

THE BIBLE INDICATOR.

Vol. II.

OWEN SOUND, Ont., JUNE, 1869.

No. 1.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

THIS is now commenced, and, with the blessing of heaven, shall be continued. No longer tarrying for names to come in. To all the old subscribers who have not expressed their wish to discontinue, this number is sent. The amount due will not be placed opposite the name till No. 4. This will allow agents to escape some trouble and annoyance incurred last year. Upon the agents much depends as to the success of the paper. No reward is offered them yet. Still their services are indispensable. To say that the editor is deeply grateful, and under lasting obligations, is simply true. To them it is earnestly said: *Do not relax your energies*,—still co-operate; and to every reader the request is made: *Send all the names you can.*

The reader will notice an improvement in the quality of the *paper*, as well as improvements in other respects.

The editor makes no flattering promises, but will move along without much noise, doing the best he can in the circumstances. He anxiously solicits *short and useful* articles. No. 2 from Rezen Ebe is looked for. "Antilogia" refuses to continue the discussion with "Beta." After mature consideration and counsel, it is deemed improper to publish "Beta's"

articles alone. The one on hand would occupy six pages. Some subscribers have been lost by continuing that discussion; other readers were edified by it—and so it goes. The pages of THE INDICATOR are still open for the discussion of any Bible topic; but the writers must limit themselves to space. The olio column has been crowded out almost from the beginning. The editor desires to encourage writers, and it is with great reluctance that he will refuse any piece. There is a variety of readers as well as a variety of writers. But he is of opinion that there are in Ontario, Disciples—a considerable number—who could write to edification; who could write brief and profitable articles, which would benefit the Churches, and be quite a help to THE INDICATOR. There are some in Eramosa, who, from their experience and knowledge of the Bible, could do good in *writing* as well as speaking. But there are many in the Province who might give us a well-digested and instructive piece. It is with writing as with speaking—parties are not always the best judges of their own qualifications. But it is said in faithfulness and in friendship, and for reasons imperative, to all who wish to write for THE INDICATOR, let one of your controlling thoughts be *brevity*, remembering that our space is limited.

THE DIFFERENCE.

IN Number 11, some things were said on this subject to which exception was taken by a Methodist Minister and a Baptist brother. Both affirm that they do not teach the unbeliever to pray for forgiveness; nor do they teach that God will forgive the sinner on account of the prayers of others. The Baptist brother affirmed it as his conviction that faith preceded repentance. Glad to know all this; and probably there are many more among the denominations who would teach a sinner to believe, repent, and be baptized for remission of sins, instead of to pray for remission of sins. In view of which my statement was, probably, too sweeping. These should have been expected. Far be it from me to do any of the denominations, or individuals belonging to them, injustice. It is the intention now briefly to state that we view the Bible differently, apply it differently, and therefore understand it differently. The denominations generally apply Old and New Testament to the same dispensation, community and race. The Disciples of Christ make a distinction between the Old and New Testament—between the Jewish Commonwealth and the Church of Christ—between the present age and the Jewish—between the Law of Moses and the Law of Christ. And it is our conviction that he who fails to see this, fails to see the Gospel clearly. The Disciples of Christ study the Old Testament—cannot do without it—derive from it light, instruction and comfort; still, the New Testament contains the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation—all that is necessary for a man to believe

and do in order to be saved; and between its lids is found that which makes up Christianity. But the “denominations” generally mix up the two. With them the law of Moses is as much binding upon us as the law of Christ; the old covenant and the new are blended. Hence their difficulties about the Jewish Sabbath and the first day of the week; faith and works; baptism, in its action, design and subject; the answer to the question: What must I do to be saved? etc., etc.

THE REFORMATION WE PLEAD FOR.

THE question is often asked, what are the peculiarities of the reformation for which we plead? And why do we seek a separate organization from others? Are there not sects enough now? &c., &c. To this we answer: We plead for a separation in order for a union! It must be admitted that the Church of Christ, like Israel of old, was once a unit as prayed for by the Saviour, John xvii. 21. So desirable was union that Paul said, 1 Cor. i. 10, “Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.”

Such a union then cannot be considered a non-essential, since the Saviour prayed for it, and the Apostles laboured to maintain it. Moses said to Israel, Deut. xxxi. 29, “For I know that after my death you will utterly corrupt yourselves, and turn aside from the way which I have commanded you,” etc. This prediction proved true; and the prophet Jeremiah,

vi. 10, said, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said we will not walk therein." So Paul said, Acts xx. 29, 30, "I know that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them," etc. As the only hope in their case, he added, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Who, that now looks at the so-called Church, with its Popes, Priests, Monks, Nuns, Presiding Elders, Class Leaders, Bishops, etc., etc., will not say that Paul's prediction has come to pass? How much in the so-called Church, now, that was unknown in the days of Paul? And how much, in his day, that is unknown now? What we plead for, is a union upon the same foundation of apostles and prophets, as in the days of Paul; and to keep the unity of the spirit in the same bond of peace. So that we may strive *together* for the faith of the gospel. We seek the same Church organization, officers and discipline,—no more, no less. We contend for these on the ground that Christianity, like its author, is *perfect*, and no improvement can be made on it. *Secondly*—It is a religion of authority, and therefore we are bound to observe it as it was given us. *Third*—A strict adherence to it, is all that can save and unite us, and fill us with the comfort of love, and the fellowship of the spirit. Any

deviation from it, of necessity, creates schism and strife. Hence the strife of the present day is *about* the faith, rather than *for* the faith.

