

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., September 13, 1882.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Wm. George, Mrs. George and three children, left on Monday at noon in the Nova Scotian for Liverpool, where they will embark for Zeegong, Burma—the station from which they came, about three years ago, and which Mr. G. had occupied for several years previously and was one of the most efficient missionaries of the American Missionary Union. Mr. George left Amherst on Saturday for Halifax, and preached on Sunday morning in Granville Street Church, an excellent sermon from 1 Cor. xiii. 9, "Now we know in part," shewing the imperfection of all knowledge and the blessedness of a knowledge, even in part, of Divine things.

In the evening Mr. G. preached in the Dartmouth Baptist Church an impressive sermon on the relation between prayer and effort in the furtherance of the gospel of Christ.

Rev. E. W. Kelly, late pastor of Leinster Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., and Mrs. Kelly—daughter of the late Rev. A. R. R. Crawley, also left in the same steamer for the Missionary Union's station at Maulmain, British Burmah.

Mr. Kelly expected to be in Halifax on Saturday, and was advertised to preach in Granville Street Church on Sunday, but in consequence of his brother having a serious attack of dangerous illness on Friday, he was detained with him, and did not reach the city till Monday morning.

It was wished by some friends to have had a farewell service for these brethren and sisters, but from the shortness of time they could be in the city, it was found impracticable.

We were glad to have the opportunity—with Revs. J. W. Manning, E. J. Grant, Dr. Clay, and a number of other friends—of accompanying them to the ship and taking leave of them there.

Mr. and Mrs. George have entirely recovered their health during their residence at home, since their return, and now go out with the hope and prospect of many years of useful labor. They leave their eldest son with Mrs. G.'s friends at Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were much concerned that their babe three months old—was so unwell, that it being at the risk of its life to take it on so long a voyage, they were constrained to leave it with Mr. Kelly's friends at Collina, N. B.

We trust the winds and the waves will have charge given them concerning these devoted friends, and that they will speedily and safely reach their distant fields of labor.

A correspondent of the Church Guardian gives an "Introductory" paper, entitled, "Some thoughts and facts on some neglected aspects of pastoral work." He says:—

"These papers have resulted from the anxious meditation of a Priest upon the apparent lack of results of labour amongst his people; the entire absence of any zeal for God or the souls of neighbors, and of any deep, vital, spiritual life; the miserably low, selfish love, dominant even amongst the best of the flock; the universal presence of the self-righteous, Pharisaical spirit; the all but entire non-existence of the humble, contrite spirit, indispensable in the true Christian. The writer has, with shame and alarm, to confess that during a ministerial life of some seven years, he has never been privileged to receive any of his people in private conference as to their spiritual condition. None have come to him to 'open their grief' before receiving the holy Communion, or at any other time; none seek the 'benefit of Absolution,' or require 'ghostly counsel or advice; none appear to be troubled with any 'scruple' or 'doubtfulness.' All apparently are able to quiet their conscience without the aid (contemplated by the Church) of their Spiritual guide and teacher. His people have been concerned about their health and worldly interests, and often has he listened to a lengthy account of bodily ailment, and been applied for pecuniary relief, or consulted about road work, or getting some job of work; never once has any one asked him for direction as to overcoming a besetting sin, or meeting a temptation on any question of conscience."

"This is truly a melancholy picture of Christian people, drawn by one who appears anxious to benefit them. In reading it over, we could but feel for the writer, and enquire, What is the matter? The only satisfactory conclusion to which we could come, was, that there is an error committed in the first reception of the people into membership. This is, as we believe, radically defective. The Church of England, receives its people into membership in their infancy without their consent, or any personal profession of faith, repentance or conversion to God, made on their part. The subsequent early teaching, if any is given, on the subject, is, that by infant baptism, so called, the child was made 'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven.' With this we believe many 'are able to quiet their consciences' and so fail to 'open their grief' to their 'spiritual guide and teacher,' and live on regarding religion as nothing more than morality and forms. This we believe is largely the cause of 'the lack of spirituality' as the editor of the Guardian terms it. Of course we differ from him as to the cause of this sad state of things in the Church of England. He complains that 'so many are quite ready, while deploring the lack of spirituality among her members, to attribute it to her system when indeed the system is perfect, but the fault is to be found in the almost universal neglect to adopt what has been so wisely provided for the nurture and growth of the spiritual life.' Our reverend brother, referring to this communication, informs his readers that 'There is a growing feeling among both clergy and laity that the Church's discipline must be exercised more than it has been in recent years, and that more systematic efforts must be undertaken to make available the Church's comprehensive and most admirably adapted rules and regulations for her children's growth in grace.' There is, then, some hope of a change for the better. May it soon come! It would doubtless be much hastened by restricting baptism to its proper subjects as seen in Holy Scripture. Our contemporary will pardon us for this reference to a matter outside of the body with which we are more immediately connected.

