

The following from Harper's Weekly is a capital hit at the folly of many present day writers who affect great wisdom by the use of words composed of scientific terms, and fancy that by so doing they exhibit their advanced learning:—

Latter-Day Love. (A peep into the probably not so very remote future.)

SCENE—The garden of a country house built in the Hycogopolitan style. The lawn is strewn—no, symmetrically set out—with the apparatus of the new mathematico-calistic game called "Quad," or "Squaring the Circle," in the practice of which are combined non-empirical Athletics and a study of the higher Mathematics. Edwin and Angelina have been playing (?) thereat.

ANGELINA (seating herself, and consulting her chronometer). Edwin, dear, that theorem is sufficiently demonstrated. Let us, therefore, desist.

Edwin (carefully equilibrating himself at her feet). With all my heart.

ANGELINA (reproachfully). It is strange, Edwin, that you will persist in using those foolish phrases, the cant colloquialisms of the pre-scientific era.

Edwin. I beg pardon, as Herrick says—ah! but stop! Herrick was a pre-scientific poet, and I must not quote his inanities.

ANGELINA. I should think not, indeed. What book is that you have there?

Edwin. A sweet work by one Anacreon Huxwin, Cupid's Calculus, and other Rhythmo-Scientific Revelations. Here is a neat thing. (Reads.)

"ON BELINDA'S BLUSH.

"Ferruginous flush that tinteth Beauty's cheek,
How sweetly, surely pathogonomic
Of Passion's force art thou! Love needs
Not seek
Whilst thou dost show, a psycho-ferric
tonic.
With as much iron in thy veins, I feel
Thine heart, Belinda, must be true as
steel."

Of course, dear, you are aware that the rufescent coloring matter of the blood is ferruginous.

ANGELINA (contemptuously). Do I know that two and two make four?

Edwin. Here is another in the same style. (Reads.)

"Lady, our lines of love indeed converge,
Yet soul with soul, alas! may never
blend,
Our mutual passion would our Being
merge
In Love's Nirvana as its goal and end.
But, like that parabolic Asymptote,
Souls never touch though yearningly
they dote!"

ANGELINA. How superior to the arbitrary fancies with which the love poetry of the past was disgraced!

Edwin. Ah, yes! How would a fellow's wooing now be received by a girl of sense—which means a girl of science—if he phrased his "soft nothings" (suitable term that!) in the old unscientific fashion? A lover of that period, had he to say to you what—ahem!—I have to say, would doubtless have addressed you inappropriately, if not impiously, as "My Angel!" I prefer to address you more accurately, as "Beloved Protoplasmic Affinity!"

ANGELINA. Hush! Oh, hush! Spare my ferruginous incarnadinations.

Edwin. Nay, hear me out. The dynamic influence of your glance has completely upset the static equilibrium of my spirit—deranged my spirit-level, in fact. There is not a hair of your head that has not a capillary attraction for my—may I say heart?—not an expression of your face, though it be but the result of unconscious cerebration and reflex action, which does not find a responsive, even if automatic, thrill in the deepest depths of my being. If—if a thousand a year—to begin with, you know—will do—

ANGELINA (prompt as dynamite). Ah, but it won't—it very much won't! Why, it would hardly find me in cafes, and tickets for the Societies.

Edwin (abashed). Then I am afraid—

ANGELINA (coolly). Quite so. So am I. In fact, I am certain. Cock-sure as a Q. E. D. It won't do—at present. Love in the abstract may be independent of Plutus, but, as a girl of science, I know that love in the concrete is but a particular "molecular" perturbation, which must not impel us to violate the imperious laws of political economy. Go on with your book, dear!

[Edwin resumes reading of Anacreon Huxwin and scene closes.

Creeds of the Bells.

WRITTEN BY MR. W. G. BEAGY.

The notes as to how it should be read are by Mr. Richard Lewis, author of the Dominion Elocutionist.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells.
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

(1) "In deeds of love excel—excel,
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on
sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites reverse,
Come worship here—come worship
here;
In ritual and faith excel"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

(2) "Oh, heed the ancient landmarks
well,
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan.
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here, and learn the way to God.
Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

(3) "Oh, swell, ye cleansing waters,
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can
save,
Man must be plunged beneath the
wave,
To show the world unflinching faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith."
(4) "Oh, swell, ye rising waters, swell,
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist
bell.

