

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

NO. 16.

—MANITOBA.—A brother writes a word about the pronunciation of Manitoba, suggested by the little pleasanter of Dr. Cramp, as given in a late *Messenger* and *Visitor*. He says, while the English custom is to put the accent on the second syllable, the people of the province put it on the last. He thinks it a question whether any have a right to force on the name a pronunciation different from that of the natives of the place.

—CHECKING.—How cheering it is to read the following from a report of Mr. Greenfield of the Congo Mission: "Christianity spreading even where missionaries had not labored. As he approached one town in which no Baptist missionary had ever labored, he saw a band of native evangelists coming out to preach the gospel to their native brethren, and that town, a few years ago, was sunk in 'heathenism.' There is hope for the African race when the new converts have such self-sacrificing missionary zeal."

—PROGRESS.—We clip the following from the *London Freeman*. The fact referred to is significant:

The Baptist denomination made more progress last year in Wales than any other body. This statement is made in the *Herald Cymraeg* (an undenominational weekly) for January 17, and it is amply borne out by official returns. It has been further stated that the Baptists alone of the denominations in Wales increase more rapidly than the population. Add to this the enormous growth of African, German and Swedish Baptists. Remember that all these, as Welsh Baptists, are close in fellowship and in communion, and the coincidence must seem to everyone significant.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—There has been an inter-denominational missionary conference in Mexico, composed of representatives of all the Protestant bodies. They discussed the propriety of parceling out the ground among them. Finally a resolution was submitted to the effect that in all towns of more than 10,000, more than one body might establish missions, but in towns of less population only one society should enter. In case two or more missions were already established in one of these towns, all should retire except the one first beginning work there. Finally, the whole subject was referred to a committee composed of one from each denomination. The more this scheme is sought to be made practical the more difficulties will arise. There are 155 foreign and 300 native Protestant workers in Mexico. These have gathered 177 churches, containing 12,444 members. There are 2,516 scholars in Protestant day schools and 5,256 in Sunday schools. The value of church property is about \$54,900. The prospects are bright.

—DOWN GRADE.—Matters in connection with this controversy have progressed another stage. The London Baptist Association has decided not to express itself in reference to the doctrinal basis of the Union, but leave the matter in the hands of that body. Mr. Spurgeon has urged his supporters to drop all action in reference to the vote of secession, so as to lift the whole question above the level of personalities. He trusts the whole attention of the brethren should be given to the grave business of ridding the denomination of false doctrine and securing them against it for the future. This is wise. The Union is to meet on the 22nd. The two chief positions taken against Mr. Spurgeon's views are: first, it is not Baptist to have a creed, and second, the discussion will endanger Christian unity. Mr. Spurgeon replies that associations and churches have doctrinal statements, and why not the Union, while any union lasting and beneficial must be in the truth.

—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Episcopals of Great Britain claim to have one million more of adherents than all other bodies put together. Dissenters do not admit this claim. It must be remembered that all those who really have no religion naturally are reckoned among adherents of the state church. As these form a lamentably large class, especially in the great cities, it is easy to see how wide these figures are of the mark. Even allowing this claim, how preposterous it appears to an outsider that twelve millions of people are compelled, after supporting their own form of doctrine and worship, to help support the clergy of thirteen millions of people whose doctrines and forms of worship they do not believe in harmony with the New Testament. It is to be borne in mind, also, that the Established Church began with about all the people in her fold. Now, it is more than probable that more than half have gone into other folds. This shows the strength and direction of the tide of religious progress and is an unerring index of the final issue. Disestablishment must come, whether to the betterment of the state church through casting her upon her own spiritual and material resources, or to the development of greater spirituality and power, or to her weakening, as she proves unable to meet the strain.

—FALSE.—We referred, last week, to the death by starvation of two ladies at Mount Holly, New York. It had been so reported widely in the press. The whole story has since been proved to be the fabrication of a sensational reporter. The ladies died of fever. On reading the account in the papers, friends from different quarters sent in money to the survivors, and it was, in every case, returned, as they were comfortably off. The reporter who set the story in circulation should be punished severely.

—INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.—Yes, there are inconsistent Christians. We are not to unchristianize those who are not living correct lives. There may be the inner struggle of a real new life, which none but the eye of God sees. Let us admit the fact that all inconsistent professors are not hypocrites. Any one who has sought to win this class back to a devoted life will be surprised at the response they will get to their kindly effort. In hosts of cases, a little help and sympathy will bring their lives up and steady them anew for the race. Then, is there not too much made out of the inconsistencies of Christians? Irreligious men are often the sharpest critics. The standard they set, as long as it is for other people, is very high. They think if they were Christians how much better they would live than the common-place professors around; but they take good care not to put the matter to the test. There is a subtle self-flattery and justification in it all. While they attempt nothing, they have a very pleasant feeling in view of the superiority they would have over ordinary Christians, did they profess. They even excuse their failure to attempt anything because of the determination to do such great things, if they ever begin service. So they give professors little credit, and harp on their faults. If there are fifty well-living men and one who lives ill, they see only the latter. So Christianity gets little credit for the multitude of quiet lives it lifts into beauty and strength, while it is censured for all the faults of the unfaithful.

—DISCUSSION.—We wrote our reference to the letter in the *Maple Leaf* while absent from St. John before knowing what Bro. Weeks intended to do. The paper containing his reply had been destroyed before we saw it. We see by last week's *Maple Leaf* that several are out on the other side. But one Baptist because of the plainness of the Scripture teaching supporting his views, is usually more than a match for a goodly number of opponents. So, we are sure, it will be in this case.

The Edomites.
Please permit me to speak in praise of "The Edomites." In the preface to the author, Mary L. Tupper Witter, states modestly that her work is done "for the young only." A very slight examination of the book will serve to show that her work merits the attention of those who are advanced both in years and knowledge. There are probably few Bible students who would not find "The Edomites" a valuable book, not for reading only, but for reference as well. Mrs. Witter's knowledge of the scriptures is comprehensive and exact. Her use of what she knows is judicious. By long study and meditation she has gained an unusual insight into the spiritual meaning of Bible history, and is able to bring forth things new and old, for the warning of sinners and for the edification of the faithful. I hope that "The Edomites" will be as widely circulated and as carefully read as it deserves to be.

O. C. S. WALLACE.
Lawrence, Mass., April '88.

CALVINISTS AND THE DOWN-GRADE.—R. V. Principal Gethin Davies, of Llangollen College, has a capital letter with the above heading in the *Llangollen Advertiser* for a few weeks ago. The heading is borrowed from that of a letter which previously appeared in the *Ovestry Advertiser*. The writer of the letter is a Calvinistic Methodist, who pleads earnestly that the "Corps" (corpus, body)—as his denomination is called by us—should abandon the silly and scriptureless practice of baby-sprinkling and return to the apostolic practice of baptizing (not sprinkling) believers. While conducting a baptismal service at Pen-y-rhobon, Principal Davies made an earnest appeal for Christian union on the basis of Christ's own plain teaching. He pointed out that members of other churches were being baptized with believer's baptism all over the land, and that baptistries were being erected in Episcopal and other places of worship. He then read the letter referred to from the *Ovestry Advertiser*. The following day the 1000 Llangollen principal received a private storm of abuse. He was a "liar." The letter was an imposition, &c., &c. To find the truth of the matter he wrote to the editor, who immediately replied assuring him of the bona fides of the letter.—*Freeman*.

Flood Tide.
BY ADDISON F. BROWN.

While the tide was outward swinging there was less of crash and roar,
As the billows from the ocean rolled upon the rocky shore,
But the flood is now returning; and the squadrons of the sea
Once again are rushing landward, with their plumage tossing free.