The enemy of souls has ever sought to destroy confidence in the word of God. Num. xvi. 1-3, is a fair specimen of his machinations. If he fails in this, he will try, as in Isa. i. 11-15, to introduce some substitute for that which was commanded. Hence Isa. xxiv. 5, "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant," etc. If not as successful in this as he wishes, his next effort is to persuade all that the commands of God are not essential to salvation. Hence the language of the doubting is seen, Job xxi. 15, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit should we have if we should pray unto him?" The same principle is seen in Mal. iii. 14, when they asked: "What profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts?" etc.

It was these principles working in the minds of the people that called for the religious reformation in the days of the Prophet, when he was told to "stand in the ways and ask for the *old* paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

The history of the Church shows that Christianity has suffered at the hands of man, as well as Judaism, and that Paul's prediction, Acts xx. 29, has been as truly verified as was Moses' prediction of the apostacy of the Jews. It is true we have pious, devout men among Catholics and Protestants, as well as some pious "*Corneliuses*," who are not members of any

Church. The Bible, therefore, is essential to direct our devotions right before God. Hence Paul says, Acts xx. 32, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

We therefore seek to convince men that Jesus Christ is "Lord of all;" that He is the "Head of the Church." We seek to convince men of His right to command, and to persuade them to believe what He tells them, and to rest assured that they may enjoy what He promises them. In short: we preach Christ on the throne; His gospel as the law of His kingdom; and to be born of water and the spirit as a necessity to an entrance therein; that it is not every one that says unto Him: "Lord, Lord," shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that does the will of His Father in heaven. We therefore seek for peace, that peace which is from God, which can only be enjoyed by having that faith in Him that leads to forsake all for Him. May heaven grant us all that faith, and that spirit of obedience that shall render us acceptable to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A. B. GREEN.

SIMPLICITY IN WORSHIP.

In all ages, since Christ to the present, men have seemed to take for granted that their acts of worship must be, in some sense, an equivalent for the blessings they have expected to receive. The act and its reward must be proportionate—that to this. Such is the principle which underlies the conduct of vast numbers of those who claim to be the children of God.

To this add the apparent conviction that the more elaborate or complicated the act, the greater its value, and we have before us the reason for many of the corruptions in the worship of the followers of Christ. Whether we are naturally prone to forget that salvation through Christ is a matter of favour and not of debt, is not here made a question. That we do so forget is a fact. Between no act which we can perform in obedience to Christ and the blessing dependant thereon, is it possible to trace even the semblance of equivalence or proportion. Time bears no proportion to eternity; neither does the whole volume of our obedience, while in the flesh, to immortality and eternal life. What a sin is in itself, as fully comprehended by God, no mortal can conceive. I doubt whether even a seraph in heaven knows. Neither can we know what a boon its remission is. I would as soon attempt to attain to the perfect conception of the infinite as to attempt to fathom the meaning of the word remission as used by Christ. The word value is wholly unapplicable to it. It is a gratuity, not the payment of a debt. Hence, the act on which it depends bears no proportion, in point of equivalence, to it. But such is not the ordinary reasoning of men. They seem to think the more they do, the more they are entitled to.

Again: In all ages, whenever men have departed from the simple worship of the primitive church, as prescribed by Christ and the apostles, they have felt it necessary to call in the aid of art to refine and beautify their acts. With them it is not enough to build a gorgeous house of worship; They must adorn it with images exquisitely wrought, and with pictures of

the great masters; they must curiously stain its panes, and burn candles in its gloomy halls. It must seem an enchanted spot; a great dome must stand over it, through which disembodied spirits gambol on silent wing; niches must be in it, where wraiths may rest before they go hence forever. Like house like worship, is now its fitting description. The whole fane, with its appurtenances, is but the embodiment of art; and every act done in it is of the very essence of the artificial. Not one act appointed by Christ is ever performed here in its original simplicity. All is complex, factitious, and, it is greatly to be feared, null. Baptism is no longer the simple burial of the body in water. It is an elaborate ceremony, for which costly preparations must be made. The party must be dressed in the height of fashion; the priest must appear in high canonicals; the water must stand in a dainty chalice of purest gold; and the whole farce be accompanied with a few *te deums* to the unknown God. These preliminaries being completed, the "interesting ceremony" begins. It consists in reading a heartless prayer, in chanting a heartless hymn; in pronouncing a hollow form of words, and in sprinkling a little water on the well-oiled head of the "candidate." Surely even a child can perceive the resemblance between what is here described and what took place in the river Jordan in the days of John.