ments of our population, we might have averted this calamity. A committee composed of some of the most pronounced opponents of the bill in the Provincial Synod was appointed to concert action against the bill. That committee did not take a single step. I doubt whether it was so much as called together—so miserably hollow was the cheap eloquence of the Synod of 1880. 'The Halifax Church Guardian adds, the Church in this country, as a body, has come to have little or no influence, when questions of public interest are under consideration. It is true of Canada as a whole, and of every Province of the Dominion. Shall it continue?' More over, during most of the year I have to pay over one hundred rupees a month to mission-helpers, and it is a great hardship to them, if the money does not come. I keep some palankeen when I travel by land and pull my load when I travel by water. These with the other servants, whose services cannot be dispensed with in India, must be paid regularly if we do not wish them to suffer on our account. For some months past I have had a habbin as an assistant in secular work. He superintended the building of the chapel, so that the work went on even in my absence, when I was out touring. His help has relieved me of a load of care, especially as he is a thoroughly honest man and a Christian, too, at heart. He was with Brother Timpany for four years at Ramapatam. Of course he cannot live without a salary any more than any one else. The point is this, that out of the last remittance I received two hundred and forty rupees and had to pay away at once one hundred and eighty rupees for salaries of mission-helpers, servants, etc. I am stating these facts, simply to let friends know how short remittances affect us here. It is not merely a question of self-denial on our part. It is something that affects the work in which our brethren at home are all more or less interested. I doubt not there are thousands at home who never give a cent to help in saving the souls of the Telegus. Oh! friends, if you would give just one cent a week, what a change there would be in the prospects of the work. It is not my work; it is Christ's work. I ask you for His sake to give.

House, which was finished last September. The amount is \$150. The other is for a chapel, for which the same amount was appropriated. As the chapel walls had to be constructed almost entirely of unburnt bricks laid in mud, of course the whole building had to be finished before the rains began, and, as I wrote a few weeks ago, it was finished in May and dedicated on the 4th of June. And yet those appropriations come creeping along in monthly installments. When we are compelled thus to advance our own money for building operations, I do not think it is too much to expect the monthly installments on the amount of our appropriations to reach us regularly the year round. Moreover, during most of the year I have to pay over one hundred rupees a month to mission-helpers, and it is a great hardship to them, if the money does not come. I keep some palankeen when I travel by land and pull my load when I travel by water. These with the other servants, whose services cannot be dispensed with in India, must be paid regularly if we do not wish them to suffer on our account. For some months past I have had a habbin as an assistant in secular work. He superintended the building of the chapel, so that the work went on even in my absence, when I was out touring. His help has relieved me of a load of care, especially as he is a thoroughly honest man and a Christian, too, at heart. He was with Brother Timpany for four years at Ramapatam. Of course he cannot live without a salary any more than any one else. The point is this, that out of the last remittance I received two hundred and forty rupees and had to pay away at once one hundred and eighty rupees for salaries of mission-helpers, servants, etc. I am stating these facts, simply to let friends know how short remittances affect us here. It is not merely a question of self-denial on our part. It is something that affects the work in which our brethren at home are all more or less interested. I doubt not there are thousands at home who never give a cent to help in saving the souls of the Telegus. Oh! friends, if you would give just one cent a week, what a change there would be in the prospects of the work. It is not my work; it is Christ's work. I ask you for His sake to give.

AN APPEAL FROM ONE OF OUR CANADIAN BRETHREN IN INDIA.