Far along the rugged coastway, past the bound that eye can reach,
Stretch the lines of angry ermine sweeping inward o'er the beach,
And these regiments of Neptune ever rise in wilder might,
Till beneath a foam wave carpet rocks and sands are hid from sight.

How the music of the breakers takes possession of the air!
O'er the marshes, up the inlets, far beyond to highland lair,
And upon the wings of echo swinging back in measures long;
Thus we hear this voice of nature in a great and faultless song.

Tides that in your daily courses o'er the grave of sailors swing,
Why for me such fascination in the anthem that ye sing,
Those I love have sailed these waters never to return again;
Why should storm and tide incoming give me joy instead of pain?

In the land of holy promise far beyond the mortal sea,
From the billows and the tempest which are calling now to me,
And from all the earthly trials, they have nothing more to fear,
But I seem to hear their voices, and they sound so strangely near!

It may be 'neath the ocean I shall find a downy bed,
There to rest my weary body till the sea gives up its dead,
While the tides of love immortal wait my spirit to the shore,
Where my Saviour and these loved ones dwell in bright forever more.
West Jeddors, March 29th, '88

By Wheel and By Keel.
NO. V.
BY WHEEL.

The train drew up at Ogden, a thriving city of about 7000 souls, counting Mormons, Gentiles, Chinese and Indians. Here the Union Pacific reigned up to the custody of its twin sister, the Central Pacific, under whose auspices the remainder of our way on wheels was to be accomplished. While the roads were swapping passengers and baggage we had opportunity to survey our surroundings, as well as the shades of night would permit. We needed not to look long nor narrowly to be assured that we were in the "plague-spot of America," as zealous opponents of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, et al. are pleased to dub it. These men of the wide-rimmed hats and ancient, Quaker-like garb, consuming rolls and coffee at the lunch counter, beside us, are surely the disciples of the Prophet. The station variety-store, near the lunch-room, is occupied chiefly with an enticing display of Mormon curios, such as copies of the sacred Book of Mormon, late numbers of Zion's newspapers, tracts, pictures, charms and relics to beguile the heart of a dilettante or an antiquary. One could readily believe that over there in the dark lay Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of the West, with its Zion, or its Sodom, according as Saint or Gentile spoke, close beside it, and that up and down the valley clustered the hundred villages and towns of Mormondom.

There is plenty of Utah, such as it is. The state of Ohio would go in comfortably about twice, with an odd county or two to boot. The territory consists of two well-defined districts. Its eastern half, through whose northern extremity we had just had such a reckless and precipitate ride, is a mass of wild, dreary, and almost barren mountains, the closely grouped ranges and spurs of the Wasatch and Uintah systems. Among these ranges winds the Colorado, which, adding their waters to those gathered among the heights of Wyoming and Colorado, bears them away through dark and dreadful canyons to the ocean. Though utterly unavailing and all but utterly unexploitable, it is a sizeable river enough, flowing nearly fifteen hundred miles, with more dismal and chaotic grandeur to the mile than any other known stream. The mountains of Utah look sufficiently forbidding and unproductive, being clad below with sage-brush, and above with stunted and straggling cedar or pine, or only with the mosses that stain their rocky sides. But like many a surly, crusty old fellow, they hide a generous nature under a cooling face. The refreshing streams which, guided by the hand of man, are making the once desert plains below a pleasant and fruitful land their gift, and vast treasures of precious metals and minerals lie stored within them.

The western half of the territory consists of a plain or depression between the mountainous district just described, and the western ranges of Nevada. In the midst of this basin lies Great Salt Lake, a sheet of water about equal in extent to the Bay of Fundy. From its surface rise

several lofty islands, and as viewed on a clear day from one of the neighboring peaks it is said to be indescribably beautiful, set in the yellow and grey of the desert around it. Its waters are so salt that even at such a latitude and altitude they never freeze. At the west of the lake stretches the Great American Desert, a sea of sand larger than the sea of salt beside it. It, too, has its islands, bare and blistered rocks that at once relieve and intensify the desolation. The remainder of the basin is, constitutionally, a waste of sage brush and almost as barren as the waste of salt or the waste of sand. When the Mormons, dislodged again and again from their rallying points in the more eastern states, finally, in 1847, chose the Utah Basin as the home of a great agricultural community, it must have seemed almost as much of a "wild cat" scheme, as would be the purchase of Labrador by a syndicate for an orange plantation. [Here shimmered the lake, dead and barren and bitter; there shimmered the desert of alkali beds and sand flats compared to which the ocean beach is a garden; all around shimmered the wilderness of sage brush, its silver-grey worthlessness reaching to the limits of the Valley; above shimmered the mountains, bare and desolate. But this shimmering desolation already yields bread and to spare for 140,000 people, and sends provisions by the train-load into the neighboring states and territories. This miracle has been wrought by a careful system of irrigation by which the waters of the mountain streams, instead of flowing directly to the lake, are spread out in innumerable ditches over the land. By an extension of the same system almost all the basin, except the lake and a desert, will eventually be converted into a land of corn and vines. As "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," so the Salt Lake Basin, as it shall be, will be the gift of the mountains.

Any description of Utah which neglected the Mormons would be like the account of a wedding which ignored the bride's array. Mormonism is the only important American born religion extant, if we except the moribund faiths of the Indians and the Aedover theology. That a movement so absurd, having for its founder a man like Joseph Smith, an unhappy mixture of crank and rascal, if history has not faded; having as its sacred scriptures the Book of Mormon, a ludicrous combination of the Bible and an old manuscript romance purporting to be a history of America from the days of the Tower of Babel, should have achieved so rapid and so considerable a success, should afford the psychologist fine material for a study of the human mind. "The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints," as they name themselves, is about 80,000 strong in Utah, and numbers about 250,000 adherents in the world. They are a zealous missionary people, albeit with a zeal not according to knowledge, and put us to the blush in our languid efforts to evangelize the world. In the sixty years since their origin they have won many believers in England, Iceland, Denmark and the Sandwich Islands, have organized churches in Norway and Sweden, France and Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, Malta and Gibraltar, and even in Palestine, South Africa and Australia, while their missionaries have labored in China, India, Chili, the West Indies, and other heathen lands. Our maritime provinces have not been entirely neglected in these missionary visitations, but have proved, I am happy to understand, an unproductive field. The head-quarters and metropolis of Mormondom is, of course, Salt Lake City, which the Saints are better pleased to call New Zion, or New Jerusalem, believing that here Christ will appear the second time to receive his people unto himself. The various evangelical denominations have recently gained a footing in the city, and are slowly leavening the community. A little church of thirty members represents the Baptist faith.

But now the passengers have appeased their hunger which the clear and frosty air of the mountains had whetted to a razor edge, the baggage is stowed away fore and aft, the whistle blows, the bell rings, and we resume our westward way. Skirting the northern shore of the lake, and hemming our way across the frayed edge of the desert, we strike the slopes of the Toano Mountain, and about midnight have left Utah behind us, salt, sand, sage-brush, saints and all.

CHAMBERLAIN.
Yokohama, Japan, Mar. 2.

—Dr. Dawson Bates has published his calculation of the National Drink Bill for last year. It was higher than the previous year— for 1887, £124,953,680; for 1886, £122,905,785; the inc. acc. £2,047,895—possibly owing to the "ubies." On an average it cost an one shilling per head to drink the Queen's health. We no longer talk of sacrifices for religion. The expenditure on alcohol would pay the expense of the site and erection of a good new chapel every half-hour, day and night; or it would support 250,000 ministers of the Gospel.—*Freeman*.

Sleep On.
BY REV. KITTRIDGE WHEELER.