Had we a close and accurate history of apostasy, I give it as my opinion that it would be found almost universally to take its rise in a sickly tolerance of unscriptural tenets, and to show itself in seemingly unimportant innovations on the simplicity of the ancient worship. The slightest motion in the drop shows that the plane is inclined; and the least intentional departure from the divine model tells that the heart is at fault. One wilful step too far is but the criminal precursor of a legion like itself, which await only the coveted nick of time to sally out.

It is the first note of his enemy's horn starts forewarned Wallace to his arms; the first whiff of the brewing storm sets the prudent sailor agog. So let it be with us. If we wait till the simplicity of the New Testament worship is corrupted, and innovations stand thick around us, it will be too late then. The bursting forth of the tender bud is the sign we should watch. Let error be nipped while it is yet in the theory, and innovations be checked before they settle down as tenants for life in the house of God, and all will go well.

Let us always remember that it is not the amount we do, nor the art and grace with which we act, that constitutes the ground of salvation. It is doing simply what Christ appoints—no more, no less. This is our only actual ground of hope. Additions to God's appointments are subtractions from the prospects of eternal life. When we change the appointed mode of worship, it ceases to be God's, and becomes ours. Nor does it matter in what these changes consist. Whether they be intentional omissions or intentional additions, the effect is the same. An altered Christianity is not divine, and can save no one. When Christ speaks, our hearing should be faultlessly precise; when he commands, our obedience should be faultlessly exact. No more should we attempt to change an act enjoined by Him than to remodel the words of His lips. Changes here are profoundly foolish; nay, worse, profoundly criminal. In every case, first let our effort be to ascertain what is said. This will be the matter of our faith. Let our next effort be to determine what is commanded. This will settle most of our duty. Finally, let the binding precedents be ascertained and our knowledge of faith and duty is complete. If we alter the faith, we sin against Christ; and if we alter the command or the precedent, we do no less. Our souls should be shocked at the thought of doing either. Let us never pause to inquire what the world will think of the

change. The world has rejected Christ; its judgment is therefore worthless. When our worship is simply the embodiment of the divine will, we please our Master in heaven; when it is not, we please our master in hell. Let no one imagine that the necessity does not exist for these remarks. It is an easy thing to incline to sin—easy to incline strongly; and a strong inclination, like the crook in the aged tree, is not easily corrected. At first we flatter ourselves that the very slight change proposed must be harmless. The end is that with us even the great changes we make at last become innocent; then innocent changes occur often. Now a habit of changing is established, and hope is gone. God has exacted but little of us. Is it not a small matter that this little should be kept pure. Purity in the matter of faith; simplicity in the matter of our worship. When we are perfect in these, our return to original Christianity will be complete—never before.—*Apostolic Times.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

A PLANET was quietly moving in its accustomed orbit, all unseen by mortal eye. The star-gazers had never beheld her radiance. Astronomers, in their eager watchings, had never been greeted with her serene splendors, among the numerous objects that flashed in celestial grandeur across their field-view. But the silent influence that went forth, causing perturbations in another planet, led to the conviction that some invisible source of attraction was in existence; and induced long and patient calculation and search, to discover the secret of this influence. A hypothetical planet was projected. Astronomers said, "If these perturbations are caused by an unknown planet, then, to account for them, it must possess such and such a magnitude, and such and such an orbit; and it must be in such and such a position in the heavens." *Le Verrier*, led by this hypothesis, turned

his telescope in the direction indicated; and, sure enough, there the planet was, modestly shining, and moving along in her wonted path; and she answered the enraptured gaze of the astronomer with her virgin blushes, in rich reward of his ardent and patient search.

Thus it is, that many a life moves quietly along—

"Not of essential splendour less,
Though shining unobserved."

Its silent influences are felt, and this leads to inquiry as to the sources of the power; and when we trace it through its subtle revelations, we light, at last, on some humble, quiet life, moving in an obscure path, and shining as cheerfully and sweetly in its solitude as if a thousand eyes were gazing—projecting its attractive force far beyond its own dreams or ken, until distant objects reveal its potency, and the veil is lifted which hid it from public gaze.

I have a sweet, sad memory of years ago. Ever and anon, in still, pensive hours, when

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,"

There rises before me the form of a meek and humble maiden, listening, with rapt attention and tearful eye, to the story of the cross. I see her, as she started, tremblingly, when the sweet invitation of mercy was given, and offered herself—a broken-hearted sinner—as a suppliant for the treasures of redeeming love. I remember that, while her penitential tears flowed in uncontrollable emotion, there seemed to be no sympathizing tears in the eyes of the spectators; for she was but a poor girl, whom few knew, or cared to know; and although of blameless reputation, her circumstances were not favourable to refined associations, while her extreme bashfulness prevented the assertion of the intellectual and moral vigor which she really possessed. It makes me sad, even now, to remember how lonely was her lot that day, when,

having so far triumphed by immense exertion over her excessive timidity, as to venture forth before a large assembly to own her faith in the Saviour, she was left almost unattended, with only the cold courtesies which necessity imposed—while other converts from more favoured circles, were overwhelmed with caresses and congratulations from their kindred and associates. But her meek and quiet spirit uttered no complaint. She, probably, was not aware of the neglect; for her anxious and stricken heart was too happy in leaning upon the arm of Christ, and in drinking from the golden cup of salvation which His hand pressed to her lips, to admit any consciousness of coldness or neglect from those about her.

