

"In all my Lord's appointed ways."

It is often interesting, when we are singing God's praises, to know under what circumstances the hymns were composed. Thus it is with many of the Psalms. The author of the above hymn, Rev. John Ryland, was born at Warwick, Jan. 29th, 1753. When our author was six years of age, his father, Rev. John C. Ryland, became pastor of the church in College Street, Northampton. Here he was baptized in 1767. At the age of 17 he preached his first sermon. At twenty years of age, he was often engaged in supplying his father's pulpit. As the family lived at no great distance from the inn where the stage coaches changed horses on their way to and from London, J. Ryland, Jr., would often repair to the inn to see if a minister was passing through, and try to induce him to stay with him. At this time he almost compelled a minister thus to remain and preach to his father's people. In the evening the stranger appeared in the pulpit with the text, "Hinder me Not," Gen. xxiv. 56. Our author, as is still the custom in England, sat in the desk below the pulpit to read the hymns, and, as the stranger proceeded, turned every head of his discourse into poetry, which, at the end of the sermon, was duly read, and sung by the congregation.

J. Ryland, Jr., was ordained as copastor with his father in 1781. When his father removed his school from Northampton to Enfield, near London, in 1786, he became sole pastor of the church. In 1794, he became sole President of the Baptist College at Bristol, and pastor of the church in Broadmead, where he remained until his death on May 25th, 1825. The following is the hymn as it first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for May, 1775, and afterward in Dr. Rippon's collection 1787:

When Abraham's servant to procure A wife for Isaac went, He met Rebekah—told his wish— Her parents gave consent.

Yet for ten days they urged the man His journey to delay; "Hinder me not," he quick replied, "Since God has crowned my way."

'Twas thus I cried, where Christ the Lord My soul to him did wed; "Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes, "Since God my way hath sped."

"Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile My every pleasant sweet;" "Hinder me not," my soul replies, "Because the world is great."

"Stay," Satan, my old master cries, "Or force shall thee detain;" "Hinder me not," I will begone; My God has broke thy chain!"

In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue; "Hinder me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes; "Hinder me not," shall be my cry, Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duty, and through trials too, I'll go at his command; "Hinder me not," for I am bound To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home Still this my cry shall be, "Hinder me not," come, welcome death, I'll gladly go with thee.

FRANCIS JENNINGS. Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1877. National Baptist.

Deep conviction uses few words. No argument makes so deep an impression as a truth stated in a single sentence. Conciseness has the power of the hydraulic press. Words increase in value as they diminish in numbers. Real inspiration leads to brevity, for it is intuitive and uses self-evident assertions more than arguments.

Those who get through the world without enemies, are commonly of three classes: The supple, the adroit, and phlegmatic. The leaden rule surmounts obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled wheel escapes friction; the cotton sack escapes damage by its impenetrable elasticity.—Whately.

Never speak evil of any one. Be charitable in thought, and give even the worst people the benefit of a doubt.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice, nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1877.

There is no place in the District of Columbia that awakens in the mind of a visitor such strong and varied emotions as does the National Medical Museum. Not a pleasing place to visit in any sense unless it be to a student of nature, who reads therein the language of science and sees it most forcibly illustrated. One cannot approach the building without experiencing emotions of some sort. It is the old Ford Theatre, where President Lincoln was assassinated. Ask any colored person where is the old Ford Theatre, or to direct you to the Army Medical Museum, and, ten to one, he will tell you "dunno." But inquire for the place where Lincoln was killed, and there is not one negro in town but will run his legs off to show you. Lincoln was the slaves' President, and all the colored people love and revere his memory.