Sleep on now and take your rest! The door which would have led you into the presence chamber of the King has closed. The golden opportunities are not always open to us! The golden hour of duty and of privilege do not wait upon our convenience or our indifference. The highest calls to noble action are not forever sounding in our ears. These great hours of God come to every life, but they do not forever attend us. The dawn does not linger!

Many travellers have gone, and gone again to the summit of Regi Kullm in Switzerland to see the night sunrise bathe a thousand snowy Alps in fire and gold, in leaping flame, in spreading fire! but often heavy sombre clouds o'ercast the east, or sometimes the weary traveller does not hear the morning bugle of the mountaineer! If you are ever there, and hear the call of the strange Alpine horn rousing you from your four o'clock slumbers, telling you the sky is clear, the morning fair, and the East's reaming with the red streaks of dawn, do not dally with delicious sleep! Do not court the soft sweet drowsiness of the warm bed. The mighty sunrise will not wait for thee. Redder and redder grows the East. Banners of flame and leaping cohorts of fire.

Lo, the sun light breaks! The mountains, in encircling amphitheater tier on tier, and peak backed up by higher peak, were assembled in silent awful majesty to behold Him. And as He crowned their snowy heads with glistening glory, they shouted back to Him—"Hail, all hail!" It looked like the morning of the Resurrection! like the victorious dawn of that first day upon the new Heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness!

Oh soul, come forth to these morning hours, to these mountain visions; for God would speak to thee. Come up in the morning, and presently unto me in the top of the mount. "God wishes me to be alone with him! God wishes thee to meet him alone! He will heal thy wounds; He will shed his light upon thy tears and make them shine like jewels! He will make thee young again!"—*Christian Sci.*

The First Martyr in China.

In the city of Pok-lo, on the Canton East River, a Confucian temple keeper received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture reader. He would go, through the streets of the city and the country around with a board on his back containing some text of Scripture. So successful was he that in three years' time about 100 people were baptized; and so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that surprise and hostility were excited, and a fierce persecution broke out.

The Christians were driven from the villages, and their property was plundered. The colporteur was seized and twice within forty eight hours dragged before the literati, and called upon to recant. This he refused to do. He was therefore tortured by being suspended by the arms during the night. The next morning he was brought forward in an enfeebled state, pale and trembling, for a second trial. The officials and mandarins were cowed into submission by the gentry; but this brave old man was still firm in his resolve to cleave to his Bible and Christ, and expressed a hope that his judge would some day embrace the new doctrine. This was more than they could tolerate, and like the judges of Stephen, they ran upon him with one accord, and killed him on the spot by repeated blows of their side-arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished the first Protestant Christian martyr in China.—*Christian at Work*.

My Hiding-Place.
BY E. C. H.

I was lonely and sad. The world was so wide, and I so little and defenseless in it. I cried unto my Father. Quickly he answered, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Where is that secret place, that safe covert from the storms and strifes of earth? I asked. And I remembered, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion" in his own tent, both lay me down in peace and sleep, where "bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure." Truly, all my life I had been fed at the table of his bounty, and he had not suffered "the sun to smite me by day nor the moon by night." But this was not enough. I asked for more. And then came the word, "In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me" in the courts of the Lord's house, in the precious ordinances of his church, and in the communion of saints, the sweet fellowship and Christian sympathy of his own people. I thanked my Father for these; but my heart

trembled. How could I, all "false and falfull sin," find a safe resting place in the sanctuary of the Lord; in the Holy of Holies? Did not the very light of his word reveal to me there, now often I had broken his law? And did not the vow of his people, made at his altars, remind me how poor and blemished had been my sacrifice?

Still, out of the depths, I cried unto the Lord; and as I waited, listening, longing, there came welling up from my inmost being the song, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence." My lips answered, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown me his marvellous kindness." He not only promises to supply my temporal needs; not only opens to me the gates of his tabernacle when his people give me a place in his courts, but he comes himself, and to my doubting, trembling soul he promises to "hide me in the secret of his presence." "Hide me." All my weakness, all my folly, all my transgressions; yes, all my inbred sin! Me! Just as I am! He will hide me in the "secret of his presence." He will "hide me from the strife of tongues." He will hide me from that criticism of those who know my weakness. He will hide me from the condemnation of my own guilt. He will hide me from myself. In his presence all of me shall be forgotten. As I gaze on the face of the crucified Lord, even my nature shall be transformed into his own image, till the glory of his countenance shall all be seen. This is the "secret place of the Most High," the "secret of his presence." Blessed hiding-place, "under the shadow of the Almighty!"

Lonely Laborers.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the *Christian at Work*, speaks the following words of encouragement to those who working in obscure corners of the Lord's vineyard:

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unassisted labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes! yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of what has never seen their names in print. Your beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps your sister has a class in the Sunday school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles be content. We cannot always be sure where we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.

Be a Christian at Once.

Why do you not decide to be a Christian at once? Do you think you are too sinful? But God says, "He that is athirst, let him come." Are there doctrines which you do not believe? But the promise is, "If any man will do this will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." Do you fear lest, having begun a Christian life, you may not be able to hold out? But it is declared, "My sheep hear my voice; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand," and also, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape." Are you afraid that your happiness may be diminished by the restraints of religion? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Do you hesitate because you think you can do so little for Christ? But, "If the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as is our hath, not according as he hath not." Is there some sinful indulgence so dear that you cannot decide to abandon it? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Do you mean to be a Christian at some time, and merely are delaying a little before you decide? "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"—*The Congregationalist*.

The Wise and the Foolish.

The early Christian church was born in a... The early Christian church was born in a... The early Christian church was born in a...

Wicked men are often spoken of in the Bible as "hardening their hearts"... Wicked men are often spoken of in the Bible as "hardening their hearts"...

Suppose a man was charged with murder, and his counsel should make a defence like this: "Gentlemen, my client did kill his neighbor—there is not a doubt of it. The evidence is conclusive, and there is no denying it. But then he ought not to be hung for it, because his heart was so brutal of murder that he was unable to kill, and therefore he is not responsible." Would not any honest jury decide that the man whose heart was full of murder was the very man, of all others, for whom the gallows was made?

But men go further, and say, "God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he hardened his heart; so I don't feel that I can help it." Now, such a treatment of Pharaoh's heart is utterly unfair and unground argument. So far as the light of Scripture, as well as the light of our own observation and experience, can teach us, we have no reason to believe that God hardened Pharaoh's heart in any degree other than that in which he hardened the hearts of all who disobey the plain dictates of duty.

Pharaoh's heart was hardened under the same Divine and eternal law under which the hearts of wicked men are hardened now. The first we know of Pharaoh is that he was a cruel tyrant, wickedly oppressing a helpless and down-trodden people. And such conduct as this will harden any man's heart. It is a law of the Divine government that wicked conduct shall become easier and easier as men persist in it. And this is a merciful provision of God's moral government. Many a boy has been led to a life of crime by the teaching of a mother who understood this law. She would say, "My son, if you steal the smallest thing, it will become easier to you to steal something of greater value. It is the first step that must be resisted; for the path of sin becomes easier and easier to us as we walk on it."

Here is a boy, who, only last week, was his first oath. He heard one of the larger boys swear, and thought it very manly. But when the horrid words first escaped his young lips, he was frightened at himself. He started, turned pale for a moment, and glanced anxiously about him to see if his terrible oath had fallen upon the ear of anyone who might, perhaps, "tell mother." But in the course of one short week his heart had become so hard that he could, without a qualm of conscience, affront his heaven with his fearful oath, calling down the vengeance of an angry God upon his own soul, and the souls of his companions.