She was baptized, with many others, and quietly took her place in the church. She was regularly in her place, a devout worshipper. She came and went softly; none thinking of her, only as one more added to the number—a harmless creature, who served to fill a seat and add to the numerical strength of the church. Many miles she came alone, or in company with those whom she persuaded to accompany her; for her home was in a quiet country nook, seldom visited, except by the immediate neighbours. * * * *

I see her now, as she lay, all pale and wan, on a bed of pain. Patient child! how she sought to smile through her racking agonies, when I called to see her! How sweetly she talked, even in delirium, of the preciousness of Jesus and of heaven! How she threw off the timidity of her nature, and sung of the "fountain filled with blood," till all who listened were entranced! It pleased God to release her from her suffering, and take her home from her wanderings in a cold and unfriendly world, just as she was stepping on the threshold of womanhood—just as people were beginning to perceive the native strength and beauty of her character. Hers was an humble

funeral—attended, however, by all in the neighbourhood, and especially remarkable from the outbursts of grief from the more youthful portion of the community—those of her own age, but bound to her by no ties of kinship. When the grave was filled, and the last prayer offered, and I turned to go away, I was surrounded by weeping youths, and by many, too, of riper years, who entreated that I would preach the gospel to them in the nearest school-house. There was such an unusual earnestness in the request, that I felt constrained to hold in abeyance some pressing claims on my time, and yield to their entreaties.

It was a tender, sweet, and holy season—the very breath of Divine love seemed fresh and warm from the throne upon every heart. It was but to open the gates of salvation, and point to the Lamb of God, and weeping penitents thronged the way—the hoary-headed sinner, along with the young man and the maiden, and the child of ten or twelve years. It was so little labour, and the interest was so general and pervading, that I was puzzled to account for so ripe and blessed a harvest in a place where no ground had been broken, and no seed had been sown. It led me to inquire of many as to the origin of their interest in the message of life. It was a short and simple, but to me a very touching story.

The ground *had* been broken; the seed *had* been sown. The humble child of poverty, whom we had laid in the grave, had been the missionary. The story came to me from many youthful lips, amid many tears of affectionate memory, how the sweetness and gentleness of this young disciple had won upon her schoolmates and associates; what supreme influence her pure and beautiful life had swayed over the younger portion of the neighbourhood; how, in quiet walks with one another in the grand old woods, she would sit down with them under some forest tree, and tell them of her peace and joy in the Lord, and

read to them the Holy Scriptures, and pray for and counsel them to become Christians, and share the peace of her own heart.

Probably her death had hastened the growth of the seed so quietly sown; but even before her death, her associates had gone to their homes to tell ungodly parents of her holy conversation, and to ask them to read the Bible. And here and there she had been sent for—this youthful evangelist—to read and expound the teachings of the Gospel. In her own simple, earnest way—in the eloquence of a sincere and loving heart, she preached to them the Gospel of the grace of God; and I had but to put in the sickle into a ripe harvest, which had been sown by her hand, and guarded by her vigilance.

Blessed child! how sweetly her ransomed spirit must nestle in the embrace of the Redeemer whom she honoured! What joy must thrill her glorified being, as she meets one and another of her converts—for many of them have triumphed through grace, and gone joyfully home—and leads them up, over a strange pathway—no longer strange to her—to the presence of their Saviour and hers!

The tears fall many times as I call up these tender and sacred memories; and with them is mingled a feeling of shame, and almost of guilt, that I had not sooner understood and appreciated this lovely child of grace. But the lesson she taught me, is worth more than it has cost me of sorrow and grief in the learning, that God's precious ones are oftenest unknown; that angels visit us unawares; and that the silent influence of the humble and obscure, working unseen at the foundations of good, frequently outweighs the ostentatious workings of those who mount the scaffolding in the sight of all men, and lay the cap-stones amid shoutings and rejoicings which had never been heard but for the patient toil of those who laid the foundations.

