

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
BRANTFORD Aug. 26th 1879.

Dear Bro. Selden,—
The following received from Bro. Timpany, though not intended for publication—and perhaps all the more interesting on that account—I take the liberty of forwarding to you for publication. It needs no word of comment, more than to say, that as the result of Bro. Hammond's labors in Brantford during the last winter, over one hundred, old and young, were added to the First Baptist Church alone, by baptism, and many more children of the Sabbath School were hopefully converted.

Yours, &c.,
W. H. PORTER.

BANGALORE, June 24, 1879.

My Dear Pastor,—

I say to you in the Lord and to all your house. I have longed for many days to write to you, but have not been able to do so. At the present time I am writing after ten hours of consecutive work, so if the chariot drivers slow you will know why. First, I want to take hold of both of your hands and say, bless the Lord who excelleth in strength and who rideth in His Majesty, and bringeth the people to bow to him. How have you lived for all the joy you have had in seeing the salvation of our God. The power of the gospel and the cleansing power of His blood still remain—I was going to say, increase. Yes, their effects increase. In these days the Spirit is being more and more poured out. The time draws on when the earth shall yield her increase, and God, even our God, shall bless us; and the ends of the earth shall see His glory. What joy is like the joy of the Christian? Why, oceans and continents rolling between cannot keep me from crying, laughing, praying and praising for the mercy visited upon my home in Brantford. They have cried "My father, thou art the guide of my youth," and He has said "they that seek me early shall find me." We cannot go too soon to find him. He is up before we are. I verily believe some of the joy of the ingathering has been given to me—my joy has been specific as well; for my little girl at home, only 8 years old September next, has found Jesus. As I write my tears flow so that I cannot see the page, but I thank God they are not tears of sorrow.

I had a premonition of the blessing coming to you after I heard of what you did for the heathen last year. I said then it would be a wonder if the Lord did not visit you in His saving mercy.

I know right well if we get the means to do our work here, that His hand will be made bare in the salvation of many of this people, God will himself sanctify the house we are building for service and teaching. His blessing is in the bricks and mortar, and the prayers of many of our Christian women at home are upon it, from foundation to roof as an anointing oil.

The Conference just closed at Bangalore was perhaps unsurpassed by anything yet held of the kind in the Christian Church. There was no misgiving, there was no gloom. The blood-stained banner of the Cross waves now over at least 75,000 heathen converts in South India, that little more than a year ago were among those against us. The work goes on. The idols fall as the god before the ark of Jehovah. The shout of victory waxes louder and louder, even now the islands join their voice, and ere long one anthem shall swell and roll over the earth, drowning the opposition cries of infidel and atheist, of moslem and pagan. It will soon be a month since I left Cocanada—wife and little Mary are there, two children in Canada, and I am here, and over all the God of Love. We spent a week at Revision before the Conference assembled. We did what we could during its sessions—a few chapters—and are steadily working at it since. It will still be six weeks before I get back to Cocanada, if present plans are carried out. I will try and write my annual letter to the church in October.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Porter and the children, and to the church. The Lord be with you.

Your brother in Christ,
A. V. TIMPANY.

A pair of ears that go on a head of civilization—pioneers and frontiers.

For the Christian Messenger.
An incident in Westminster Abbey.

In the morning I visited the Tower of London. Among the many things of interest which I saw there were the Crown Jewels. The Queen's crown contains twenty-seven hundred diamonds. This crown, and others, with all the royal regalia is valued at \$15,000,000.

In the afternoon I walked through Westminster Abbey. There were statues and busts, and slabs, and tombs, and monuments, and inscriptions almost without number. Warriors, statesmen, divines, travellers, poets, dukes and earls, princes and kings, either repose there or have inscriptions to their memory. But all these tributes to the illustrious dead made but little impression upon me. Perhaps I was so stunned with this galaxy of departed greatness, that I was for a time incapable of the feelings appropriate to such a place and such an hour.