At our late Convention so much time was spent and much of it well spent over College and Academy matters, that there was scarcely any time for due consideration of the report of the Foreign Missionary Board, and it was consequently adopted with scarcely a word of enquiry or remark. Whether this was wise, when such important interests were involved, is somewhat questionable. Statements were made by members of the Board which showed that Reserve funds were melting away, and that steps for replenishing them would be immediately necessary, or we might soon expect to find the Board placed in a very inconvenient position. Whether the silence of the Convention on this matter should be accepted by the Board as an endorsement of all its proceedings and a resolve to supply the needful whenever called for, or, whether it was indicative of apathy, may be for the Board to determine. We have no desire to assume any of the functions of the Board in presenting this matter before the people, but finding in the Canadian Baptist the following letter from one of the missionaries of our Ontario and Quebec brethren, we thought it might answer the purpose of an appeal, better perhaps in some respects than a more direct one from the Board or any of its officers. We should be sorry to see the necessity for such an appeal from any of our own missionaries. Let this suffice then, to induce our brethren to take hold of this matter in time, and adopt measures that shall prevent any such necessity. We sometimes copy the letters of our Canadian brethren when they bring good tidings, for the purpose of encouraging the friends of missions here. We see no reason why this appeal should not be also placed before our readers to set as a slight stimulus to sustain the Board more liberally than heretofore:

SOME TIME ago I noticed in the 'Baptist' an appeal from the Secretary of our Foreign Mission Society, in which it was stated that there was a debt of over two thousand dollars. I do not know what effect that appeal produced, but I do know that unless something produces an effect, we missionaries will be in a very unpleasant position, and our work will suffer considerable harm. No one can expect the Board or Executive Committee to go on borrowing to an unlimited extent, and the consequence is that after they have run into debt to a certain amount, the remittances to India begin to show symptoms of a decline. A month ago the remittance was short by one hundred dollars. However we thought we could stand it till the next monthly remittance came. It has come, and is just equal to our salaries, without a cent for our mission work. This affects us all somewhat seriously, I suppose, but as I know Bro. McLaurin's condition and my own, better than I do that of Bro. Currie or Bro. Timpany, I wish to show our friends at home how it touches us two. The Board voted Bro. McLaurin \$1000 for his building work at Samulcotta. It was hoped that the building might be made ready and the school started by the 1st of July. Bro. McLaurin received (\$500) five hundred dollars at one time for the work. The other half of the amount is coming in monthly installments, so that I suppose there is still due about two hundred and fifty dollars. Apart from the desire to have the building ready, so that the school might be opened, there was a necessity to have the roof put on, lest the rain should soften the mud with which most of the walls are built. I mean mud that occupies the place of mortar in the walls. The work is still going on, thanks to those who loaned the money for it. Now for the state of things with me. In my appropriations there are two items for building. One is a supplementary appropriation on the Mission

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Spurgeon's Treasury of David.