There was once a great painter who longed to paint a picture of heaven. But he had never seen heaven, nor had he ever seen any one who had. One day, while he was deeply meditating, a little four-year-old boy came near him. It was a lovely child. The light of heaven seemed to fill his laughing eye, and he looked the very picture of love, innocence and happiness. The painter gazed with rapture upon the bright young face, and said enthusiastically, "I'll paint the child, and that shall be my picture of heaven." He was not far wrong. Heaven is purity, and purity is heaven. And if there is anywhere upon this sin-cursed earth, any place that reminds us of heaven, it is a beautiful child, whose bright young life has not yet been defiled by the trail of the serpent—sin. And the painter painted the child, and under the picture he wrote that sweet word, "Heaven."

He then said to himself, "If ever I should meet a human face that shows as much of heaven and wickedness as this does, and call it 'Hell!' Long years rolled by, and one day, in looking through a prison, in a far-off foreign land, the painter saw a creature whom it seemed grosser filthier to call a man. He was crouching, like a dog, in one of the darkest corners of the dungeon of condensation, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of the pit. His whole countenance was the embodiment of malignity. The painter started back in horror; but presently recovering himself, he said, "I'll paint that face and call it 'Hell!' And he did paint it, and under the picture he wrote that awful word, "Hell." But what was his astonishment when he learned that the condemned felon was the identical little boy, who, forty years ago, had sat for his picture of heaven!

Oh! fathers, mothers in Israel, take care, take care! That little one you tenderly love, and dandle on your knee, one press to your throbbing heart, is sitting

as a picture of heaven, or as a model for hell. "Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy, With marble block before him; And his foot it up with a smile of joy, As an angel dream passed o'er him. He carved it then on the yielding stone, With many a sharp incision; With heaven's own light the sculpture above, He had caught that angel vision. Sculptors of life are we, as we stand, With our souls uncarved before; Waiting the hour, when, at God's command, Our life-dream shall pass o'er us. If we carve it then on the yielding stone, With many a sharp incision, That heavenly beauty shall be our own, Our lives that angel vision." — J. C. Hiden, in Religious Herald.

Jim the Savage. "No," said Captain Bell, thoughtfully, "I don't think you'll find the people here hard to manage, except Jim, perhaps—Jim the savage, the call him—said he's the stuff of twenty sinners in him." The new minister looked up interestedly. A vision of the original frequenters of the magnificent forest on which they had just entered passed through his mind, and he murmured, "But he was the only member of his tribe who died."

"Oh, he's not a redekin!" laughed the Captain, "but he might as well be one for all the good he is. Such a quarrelsome, lying, thieving rascal you never laid your eyes on. Lives with his grandmother in a cabin on the coast. But he was a say! about that new carpet," and the Captain, thinking enough time had been wasted on Jim, turned to the more important subject of a new carpet for the church.

But the minister did not give Jim up so readily. He evidently had a greater leaning towards the lost sheep than his predecessor, for Captain Bell felt called upon to expostulate. "Now look here, Mr. Crosby," he said earnestly, "you're just a startin' in here, and don't know exactly how the land lays, so no harm of my givin' you a point or two. Nobody's ever been so friendly and Christian out of Jim. The minister afore Mr. Speer, found that out, and so he thought he'd better turn his 'ention to folks as were worth savin', and just now there's so much for you to do 'bout tryin' to convert one who says right out plain he won't be converted, that you ought to have a new church, for one thing. The Methodists and Presbyterians and Catholics have built lately, and they're all a-singin' in the Presbyterians a cooped up in such a little hole, while they're a-swellin' round so grand with their tetter cut and pressed brick with credit in their first year."

"I wish you could have had a new church in the bargain," said the captain one day, reviewing past events with Mr. Crosby, "though I'm shore willing to have the money we collected go to Grassy Park and Jim. I suppose it's just the same to the Lord, but I'm shore willing to have it." "Indeed it is," said Mr. Crosby, "for 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

The Sweet Singer. It was a great privilege a few weeks since to meet face to face with the sweet singer, Miss Fanny J. Crosby. Most of my readers have seen her name prefixed to many of our most popular hymns—hymns which we have sung over and over again in our homes, in the meetings for praise and prayer, and in the Sunday school. But how many of us remember that name that came to the owner of it in total blindness, and has been so ever since her babyhood. You would naturally suppose that such a person must be very unhappy and gloomy, but Fanny Crosby is one of the most cheerful, happy persons in the world. When we saw her, she was knitting an intricate piece of lace, which on examination was found to have a misplaced stitch in it. Her fingers moved busily while she talked in a modest way of the talents God had given her, and what a comfort it had been to her that she had been enabled to write words that had not helped other souls on to heaven. Her whole face was illuminated, with a light reflected from His face (so we thought), as she told us the story of her "Recure the Perishing," and the satisfaction it gave her to know it had been the means of bringing many wanderers home to God. In a mission meeting she attended one evening, the hymn was sung, and at its close a young man arose and said that that hymn brought him to Jesus. Then he told of his wanderings, and how he had wasted his time and money in drink and those other things that are so full of sin, and how, standing along the street one night without a cent in his pocket, ragged, cold, and hungry, he heard some voices singing

Recure the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity From death and the grave. He followed the sound of voices until he came to a building where there was a mission meeting. He went in and sat down in the back seat, and listened to the words of that hymn. "I was just ready to perish that night," he said, "but that hymn by the grace of God saved me." Loving hands ministered to him in Jesus' name and he had told them that he wanted to leave the evil life and become a good man. The workers for Christ "Weped over the erring one," lifted the fallen, and told him of Jesus the mighty to save. When the young man finished his story, he said that he had a great desire to meet the writer of that hymn, and tell her what it had done for his soul. It was a singular coincidence that his wish was to be gratified, and he was able to do so. A great joy must have filled the author's heart when she was led up to the speaker, and could take his hand and say, "I wrote that hymn!"

After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand Miss Crosby returned to her room, and it was strange that she found her name in a song. It was at such times as these that she wrote "All the way my Saviour leads me." Saviour, more than life to me, I'm a clinging child to thee; and Through this changing world below Lead me gently on I go.

But you do something else when fishing's best? You can work on the farm, can't you?" "Ay, sir, if they'd have him, but they won't. They say as Jim was left here a strange baby and no one knowed who's his folks, that he's no better's a heathen heathen." "But Jim saved a temper an' hearn't these things all the time, gets kind o' sour'd an' don't try to nut 'em any more. An' the church members are down on him 'cause he won't 'tend, an' what with th' others refusin' him work, we're often in a bad way."

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SAVOUR, more than life to me, I'm a clinging child to thee; and Through this changing world below Lead me gently on I go.

Miss Crosby says of all the hymns she has written: "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is her favorite. To be Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast, must be to her, as she tries to feel her way through the darkness and amid dangers, sweet, protecting and full of comfort. To many a sorrowing soul, whose eyes of faith has become dim by the mysterious going away of some loved one, has this hymn brought comfort and light. To feel that our loved ones are "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is indeed a precious thought. Walking through a village cemetery a few months since, I heard some sweet voices singing that hymn. It was beside a baby's new-made grave. Just as the young mother was turning away with tearful eyes from the resting place of her little one, these sweet words burst upon her ear and she turned back to look at the grave. Out of her own loving arms but safe in the arms of Jesus. How many other hearts have found comfort in that assurance and in the thought that by and by

There by his love refreshed Sweetly my soul shall rest. How many there are whose eyes are opened to all the beautiful things in the world who do not walk in the light of God's countenance. Our blind singer cannot see any of the world's beautiful things, or look into the faces of loved ones, but the Father gives his sightless child a light that illumines her soul with a radiance that shines not only for herself, but is reflected into the souls of all who sing her sweet hymns.—New York Evangelist.

