with the closing stanza of this breezy carol, promising to introduce him forthwith to the "Father of Waters," and the regions beyond. The poet is sketching to the life,

"The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furrows—kind o' lonesome like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The straw-stack in the meadder and the reaper in the shed,
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead,—
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

CHAS. HARRINGTON.