(5) "Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell.
"Come here, and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hopes
begin;
Do well—do well—do well—do well!"
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

(6) "In after life there is no hell,
In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way,
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell—no hell—no hell—no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

(7) "To all the truths we tell—we tell,"
Shouted in ecstasies, a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent! Believe! have faith! and
then
Be saved; and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free we tell—we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

(1) This line is to be sung like a chime of bells; the second line is only read, but the succeeding five lines to "excel" should again be chimed, varying the chimes on each two lines. If the reader can not sing the chimes, the lines may be read in a pure high tone.

(2) Read in imitation of the tolling of a bell, deep and slow. Dwell on the Italian words like a pealing bell.

(3) Read like No. 2, but higher pitch.

(4) Rise higher on this line and chant "swell."

(5) Same as No. 3, but softer tone. Swell with greater power on "Do well," &c., giving a chanting tone to "swell."

(6) Loud and clear toll of a bell, chanting "No hell," &c., in a high, triumphant tone.

(7) Chant loud and clear. Rise higher on "Come all," &c. Chant loud and rapid "Repent," &c. The last line is to be read.

M. Victor Hugo's pet granddaughter, Jeanne, the little girl eight years old immortalised in his "Année Terrible," and "L'Art d'être Grandpère," has narrowly escaped burning to death. Getting on some steps to wind up a clock on the mantelpiece, her pinafore caught fire. With a presence of mind worthy of her name, she remembered a story told her years ago of a lady on fire who, instead of running, rolled on a carpet. She did likewise, and saved her life. She is in bed with painful burns, but in no danger.

Mr. Moody fails to see "why people don't bring their babies to church." "I have often pitied," he said recently in Baltimore, "those poor mothers who cannot afford nurses, and who are kept from church because they have to mind the baby. Suppose they do cry; we don't mind it at home, and I don't see why it should be so awful here. There are some fidgety people who don't like babies, but then I think they are the ones who ought to stay home. I hope the time is coming when it will be the fashion to bring babies to church."

The Peking Gazette publishes a communication from a learned Chinaman, who maintains that the telephone was already known in the year 962, and was the invention of a citizen of Peking.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A page of Baptist History revived.

In the Minutes of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention for 1878 there is an item which should be of interest to those Baptists in the Maritime Provinces who have a veneration for the antique and a love of history.

It appears from the above named record that the oldest Baptist Church in the Bay State is the "First Swansea," duly organized A. D. 1763, and on good historical authority, ranking in age as the fourth Baptist church constituted on this continent. The 1st Church, Providence, R. I., and the 1st and 2nd Newport, of the same State have the precedence in seniority to the extent from 7 to 24 years.

The probabilities are, that while the Swansea church dates its organization from 1763, a number of those who were its constituent members had, at least 12 years previously, been united in an incipient ecclesiastical body avowedly Baptist in sentiment and practice.

But the point of interest to Canadian Baptists is that this oldest Baptist church of Massachusetts, in A. D. 1763, just a century after its formation, became the mother of the first Baptist Church, established in that territory which is now included in British America.

One remarkable feature in the history of that first church, which distinguishes it from any other Baptist church located in the Maritime Provinces, was that it was really a transplantation. This we ascertain from the following record, furnished by an eminent New England historian, who affirms that the church was organized in Swansea expressly for transplantation to Acadian soil.

Says Backus, History, vol. 3, p. 146, "When all North America was ceded to Great Britain, Nathan Mason and wife, Thos. Lewis and wife, Oliver Mason and wife, and Experience Baker, of the Swansea church; Benjamin Mason and wife, and Charles and Gilbert Seamans and their wives, from other churches, were joined into a church, and Nathan Mason was ordained the pastor of this emigrant body, April 21, 1763. This newly organized community soon after set sail for their new location, and settled at the head of the Bay of Fundy."