An English magazine tells an anecdote of the new Emperor of Germany which shows his kindness of heart towards those in humble life. Passing one day through Bornstedt, a little village on the edge near Potsdam, he went into the estate house there to hear the children recite their lessons. Presently a telegraph messenger came with a dispatch for the teacher, announcing that his mother was dangerously ill, and was to die her son before her death. Immediately Frederick, who was then Crown Prince, bade the teacher hasten off, and he himself took charge of the school the rest of the forenoon. By afternoon a substitute had been found, but the prince would not give up his friendly office, and stayed till after the funeral of the man's mother. At court dinners, after the guests have risen from the table, he frequently calls up the little pages who help at the service, and, after chatting with them awhile, stuffs their pockets with sweets and bonbons. One of the best evidences of the new Emperor's goodness is seen in the fact that the French, who are the natural enemies of the Germans, have been very sympathetic during his illness, and remedies for his recovery have been sent him by the French people.

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Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and after an excellent income of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gay, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured, and the entire time of my illness, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing excused their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

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With a complete equipment of the most improved instruments, and the entire time of an experienced teacher devoted to the interests of the class, we have made a reputation for excellence of work, in about one quarter of the time required by other schools.

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All other communications and all subscriptions to be sent to REV. C. GODFREY, St. John, N. B.

Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1889.

SPECIAL OFFER.

From the time subscriptions are received after this date, to May 1st, the MESSENGER AND VISITOR can be had by new subscribers to January, 1889.

For \$1.00.

Will not friends of our paper send us in a large number of new names?

RAMBLING!

It has been quite a time since the editor of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR has been on a ramble. During the early part of the year there is so much business at the office that he is kept pretty close at home.

HALIFAX

He was unable to call on all the pastors, but from enquiry found that the good work in the churches is going on quietly but steadily. The meetings at the First church are very interesting.

It was a great pleasure to preach to the people. They are a church-going people, and when the weather is at all fine they pack their house with a congregation well on to 300 strong.

Mission work is being carried on at several points. At the chapel on Quinpool Road the Sabbath school and a prayer meeting are held weekly.

The inhabitants of Tancook are among the most moral and industrious to be found in the whole country. They all have small farms and raise good crops.

In the summer this sea bathed place, with the rugged Nova Scotia shore on the one hand, and the sea dotted with islands on the other, must be most charming in its quietude and beauty.

Bro. Weeks, of Marvey, having made an offer of \$25 for one text of scripture mentioning the baptism of one infant, the Methodist minister at Hillsboro, in the Maple Leaf, instead of producing the one passage, urges the time-worn argument (?) for pedobaptism upon his attention.

careless about religion generally. This is a few miles beyond Hubbard's Cove. Now they are moving toward the erection of a house of worship.

At Chester we found that Brother Taylor, although not in the best of health, was winning to himself a good name as a preacher and worker. The Western Shore interest was paid to be in the most encouraging state.

We were unable to get over to Tancook till Sabbath morning, as the seven miles of sea between the island and Chester was thought too rough on Saturday.

TANCOOK

is an island containing about 700 acres of land. Upon it and Little Tancook, distant about a half mile from it, are about 100 families. The half of the larger island was bought by four men by the name of Mason and two by the name of Cross over ninety years ago.

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were primarily written, there was no need of putting stress on the fact that children had a place in its system and a share in its ordinances; for that was something with which, from the time of Abraham at least, they had been familiar; the relation of adults to christianity was something upon which special stress was laid and upon which they needed special instruction.

He, therefore, concludes that "the fact that they (scriptures) do not think necessary to refer specially to such a usual incident as the baptism of an infant, is one of the strong arguments in its (infant baptism) favor."

He then commends to Bro. Weeks, and presumably to all Baptists, the following: The covenant made with Abraham is that which was, afterwards, confirmed to the world by Christ.

Now the seal of the covenant, as made with Abraham, was circumcision which was performed, on condition of his faith—or in recognition of his faith. Wherefore, Paul says, (Rom. iv: 11 speaking of Abraham, he received the sign of circumcision, the seal of the righteousness of faith which he had."

Now, when Jesus Christ came, we find by Galatians, chapter 4, He confirmed the covenant with Abraham; but having fulfilled its requirements in submitting to circumcision Himself, He changed the seal. At this stage of his study, Mr. Weeks will observe how entirely impossible it is to produce a single text of scripture that records the baptism of children from enjoying the rite of baptism after having enjoyed, for so many centuries, the rite of circumcision which baptism replaced.

Our friend puts the old hackneyed plea for infant baptism very skillfully. As it has been some time since we have thought it worth while to refer to it, we will do as he advises Bro. Weeks,—give it some study, or, at least, give the result of some past study to our readers.

In the above, it is assumed, first, that the relation of adults to christianity needed explanation and emphasis, while that of infants did not; because the latter would continue to have the same relation to christianity they had to Judaism, while the adults, presumably, would hold a changed relationship.

But it is not assumed by Bro. Paisley that adults were circumcised because of their faith, just as Abraham was? On his assumption, therefore, in case of adults, there would be only the change from circumcision to baptism, the qualifications for both being the same.

Our brother also assumes that adult baptism is mentioned because it was "out of the line of usual occurrences." Now this is passing strange. All the land had seen with John's preaching of the baptism of repentance. Our Lord had baptized all his life. At Pentecost, multitudes had been baptized. Thousands and thousands had pressed into the kingdom all over the known world and all had been baptized.

There is something, at least, which would have been strange, and, on our brother's own assumption, would have been mentioned. But where is there a hint in the whole New Testament that such a change was made? Let our opponents have the liberty to assume that infant baptism is proved because it receives no mention in the New Testament, and that baptism is proved to be substituted for circumcision, we presume, for the same reason, and behold, the thing is done.

It is a little peculiar, too, about this figure of baptism taking the place of circumcision; that men will plead for it in the face of facts like the following. Baptism is for both sexes, while circumcision was for one; yet, of course, the latter was the substitute of the former.

The Reichstag has voted a loan of 34,000,000 marks to relieve sufferers from recent floods and to repair damages. France is still perturbed. Boulanger is the cause. He evidently is the popular idol. It is doubtful if the government have gained anything by dismissing him from the army.

The French have evacuated the New Hebrides for good and all, it is hoped. Their game of piracy in the Eret is about played out. They have shown themselves unfitted to deal with unenlightened peoples. They are ready to play into the hands of the Catholic priests, and make their occupation a Romanist crusade.

The debate at Ottawa on the reciprocity resolutions has concluded. As usual, after government supporters and opposition considering the question in the most independent and exhaustive way, those who in the past supported or opposed the government did the same now.

The price paid the C. P. R. to give up its monopoly in Manitoba is \$15,000,000—a pretty good sum after all the millions already given.

It is not often that our quiet provinces are shocked with so many things criminal as last week. Millman, the murderer of Miss Tuplin, met his fate at Charlottetown. A man named Preper was found guilty of the murder of Doyle, at the court in Halifax; and a man named Bastian, at Paines, shot Constable Farrell, who was seizing some of his belongings to satisfy a Scott Act fine, and then blew out his own brains. Farrell has died.

The estimates of the N. S. government for 1888 show debts due to the Province amounting to \$403,688. Some of these are probably of little value. Probable revenue for 1888, \$682,074. Expenditure, \$662,243. Details: Salaries, \$17,450; agriculture, \$20,000; education, \$214,000; legislative expense, \$40,000; roads and bridges, \$140,000.

If a member of a Baptist church remove from the place and then send for a letter of dismission, the letter being granted to the person and addressed to the Baptist church in the place where the person resides can that person take the letter and join the Methodist church of that place? If he did, what action should the church take that gave the dismission?