The design of the work, in the words of the title page, is, to give 'An original exposition of the Book of Psalms; a collection of illustrative extracts from the whole range of Literature; a series of Homiletical Hints upon almost every Verse; and Lists of Writers upon each Psalm.' On opening a volume, the attention is first attracted by the Index of Authors quoted. The list comprises a small array of literati—over 500—some of whom are quoted as often as forty-five times in a single volume. We have here the promise of the abundant fulfilment of the words, 'from the whole range of literature. The material indicated was derived from the British Museum, Dr. William's Library, and other stores of Theological Lore.' 'I have ransacked books,' says the author in his preface, 'by the hundred'—many of which are not represented here. We can have, therefore, but little conception of the amount of laborious search necessary to make this part of the work what it is. He who has 'read up' on any subject conscientiously, will understand this in a measure. To each psalm a short preface paragraph is prefixed, containing frequently, valuable information concerning the title and subject; also the various divisions of thought. The exposition follows. Each verse, and phrase even, comes in for its share of analysis. This being sacred writ, nothing herein is regarded as too trivial for careful attention; although many things are recognized as too precious to be revealed to mortal eyes. The exposition is minute in detail; faithful in detecting and disclosing the rich veins of David's thought; clear, as enabling us to see deeper than ever before into the depths; incisive, as laying bare with a master hand the hidden workings of the heart. This is the really choice part of the work. It reads like the words of one whose spirit has held fond communion with the spirit of the 'Sweet Singer of Israel.' He attempts, not to bring your ear within sound of David's lips, but your soul into contact with the throbbings of the mighty heart that hoped and feared, and erred and clung, with all the strange perverseness of a strangely human nature. Through difficulties not a few he brings you a cooling draught from the 'well of Bethlehem,' and he whose soul thirsts for living water will find it here, abundant, deep, clear. Of the beauties and value of the exposition, it is difficult to form an estimate. One who stands in that strong room in the hoary Tower and gazes for the first time upon the splendour of the crown jewels is struck, not more by the brilliancy of the smaller; is impressed, not more by the enormous value of the larger than by the reflection that their value is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that of the smaller ones collectively. So he who meditates upon this exposition finds it doubly rich. Although Spurgeon is no mean Harbinger, yet there is here little critical dallying with mere words. The scholar who glories in controversies over delicate points of construction and various readings, or in a close scrutiny of the Hebrew text, need not look in this book for his favourite pabulum; but the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditates therein both day and night, will find a rich feast. Because of the omission of this critical element the work has been disparagingly spoken of by certain men more noted for 'school-taught pride' than for true heart-wisdom. 'Some the author says have suggested alterations, but many more have commended the very features which would have been improved away.' The exposition is truly Spurgeonic—simple, homely, hearty, incisive, sending fiery darts there, dropping balm of gilead here, ever carrying the reader away from the man David to the Man Christ Jesus. Pithy, memorable sayings—sharp shot—are met with by the hundred. Happy side-glances at the lead-

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ing events of the day are not wanting—which will not, indeed, aid in floating the work beyond its own age. Here 'meditation chews the cud, and gets the sweetness and nutritive virtue of the word into its heart and life.' Explanatory Notes and quaint sayings are culled from the 'whole range of literature'—of all shades of style, creed, and opinion that have floated down the ages. One does not read far, before he recalls the author's preface statement that 'he is far from indorsing all he has quoted.' 'I am,' he says, 'neither responsible for the scholarship or orthodoxy of the writers. The names are given, that each may bear his own burden; and a variety of writers are quoted, that the thoughts of many minds may be before the reader.' Those who know anything of Spurgeon's aptness for selection, as well as the quaintness of his genius in that line, will place a high estimate upon the accumulated thought of these 'many minds;' while they who venerate that which has been for its own sake, or who believing there is nothing new under the sun, regard the old as the fountain-head of wisdom, will revel in these quaint sayings. To the student without either opportunity or time for reference to the multitude of works represented, the vast amount of treasure unearthed in these quotations is invaluable. Hints to the village preacher. Strange to say, some thought and affirmed that the title 'Hints to the Village Preacher' savored of pride. And to a mind slightly biased by envy or disaffection towards the great pensman, there may seem to be in the adjective a little of that intolerable patronising spirit which is in English cities, no less than in American, shown towards more obscure 'brethren of the cloth.' Who wave their hands in country pulpits. But they who know Spurgeon either personally or from his works, will dismiss the insinuation instantly as a mere outburst of jealousy; for it is no small honor to the Baptists to have, in this as in other countries, such a representative man in the pulpit and in literature. In regard to the hostile criticism the author says, 'I thought the title somewhat modest on my part, and did not see how it could be misunderstood. . . . As, however, I have been misunderstood, I will now, without altering the title, take higher ground, and say that I trust the hints may be useful to any preachers in city or country; for the other day I met one of the most eminent metropolitan divines, and he most kindly thanked me for having suggested to him by a hint in the Treasury a sermon which he hoped had been most acceptable to his congregation; and he remarked there was no need to be so bashful about the aforesaid hints.' They may, indeed, be studied by those who occupy city pulpits with as much profit as by their brethren at a distance from the great centres of life and thought. For those who want the whole gist of a verse in a nutshell, or, say out of the shell, this is the place to find it. It is a 'metropolitan pulpit' in portable form. It is a nest full of choice hatchable eggs. It is a Spurgeonic lunch-basket, from which one can extract choice morsels—food for thought—food for the soul—if not for the pulpit. Works on the psalm bring up the rear like a strong reserve guard. The names of works published on each Psalm are given, with author, date, and place of publication. One is struck by the fact which the author of the Treasury was not long in discovering, that so few books have been written on this choice part of God's Word.