ISAAC ERRETT.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

It is quite evident there is nothing so elevating in its nature as *holiness*. Zachariah the prophet, appears to have caught a glimpse of future glory, when he uttered those remarkable words, found in chapter xiv., in which we are taught that the name of the Lord shall be honoured in everything: "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts; and all those that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein; and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanites in the house of the Lord of Hosts." The prophet Isaiah, also, predicted that "her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness unto the Lord; it shall not be treasured or laid up, for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficient, and for durable clothing." And still further, "An highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." We are also told by our Saviour, that "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." We are further informed by the Revelator, John, that "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

From the passages quoted, it is certain that if we are ever numbered with the redeemed and glorified spirits above, we must be holy. Christ, too, has said, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." It is true, we may be members of the church, and from outward appearance all may appear beautiful; while our hearts have not been purified.

It is absolutely necessary that we should press ever onward, having *holiness unto the Lord* inscribed upon all our acts—in the marts of business, and in all our daily avocations; for without it we ne'er shall see the Lord.

The prophet Zachariah appears to have caught a glimpse of millennial glory in the golden age of humanity. Job and Daniel also looked forward and beheld the Ancient of days when the angels and all the seraphs of light would exclaim, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty." Oh! for the joys of those halcyon days. *Holiness unto the Lord* will then dwell from the rivers unto the ends of the earth; and all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest—songs of ecstasy and joy will roll on for ever.

Oh! what a joyful meeting! Heaven and earth shall join together and help to swell the mighty chorus: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" What a scene! Earth, and all things therein, shall pass away, and the joys of eternity be ushered in.

Awake! O Christian! awake to nobler deeds! Arouse; strive to be more holy—to be prepared for the great rising day. God will not look upon sin with any allowance. He requires us to be pure; otherwise we would be unfit for the society of Heaven. Are we labouring to this end? Let us examine ourselves, and see what we are doing in order to augment our happiness here, and our eternal felicity beyond the grave. Pause a moment. Ponder over the past, and resolve to be more faithful. A time is coming—'twill not be long. Soon our pilgrimage will be ended. And as a tree falls, so it lies. He that is unjust will be unjust still; he that is polluted will be polluted still; he that is righteous will be righteous still; and he that is holy will be holy still.

After death comes the judgment. What a solemn thought! We must all stand

before the judgment-seat of Christ. Oh! that you and I may not be among that number that shall call upon the rocks and mountains, saying: "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." God only knows how soon before we shall be in the eternal world—perhaps before the closing of the present year. What are we about? Are we laying up treasures in those heavenly mansions? Are we living a life of holiness? Do we realize our immortal destiny? Listen! yes, listen to the sweet voice of the dear Saviour, gliding in the smooth whispers of His revelations. Harken to His claims; think of them by day and by night—grow in grace—increase in holiness; and in the end God will give us the victory.

W. K. BURR.

Ameliasburg, Ont.

RELIGIOUS TORTURE.

"FROM the Adirondack Mountains comes a just complaint and protest against the cruel rites of baptism performed there by the sect which believes in immersion as an essential Christian rite. 'On bitter cold days,' says a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, 'with the thermometer at zero, the rough rivers, hid in thick ice, are bared with axe and spade, and the converts—often sweet young girls of tender age—are plunged in. As we see them struggling in evident fear and agony, shrinking from their water-soaked garments, which freeze about them, we can but ask, if this be imitating the blessed Master? Instinctively, we ask, had Christ preached and baptized in this climate, would He, who healed the sick, have risked the life of the body, to freeze out the innocent stains of girlhood? It is one of the inexpressible inconsistencies of weak humanity, that followers of the Divine Lord should, in his name, commit cruelties that unbelievers would shrink from. If they are not insane,

Bergh's law to punish cruelty ought to be extended to this iceberg region. Is there not a limit? Suppose they skinned and broiled their converts, fresh from off the anxious seat, ought not some one, in the name of humanity, to ask them to stay the slaughter of the innocents? Diseases enough children are heir to, without the aid of this terrible exposure."

The above is clipped from the *Owen Sound Advertiser*. Bro. W. A. Stephens wrote a corrective; but as might have been expected, when religious controversy is feared, it was "respectfully declined." Neither his article, nor the brief one below, could be inserted.

To the Editor *Owen Sound Advertiser* :

SIR,—In your issue of the 13th instant, appears a selection from some paper, which borrowed it from the *N. Y. Tribune*. Heading somewhat startling—quite sensational—viz: "*Religious Torture*." Things have come to a strange pass when, in a country so bountifully supplied with bibles, the action of baptism can be branded, "*religious torture*," and appeals made to the feelings of the people to set them against the institution of the Lord and Saviour. This selection, the product of a sceptical heart, is likely to deceive the unwary. He presumed considerably on the ignorance of his readers. He guessed that few would know that the Adirondack Mountains are in New York State—hundreds of miles south of this!

