

# Messenger and Visitor.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
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VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1888.

NO. 13.

**—GRAND.—**Dr. Gordon, of Clarendon street, Boston, has the idea that every church should contribute as much to outside objects as to home expenses. He has been pressing this upon his own people so effectively that, while continuing to have a balance in the treasury for the home work, this year the receipts for outside benevolence have overrun home expenditures more than \$3000. The amounts are \$9,459 and \$12,815 respectively.

**—NOT SO GREAT.—**We are sorry to learn that Mr. Moody's meetings in Louisville, Kentucky, have not been so fruitful in additions to the churches as it had been hoped they would be. While Mr. Moody preached and labored grandly, the outcome has not been fully satisfactory. The Baptist churches are said to have received their full share of converts, yet the additions to these do not sum up more than are usually received in the ordinary and more quiet way of working. Mr. Moody has seen his mistake in holding his meetings apart from the churches. In the great Hippodrome meetings, New York, the pastors in the neighborhood received fewer into their churches than during other years. The converts were left on the floor, and did not seem to desire the obligations of church membership. And now we find that Mr. Moody's new method of holding his meetings in connection with a union of all the denominations in a city, does not work well. While the interest is intensified at a point, all regular work in the individual churches is disarranged, and the interest is drawn away from their services. More workers are gathered together than can labor effectively, and the separate points are stripped of their working force. The result is that less is done for Christ. Some special reasons why Mr. Moody should unite himself with a denomination, and do his work with it. Special trust is now ignored, and not a little suspicion, jealousy and ill feeling generally result. A writer in the *Western Recorder* gives a very unfavorable account of these meetings:

"Union meetings, which pretend to be such an exhibition of brotherly love and charity, are perfect hot-beds of jealousy, suspicion and temper. All in Louisville who heard of the remarks made in the inquiry meeting, and outside of it, know how much truth there is in that statement. One minister complained that whenever he set down to talk to a convert, some one of a certain other denomination came and sat down by him and listened to every word which he said. The (Baptist) theological students were watched as if they were hawks in a barn-yard. One preacher was in a very doctrinaire frame of mind because a Baptist told a lady to read her Bible on the subject of baptism. It will be many a day before the scars done in this way of rousing a spirit of rivalry and jealousy, which shall have disappeared."

**—MONEY IN IT.—**The great bereavement of England make a mint of money. The following are the profits of the three leading ones: Bess & Co., \$1,700,000; Allsopp, \$1,020,000; Guinness, \$2,270,000. While there is money for the brewers, there is for the drinkers poverty, degradation and death. How prosperous and happy the Anglo-Saxon race might be, were it not for the tremendous waste, and the wreck and ruin of liquor! We are glad to note that Sturgeon's college has yielded, and they are now all total abstainers. This is almost in contrast with the state of things twenty years ago. Still, England is very far behind us in the matter of total abstinence, as this item from the *London Baptist* will show. Of the 700 women in the Wandsworth workhouse, 500 had been drunkards. It is added that no harm came to them from the sudden and total abstinence on entering this place. There are many groundless fears about the evil effects of a sudden change in the drinking habit.

**—ENCOURAGING.—**A letter which has appeared in the most widely circulated Baptist paper of the North and of the South, which are of more than ordinary moment. As the most of our readers are aware, the great societies of the Northern Baptists have no organic connection with the churches. Payment of a certain amount of money and not belonging to a church or being the delegate of a church, secures membership. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, in an able article in the *Examiner*, suggests whether it would not be better to recognize all church members as members, and have the great annual gatherings for business composed of delegates from churches. The writer in the *Religious Herald* questions the propriety of Women's Societies. He says they do not consist with the scriptural idea of the unity of the church. His second objection is thus expressed:

Another reason for doubting the propriety of forming Female Missionary Societies is that they do not agree with the scriptural idea of the unity of the church. By strong implication, they ignore or antagonize the great truth that the church is itself a missionary society. If it is not, where then is the obligation of Christian benevolence? If it is, why should another be formed? The divinely appointed agencies for evangelizing the nations are the churches. They may properly associate

together for the better accomplishment of a common benevolent purpose, but the unity of organization is still the local church. That is the true sphere of missionary zeal, the proper receiver and dispenser of contributions, the best agent for benevolence. Any other society is needless, and will be found, in the end, to be less efficient. Can a good reason be assigned why a sister should give her money to the treasurer of a society rather than to the treasurer of her church? Ought membership in a humanly constituted organization to stimulate one's liberality more than membership in a church of Christ? And if it does, is there not something wrong somewhere?

