

Messenger and Visitor.

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NO 24.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—Bro. Cline has started a church paper. Its object is to give to all his people a full knowledge of the work of the First Church. The opening number is full of promise. It should be in the hands of all the members of the church. We give to *The Tablet* the right hand of fellowship, and hope it may prove a great help in forwarding the work of the Lord in this old, historic church!

—PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—This general gathering of the Northern Presbyterians has just been held in New York. From the report of one of the standing committees, it appears there is a growing dearth of ministers among them as with some others. The report says:—

A very careful examination of the whole of the sad facts, as we are forced to regard them, reveals the alarming truth that existing methods are not recruiting the number of our ministers as rapidly as they are needed. There may seem to be sufficient numbers in the larger cities and vicinity, but throughout the rest of the land there is a sad lack of men to supply the various posts. There are not sufficient numbers of them to meet the vastly increasing thousands of our own population, our missions at home and abroad, our institutions of various kinds, and other calls for preachers. Calls the most urgent are coming from our churches and our Boards to our Seminaries; but the men are not to be found. On the other hand, complaints are coming, loud and deep, as to the qualifications of many that are entering the ministry. From these and kindred alarming facts it seems evident that existing methods and influences are not furnishing the needed supply of suitable men for the sacred office.

—FINE SHOWING.—The Presbyterian church of the United States makes a magnificent showing in its contributions to Foreign Missions. This is its centennial year, and an extra effort has been made. As a result, the sum of \$991,180 have been contributed, thus beating the record of last year by \$117,923. There has been a gain in membership in the churches of heathen lands of 2000. They are giving great attention to educational work in Japan and China, especially. There have been persecution and bloodshed in Mexico. The Catholic church is the lucifer in its cry for toleration, where it is weak; but it crushes with iron heel all opposers, where it has the power.

The giving to Home Missions was only less generous, amounting to \$783,627, an increase of \$130,000 upon last year. The spiritual results have also been good, as 10,182 members have been added to the churches under the care of the Home Mission Board. The Presbyterians are a wealthy body in the United States. The *Christian at Work* says the Baptists of the North are a close second to the Presbyterians, and give about as much in proportion to their means. It may be so! but we doubt it.

—RURAL NONCONFORMITY.—In this country we have little idea of the difficulty which besets Baptist and Nonconformist work generally, in the rural districts of England. The Tory and Episcopal Primrose League virtually boycott Baptist tradesmen. Help to getting places of labor is conditioned upon confirmation. The educational status is defied, and Nonconformist young people, qualified for pupil teachers, are refused situations unless they unite with the Established Church. The yeoman class is weak. The small farmers constituting it were the chief support of rural Nonconformity. Farms are denied them by Episcopal landlords. A paper read at the Baptist Union states that the rural churches are in a sad state. There are 1,848 chapels every Sunday without a pastoral ministry. The printer sees no hope except in the labors of lay preachers. There are 4,118 of these among the Baptists of Great Britain, or one to each 73 members, while in 1879 there was but one to every 101 members. Still, the proportion of local preachers is not so great as among the Methodists. In the New Connexion every twenty-third member is a local preacher, while among the Primitive every twelfth is one.

—CONVERTING.—Atheism and infidelity are contending with Christianity in Japan. A writer in the last *Missionary Magazine* says:

Much more formidable are the teachings of Western infidelity, deism, and atheism. In all the stores are for sale, both in Japanese and English, "Prime Age of Reason," Robert Ingersoll's "Lectures," "Buckle's History of Civilization," "J. Stewart Mill's works," "Huxley's 'Protoplasm'" these and others translated into Japanese. Dr. J. W. Dwyer's "Confessions between Science and Religion" and his "Intellectual Development in Egypt," "Herbert Spencer's works," Bain's works, and several native works of deistic or atheistic character. The infidel writers try to convince the Japanese that Christianity is an outgrown relic; that the Bible is an antiquated work, which modern science has proved to be false; and then, turning to the sensual and materialistic proclivities of their hearers, they assure them that there is no God who cares for man, or who punishes his offences, and that death ends all. This teaching, coming from the West with its high civilization, has a great and evil effect on the Japanese. The young

Japanese who were educated in Europe are, almost without exception, infidels, while many of those educated in America are Christians.