The building was originally a church, afterwards it was converted into a theatre. At the time of President Lincoln's death it was closed by order of the Government, and in April, 1866, Congress purchased it for \$100,000, remodeled, made fire-proof, and assigned it to its present use. The first floor is used by a division of the Surgeon General's Office, and the second for the library, which contains 40,000 volumes. On the third floor is the museum proper, where, of course, centres the chief interest of the general visitor. The usual objects contained in medical collections are here,—skulls, mummies, skeletons, bones, plaster casts, and preserved originals of deformities and monstrosities without number, the same kind of representations as well as paintings and photographs of all horrible "fleshly ills," jars of diseased livers, kidneys, hearts and lungs,—oh, everything that makes ones flesh creep, blood chill, and heart turn sick to look upon! I noticed a cast of a tumor that had weighed 140 pounds, and a tape-worm 80 feet long. Also, a skeleton of a hunchback, showing the spinal curvature. Among the paintings, I saw one of a woman afflicted with a cancer upon the stomach, four times as big as her head. She lay upon her bed, and her face, a very model of beauty in color and outline, was lifelike to a fault in the expression of intense agony and endurance. I know she was a Christian sufferer—though haggard and drawn with pain, the features indicated unflinching resignation. That picture has haunted me for months. But apart from this ordinary collection is one that is of especial interest to all Americans, I mean the Army part. Ambulances, carriages, hospital conveniences—partly illustrated by fac-similes in miniature, and partly by the original articles, lain upon and used by some of our own brothers. But cruellest of all, and most cutting to those who suffered from the war, (and who of us did not?) are the cases containing the bleached bones of soldiers, pierced by the deadly bullet and shell. Skulls still holding the missile that took the dear life. Bones wherein yet stick the flattened balls that made brave men cripples for life. Some of the piercings are smooth, round holes, as could be cut or sawed with the sharpest instrument, while others are surrounded with splinters and cracks and breaks. Then there are cases of bullets that did service—that killed or disabled their victims—during the war, mounted on wires to show their shapes. Some are flattened, thin and sharp-edged, as if pounded out with a hammer; others are pointed and drawn out; and others ragged and rough of surface. They look cruel, too, but not so dreadfully so as the ones still imbedded in the bones they pierced. Different styles of artificial limbs are exhibited, and photographs of successful amputations. At the entrance of the Museum is a large engraving, representing surgeons at work on a French battle field. Knives, saws and searing irons are in use, and in the foreground is a ghastly pile of dismembered legs and arms, feet and hands; fingers and toes, with muscles still contracted— we could almost say still quivering. Men undergoing amputation of members clutch their hair or the grass about them while

the unmoved executor keeps indifferently on in his agonizing task. It is said that every picture has a bright side; but where is the brightness in this one? or where, indeed, is there a bright spot to see or remember in this museum of horrors. I am almost sorry I have written this letter, so devoid is it of anything but pain and sorrow and suffering.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger. Baptism of Saul.

Mr. Editor,—

In the *Wesleyan* of Jan. 5th, appears an extract from the *Richmond Advocate*, in which the writer seeks to prove that Paul was baptized standing. Here are his words, "He was baptized standing. He stood up and was baptized." He then proceeds to the proof of his statement, "And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized." He then quotes five passages to justify his conclusion, but he fails most deplorably, as every one must who attempts to prove, especially from the Bible, that baptism is anything else than immersion.

It is evident to any one that the writer is trying to show that Paul was sprinkled or poured upon. The old saying, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," is reversed in the case before us, and we may read it thus, "If Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain shall come to Mahomet;" that is just what this writer, approved by the Editor of the *Wesleyan*, is virtually saying, "If I cannot bring myself to the Bible view of baptism, I will bring the Bible to my view of it." I am tempted to say, as Father Taylor once said, when some one was speaking very mistily, "O Lord, lubricate, lubricate."

The whole of the argument seems to be this:—Paul was told to arise and be baptized, and not being told to do anything between the arising and baptizing, therefore he was baptized when and where he arose. Let us apply this mode of reasoning to other portions of Scripture: In Nehemiah ii. 18, we read, "Let us rise up and build." According to the *Richmond Advocate* and *Wesleyan* they built standing—they stood up and built; that is just on the spot where they rose up. In Genesis xxii. 3, we read, "And Abraham rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass," &c. According to our unlubricated friend, Abraham saddled his ass in the very place where he rose up; consequently they both must have shared the same room. Judges xix. 27 reads, "And her lord rose up in the morning, and opened the doors of the house," &c. We re these doors all within reach of where her lord lay? or did they come to him to be shut? or how? Try Exodus viii. 20, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning and stand before Pharaoh," &c. In this case Moses must stand before Pharaoh in the very place where he rises up, for our good friend of the *Richmond Advocate* will not allow the person rising up to go from the spot till he do what he is commanded, consequently Pharaoh has to come and stand before Moses and not Moses before Pharaoh.