The letter granted did not belong to him on whose behalf it was sent. It was a letter for the Baptist church in the place where he resided, and entrusted to him to hand to its clerk or pastor. It is as if a member of a church should write a letter and present it to a church other than the one to whom it was addressed, as it could be for one to take a letter of commendation addressed to a certain party and present it to another person. It is a violation of good faith, and stamps the one doing it as dishonest.

that the League was suppressed in a vain one. There have been collisions with the police. The government is said to be about to retaliate by proclaiming the county of Lough.

There has been considerable excitement in Germany. Cupid is at the bottom of it, if the little fellow ever lets fly an arrow at the hearts of those who belong to royal families. Prince Alexander of Battenberg proposed to the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Emperor of Germany. Bismarck opposed on the ground that the Prince was obnoxious to the Czar. He was supported by the Crown Prince. The Emperor and Empress seem to have favored it. Bismarck is said to have handed in his resignation. At last the compromise of postponing the marriage was agreed upon.

Bismarck is reported quite ill. The death of the late Emperor affects him deeply. He is not made altogether of iron, as some suppose. The Empress seems to be winning golden opinions, as she is compelled to represent the Emperor. His health seemed to improve for a time; but there are unfavorable symptoms again.

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King John of Abyssinia has decided that the Italians are too strong for him. After observing them for a time he withdrew his forces, leaving them in possession of the territory they claim.

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We may add, all too many fail to recognize the fact that a letter from a church is a letter to another church, and not belonging to the one to whose care it is given. It would always be better for churches to send letters of dismission to the clerk or pastor of the church to whom the member is dismissed.

then no record again till 1885; have they lost their visibility?

1. If all the members of a church die, or if all lapse from the faith or from a life which would justify their continuance as church members, would say, the church had lost its visibility.

2. The mere fact of the keeping or the not keeping of a record does not, of itself, materially affect the question of a church's visibility. A body exists, although no record be kept of its doings.

Temperance in Truro.

There has been a boom in temperance here. The Publicans have run the length of their tether. A public sentiment has become too strong for them; their old patrons have forsaken them in such numbers that the business does not pay. A huge organization called the "Jubilee Temperance Society" (by some the big raft) now numbering 500, is doing noble work. It represents largely the wealth, the intelligence, and so of course, the influence of the town. God is back of the movement. It is an answer to prayer.

Some of us had been fighting the demon for years, but not being sufficiently backed by public sentiment, we could not succeed. We fell back upon God to open the eyes of the people: He did it by permitting the drunkard to do some deadly work. The town was startled and horrified by a murder. Casualties occurred resulting in the death of some of our citizens, believed by many to be traceable to drink.

Two or three business men, who had never before committed themselves to active temperance work, got their eyes open, and started on their mission. They went to other business men who, like themselves, had no connection with any Temperance Society, and got their cooperation, then with added strength and numbers they went on. A large team by this time was in requisition, and they drove from business stand to business stand and from house to house till they were about fifty strong; a majority of these being men who had buttressed up the liquor business in this town.

They met and organized themselves into the afore-named society. And the work has gone on and is going on, taking in moderate and hard drinkers alike, who pledge themselves to total abstinence. I believe the movement is unprecedented in the history of reform, at least, in our province.

The municipal authorities have appointed an inspector of license, or prosecutor, for we have had no license granted in Truro for at least a score of years. Raids have been made upon saloons and hotels keeping bars. It is said liquor has been carried outside the town limits and secreted.

It is being driven into dark holes and corners, and not flaunted in the face of heaven, and exposed as a standing menace and temptation to our boys and young men, as formerly. All classes of society have been interested in this movement. Temperance sermons have been the order of the day from many, not all, pulpits. Even the boys and girls have been drawn into the advocacy of the good cause. One of the members of the Jubilee Temperance Society offered two prizes, one a beautiful gold medal, the other a book of poems, for the best and second best essays on Temperance versus Independence, to be competed for by members of the High School. Many entered heartily into the competition. The judges had difficult work on their hands. There were four or nearly equal in merit that it became a perplexing question who should be awarded the medal and who should have second prize.

At length, however, the medal was awarded and the other three made equal, each receiving a book of poems. The Society voted to ask the editors of four of the leading journals in the Province to publish each one of the essays. You, brother editor, will receive in two or three day-one of them, which I hope you will be so good as to publish.

W. M. A. S. of Nova Scotia.

At the annual meeting of the W. M. A. S. of Nova Scotia, held last August, it was decided to ask the Societies to make collections for the Home Work, as last year. Our sisters will remember that last year a Christmas offering of ten cents per member for Home Missions, was given by our Societies. This year has seen very little done as yet. With very little effort, quite a sum may be raised even now. Let each member give something, if only five cents, but give it at once. Will each Treasurer set about this work in the Master's name, and for His sake? A. E. JOHNSON, Prov. Secy. for N. S.

SILENCE.—Silence is golden. The flowers have no tongues. I do not mean that you must not talk. God has given us tongues, and means us to use them. But let the silent beauty of the flowers teach us to do all the good we can and make no fuss about it. Never be in a hurry to tell people you are Christians, but act so they cannot help finding it out. Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up over the ground as if planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know they were beans unless they immediately told them. By most folks they wait patiently and humbly to be known by their fruits.—From William Burnet (Wright's "The World to Come.")

THE WEEK.

The British parliament is earnestly at work after the Easter recess. Go-ohen's measure for the conversion of consols meets with general favor. The holders of the enormous sum of £450,000,000 have assented to the reduction of interest rather than sell out. It is probable that many more holders will assent before the time expires. A loan of \$10,000,000 has been made by the Egyptian government. As the local government bill is more closely examined, the Liberals seem to get more suspicious of it. It will, doubtless, be a severe lifting in committee of the whole. Salisbury, in an address at Carnarvon, stated that the rulers of Europe were striving to avert a struggle. The new Emperor of Germany's life would be a pledge of peace. He hoped the fisheries treaty would assure friendly relations with the United States. Chamberlain has been banqueting, Liberals participating. He declared the United States more conservative than Great Britain, and spoke strongly in favor of a federation of the colonies. Ireland is again disturbed. The Nationalist leaders are showing that Balfour's best

We have time for two then, spent a then turned Nellore we had been a as we had e travelling in some difficult as if not for the comers. There first is upb then respect the same a America. T either of can comfortable, patronized b less than hal seats of the fl turned into b is furnished and these c natives. In compar ment only," and a with a good d cheap rate; i cents for o The stati substantial ing stone of ones are qualities of vid for dif and those fo be desired. V or lunch or table, with q servants to w of time to ascertain the who wish fo advance, so th is in readine of the station less, as if c they are ac plants and everywhere o that the time delight than embellishment secured by t offering price the employe nments to g benefit as well A pretty sta to relieve the plains. "a gr Of course hi India as well to understand ed in surcece often excee and all seas. and all arou Perhaps half no marks o of the masses of in an inch or that they have agricultural p plants large fl get something was interesti varieties of t hairy sheep of for a small w the plateau patches harvest of grain was but very few excellent whea to Europe, but poor native qu inferior quality In traversin pass hundreds sufficiency co of the landsc which they a above the level swarms of h little den is, t After sep intervening day Ahmedgar, t Mahara, Miss early Saturday A. Hume, who station, took u we spent seven tian intercourse working of th It owes its h tion of work given to the try. While and contains there are thr radius of th upwards of m missionary h sufficiently la but which h degree of thro make a hasty week, and q month. From A. w centre of m isle, Bantio, Scotch Estab course Romw represent. C we met nee memorial ser Bowen, held t the following

Missionaries on Furlough.

NO. VI.