We were unfeignedly glad that there appears to be a growing disposition to hold to what Christ has instituted as being in the end the most expedient. We cannot but wonder that Baptists who claim to follow scripture teaching and precedent have been so long in finding out that the church is God's one organization through which and in which his people should do their work for him. We wonder too, that so few of them yet adopt the scriptural rule of giving the weekly offering. It is very easy to get the train off the track; it is very hard to get it on again.

**—COMPARISON.—**A comparison of the reports of the chief superintendents of schools in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may be of interest to some. The proportion of population attending school was 1 to 5.66 in N. B., and 1 to every 4.1 in N. S. The proportion of enrolled pupils in daily attendance was 58.74 in N. B., and 56.75 for N. S. The total pupils enrolled in N. S. were 86,713 for the summer term, and 69,583 during the year in N. B. The average salary paid to teachers was, in N. S., \$263.33; in N. B., \$299.84. The total cost of schools in N. S. was \$675,348; in N. B., \$413,967. It will be seen that the average salary of teachers is small, really and comparatively. In Ontario it is \$362, while in New York it is \$474. Except in the cities, however, the average salary is not much higher than that.

**—STRANGE THEOLOGY.—**A writer in the *Christian Guardian* very justly takes a noted preacher at a holiness convention severely to task for answering the question, "Can a soul that is justified only, go to heaven?" thus: "Yes, if taken away about the time of justification," "if caught in the act." He then assumes to give the teaching of all evangelical churches, the Methodist included:

1. That the work of regeneration is preceded by an act of consecration as complete as the then knowledge of the soul admits of, involving the entire abandonment of self, and the acceptance of God's will hereafter as the rule of life.
2. That this consecration having been made, the seeking soul is regenerated, justified through Christ, adopted by the Father, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost.
3. That the soul thus justified, with all that that experience involves, would, if called away from earth at any moment, go to be with God.
4. That this state of grace can only be maintained by preserving the early consecration intact, and adding thereto as knowledge grows and the Holy Spirit sheds his light more clearly on the path of duty.

If no church which declines to accept this statement is evangelical, then Baptist churches generally are not evangelical. We know of none who would entertain the idea that as complete a consecration as the knowledge of the soul will permit, and the entire abandonment of self and surrender to the will of God, can be the acts of the old man, the fleshly nature, the soul dead in trespasses and sins, which "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." If this all happens before life from God enters the heart, what remains for regeneration to accomplish? For the writer assumes in 4 that the preservation of the consecration had before life from God came to the soul is the *sine qua non* of a state of grace. It is seldom one sees anything more confused and contradictory as is fitted into the columns of a paper of so high a grade as that of the *Christian Guardian*, as the belief of the church it represents. It is hard, however, to have clear views of regeneration in connection with out and out Arminian belief. We should like to know whether our able contemporary sanctions this statement: of doctrine.