But the piece itself indicates ignorance, scepticism and deeply-rooted prejudice against the ordinance of baptism. Had the author, with no reverence for the authority of Jehovah, witnessed the Jews obeying God in circumcision, he might have cried, "*Religious Torture*." But to pronounce the obedience to a command of Jesus Christ, "*religious torture*," is rank scepticism; and to say that the immersion of a candidate for baptism, in winter months,

when the air is colder than the water, endangers a person's health, is ignorance inexcusable. And to raise the cry, "*Religious Torture*," when witnessing an act commanded by the Saviour; which Calvin, Luther, Whitefield, Chalmers, Geo. Campbell, Parkhurst, Greenfield, McKnight, Doddridge, John Wesley, Moses Stuart, and all other critics of any note, say, was the immersion in water of a penitent believer in the name of Jesus—is unmistakable evidence of sheer bigotry. Respectfully,

C. J. LISTER.

WOULD IT WERE SO.

THAT any one hour of the day is more sacred than another, no Christian, I presume, will affirm. Still it cannot be denied that some particular hours seem better adapted than others to the discharge of certain duties. Whether this adaptation be real or imaginary, whether it springs from education or is founded in nature, I stop not to inquire. Certainly, it seems to exist; nay, more, it is even felt to exist. This is enough for my purpose.

If there be one scene in domestic life more lovely than any other, surely it is the one of which I am about to speak.

The day is wearing to a close; the sun goes grandly down; the lazy cloud pauses to rest on the western horizon, and bathe itself in the golden light of evanishing day. The thrush pours forth its delicious note from the distant bough; the crow flits by on faithful wing; the faithful cow lows in the way as she trudges wearily home; and the deep-mouthed mastiff barks as he sits on the stile by the ancient gate. The affrighted little bird darts rapidly by, and is lost from sight in the shadowy wood; the bees murmur at the door of the hive; and swallows twitter merrily on sippant wing. The wind sighs low in the almost motionless trees; and the trembling little leaf hangs meekly its head and is at rest. Modest stars peep out and sparkle in the

blue above; while the gorgeous moon prepares for the stroll of the night. This is the hour to pray and commune with God.

The toils of the home are done for the day. The tired father has come from the field, and the heavy plough-horse has drunk at the trough. The gear, the spades and the hoes are housed for the night. The careful wife has called up her hens and fed their chirping brood; her milking is done; she sets her tubs by the eave, and hunts up the knives and forks that thoughtless children have lost through the day. Doors are now locked, gates latched, the lambs are in the close, and all have gone in for the night. The healthful, frugal supper is over, and all sit down to rest. The hour for bed has come; only a single debt remains unpaid.

The Bible is reverently placed on the stand, and the candle flickers by it. Children are hushed in their seats till not even the shuffle of a foot is heard. The Holy Word of God, in measured accents and high deferential mood, is read. A hymn, it may be, is chanted to some artless, rustic air. The music is not grand. Certainly, it is free from all affectation of Italian grace. But then the soul pours forth in that simple melody its ineffable adoration of its God. That soul is near to him now. It has quitted earth for the moment, and gone to kiss its Father in heaven good night. But the song is ended and the accustomed, "Let us worship God," is uttered, and all bow in the August Presence. Ah! reader, if you can get near enough that house for the angels that hover round, go, and peep through the chink on that lovely scene. This is as near heaven as earth ever gets.

God is, in profound gratitude, thanked for all the mercies of the day, and his watch-care invoked for the night. He is requested to remember no longer the sins of the family group; but to guide them in the way of life evermore. The needful clothing and daily bread are asked for. Freedom from temptation and tears is sought. Especially is His guidance begged in helping the father and mother to train their offspring to fear His great name, and keep His commandments to the close. The ardent wish is expressed that when earth's trials and sorrows are ended, the little flock then bowed in his presence, may all be accepted of him into the everlasting kingdom. He is reminded that all the praise shall be His through Christ. The affectionate good-night is said, and all part, to be kept by God till morning comes.

Gentle reader, what say you? Did a scene like this transpire every night in every Christian family of earth, think you not that the light of the approaching millenium could be seen flashing along the sky? *Would not the bones of God's children that sleep in the dust grow restless, and the departed spirits prepare for their reunion in the day when Christ shall come again? How long would the saints have to sigh for the rest that awaits them, or the crumbling urn remain unvisited by the spring of endless day? The time would be short. Soon would be heard the long-drawn note of the last trump, and the glad exultant shout of the saved would go up—it is done.—*
Apostolic Times.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

A BRAVE BOY.

THE *New York Sun* gives the following account of a recent occurrence of a very affecting character, which took place on an English steamer:

"A little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day after day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his step-father alone had secreted him, and given him the food which he ate.

At last, the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps, a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him forward, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang

him on the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that I ever beheld, to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy—his head erect, and his beautiful eyes bright through the tears he had shed. The mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing; but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling, like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble fellow—this poor waif, whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for—there he knelt, with clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds, that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story; and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.

Love labour; if you need it not for food, you may for physic.

FRAGMENTS No. 6.