We have been on the wing most of the time for two weeks. We left Ougale the 4th, spent a few days at Ramapatam, and then turned our faces westward. From Nellore we travelled by train. We had been a little anxious about our journey, as we had either heard or imagined that travelling in India would be attended with some difficulties. We have failed to find any, however. On the contrary, it seems as if nothing is wanting in arranging for the comfort and convenience of travellers. There are three classes of cars. The first is upholstered, and quite elegant in every respect. The fare in these is about the same as in the ordinary cars in America. The second-class seats are either of cane or cushioned, and are very comfortable. This is the class usually patronized by missionaries. The fare is less than half that of the first-class. The seats of the first and second classes can be turned into beds at night. The third-class is furnished with common wooden seats, and these cars are usually crowded with natives. In some trains, however, a compartment is reserved for Europeans only, and a journey can be made in such with a good deal of comfort, and at a very cheap rate; about one rupee or thirty-five cents for one hundred miles.

The stations are not only well-built, substantial structures, the material being stone or brick, but all the larger ones are quite elegant. Different qualities of waiting-rooms are provided for different classes of passengers, and those for Europeans are all that could be desired. Wherever we are to breakfast or lunch or dine, we find a neatly spread table, with quite a company of white-robed servants to wait on us, and with plenty of time to eat in peace. The guard ascertains the number of his passengers who wish for meals, and telegraphs in advance, so that when the train stops all is in readiness. Instead of the outside of the stations being dreary and cheerless, as is often the case in America, they are adorned by a profusion of plants and flowers, or vines trailed everywhere on walls and roofs, so that the time spent in stopping is rather a delight than an weariness. This embellishment of stations has been secured by the railroad administration offering prizes for plants and flowers; and the employees have turned their leisure moments to good account for their own benefit as well as that of the travellers.

A pretty station seems to be a necessity to relieve the monotony of these dreary plains, "a gray and melancholy waste." Of course this is the time of winter in India as well as America, but it is difficult to understand how these plains, undrained in surface by hills and valleys, and often exceedingly barren, can be beautiful at any season. We ride over scores of miles and all around a perpetual sameness. Perhaps half the area of these plains bears no marks of attempts at cultivation, and the masses of rock and laterite at or within an inch or two of the surface, indicate that they have been created for other than agricultural purposes. On some of these plain large flocks of sheep were trying to get something to appease their hunger. It was interesting to notice the different varieties of these creatures. The tall, hairy sheep of the east coast were changed for a small woolly kind, as we approached the plateau of the interior. On some patches harvesting various inferior kinds of grain was going on. We saw a few, but very few, fields of wheat. In some places near Bombay great quantities of excellent wheat are produced, and exported to Europe, but this is too costly food for poor natives. They must subsist on far inferior qualities.

In traversing these plains we of course pass hundreds of villages, but these are not sufficiently conspicuous to form any part of the landscape, for the low mud huts of which they are composed hardly rise above the level of the ground. How such swarms of human beings exist in these little dens is to us, a mystery. After spending two nights and the intervening day in a car we reached Ahmednagar, the headquarters of the Mahatma, Mission of the American Board, early Saturday morning, the 12th, Rev. A. Hume, who was waiting for us at the station, took us to his pleasant home where we spent several days of delightful Christian intercourse, and learned much of the working of that most successful mission. It owes its high position to the concentration of workers, and the prominent place given to the training of a native ministry. While Ahmednagar is a centre, and contains schools of various grades, there are three other stations within a radius of thirty miles, and two more upwards of one hundred miles. Each missionary has assigned him a field sufficiently large to tax all his energies, but which he can look after with a good degree of thoroughness. One told us he could make a hasty circuit of his field in one week, and quite a complete one in a month.

From A. we came on to Poona, another centre of mission work. Here the Methodists, Baptists, Free Church of Scotland, Scotch Established, Episcopalian, and of course Roman Catholic churches are represented. On the evening of our arrival we met nearly all the ministers at a memorial service for the late Rev. George Brown, held in the Methodist Church. On the following evening all met for a union

prayer meeting, at the Free Church. By request, a laboring man present gave some account of mission work in another province, in which they seemed interested. But Poona is also a centre of Hindoos; second only to Benares. But it is assailed on all sides by different Christian agencies: schools of all grades, Sabbath Schools, Znaasa work, street preaching, tract distribution, and every effort that Christian earnestness can suggest. May they soon close in on and vanquish the enemy!

Poona, Feb. 18, '88.

From England.

Far more time past there has been among the conservatives an agitation in favor of protection. Speeches have been made, and articles written, and it seemed as if it were really growing in favor. A few days ago however, it received a quietus from Lord Salisbury, and the most out and out free-trader could not have spoken more emphatically or stated the case better. His lordship said:—

"I have simply to say with respect to the question of protection that this country has adopted the opposite system after a controversy unexampled in its length, in its earnestness, and in the decision with which the ultimate issue was arrived at. If we are to undertake the re-examination of that question it must not be done incidentally, by insinuation, by allusion, by hints. You must walk firmly up to the fortress that you have to attack and lay siege to it in form. When my noble friend says to me that he is prepared to lay before him, and at length, the arguments which utterly prevent me from agreeing with any such proposition. I utterly disbelieve that it is in your power to introduce protection. If it were I think it would be introducing a state of division among the classes of this country which would differ little from civil war. It is a remedy which I am convinced Parliament will never accede to."

After this we do not expect to hear much more about protection for awhile. I wonder if any reader of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR is in possession of an egg of the great Auk. If so, it may interest him or her to know that the same is worth about \$1,100. A short time ago one was sold in London for £225. In the course of 40 years the value of these eggs has risen at a rapid rate. In 1861 one was sold for £18; in 1866 four fetched £30 each; in 1876 one sold for £64; in 1880 two for £105 and £107 respectively; in December 1887 one fetched £168; and three months later the above named sum, viz., £225.

Cardinal Manning has been speaking out on the liquor traffic. He says:—"The whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. In times of depression, only one interest still prospers—its profits may be slightly lessened; but its gains are always large and safe; that is, the great trade in drink, which enriches half a million of brewers, distillers and publicans, with the trades depending on them, and wrecks millions of men, women and children. This one traffic, more than any other cause, destroys the domestic life of the people." And he is right. He continues:—"Every successive government raises at least a third of its budget by the trade in drink. It changes man and woman into idiotic and brutality. It is our shame, scandal and sin; and unless brought under by the will of the people, and no other power can, it will be our downfall."

I fear the Local Government Bill of the present government will do but little by way of removing the evils of the drink trade. The fact is there are too many in the House of Commons connected with the trade, and who will naturally do all they can to prevent interference with a trade which fills their coffers with gold. That it fills thousands of homes with poverty and wretchedness, prisons with criminals, and graves with drunkards, seems to be a matter of little importance to many of our legislators, who sit in the House of Commons to legislate for the well-being of the people. What we want is men who care more for the morality and happiness of the people than their own personal gain. But where shall we find them?

What we further want is to arouse a strong public feeling against the whole traffic, as fraught with the greatest danger to the happiness and prosperity of the country, and as such ought to be entirely prohibited. But to produce such a feeling is no easy task. We here in England are so familiar with the deadly doing of drink, that it will take some extraordinary force indeed to awaken us to a sense of its destructive power. If all the temperance societies in the country would but make "total prohibition" their war cry, and stick to it in all winds and weathers, heading out who smiled or frowned, but going steadily on, it would be one step at least, and an important one, towards the settlement of the difficult drink question.

I am glad to notice that the Christian Commonwealth takes this position, and advocates with might and main the total prohibition of the traffic; and if all our religious papers took up the same position, they would prove a further power in that direction. But some of them seem to have but little sympathy with the temperance movement, and we cannot expect them therefore to advocate such a radical principle as prohibition.