The fact that the Japanese, just as they are ready to throw off old beliefs and adopt new ones, are assailed by the forces of irreligion, should stimulate the churches to do their best to forestall these evil and pernicious teachings with the truth that saves.

—COMMENTED.—A Committee of the ablest men of the Southern Baptists have been considering the best methods with a view to their adoption by the Convention this year. They have recommended the weekly offering system of giving, among other things. This is what they say:—

We recommend the Scriptural plan of Christian giving as elastic and simple enough for application to all our churches. It is found in the first of the two epistles which were addressed to the church of God at Corinth, and also to all that in every place call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is this: "Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I gave orders to the churches of Galatia so also do you. Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper, that no collections be made when I come." (Rev. Ver.) This comprehends three duties—viz., giving, gathering and distributing. The first is a personal matter between the giver and the Lord; the other two are between the church and the Lord. This order, which has all the force of an express and positive command, prescribes the amount, the time, and the method of giving.

1. This order, "lay by in store," consecrates our gifts; they thus become sacred, the Lord's, and can be used by us no more than we can use the property of another.

2. Laying by in store, "on the first day of the week," makes Christian giving as regular and systematic as Christian worship—in fact, a part of Christian worship. A collection-box in the church is as sacred as the treasure-chest in the temple; and he who once "laid over against" the one is certainly now watching over the other.

3. The duty is made personal. "Each one" was thus to lay by in store; not husbands for wives, or parents for children, or the rich for the poor, but "each one for himself. Not one in ten of our people are regular givers to benevolent causes.

4. This makes the most reasonable and just possible assessment of the amount to be given—viz., "As each one may prosper." "Each one" was to judge of his own prosperity. Yearly subscriptions are liable to be discontinued when paid; whereas, a weekly offering is not. Annual giving is far more likely to lead to consciousness than weekly giving.

5. This adapts itself not to the giver's inclination, but his circumstances. As he is prepared he is to lay by.

6. The Apostle's special reason for this rule of Christian giving was "that no collections be made when I come." Prevailing plans depend upon what is here carefully and expressly guarded against.

Toronto Correspondence.

THE GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.

The Baptists of Ontario and Quebec are showing a deeper interest in this mission, and steps are being now taken to place it on a more solid basis. The reason of this is very obvious. Last year over a hundred Roman Catholic youths made application for admission to the Grande Ligne mission school, but their application could not be entertained, simply because there was no room for their accommodation. The importance of remedying this state of things becomes especially apparent when it is remembered that attendance at this school very frequently results in the conversion of the pupils. While receiving secular instruction they often learn of a better way of salvation than is found in the Roman Catholic church—the way through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This has been a marked characteristic of the school ever since its foundation by Madame Feller.

It is becoming more and more evident that if the Quebec problem is ever successfully solved, it will have to be along religious rather than political lines. Certainly politics as now conducted can do little towards the spiritual regeneration of the pre-tri-riden population of Quebec. At present each of the two great political parties seems to be in a race to the expense of moral principle, to bid for the Catholic vote, and the Catholics know how to turn this to their own advantage. Their principle in politics is to sell their vote to the party that will pay the most money for it. Moreover, subordinating the State entirely to their church, they are loyal to the former only in so far as it can be made to subserve the interests of the latter.

There is not on the face of the earth a place where the power of the Romish church is so supreme, and where the people are so entirely the victims of its oppression and rapacity, as in the province of Quebec. And what is more: this power, by a settled and well-defined policy, is gradually encroaching upon the province of Ontario—is crowding out and pushing westward its Protestant inhabitants, and filling their place with French Catholics. From all which it plainly becomes the duty of all true Christians, especially in Canada, to do all in their power for the evangelization of Quebec.

In the furtherance of the interests of the

Grande Ligne Mission, Rev. Mr. Upham, pastor of the Olivet Baptist church, Montreal, preached last Lord's day morning in the Jarvis St. church, Toronto. On the following evening a general meeting was held in the Jarvis St. Church, attended by a large representation of ministers and laymen from the city Baptist churches, together with a strong phalanx of the Baptist sisterhood—no mean factor of success in such enterprises—to devise ways and means for the larger and more efficient working of the Grande Ligne Mission, and to give practical effect to the same. It is proposed to raise \$100,000 for the endowment of this school and to provide larger accommodations. Contributions to this object will be solicited not only in Canada, but in the United States and England as well, in which latter places the Mission has many warm friends. In this connection it may be said that Mr. Lebeau, a French Baptist missionary, but speaking very good English, proposes to spend two or three months this autumn among the Baptist churches of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in the interest of the Grande Ligne Mission. He goes out under the auspices of the Grande Ligne Mission Board, and I have great pleasure in commending him and his agency to the favorable regard of Maritime Baptists.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN TORONTO