Of the history of this little "emigrant" church, which, according to statements made by Rev. E. Manning in 1811, found "a local habitation and a name" in Sackville, New Brunswick, we have but the most meagre and tantalizing record.

Dr. Benedict, in his "History of the Baptists," presents the following statement: "Of the doings of these New England adventurers, most of whom were probably of Cambré-British descent, in that then uncultivated region, our accounts are very imperfect. The most we know about them is that they continued there about eight years, enjoying the many spiritual blessings and witnessing much of the goodness of the Lord in that new and remote situation. This little church increased to about sixty members, and among its ministerial sons was the late Job Seamans, pastor in Attleboro, Mass., and New London, N. H. But the lands and government not meeting their approbation, and finding themselves uncomfortable in other respects, they returned to Massachusetts."

Father Manning endorsed the above statement in respect to the date of the foundation of a Baptist church in Sackville and alludes to the visits of Elder Rounds to that place.

This Mr. Rounds had been a member of the parent church at Swansea, as had also Elder Isaac Case, who assisted in the re-ordination of Rev. E. Manning in 1807. Their connection with the Swansea Church is manifest from the records of that body.

Mr. Case was a missionary from Massachusetts, and preached in Nova Scotia, and in Germain St. Church, St. John, as well as in other portions of New Brunswick. He probably imparted information to Mr. Manning in reference to the establishment of a church by his converts in Sackville.

May we not believe that though that early church lost its visibility through the removal of its founders, that the good seed sown there was afterwards reaped by Rev. Joseph Crandall, who was, in 1800, the honored instrument in

constituting a church in Sackville which still exists.

Before closing this sketch I desire to advert to a fact in connection with the earliest Sackville church, which is, to me at least, a matter of interest.

In all probability, the Masons who aided in the formation of that church were the progenitors of a large number of men bearing that surname, who have been distinguished laborers and ornaments in the Baptist denomination of the Great Republic. I have had the pleasure of a personal and delightful acquaintance with many of them, and have admired their talent and piety. Among them may be mentioned the three brothers, well known in New York, Rev. J. Orley Mason, D. D., for thirty years or more pastor of Greenwich, N. Y., the largest and wealthiest church in Washington Co., Rev. H. G. Mason, a successful and eloquent preacher in New Jersey, and Rev. Jerome T. Mason for about 15 years pastor in Sterling, Ill.

There were also the two brothers, Rev. S. R. Mason, D. D., deceased, for many years pastor of the 1st Cambridge Mass. church, and Rev. A. P. Mason, D. D., now District Secretary of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, Boston. He has also a son, who has been until recently pastor of one of the most prominent churches in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Haswell, wife of Rev. J. Haswell, D. D., Missionary in Burmah, was a sister of Rev. Drs. S. R. and A. P. Mason.

There are also others of this Mason family in the Baptist ministry in the Western States, and not a few of the female Masons became the wives of Baptist clergymen and of instructors in literary institutions. And as for the deacons, good and true, furnished by this Mason family, their number is legion. Thus the seed of the godly ones who first planted the Baptist banner in this "Canada of ours" has not failed in the effort to maintain the doctrines and ordinances of the gospel in their purity.

March, 1879.

For the Christian Messenger.

Lavo. According to Dr. White.

Mr. Editor,—

You will remember that during a late discussion of the word baptizo, the above word played a somewhat prominent part. It was stated by one of the disputants that *sprinkle* was one meaning of the word *baptizo* according to Schrevelius and others. His definitions being *mergo, abluo, lavo*. It was argued that as according to Schrevelius, *lavo* was one meaning of *baptizo*, and according to Dr. White's Latin-English dictionary *lavo* means to *sprinkle*, therefore *baptizo* means to *sprinkle*. Having written to Dr. White some time since with reference to the matter, asking him on what grounds he gives *sprinkle* as a definition of *lavo*, and whether it is right, supposing it does mean *sprinkle*, to give that as a definition of *baptizo*. The following is his reply:—

"In the force of 'to sprinkle, to wet,' *lavo* occurs only in the poets. The word in question being, as I have stated, used only by the poets, nothing whatever can be drawn from it either for or against any views respecting baptism.