**—ROBBING OURSELVES.—**Are we not all too much inclined to bring to God only the great concerns of existence? Many only come to him for a supply of the soul's needs. That which pertains to the body and the earthly life they seem to believe too small to approach the great God. We are all tempted to believe that nothing which does not bear some proportion to his greatness can receive his attention. But how false is this view, and how it shuts the greater part of life out from God, and how it shuts us into the hardness and weariness and joylessness. The Scripture says: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you,"—all your care, small as well as great, great as well as small. Does not a parent wish a child to come confidently with all the little troubles as well as great-ones? If the child only comes when crushed with some great burden of sorrow, there can be little

vated that intimacy and heart-filling trust which would please the parent and profit the child most. And we may be sure that our heavenly Father desires us to keep near him all the time, so that his hand may lift all our burdens, great and small. We must not forget they are all alike to his infinity. And did not our Lord, while on earth, revealing the heart of God to men, ever stand ready to help men in their temporal as well as spiritual views, and in needs great and small? So much of our lives are made up of little worries, etc., that if we hold them back from the divinity and help, we shall become estranged from God. Let us bring them all to him and this will bind us to him in greater love.

By Wheel and by Keel.

BY WHEEL.

NO. III.

It was a matter of regret to us to have only a lamp-light acquaintance with the chief river of the world, for the early November evening had already well settled down when we passed through the city of Rock Island, at the confluence of the Rock River and the Mississippi, and run led out across the great bridge to Davenport, in Iowa. There, far below us, visible only by the warring reflections of the lights along either shore, flowed those silent currents which had been born hard by Canadian soil, a thousand miles to the north, and which would flow and flow toward the south for yet two thousand miles. What a stream it is, gathering into its bosom the waters of well nigh thirty states and territories, or of that vast valley that is walled on one side by the Alleghenies and on one by the Rockies!

I collected no statistics by the way, either of states or cities, mountains or rivers, either of lengths or breadths, or depths or heights. I can say therefore of this Mississippi bridge merely that it was very long. How long may be conjectured from the fact that the bridge completed last fall, at Dubuque, farther up the river is 2,900 feet in length, while that in process of building at Cairo, farther down the stream, to open the Ohio near its union with the Mississippi, is to be 4,670 feet long.

When the Illinois river had faded into the night, we felt at last that all the homelands were behind us, and before only regions new and unexplored.

All night we rushed into the west, and when the tardy November sun rose reluctantly from the prairie billows, we were nearly across the American Mesopotamia, with the Euphrates, in the portly guise of the Missouri, but an hour or two away. Herein is a matter which often lies sore on the modern traveller's heart, that the darkness makes such gaping voids in his journeys. Not merely does the inexorable train whirl him as inconspicuously past the most superb views, the glimpses of crag and cataraict, island and river, over which he is full fain to tarry, as through the barest, balded and bleaker desert; but the equally inexorable night swallows up rivers, mountains, cities and plains alike. He approaches some famous view which he has long desired to behold, some wonder of art or nature, when, alas!

Nox truit.

Blum fuit.

At such a time the sagacious traveller luxuriates in the railway map, the guide book and the pleasures of the imagination, and having traversed in an hour hills and dales across which the train must pant till breakfast, he draws the curtains of his berth and dreams the dreams of the blessed.

That the great and goodly state of Iowa was mostly lost to us in the darkness, was the less to be regretted, because it is one of those states that can be easily sampled. It is simply one immense stretch of rolling prairie, not unlike the billowy lands of Illinois, covered with rich farms and well besprinkled with flourishing cities. The first soil was turned and the first cabin reared just a hundred years ago. Now there are about two millions of people. It is one of the cleanest, brightest and comfortablest sections of creation. There the granger is king. Even Illinois, and Ohio with all their fertile farms, draw but one-fourth of their wealth from the soil, New York but one-tenth, and smoky, little Massachusetts but one-fiftieth, while Iowa looks to the plough for three-fifths of all her earnings.

At Council Bluffs, three miles from the Missouri, we spent Sunday. Dr. Cooley, pastor of the Council Bluffs Baptist church, met us at the station with carriage, and kindly entertained us at his home during the day. Here we found Miss Clara M. Hess, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was on her way to join the mission at Swatow, China. She had arrived from Chicago the day previous, and was to travel with us as far as Yokohama, and we discovered in her a very agreeable companion, and a bright, earnest and enthusiastic Christian worker and missionary. The worthy Doctor, in the goodness of

his heart, had arranged for a missionary rally in place of the usual morning service. We were feeling "a good deal fatigued with our night's rest" and would have gladly declined a perpendicular position, especially before an expectant audience. Miss Hess and the Doctor, however, were quite able to wield the laboring oar, and amid the hearty hand-grasps and warm "God bless you" that followed the service, we forgot to regret our perpendicularity. This was our last Sunday in America, and we felt grateful to the many Christian friends who thus sought to make it helpful and memorable.