A lad is sitting or reclining on a couch; his father says, "John, get up and water the horse;" if John has been educated in the school of our friend he would say, "Yes, father, but you see it is impossible for me to do it except on this very spot; if you will please get the horse and the well into the room I will do it.

Perhaps, however, Paul himself can give us some light on the matter. In Romans vi. 4 he says, "We are buried with him by baptism," &c. And in Colossians ii. 12, "Buried with him in baptism." Concerning these two passages, every Pædobaptist commentator I have ever seen or read of agrees that these passages refer to immersion, and if they refer to immersion, they refer to Paul's baptism, and our Richmond friend stands opposed, I may say, to every scholar of every denomination, and, I am very much afraid, to his own convictions, too.

But let us suppose he was sprinkled or poured upon; why, if he was reclining or lying down from weakness as some Pædobaptists suppose, why, I ask, should he be commanded to rise up?

Would it not have been better every way to have sprinkled him as he was? and kinder too? And I would also ask if he was to be immersed (as he was to be) how could it be done without his first rising up? whether he was baptized in the house or went elsewhere.

And further, I would ask, if Paul had to stand up to be sprinkled, while it could have been done lying down, why do Pædobaptists not put their infants to stand up when they are sprinkled?

Sprinkled, did I say? nay, indeed; even sprinkling is but little practised now, it is just as much water as will cleave to one finger, the tip of which is then placed on the child's forehead. So that numbers of our brethren neither immerse, wash, pour, nor sprinkle, but just drop them. Well, the time is coming when the unmeaning and unscriptural farce will be dropped altogether. God speed the time! There is nothing that I know of that is the cause of so much distance between Christians as Infant Sprinkling; there is no error in Christendom that I know of that is so destructive to the eternal interests of tens of thousands, if not of millions, as Infant Sprinkling, and connected with it the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, for there are multitudes who are taught every Sunday and week day, too, that in their baptism (so-called) they were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven. And here let me ask, how will those who teach children this doctrine bear the withering look of agony and black despair that will meet them at the last Great Day from those whom they, as Shepherd's of Christ's flock, professed to lead to the felicities of Heaven, but instead thereof led them,—yes, I say it—led them to the dark realms of blackness of darkness forever; for that is what thousands are doing, both in the pulpit and in the class. If any one question this, I am prepared to prove it. I do not say this dangerous doctrine is taught outside the Churches of England and of Rome, but to me it appears that the practice and teaching of Infant Sprinkling holds much the same relation to Baptismal Regeneration as moderate drinking does to drunkenness, and the sooner all Christian men wash their hands of it the better. There is one mode of baptism, and only one, recognized by the Bible, and that is immersion, there is one subject of baptism, and only one, and that is the believer, and the words of Him who meant every word He said are these, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," and "If ye love me keep my commandments."

Paradise. J. BROWN.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation Visit at Cape Canso.

The brethren and sisters of the church here surprised us quite agreeably this evening. A large and pleasant party gathered at the Mission House, preceded by boxes, and accompanied by baskets, which, we feel, ought to be succeeded by our hearty thanks. You rightly presume that the boxes and baskets were not empty, but so largely were the products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms represented, that we will not attempt to enumerate the articles. Suffice it to say that we were about \$25 richer in the comforts of life after the visit, in addition to the pleasure of their company for the evening. So you see they are "careful to entertain strangers." This is fruit that I trust will abound to their account; I have asked the Treasurer of Heaven to give them credit for it, whatever; and so far as my prayers will prevail in their behalf, they shall have their benefit. I hope the end will prove that they have been ministering to the saints, and that their work and labour of love will not be forgotten. We felt as if visited by Aaron and Hur. But they had the best of the visit after all, for "it is more blessed to give, than to receive." I hope they felt it so; and that every member of Christ's Church may believe, and so practice, as to experience this blessing; then religion will have won one of its long delayed, but most glorious victories.