is still moving forward. The Dovercourt Road and Lewis St. churches, of which Rev. Messrs. Alexander and Harratt are respectively the pastors, will soon open their new places of worship, both which are respectably large and commodious edifices. They the College St. and Alexander St. churches have decided soon to begin building operations. The College Street Church sells the lot on which their present house stands for several thousand dollars more than will purchase the new site, or three blocks further west, but equally eligible. The estimated cost of their new house is in the neighborhood of \$40,000. The Alexander St. Church has purchased an elegant new site at the corner of Wellesley and Jarvis Streets, and their new house will probably be one of the finest in the city.

IN EDUCATIONAL MATTERS

some advancement has been made within the past few days. It has just been decided to remove the ladies' school, hitherto connected with Woodstock College, to Toronto. It is to occupy the residence of the late Senator McMaster. Mrs. McMaster, to whom the house was left, has donated it in its present furnished condition to the school, and has given \$3000 besides towards its necessary enlargement. Situated on the same street, and not far from the Arts Department (to be) of McMaster University, young ladies will be able, to whatever extent is deemed desirable, to pursue their studies in the latter, or to fully matriculate into it from the former. The school is to be called after Mrs. McMaster's maiden name—"Moulton"—and to be opened on the first of the coming September.

It has also been decided to expend \$36,000 in new buildings and changing the old buildings at Woodstock, and \$10,000 for apparatus and furniture. The school is to be somewhat unique in its kind, furnishing instruction in different branches of practical and technical education, as well as serving also as a feeder to McMaster University. It is not expected that the Arts Department of McMaster University will be opened before two years from September. In my humble opinion the day of opening will be still later.

D. M. WELTON.

Our Finances.

The financial problem is one of the most difficult to solve, whether it relates to a church, a board, or a denomination. The majority of church difficulties grow out of financial matters. Missionary Boards and Boards of Education find the lack of funds the most unpleasant matter connected with their work; and a denomination of Christians, however great or rapidly growing it may be, has its progress retarded and its labors interfered with by the neglect of its members to give as the Lord has prospered them. Why there is a non-performance of duty in this respect, admits of many answers. Some say that it is owing to a lack of system. System is of the greatest importance in every enterprise. Without it success seems to be a matter of chance. But system is not enough. Others think that the failure to perform the duty referred to is traceable to the lack of early training. There is much force in this. Habit becomes a second nature, and if persons when young are taught to be benevolent, they will generally acquire the art of giving, and the duty of contributing to the cause of the Lord will be easily performed. The chief reason, perhaps, why we do not give as liberally as we should, is because we lack connection to the Master's service. But the question arises, Are we less devoted to the Lord's cause than other denominations that give more than we?

Although we have entered upon the last quarter of the Convention year, if all the churches that have not yet contributed anything to the Convention Fund will do what can easily be done, and if the other churches will give as largely as they did last year, we shall make a good financial showing at the Convention.

To do this there must be a grand movement all along the line. The necessity there is for such an effort may be seen from the following facts: Soon after the Convention, the Associations were divided into districts and chairmen of them appointed. Many churches have been visited by the agents; in the early part of the year the churches that had not then contributed anything were written to, and recently all such churches have been addressed by letter; and yet at this time 92 churches in New Brunswick, 48 in Nova Scotia, and 10 in P. E. Island, besides the most of the churches in the N. S. African Association, have not contributed anything to our denominational funds.

Then, brethren, let us arise and come to the help of the Lord. Not a day is to be lost, if the Boards are not to be burdened with debt and the Master not to be grieved in the house of his friends.

G. E. DAV.

Yarmouth, June 2.

By Wheel and By Keel.

NO. II.

BY KEEL.