Council Bluffs is a pleasant, tidy, little city of about 20,000, with that new and wholesome look which is characteristic of towns west of the Mississippi. It takes its name from a poplar wood here in 1804, between the early explorers and the Indians. The "Bluffs" on or beside which the "Council" was held are very steep, and give to the city, which is built at their foot, a romantic setting and siting.

The last and longest stage of our pilgrimage "By Wheel" was now begun. Time, three days, sixteen hours; distance, 1,914 miles. About eight in the evening we encountered ourselves in the Pullman at the handsome terminus depot of the Union Pacific Railway, which in connection with the Central Pacific was to transport us to Frisco, and a few minutes after the "all aboard" had been "banded" we were suspended high in air over the mighty flood of the Missouri, of which, as the Mississippi, we were to have only a lamp-light view. If the Mississippi is the father of waters, surely the Missouri, his regal consort, whose maiden currents after flying from the Rocky Mountains in Montana to St. Louis, 3,000 miles as the crow flies, thenceforth unite with his for the long journey to the sea, may beylept the mother of waters.

As we crossed the iron bridge, 2,750 feet between the abutments, and resting upon immense cylinders of iron, twenty-two in number, sunk into the river-bed to the rock and filled with concrete and masonry, our attention was arrested by the peculiarly happy effect of the lights of Omaha, which from its eminence on the west side of the river beamed benignly upon us. Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, a rapidly growing town of 30,000, is the sister city of Council Bluffs, as is Brooklyn of New York, or Minneapolis of St. Paul, being connected with it, despite the great river, by both railway and horse-car.

The traveller across Nebraska's generous span of five hundred miles, as he remarks the undeviating course of the road and the unvarying horizontality of the plains, might readily conceive the fancy that for one twenty-four hours of his life he is moving in an absolute air-line and on a perfectly dead level. A glance at the map, however, will show that he is swinging gently through two considerable areas, first in a northerly circuit, and then in a southerly; and from the "profiled grades" supplied in the guide-book, he will learn that he is moving up a slightly and uniformly inclined plane. From Omaha to Pine Bluffs on the western limit of Nebraska, the road rises 4,660 feet or about eight feet in a mile. There are no ups and downs about it, none of the seaward character of roads and lies in general, it is like everything else in Nebraska, all of a kind. One is reminded of those happy, perchance rare, Christians whose spiritual path rises slowly, surely, steadily toward the heavenly empyrean. This slow and gradual ascent gained an increasing angle as we went westward: For the first hundred miles west of the river the grade was five feet to the mile; for the second and third hundred, seven feet; for the fourth ten; for the fifth, that is, to the limit of Nebraska, sixteen, while the remaining fifty miles to Sherman, on the Rockies, the highest point of the road, the grade is fifty feet, and for two or three stations, seventy-five feet. In fact, from the Rockies to the Missouri is a grand national coast, of toboggan slide, with the fifty-mile declivity of the mountain for a "starter."

On Monday morning we were greeted by a treeless, houseless, objectless, colorless, lifeless plain, to which a dull and leaden sky gave gloomy bounds; and until evening overtook us on the borders of Wyoming, our environment, as every one says nowadays, was to be of the same inspiring nature. We were already 250 miles on our way, and had traversed all the more fertile, varied and populous eastern half of the state, and were now in the midst of Uncle Sam's pasture, the great grazing belt which skirts the Rockies from Texas to Montana. Here of old, that is, before the "bad medicine wagon"—the steam engine—had invaded the plains, roamed countless herds of buffalo; here great fleets of "prairie schooners"—emigrant wagons—

"Went sailing out into the west" to the golden Eldorado of California; here the Indian, gloriously bedecked and bedizened, fared forth bent on high enterprise, not unfrequently, alas, leaving

the prairie schooner a wreck on a desolate sea. Now the steer has displaced the bison, the wigwam has given place to the ranch, the redskin to the hardly more civilized cow-boy, the Indian chief to the "cattle king," and the prairie schooner has sunk to rise no more.