Spurgeon's Treasury of David.

The design of the work, in the words of the title page, is, to give 'An original exposition of the Book of Psalms; a collection of illustrative extracts from the whole range of Literature; a series of Homiletical Hints upon almost every Verse; and Lists of Writers upon each Psalm.' On opening a volume, the attention is first attracted by the Index of Authors quoted. The list comprises a small array of literati—over 500—some of whom are quoted as often as forty-five times in a single volume. We have here the promise of the abundant fulfilment of the words, 'from the whole range of literature. The material indicated was derived from the British Museum, Dr. William's Library, and other stores of Theological Lore.' 'I have ransacked books,' says the author in his preface, 'by the hundred'—many of which are not represented here. We can have, therefore, but little conception of the amount of laborious search necessary to make this part of the work what it is. He who has 'read up' on any subject conscientiously, will understand this in a measure. To each psalm a short preface paragraph is prefixed, containing frequently, valuable information concerning the title and subject; also the various divisions of thought. The exposition follows. Each verse, and phrase even, comes in for its share of analysis. This being sacred writ, nothing herein is regarded as too trivial for careful attention; although many things are recognized as too precious to be revealed to mortal eyes. The exposition is minute in detail; faithful in detecting and disclosing the rich veins of David's thought; clear, as enabling us to see deeper than ever before into the depths; incisive, as laying bare with a master hand the hidden workings of the heart. This is the really choice part of the work. It reads like the words of one whose spirit has held fond communion with the spirit of the 'Sweet Singer of Israel.' He attempts, not to bring your ear within sound of David's lips, but your soul into contact with the throbbings of the mighty heart that hoped and feared, and erred and clung, with all the strange perverseness of a strangely human nature. Through difficulties not a few he brings you a cooling draught from the 'well of Bethlehem,' and he whose soul thirsts for living water will find it here, abundant, deep, clear. Of the beauties and value of the exposition, it is difficult to form an estimate. One who stands in that strong room in the hoary Tower and gazes for the first time upon the splendour of the crown jewels is struck, not more by the brilliancy of the smaller; is impressed, not more by the enormous value of the larger than by the reflection that their value is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that of the smaller ones collectively. So he who meditates upon this exposition finds it doubly rich. Although Spurgeon is no mean Harbinger, yet there is here little critical dallying with mere words. The scholar who glories in controversies over delicate points of construction and various readings, or in a close scrutiny of the Hebrew text, need not look in this book for his favourite pabulum; but the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditates therein both day and night, will find a rich feast. Because of the omission of this critical element the work has been disparagingly spoken of by certain men more noted for 'school-taught pride' than for true heart-wisdom. 'Some the author says have suggested alterations, but many more have commended the very features which would have been improved away.' The exposition is truly Spurgeonic—simple, homely, hearty, incisive, sending fiery darts there, dropping balm of gilead here, ever carrying the reader away from the man David to the Man Christ Jesus. Pithy, memorable sayings—sharp shot—are met with by the hundred. Happy side-glances at the lead-

Review of Books.

THE NEW TESTAMENT: American Revised Edition.

The American Baptist Publication Society have brought out another edition of the New Testament suitable for the pocket, the stereotype plates of which have been provided by the liberality of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York. The type is beautifully clear. It is in limp cloth binding, and sells for 15 cents, and will be soon largely in demand.

Cetewayo has ventured out from the residence allotted to him but little. He went to the Zoological Gardens, and to the Houses of Parliament. He manifested special interest in seeing Mr. Gladstone. English boots are uncomfortable to his feet, and walking soon wearied him. He longs to plead his cause with the Queen, and lives chiefly for the hope that she will send him back as a free man to his native country. A Zulu 'mass meeting' has been held to protest against his return, but there is reason to believe that it was not of a broadly representative character.

Emotions of a penny have never been paid by the Bank of England in distributing the dividends of the National Debt, and the accumulations of the fractions so unpaid amount to £143,000.