At length I came to a slab in the floor of one of the recesses. It was to the memory of the wife of Dean Stanley who preaches in the Abbey. The inscription traced her pedigree, recounted her services to Her Majesty, enumerated her virtues, and stated that she lived, "uniting many hearts in many lands and drawing all to things above." These words were added: "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

On this slab were yet lying magnificent wreaths of immortelles, though she had died five years ago. These wreaths had been placed there by the Queen herself, and by her children. My heart was touched and the emotions of that hour can never be effaced from my memory. There was something exceedingly impressive in the thought that the Queen of the mightiest kingdom on the globe, the greatest Lady in all the world, could come and place her tribute of Christian affection on the grave of the wife of a humble minister of the gospel. O the triumphs of Grace! The love of Jesus is stronger than the might of kings, and it can flourish in the hearts of those who move amid the splendors of Royalty. The Queen with her crown upon her brow, with her jewels on her person, and seated upon her throne amid her courtiers may appear beautiful, but that Royal Personage laying aside the trappings of greatness, and coming down from that throne to place her tribute of Christian affection upon the grave of a subject, appears far more beautiful, and awakens thoughts too deep to be expressed in words.

DELANOEY.

Richmond, Va.

For the Christian Messenger.

Open Letter to Rev. D. D. Currie.

Dear Sir,—

After waiting some weeks to receive a reply from you to my challenge to meet you in Halifax to discuss the lexicon question (you carefully shutting your eyes to the question of falsifying the Scriptures, not even attempting to clear yourself of that), at length, just on the eve of my departure, with my head and hands pretty much occupied otherwise, and consequently but little time to reply, you come out in the *Wesleyan* of yesterday with two lengthy articles. Now is that fair? Is it manly? Is it straightforward? Why did you not come out in season to give me something like reasonable time to answer you? I regret my inability to deal with the whole of your two articles, as shortness of time forbids, but I ask your undivided attention to what I have to say. My first impression after reading your articles was, that it was simply an attempt to fix on me the guilt that clings to yourself. After a good deal of effort and perseverance I have succeeded in getting you out of your hiding place, only to find that you are exactly the same individual that I found you before. But let us come to business.

You say in the offstart that I asked for "information respecting the Greek word 'baptizo.'" Very good, that is nearly correct, but not quite. What I asked was, Whether certain lexicons gave the definition as given by you on page 12 of your catechism, including those on page 13 of course. You say, you replied to me in a frank and straightforward way, giving me some valuable information I never before possessed.

Now, sir, I read every word you wrote on the subject, but a reply to my question I failed anywhere to find. You gave a great deal of "valuable information" pilfered from the Graves-Ditzler Debate—and palmed off as your own; but my question you never touched. Your late editor admitted that fact, as must every one who has read you. At the Berwick camp-meeting last year I offered the gentleman in charge of the book stall ten dollars if he would show me in your pamphlet where you answer my question. He said he had not read it all. I gave him a month; and the money has not yet been called for, and never will.

You say a little further on, that I assailed you in "a series of abusive letters." Mr. Currie, every word I wrote was true. They were rugged and sharp cornered as I meant them to be, for there is only one way of dealing with some kinds of men.

You charge me with saying "you're a liar." That expression is not found in the whole course of my correspondence. Whatever my thoughts may have been, I never expressed them as above, and you must surely know it. I have heard it so stated by others, but I am innocent of the charge. That you have falsified, and that repeatedly, there is no shadow of a doubt, and, if you choose of your own accord to adopt the title generally applied to those who practice that black art, I shall not attempt to deprive you of it.

You say I challenged you to produce authorities to sustain the position you took in reference to the word *baptizo*. Off the track of truth again. I asked for no such authorities. What I asked for was the editions of the lexicons giving the definitions of *baptizo* as given by you, which you never gave; and which you never will, no nor any other man. Such lexicons never existed, they do not exist now, you falsified them, *one and all*. When I hotly pursued you (for I do enjoy fox-hunting), you sought a retreat under cover of Dr. White's Latin-English Lexicon. But you found poor shelter there. He very soon scatted you.