Speaking on critical grounds, I unhesitatingly say that when a word is used in a particular sense only by poets, no one is justified in applying that sense to it even when occurring in a passage of any ancient prose writer. To this I would add that, in my opinion to apply *lavo* in the force of *sprinkle, to baptizo*, is wholly out of the question."

The italics are Dr. White's. I send this not with any intention whatever of seeking to revive the discussion, but simply to give Dr. White's own explanation of his own definitions.

Yours, J. B. Paradise.

In Memoriam.

DEA. GEORGE MANTHORN, aged 77 years, died on Wednesday, Feb. 12th, 1879, after an illness of one year. Sustained by strong faith, he was enabled to bear his long sickness with Christian patience and resignation to the Divine will; and during his whole Christian walk to say, "I know in whom I have believed." Mr. Manthorn was baptized by the Rev. David Harris,

Jan., 1842, and united with the Baptist Church at Port Medway, and so continued to the end of life. About two years after he united with the people of God, he was appointed deacon of the church to which he belonged, and continued faithfully to discharge the duties of that office until it was the Master's will to call him home. Dea. Manthorn was in deed and in truth a good man. In his intercourse with his friends and neighbors he aimed to do right; he ever manifested great care for the prosperity of the church to which he belonged, ever ready to give his time, talents and means to the support of the Gospel. The great loss that the church has sustained by his removal, at the present time, can scarcely be realized and yet there is cause of thankfulness that he was so long a blessing to the church and the world generally. We hope his exemplary Christian life and faithful admonitions will still lead others to follow in his footsteps. Bro. M. leaves a widow and four sons to mourn their loss. Rev. G. O. Gates, of Liverpool, preached a very impressive and instructive discourse upon the occasion from John xi. 15, "And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe."—Com. by N. T. Baker.

MEMORIAL LINES.

DEDICATED TO THE LATE REV. W. G. PARKER, Gone from life's broad field of action,
From the work thou loved so well;
From the church, thy friends and kindred,
To a brighter world to dwell.

In His wisdom God hath called thee;
Called thee to thy home above;
Thou hast joined the church triumphant
Happy in thy Saviour's love.

Finished is thy earthly mission,
Battle fought and victory won,
Hear the Master's welcome plaudit,
"Faithful hast thou been, Well done."

In thy youthful days God called thee,
Faith revealed Christ's bleeding side,
Then a holy calling gave thee,
"Preach of Jesus crucified!"

Many years with zeal thou labored,
Striving precious souls to win;
Gently leading weak and erring
From the paths of vice and sin.

Faithful ever in thy labors,
Which the Master crowned and blest,
In that "House of many mansions,"
From life's toilsome duties rest.

Never more on earth we'll meet thee,
Yet we will not soon forget thee,
For thy tones, as last we heard them,
In our ears are ringing yet.

Even now we seem to hear thee,
"Let us search and try our ways,
Turn again from sin and folly
To the Lord, and seek his grace."

Much we'll miss thee from amongst us,
But we hope when life is o'er
That again we'll meet our pastor
On that bright celestial shore.

Ties are severed, hearts are bleeding,
For our loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He alone the wound can heal.

May God's grace sustain the widow
And support the fatherless.
In this deep and sore affliction
May he comfort, aid and bless.

May the church that now is vacant—
Of a pastor's care deprived—
Share in heaven's richest blessings
And be quickened and revived.
Dec. 30, 1878.

The Japanese Government have authorized the issue by a Japanese publisher of an edition of the Book of Genesis in Chinese, prepared by the American Bible Society. This is the first portion of the Scriptures the publication of which in Japan has been authorized by means of the Government stand.

Mr. T. Cook intimates his intention of organizing a special excursion to Rome for the celebration of the chapel anniversaries which will probably be held in that city in March. There are now, it will be remembered, three Baptist churches in Rome, viz., that opened by the General Baptists (Signor Grassi, pastor); that under the charge of Mr. J. Wall; and the third carried on by American Baptists, and only recently opened by Rev. Dr. Taylor. A profit of £100 was realised by the last excursion, and was handed over by Mr. Cook in aid of the churches, and announces his intention of adopting the same course upon the present occasion.—London Baptist.