











CORRESPONDENCE

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE.

MR. EDITOR.—The situation becomes alarming, and dark clouds are gathering on the horizon, which will burst in thunder some of these days.

He talks mysteriously of my setting up some nine pins, and of his rolling the ball of truth to take down half a dozen of them, (why not the whole nine) at once.

He does not deny that "priests were dipped." What is the evidence? He says it. That is all. We know they were washed.

We turn to the case of Naaman, the only other case he adduces to prove that immersion is not always expressive of ruin beyond remedy; and here we discover a reckless trifling, a deceitful dealing—with the divine word, which it is painful to contemplate.

I will not contend with the Editor on the subject of courtesy. If to ask pardon of a man of whom you have spoken disrespectfully be uncourteous, unless you take off your hat to every dog who barks at you as you pass along the road, then I hope to be even found uncourteous.

The Messenger is sorely troubled by my appeal to the fact that immersion in water is uniformly introduced in the

Word, as an emblem or means of destruction; and he labors hard, recurring to it again and again, to find cases to neutralize the appeal.

The Messenger does not deny that "birds were dipped," but he is careful to suppress the fact that this dipping was not for its own sake,—the birds were not the baptized, the blessed,—but that the fluid, into which they were dipped, may be sprinkled for the purification of the unclean person.

We have a few words more respecting Naaman's cure. The Messenger must have a fling at the translators of our English version of the Scriptures.

By their rite, Baptists cast in their lot with the old world who were immersed and perished, while Noah and his house were baptized and saved, with the Egyptians who were immersed in the Red Sea and died, while the Israelites were baptized, and saved.

MR. EDITOR.—While guarding against the ritualistic tendencies of the present day, we should, at the same time, as followers of John Wesley, exercise care against the admission of any violations of uniformity or order in the administration of religious ordinances.

Our long established usages in administering the Communion has been for the communicant in unglorved hand to receive the bread from the hands of the Minister.

By having differences of mode in administration—one minister differing in this from his predecessor, or worse still where two or more Ministers are officiating in the ordinances together, differing in their modes—we may evoke among our people discussions on the subject which will not tend to edification.

By the regulations prescribed in the book of Discipline, page 146, which enjoins that the Communion shall be delivered to the people into their uncovered

hands, sanction is undoubtedly given to the old established form of administration. But if this is not thought sufficiently definite, and if any of our Ministers give a decided preference to the newly introduced mode, let the matter be brought up for consideration in our Annual Conferences, and the desired change be sought at next General Conference.

The following little incident is related by Count de Segur, one of Napoleon's personal staff, in his recently published memoirs:

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—London Baptist Magazine furnishes the following statement, which is worthy of serious consideration: "The minister's wife ought to be selected by a Committee of the Church. She should be warranted never to have babies, or headache, or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge. She should be intellectual, pious and domesticated; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day-laborer; and be always at leisure for 'good works,' and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and Home Mission; she should conduct Bible classes and mothers' meetings; she should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick; and, finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too."

THE EMPEROR BELL.—The third largest bell in use in the world was recently placed in the southern tower of the cathedral in Cologne, Germany. Three castings were made, of metal obtained by melting French cannon, captured during the Franco-Prussian war. Two were unsuccessful, but the third was perfect.

AN ex-change, commenting upon the "dangers of cleanliness," says that what with doctors and sanitarians, the man of the nineteenth century bids fair to be driven into a state of primitive savagism.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—One of our foreign ex-changes gives an account of "a marvellous piece of mechanism, which has just been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight day clock, which chimes the quarters, plays three times every twelve hours, or at any intervals required. The hands go round as follows: one once a minute; one once an hour; one once a week; one once a month; one once a year.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT. Courage, brother! do not stumble. Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble— "Trust in God, and do the right."

THE SILVER CROSS. BY GEO. KLINGLOE. She laid in his hand a tangled thorn, Crimsoed with berries, mountain-born; She had nothing else, though his locks were white.

WAITING FOR ME. Waiting for me, yes waiting, In the beautiful Home above, In the land of unfading flowers, In the dwelling place of love.

WHEN A MOTHER PRAYS FOR HER CHILD. The purest tone, that thro' creation sounds The purest ray, that reaches heaven's bound;

CHILLI. "If I could when the time now when I'm by Harry will and I'll get re about how ge Dear me! if c day-ish all the good Sundays heavenly-mind school;—but and all the re try one's good it's wicked; b son that it is is because it is body is in a nice and clean gloves. Mo come down. I a high hill and One's old thing, whose Monday Oh dear! I co most wish I col and bear toul I know it woul work one's self mind because a Mother says I Well, I do; but easier to be hel at the stake, si rapt, angelic lo be helped to fe with Edith, an and ladylike, a dowdy. "I suppose t who had so m sometimes thin and have high power for goo think as if they here, and all th don't seem to be I wonder if I o self first. I su get cross. "There's Mil bed. Mother say I notice Mike do at once. He co That's just my t worked at just o could pull it up fault every mori pray hard over I wonder if I've round? "Wall I k That's one for s says I'm cross- (ter). That's fo mother says I fin things and peop think I have en an selfish—every mother). But I pulses. I gave a poor sewing-girl carry mother's, don't she? I h before. I guess h harm to put in se I want two mor declared Minnie her book in bot Josie was stingy, ing uncharitable, long names; th while getting rid more. Elizabeth know what that well. You're vai as long as the needn't deny it. lovely hair, with arched eyebrows? bug me. Your s temptible fault i impatient, fault Uncharitableness, Sarah, that is a fir U. V. I'll remen Bessie descende lofty seat on the g slowly into the ho "Cousin May, y a text for me." "Yes I remembe chosen?" "I've changed want a text. I wa "D. L. F. S. U. child mean? Dif not it. Dear, wh you sure you have "Yes, it's all rig flowers and vines Just make them ug big." "You odd little pe So the letters w up over Bessie's b could guess what t said he guessed she cret society. Some like girls, trying to He was a little aster only smiled at in her hot impatient him to thinking. Only Jesus and the letters meant. time a look up at to Him saved her, t smaller and small they withered away a and Bessie said, th "The Sunday joy the week now."—The

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