I wonder how long it will be before England will be up with some of her colonies in this matter; and the churches of this country take their stand with regard to the temperance question as they do in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince

Edward Island. When occasionally at public meetings I have stated that during between five and six years residence in Nova Scotia, I never knew a minister or member of any church or denomination who was not a teetotaler, some seemed to receive the statement with a dash of incredulity; it is true nevertheless. J. BROWN, Wincanton, G. B., March 22nd '88.

Home Missions.

The Home Mission Board held its regular session April 9.

REPORTS.

were received from Brethren McGregor, Gen. Missionary; Saunders, of Granville Mountain; Norrady, of St. Mary's, Kent Co.; King, of St. John City Mission; McLeod, of St. Margaret's Bay, 2nd church; Allaby, of Tyne Valley; Moore, of Alma; W. T. Corey, of Welford; Kinlay, of Alberton field, P. E. I.; Murray, of Springhill; Rees, of Stanley, York Co.; Cain, of Lunenburg; Currie, of Scotchtown, Queens Co., N. B.; Spurr, of Fairview and St. Peter's Road; and Williams, of Montague and Murray River.

GRANTS.

- 1. To the Montague and Murray River field, \$140.00 for one year. Rev. J. Williams, pastor.
2. To the Lower Stewiacke and Mensfield, \$75 for one year. Rev. I. R. Skinner, pastor.
3. To assist the East Jeddore church in carrying on mission work at Owl's Head, &c., \$50 for one year. Bro. A. Brown, missionary.

APPOINTMENT.

Bro. W. E. Boggs, of McMaster Hall, was appointed a missionary to Indian Harbor and St. Margaret's Bay churches.

NO YOUNG MEN WANTING PASTORATES.

This is most unusual. In every year since my connection with home Mission work, if my memory serves me, there have been some ready to accept calls to the pastorates, either from Acadia, New Brunswick or McMaster. This year there is a failure all round. Only one has given any encouragement that he would accept a settlement, and he is uncertain. A few of Acadia men will probably remain out a year. How then are the score and upwards of important fields, not to mention other weaker ones, to be supplied? Well, thank God, if we have no men ready to settle, we have about thirty young men ready for work. Most of them have already proved themselves to be good workmen. Some few have not been proved by us, but are so well reported of, that we feel confident they will give a good account of themselves. We are anxious to furnish all these with work during the summer vacation, for as we take care of these so will our supply of pastors be in the near future. We are writing to all the pastorless fields, and hope to receive prompt replies. To the churches without pastors we wish to say: Brethren, don't wait in the hope that a pastor will turn up somewhere. Send us word at once to assign you one of these worthy young men, and then you will be sure of a good earnest worker for four months at least. If you do not, it is very likely you will be without ministerial care all the year. Your only chance of getting a pastor is by robbing some other church, and this you will not wish to do.

RECEIPTS.

Table with columns for From Mar. 12 to Ap. 9, and various church names and amounts.

Before Reported..... \$ 358.97
Total..... \$2,181.83
Brethren look at these figures. Nine months of our Convention year almost gone, and your Home Mission Board have received only a little over two thousand dollars, for the prosecution of the great work entrusted to them.

Hebron, N. S., A. CONROX, April 10th. Cor. Secy.

Convention Funds Received.

Table listing various churches and their contributions to the convention funds.

Yarmouth, April 8. G. E. DAY.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

HAVERLY.—Four persons were received last evening by letter into the Haverly church.

PARADISE, N. S.—Bro. Mainwaring is holding special services at Paradise. Several had shown interest at last accounts and the outlook was hopeful.

SACKVILLE.—We are holding good meetings still. I have baptized three since I last wrote. The prospect is very hopeful. There is a general awakening over all the field. Let me still see the prayers of all the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR for Sackville.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.—We are informed that the good work at Weymouth, referred to in our last week's issue, has deepened and widened. Our general missionary, Rev. Isa. Wallace, baptised last Lord's day, April 8, twenty persons, a large proportion of whom are heads of families. These and one received on experience were welcomed at the close of the morning service, and constitute a valuable accession to the church.

WESTPORT, N. S.—We are enjoying some refreshing. Many, who for some time have been among the absentees, have returned to us with humble confessions and high resolves for a nobler Christian life. Quite a number have found peace in believing. Some of these have been received for church membership. We expect to baptise next Sabbath. Our last conference was a happy day for our church; and our communion service on the Sabbath was the largest of some years past. We are engaged in and planning for better work in the Master's cause than we have heretofore been doing.

COW BAY, C. B.—One brother was received into the Cow Bay church by baptism yesterday.

YARMOUTH FIRST.—Four were baptized by Bro. Adams on the 8th.

CHEROKEE.—Two were received on Sunday, the 8th inst.: one by baptism, and one who had been a member of a Free Baptist church. Bro. Bill expects to baptise again soon.

HAVERLY.—The opening of the new Baptist church on April 1st is a day that will be long remembered in this place. The church is beautiful, both as regards situation and architecture, and we feel devoutly thankful for a place in which to worship again; at the same time being very grateful to our Methodist friends here, who so kindly gave us the use of their church during the time ours was building. By the request of the deacon Rev. J. W. S. Young was invited to preach the dedication sermon. He took for his text Isaiah 60:3, I will make the place of my feet glorious; and he gave us one of his usual earnest evangelical sermons. Rev. E. Alward preached in the afternoon, from John 19:5, Behold the man. His discourse was very much praised by all. In the evening Rev. B. N. Hughes preached from Matt. 16:19. He spoke for over fifty minutes from this passage of scripture. The whole audience gave their most earnest attention, as he clearly and forcibly expounded the scripture, dwelling principally upon the authority of the church. The dedication prayer was offered by Rev. B. N. Hughes. The church has extended him a call to become their pastor. We feel convinced that they have made a wise choice.

CHURCH MEMBER.

St. John's.—The Ministerial Conference met on Monday. There were the following reports: At Portland, social meetings were continued last week. Three were baptized last Sabbath, and one received by letter. A good interest still exists, though special services are discontinued. Bro. Stewart has been granted a vacation of two months to take a trip to England. Bro. Martell begins his pastorate with encouraging prospects. One was baptized Sunday, and others are seeking salvation. Bro. King is much encouraged at the mission. Some have decided for Christ, and the meetings are full and impressive. At Brunels St. a good work is in progress. Seven were baptized on Sabbath, and there are many seekers. Special services are continued. Bro. Mellick is full of joy and gratitude. Two have been baptized since last Conference. There are others who will probably come towards his work among the sailors. At Germain Street the congregations are good and the social services very cheering. At Carleton, special services are continued without much change. Bro. Parker of St. Martins was present. He sees the sympathy of his brethren in his long continued anxiety because of the serious illness of his dear wife. St. Martin's church is holding on its way, in the absence of the pastor.

Bro. Gordon introduced the subject, "What is worship?" in a very suggestive outline. The discussion was a very animated one. The subject for next session is to be "Regeneration" to be opened by Bro. King.

PERSONALS.

Rev. C. H. Martell has accepted the pastorate of the Fairville Baptist church. Has preached morning and evening for two Sundays to large congregations. The outlook is very encouraging. We hope to report baptism soon.

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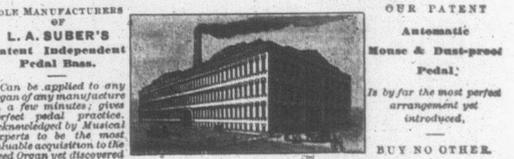
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C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B. In writing us men-ha this paper.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The much appreciated sum of money sent to me, from the King's children in his name, from Dartmouth, N. S., was duly and gratefully received by I hope, another of the King's children. D. McLAUD, Ingran River, April 10.

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. G. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Haggard's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 20 years, and his appearance is a proof of its good qualities.