You refer to my late proposal to meet you in controversy, adding: "He is perfectly safe in doing so." Yes, indeed, Mr. C., "perfectly safe." You happen to tell the truth in that. I knew I was "perfectly safe" from the beginning, and for the very reason that I knew you had falsified every Greek lexicon you quoted. (You must surely enjoy the reading of that expression that you make me repeat it so often). You dared not meet me, nor any other man; your whole course has shown this to be the case. In a letter just received a brother says: "Mr. Currie is in a bad box, and the only way for him to get out is to stay in." That is just what you are doing. That brother describes your proceeding with peculiar accuracy.

You excuse yourself from meeting me on the same grounds that Nehemiah refused to meet Sanballat, because you have a "great work" to attend to. Well, a poor excuse is better than none, I suppose, but if it be a question of time the whole matter could be settled in a single hour. You will, I hope, give the public the liberty of their own opinions as to the reasons of your not "going down." By the way don't again compare yourself to those sublime Old Testament characters such as Nehemiah, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Compare me with whom you please, but don't, as you did some time since, illustrate your own position by that of men who would sooner go into a fiery furnace than dissemble.

You say my "proposals are objectionable, because I am strangely deficient in accuracy of statement!" Before quoting further permit me to say, that I challenge both you and those who seek to help you out of your difficulty to find a single false statement in the whole of my letters or articles, unless by twisting my words you make them mean what I never intended.

Having charged me with inaccuracy of statement, you at once proceed with what is as inaccurate as your story about the lexicons. You say, "Mr. Brown affirms that no Greek scholar has taught that *baptizo* means to sprinkle; and that the *Catechism* stands alone in thus teaching." Such an affirmation I never made, for I knew a great deal better; nor can Mr. Currie find in any of my letters such a statement. My words are before the public; let the public judge how far you are correct.

You must quote what somebody else said about Wesley (who, if the departed

know what goes on below, must blush for you), and then put their words into my mouth, you then proceed to represent me as falsifying Mr. Wesley, describing me as "deplorably deficient in accuracy of statement." You may paint me as black as you like, friend Currie, you will not whiten yourself in the slightest degree.

Allow me next to call your attention to two more excuses for not meeting me. First: "Mr. Brown's proposals are exceptionable because he lacks certain gentlemanly qualities that are essential to give dignity to a debate." By that well constructed sentence I understand you to mean that the "gentlemanly qualities," which I lack, you possess. By your thus blowing your own trumpet, I presume your trumpeter must be dead. If ability to quibble, deceive and misrepresent, and to falsify lexicons, letters, and the Bible, be the "gentlemanly qualities" "essential to give dignity to a debate," then if you put on your hat and look underneath, you will see a man qualified in a very eminent degree.

The second excuse is: "It is not desirable to mingle in a controversy with a disputant who is so seriously lame as Mr. Brown appears to be."

I presume the lameness has a figurative application there. Now, friend Currie, are you not wide enough awake to see that if I am "seriously lame" it would be all the easier for you to catch me? And is it not because you are so "seriously lame" that you have been caught so easily? Let me correct myself, you are not lame, for you have not even a leg left to stand upon. Dr. White took away the only remaining leg you had when he said: "To give sprinkle as a definition of *baptizo* is wholly out of the question."

You tell us that "other illustrations of Mr. Brown's misrepresentation of facts might be given, as reasons for wishing to have no controversy with him." You might as well have given them all while you were about it, I am only sorry you have not. I defy you to produce a solitary case. You cannot do it.

"Love is blind," they say, and it seems to me that you are so deeply in love with Miss Representation that you are blind to the beauties of Honesty and truth. You then proceed and say, "Another one, however, must suffice. In the *Catechism of Baptism* we gave Prof. Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., L. D., late President of Yale College, as an authority on the meaning of the Greek word *baptizo*. The *Catechism* says, page 12, Dwight's definitions are: 'To tinge, stain, dye, color.' "Mr. Brown says we have falsified Dwight." You then give an extract from Dwight's *Theology* to show that you quote him correctly. Then you say "Mr. Dwight was one of the most scholarly men of his day; our quotation from him was thoroughly accurate, and yet Mr. Brown declares that we have falsified Dwight as well as others."