The road follows the north bank, if bank is not too majestic a term, of the Platte River, for four hundred miles from Omaha; and thence into Wyoming, the north side of Lodge Pole Creek, as a first respect of the Platte. The Platte is a very respectable stream, superficially, having a length of about 600 miles and a breadth of three-fourths of a mile; but its goodliness is that of the ancient or modern Pharisæe, all on the surface, there being but a land-breath of water concealing an unknown quantity of shifting and treacherous sand.

The valley of the Platte is said to be very beautiful in springtime, when the vast plain is robed in green, and decked with myriad myriads of prairie flowers; when the skies are crystalline blue overhead, and the river a sheen of blue and silver; while afar off, as on the shores of another world, the white and purple summits of the Delectable Mountains melt into the heavens. But the only beauty the November aspect afforded, was a majesty of loneliness and limitlessness. It was a perfect symphony in grey, for anyone who affects that style of art,—the sulky leaden grey of the sky, the hopeless ashen grey of the prairie, the bitter steel grey of the river, and, to over-gyre all, a slow, monotonous, dogged, drizzling descent of silver grey snow flakes. Till night fell this same symphony moodily confronted us, on the left the river, now near, and now afar, with a bare, expressional, lead-wall line of low bluffs beyond; on the right the plain, in which the meagre depression of a creek or "draw," or the poor eminence of a knoll, or low turf-walled cabin, was a welcome variation; and over all the blur of the snow drizzle.

About noon the road made a brief excursion into Colorado soil, at the north-east corner of that "Centennial State"; and then stood away west again for Wyoming, which we reached at early evening. It was at this part of our journey, I imagine, that we were aroused from the complete condition to which the le-hargie symphony afforded was gradually reducing us, by the sight of the prairie-dogs. They have still several warrens beside the tract, and occasionally we were fortunate enough to see the little fellows sitting on their haunches by their burrows, barking, perhaps, at the "bad medicine wagons." They are a sandy-brown color, and about as large as a grey squirrel. In Lincoln Park, in Chicago, there is a colony of their kind, and it is very amusing to watch their antics; but here in their native wilds we beheld them with double interest; and in a universe of nothingness, such as we were navigating, a prairie dog loomed as big as a buffalo. Aeop's frog would have been an ox, without inverting the risk of explosion.

As Nebraska gave place to Wyoming, the wintry evening swiftly settled down. The snow fell faster and faster, and the thermometer fell as rapidly as either the darkness or the snow, while the wind rose with corresponding celerity, till there was the worse half of a blizzard; and as we climbed the knees and soared away to the mighty shoulders of the Rockies, in the midst of a howling snow storm and an atmosphere of zero, it seemed as if the spirits of the plains were hurrying us away, as beings accused, beyond the farthest wall of creation.

CHAS. HARRINGTON.

Yokohama, Japan, Feb'y 9.

Missionaries on Furlough.

NO. III.

At Bimlipatna we heard that a marriage was to take place in Cocanada the morning of our arrival. The parties were Rev. D. Drake, of Madras Missionary Union, and Miss Alexander, daughter of a Baptist minister in Toronto, lately sent out by the Canadian Board. After the ceremony in the Telugu chapel, and the ordinary congratulations at the house, twenty-three missionaries sat down to breakfast. It was a great pleasure to meet so many even for a few hours. Canadian Baptists, by which I mean those connected with both societies, have reason to be proud of their missionaries. It has not been our privilege to look into the faces of a finer looking company of men and women. Five new missionaries had lately arrived from the upper provinces, Mr. and Mrs. Garside, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. LeFlamme. These all give promise of being valuable additions to that band of workers.