"TRUTH is mighty and must prevail." This saying is often quoted; but little is thought of its import, more than merely reciting it. What is truth? and what does it propose to effect? are questions of transcendent importance to every candid and reflective mind. Permit me to suggest some things that *Truth* never can or will produce. It will never succumb to partyism in any form; it stands superlatively above, and stoops to nothing so low as faction or party. "But," says the inquirer, "does not partyism in its varied forms, claim to be the offspring of truth?" Listen, ye advocates of sectarianism! God's messengers, when about to leave their celestial realms, to bear their message to dark, benighted earth, spread their broad wings, dipped in love, and hastened to Bethlehem's plain, saying, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will to man." Why, ye holy ones, sing thus? They answer, "For unto you [men] is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He is "the Way, the *Truth*, and the Life." Again, "Thy word is *Truth*." Whose word? Is it the word or opinion of fallible man? Is it found pure in any Synod, Presbytery, Convention, Conference or conclave of uninspired men? No; never. It is the word of the blessed Saviour, given in the Living Oracles as a guide—a perfect guide—to man, that he might be free from the bondage of sin. "For whom the Son [through the instrumentality of His truth] makes free, is free indeed."

The province of Truth then, is to clear

from the heart and mind of man all the subterfuges that sin and error have produced, and place therein faith in the Christ as the only lawgiver, and a cheerful obedience to all he requires at our hands. Then peace will flow like a river; then discord and contention will find no rivalry; then the prayer of Jesus will be realized: "That they [my disciples] may all be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee; that they may be one *in us*, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." Hasten, good Lord, the happy day when this prayer will be fully realized, and the power of truth become triumphant.

Written from Shelbina, Mo., for THE INDICATOR, for whose prosperity and success, as well as the prosperity of my brethren in Ontario, I most devoutly pray. The cause in this State is onward. I have been confined to the house for weeks with rheumatism; but am better now, and hope soon to be able to proclaim the ancient Gospel in the land of strangers.

GEO. W. COLSTON.

Shelbina, Missouri, March 16, 1869.

EVANGELISTS' ADVICES.

SHORTLY after arriving home from King, meetings were commenced in Derby. The roads were about breaking up; on account of which it was deemed prudent to have about four meetings a week; and in the Sound one or two. This, with slight alterations, was the course pursued for several weeks—one meeting a week was all for the Sound after awhile. Those who attended in both places, gave a patient and attentive hearing to the word. There seemed no grounds for expecting any immediate results; and on account of a promise to go to Lobo about the 20th May, the meetings came to a close. Howbeit, when the letter

came from Bro. A. Sinclair, it was ascertained that the Lobo meeting would commence one week later. Two or three more meetings were held in Derby; at the last of which an invitation was tendered, and two signified their wish to be buried with Christ by baptism. One of these obeyed the Savicur shortly after the meeting; the other will shortly. This last meeting cheered all our hearts. The brethren, though few, meet regularly in Derby, and they have a very good Bible School.

Sister Doyle and others are conducting a fine little Bible School in Owen Sound.

The brethren in Derby will accept my sincere thanks for their kindness and generosity to me. They made me accept a nice present, which proved very useful indeed. To the brethren and sisters in Derby, I owe a debt of gratitude. Among such, a preacher who will work, need not want.

"THE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE."

In a previous issue, the Guelph *Mercury* as an exchange was noticed—a weekly, which is cheerfully recommended to every family needing a secular paper. Attention is now directed to the *Christian Magazine*, a very fair exponent of the views of the "Christian Connection." 16 pp., monthly; edited by Elder Garbut. Hails from Eddy-stone, Ont.

In the first two Nos. of the present vol., the editor answers the question, "*Who are the Christians?*" and gives his readers "*The Sentiments of the Christians.*" Elder Garbut says: "Then we say, a man, in order to be a Christian, must believe. He must believe in God, in Christ, in the Holy Ghost, and in the Holy Scriptures. These, we say, are the essential elements of Christian character; and will be recognized as such, we think, by the whole Christian Denomination. Very many individuals would add to this faith, obedience to some special acts, such as immersion—the majority I believe would; yet we are not

Baptists, but Christians. [All honour to the Baptists in this one particular.—ED. INDICATOR.] When we speak of faith or belief, we mean heart-faith. That faith implies more than intellectual assent—it implies the assent of the whole man—his heart. It is virtuous faith; the soul embraces the truth perceived; the whole man submits himself to the truth."

Elder Garbut will surely not take offence at a few plain remarks just here. How can the whole man submit himself to the truth—not a mere fragment of it, but to the truth—without being immersed? Believing the truth is one thing, and submitting to the truth or obeying the truth, is another. It is inferred that Elder Garbut uses the word "submit" in the sense of surrender, subject or obey. To say that the whole man has submitted to the truth, when he has not confessed Jesus to be the Christ—not prayed—not been immersed—not in any respect obeyed the truth, seems strange indeed, for those who say the Bible is their guide. But if Elder Garbut means nothing more than a sincere belief, or belief of the heart in God, in Christ, in the Holy Spirit, and in the Bible, to be the essential elements of the Christian character, then why cannot a Mormon, a Universalist, a Unitarian, a Romanist, a Swedenborgian and some of the Spiritualists without any change, belong to the "Christian Connection." There are many good things in the aforesaid Magazine, and the "Christian Connection" seem well pleased with it.