WILLIAM MCGREGOR. Cape Canso, Dec. 21st, 1877.

The judge who takes five cucumbers as a bribe, will admit any evidence for ten beds of melons.

Acknowledgment.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger:

DEAR SIR,—Please allow me, through the columns of your paper, to return thanks to the dear friends who have so kindly remembered us this winter, and who have left at the Parsonage such tangible tokens of their sympathy, while our hearts have been encouraged and our bodies nourished. May the good Master return a hundred fold into their bosom is my earnest prayer.

Yours in the Gospel,

E. T. CARBONELL.

Margaree, C. B.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Ordination at Berwick.

A Council, assembled in the Baptist House of Worship, at Berwick, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., to consider the propriety of ordaining Mr. S. McC. Black to the ministry of the gospel and the pastorate of the 2nd Cornwallis Baptist Church.

Rev. Dr. Crawley was called to take the Chair in the preliminary meeting. The Clerk of the church read from the records of the church the minute calling the Council, showing that invitations had been sent to the neighbouring churches: Aylesford, Lower Aylesford and South Wilmot, Wilmot, Cambridge, Billtown, Canard, Canning, Kentville and Wolfville.

The following names of delegates and brethren were reported:—

Berwick.—Rev. D. O. Parker, Deacons Maynard Wheelock, T. H. Parker, John Lyons; Brethren Edward Parker, C. Sanford, E. B. Bolser.

Aylesford.—Rev. J. L. Read; Deacons O. Cogswell, J. Palmer, S. Bowby, George West.

Lower Aylesford and South Wilmot.—Revs. Dr. Tupper, and E. O. Read; Deacon G. Tufts; Brethren C. Neily and John Hall.

Cambridge.—Rev. J. Murray; Deacons W. Forsyth, W. McDonnell, Jas. Craig.

Canard, 1st Cornwallis.—Rev. S. B. Kempton, Enoch Griffin, R. E. Rand, W. H. Lyons.

Canning.—Rev. S. March; Deacon Levi Woodworth.

The Council was then organized by the choice of Rev. Dr. Tupper as Moderator and Rev. S. B. Kempton as Secretary.

Invitation was then given to the following brethren, being present, to sit with the Council.

Deacons A. T. Baker, C. Banks, John Rand, Thos. White; Brethren John Dimock, William Shaw, A. F. Chipman, Edward Skinner, Charles Hall, W. F. Webster, Rupert Killam, William Chute, Henry Thomas, Charles Norwood, J. M. Parker.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Tupper.

By request of the Chairman, the candidate then related his Christian experience and what he regarded as his call to the ministry. A number of questions were put by members of the Council. After which it was moved by Rev. Dr. Crawley and seconded by Rev. J. Murray:

That this Council has heard with great satisfaction the statement given by Bro. Black of his Christian experience and have approved for the most part his views of doctrine as presented, and where there may have seemed some hesitation on points of secondary importance, they feel every confidence that the general soundness of judgment exhibited by our brother will bring him on those points also to a firmness of belief in accordance with the truth, and therefore

Resolved we now accede to the desire of the Church asking for his ordination, and proceed therewith.

Arrangements were made for the public services, which were carried out in the evening as follows:

After singing the 955th hymn, Rev. S. March read the Scriptures.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Read.

The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Crawley, from 1st Corinthians ix. 16th verse:—"For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; ye, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Questions were asked the candidate by Rev. D. O. Parker.

The charge to the candidate was given by Rev. Dr. Tupper.

And the charge to the church by Rev. S. B. Kempton.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Pastor of the Church, Rev. S. McC. Black, which terminated this highly interesting service.