In the afternoon we had to return to the ship to go on to Madras, and the newly married pair set out for the same city by canal boat. Those who remained were to meet to organize their conference.

We reached this "city of magnificent distances" on Thursday morning. How well named. Wherever you are you seem several miles, more or less, from any

other place. Wide esplanades, great parks, large compounds ornamented with well-kept shrubbery, are seen in all directions. Instead of large places of business being closely packed together, as in most cities, there is quite a walk, or rather drive, for no European walks here, from one shop to another. The city spreads over an immense area, and contains a population of 405,000. Of course every one knows that Madras, like other towns on this coast, has had no harbor, or anything resembling a natural harbor. Seven years ago an attempt was made to construct one in which ships could safely anchor, and two great walls about half a mile apart were run out into the sea at right angles to the shore. At the outer ends they curved toward each other, but left a passage of ten rods or more in width through which ships were to pass in and out. The outer sides of these walls were almost perpendicular, built of artificial stones of great size. Before the work was completed a great storm or cyclone broke down all the outside wall or walls parallel to the shore, and parts of those forming the sides of the enclosure.

But John Bull was not going to give in without another trial, and his engineers found out what they should have known before, that no perpendicular wall could withstand the force of such a sea as rolls in on these shores. The walls are now being rebuilt, and outside of them are shown great numbers of these iron gun stones to break the force of the waves before they dash upon the walls. They are thrown carelessly from castles, and lie some presenting a corner, some an edge, some a side to the dread sea. This course is proving a success, as the portions repaired have already proved a match for two cyclones, and in two years more, at which time the work is to be completed, Madras will have a snug little harbor. Already a large and prosperous city, if present calculations regarding its harbor are realized, it will grow rapidly in business and population.

Madras is a city of missions and missionaries. No different societies are there laboring. Various methods are employed as the various necessities of the people seem to demand; schools of different grades, house to house visitation, preaching in the streets and bazaars, teaching in the zenanas or female apartments of the families of high caste Hindus. The number of native Christians connected with all the Protestant societies in the city is roughly estimated at four thousand. The Missionary Union has one missionary family working a mong the Telugus, and two young ladies doing zenana work, teaching a school of high caste girls, and doing such other work as comes in their way. The work of these ladies is particularly trying, but it is a work no one else can do, and the Master gives the needed strength.

Time and space do not permit any special notice of the work done by the Christian College in connection with the mission of the Free Church of Scotland. The number of students in the different departments is more than one thousand. These young men, the best minds the country produces, are going out saturated with Christian truth, and cannot but have a powerful influence for good among their people.

MADRAS, JAN. 23.

The following resolution was adopted at the Conference in Cocanada and signed by all the Canadian missionaries—19 in all.

Whereas the use and sale of alcohol and opium are sources of great evil and suffering in the world and certain causes of eternal ruin, it is therefore Resolved that the members of the Canadian Baptist Missionary Conference put upon record this expression of sympathy with the Christian Temperance workers of Canada and assure them of our earnest prayers and wishes for their success.

This, That, and The Other.

—Count von Bismarck remains at his desk nightly till two o'clock in the morning, and even during his "vacation" in Kissingen attended to his affairs until long after midnight. During his night-work he occasionally takes a little "green-corn soup," but avoids wine. His servants, and even some officials of rank, have to sit up as long as he does, to attend to his dispatches. He gets up at 10.30. When he undertakes a journey he is accompanied by eight detectives and an officer.

—Jan. 20, 1788, the first colored Baptist church was organized in Georgia. The centennial celebration will take place until next June, so that the weather will permit holding a great open air meeting in Savannah. The work of the century has resulted in 1,600 colored Baptist churches, 500 ministers, 2,000 licentiates, and 160,000 members.

—A Chinaman lay dying in consequence of being severely beaten for telling others the glad tidings of the gospel he had learned to love. Looking up into the missionary's face, he exclaimed, "O, sir, I have done so little for my dear Saviour." Exchange.