N.B.—The above was written several months ago, but crowded out.—Ed.

BAPTISM, A DOOR INTO THE CHURCH.

VERY many Baptists are accustomed to call baptism a door into the church. I believe that with them the saying is a favorite one, and one of long standing. Have they weighed their saying well, and considered its implications? If so then we

have a few questions to submit to their thought.

1. Is there any distinction in Holy Writ between the expressions, the church and the kingdom of heaven? Are the expressions identical in sense? If not, what is the distinction between them? Is there one thing on earth called the church, and a different thing called the kingdom? Can a man at one and the same time be in the church and out of the kingdom, or in the kingdom and out of the church? If not, then all unbaptized persons are out of the church—out of the kingdom.

2. Will Baptists tell us what the state of a man is who is out of the church and out of the kingdom. Is he a Christian or is he not? If a Christian, what then is the difference between the Christian in the kingdom and the Christian out of the kingdom? Has baptism any specific value? If so, what is it? Will the *Religious Herald* assume to answer?—*Apostolic Times*.

BOSTON CHRISTIANITY—ITS LATEST TYPE.

THE Boston correspondent of *The Presbyterian* writes: "Among the many mission institutions for which this city is famous, about the most popular is the 'Warren Street chapel,' sustained and conducted by the leading religious denomination. Among the accomplishments taught at this Mission School, that of dancing is not the least important—so the managers think. Hence, at the last exhibition given by the School, in the Music Hall, on Washington's birthday, the chief, I might almost say the only performance given, was dancing."

The secular papers give a graphic account of this *religious* entertainment. The Germania band discoursed most eloquent music. The children, in artistic costume, performed the Irish jig and flag dance, amid the ringing plaudits of the crowd of "pious" spectators.

The same church, whose pastor is a professor in Harvard University, provides for the delectation of its members, private theatricals, Saturday afternoons at three o'clock, in the church vestry. The pulpit teachings of a pastor who encourages or even countenances such revellings in his church, cannot be according to the form of sound words.

This too, is the Christianity which many of our Northern friends are anxious to introduce into the South to save us from barbarism.—*Religious Herald*.

ITEMS.

WHAT we wish to do, we believe we can do; but when we do not wish to do anything we view it as an impossibility.

WHO is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He who governs his passions. Who is rich? He who is content.

THERE is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes—none will depend on these ornaments but those who have no other.

PRAYER.—All the duties of religion are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children. But none so strongly proves the sincerity of the parent; none so powerfully awakens the reverence of the child; none so happily recommends the instruction he receives, as family devotions, particularly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place.

THE BODY AVENGED.—By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—*Longfellow*.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it;
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would make it.
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright
 Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
 When the ominous clouds are rifted;
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning;
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart,
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate minute threads
 Of our curious life asunder,
 And then bemoan Heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit and grieve and wonder.

"THE APOSTOLIC TIMES."

THIS instructive and valuable paper makes its weekly visits with great regularity. Up to date it has been carefully read. The following items have been noted:

The name is significant. It is just the thing needed. It sounds clear notes on the Bible, the Gospel, the Saviour and the Church. No tampering with error. With this it deals, as with a grave matter.—Touching the "communion question," "instrumental music in churches," and such like, it will make its mark. Those who read it, having sectarian corns, will wince

now and then. A wide circulation for it is sincerely desired. Send on your names to Lexington, Ky. If you prefer, the ED. INDICATOR will order for you. \$2.00 a year; Canada cy.

MEETING IN BOWMANVILLE.

THE Brethren in Bowmanville have arranged for a large Meeting, to commence on the 11th inst. They know how to do this. Bro. M. E. Lard is expected. God grant them success. Some are going from this Town; indeed, my family talk of "packing up." But this would afford many hindrances to such pleasures. Here is their circular:

"BOWMANVILLE, MAY-17, 1869.

"The Disciples of Christ intend (D.V.) to hold a Large Meeting in this place, commencing on Friday, the 11th June next. Elder Moses E. Lard will be chief speaker. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to the Brotherhood, and to the public at large.

"On behalf of the Church,

"E. SHEPPARD,	} Committee."
"W. THOMPSON,	
"R. WINDATT,	
"G. MCGILL,	
"W. A. NEALS,	

A BASKET of figs was sent from Smyrna by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, to Pope, who, having observed after a time that the twigs of the basket began to bud, planted one of them, which became the stock of the *Salix Babylonica*, or weeping willow of England.



This Number of THE INDICATOR is sent to some who did not order it. Any who do not wish to subscribe, will please return it. If not returned, they will be regarded as subscribers. Postmasters will much oblige the Editor by returning any Numbers not taken from their Offices within a reasonable time.

FOR SALE—West half of Lot No. 17, 2nd con. of Gainsboro', Lincoln Co. Terms favourable. Apply to Ed. INDICATOR.