Now you have got me into a sorry plight, haven't you? I have again most squarely to deny the truthfulness of what you here say. Now give me your attention. I never anywhere said you falsified Dwight's definitions, nor can you or any other living man point to the place where I said you did. Why will you persist in making such false statements? I said you falsified every lexicon you quoted, and you know Dwight never made a lexicon. On page 12 you class him among the best lexicographers. The falsification lay in the fact that you call him a lexicographer, whereas he never compiled a lexicon.

In the following quotation you hold out the hope that you will some day justify the definitions on page 12. "On another occasion, and in another way, we may at an early day, show that the other authorities given by us, and to which exception has been taken by Mr. Brown, have been, in every particular, accurately quoted." In the name of everything that is manly and straightforward, if you can do so, why have you not done so before? It is the easiest and simplest thing imaginable. Why wait till I am out of reach. I hope some of my brethren will keep a sharp look out for you. But mark me well, you will not do so. No sir, never.

Now mark again, and I call the attention of my brethren to the statement that you are going to show at an early day that the authorities given by you on pages 12 and 13 are correctly quoted.

You are now bound to that, and at an early day. But:—

"The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all that it inherits shall dissolve," before you accomplish the work you have marked out for yourself.

So much for your first article, headed "Exceptionable proposals rejected." My first proposal was fair and honest. My second, allowing you to do all the choosing, except the time of the meeting, was very unfair to myself. The public are not so blind, friend Currie, nor so easily blinded as you seem to think. I was told by not a few that you would never accept the proposal. I questioned that after my second proposition, but have found that their judgment was more correct than mine. When I came to the heading of your second article, namely, "Equitable proposals offered," I thought you meant business, and were about to make some offers more equitable than those you made before, but I was doomed to disappointment.

Under this head you tell us you defend your *Catechism*, because it is your literary child, and its defence might do good. Of course it is only natural for a man to defend his own child, what ever may be its form or features, but of this I am tolerably certain that a more deformed, weak and decrepid child was never born. Well would it have been for its father if it had never seen the light.

We are told that "through the instrumentality of the little book some had been brought in penitency and faith to the blood that cleanses from every stain." That is cheering certainly, if true; and it would be interesting to know what particular part of it was so good as to produce such blessed results. Still if it were really so, it only further shows what has been illustrated many times before, viz., that the Lord can bring good out of evil. He has many a time overruled the works of Satan himself for the furtherance of his own cause; but that does not prove that what Satan did was right, any more than some being blessed by reading your book proves it to be what you describe it:—"Truthful in entire warp and woof, from beginning to end." Whether or not such be its character, those who have read it and my letters, are able to judge.

You refer your readers to your challenge made to me and other brethren, and seek to show how very fair it was. "The challenges," you say, "had some peculiar features." Yes, indeed, they had, and here was one. They, or rather it, for it was but one challenge, was of such a nature as to shut us off from coming to Moncton, by your putting in one condition which you had reason to believe would stop us, namely, we were to bring twelve men each with us. That to me meant an expense of some 150 dollars, in addition to my own personal expenses. Had I known that the men could be obtained in Moncton which you took care not to inform me of till after the time had elapsed which you had named for the discussion, you would have found me there very speedily. I was acquainted with but one person in that town. I wrote you early after your proposals asking explanation of some things contained in it, to which you never condescended to reply.

If you were sincere in your proposals why did you not answer my enquiries and those of my brethren? It was unfair to ask us to come to Moncton and pay our own expenses, but to ask us to pay a large sum besides, was quite too much of a good thing. I was ready to go to Moncton, had prepared my notes, and had all things in readiness, but you took care to shut the gate. Your proceeding throughout, Mr. Currie, was a hollow sham, a subtle subterfuge.

Let me reason with you for a moment. 1. If you meant business, why did you not arrange with one or more of us for a meeting? Instead of dictating conditions which you knew none of us would accept, and from which you, by your not replying to our letters, would allow no departure, nor permit the slightest modification? What a good opportunity was within your reach of giving us that singing of which you spoke. 2. I want you to pay good heed to this:—If you expected us to accept your conditions, and limited the time for the discussion to November 30th, why did you not wait till after that date before you be-