The voyage across the "Big Drink," as some one has irreverently termed the majestic Pacific, was slow, monotonous, usually boisterous, and attended in the case of some of the party by prolonged experiences of sea-sickness, but to the most of us was, in the main, full of interest and enjoyment. We were twenty-two days out, and thus had ample opportunity to view the ocean in many aspects and in many moods. But little else was there to engage the attention: No speck of land, and once only a far away doubtful speck of sail was in sight between the New World and the Old. Several porpoises appeared one morning to a favored few of the passengers, and one bright day whole schools, or flocks, of pretty silver-shining flying-fish were frightened out of the water by the ship's motion, and glanced over the waves like little white birds, for which we at first glance mistook them. During the whole voyage we were attended on our way by numbers of real birds. The first day out our escort was of the white and gray gulls which swarmed on the coast, and which resemble the common gull of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic sea-board. These were dismissed a short distance from shore, and their place supplied by the Pacific Boobies, a species of albatross, if fancy, dark-colored, trim built, gull-like fowl, measuring about four feet between the wing-tips. These feathered friends accompanied us to the shores of Japan, wheeling all day about the ship, apparently with a minimum of exertion; scudding before the wind when favorable, and tacking against it like little air-ships, when contrary, without more effort than a kite makes in flying. As we steamed up the Bay at Yokohama we found that the boobies had left us, and a cloud of pretty, flitting, little white gulls, and homely, flapping, brown-gray kites had occupied the vacant office. But, beside these very occasional fliers, and these ever abiding fowl, the eye ranged the sea and the sky in vain. Day after day, and week after week, the great quiet convexity around us, and the broad, restless convexity around us. Sea and sky, sky and sea, and between them the everlasting boobies whirling their interminable flights, like Polyphemus' goats weaving their many dances over some gigantic pool. Sea and sky, sky and sea, but they were "new every morning, and fresh every evening." There was one glory of the day, and another glory of the night, and one day differed from another in glory. Still days, as though the Sabbath that the continents had forgotten, were being honored with double hush on the great deep, when the sky hung soft and dreamy overhead and the waves moved pensively, like reverent worshippers going up to the temple to pray, and the ship, spreading her broad canvas wings, swung gently along, like a great bird whose nest is in the sunset. *Rolling days*, when the sea is one big blue laugh, or rather, a hundred thousand blue laughs all together, each festive wave showing his ivory as he rolls over and over in sheer good humor, and tries to tickle his next neighbor into a yet broader grin. Each billow, as we dip our prow to honor its advance, swings its white cap with a regular whoop of delight, smiles its face full of dimples, and goes giggling and chuckling on its way. *Roaring days*, when every wind and every wave is "on its nuckle," when the cordage rings like the rattling of a giant's harp, when the great billows leap, each in its turn, at the steamer's throat, only to fall away discom-

ted into its own trough, and lose itself in a Niagara foam.

One does not become acquainted with the Pacific at a glance. He needs to sail its majestic bosom by the day and by the week, to study it in storm and in calm, to view it by daylight, and by moonlight, and by starlight, and by no light at all save the gleam of phosphorescence in the waters. Every day, every hour, every change of wind and sky, it discovers new beauties, new wonders, new mysteries. Sailing week after week across the ever-changing, never-changing universe of waters, could hardly fail to impress one with His glory and power who holds the winds in His fist, and the ocean in the hollow of His hand. The same feeling possesses the soul as overcomes it in the presence of the everlasting mountains, or under the illimitable splendors of a starry sky.

The ship was a little world in herself. She was a trim, tidy little craft, 300 feet stem to stern, and about 30 feet beam. She is one of eight steamers plying between San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hongkong, with mail, passengers, and merchandise. She carried about five hundred souls. The various grades of society were represented. The superior classes and the cabin passengers formed the aristocracy; the English steersman and the petty officers composed the middle classes; and the four hundred Chinese down in the lower steeage, were the lower classes in more ways than one.

Among the cabin passengers were, the *Spiritualist*, an old lady who often felt the angel hands of departed friends soothing the pains of rheumatism, the *Lady-with-a-Dog*, for which uncomely cur she had paid her recent travels \$150.00 in tickets—he would have been a dear—bargain at 15c; the *Young Lady Going to be Married*, who has since united her fortunes with those of a gentleman in business in Yokohama; the English Lord travelling incognito, who turned out to be only the cousin of a lord, and not much of a cousin either; Ting the Secretary of the Chinese Legation to America, a gentleman and a scholar, with a good knowledge of western ways and of the English language.

These trans-Pacific steamers usually have a missionary group on board, and the group on this passage numbered six. Of these, three, Dr. and Mrs. Davis and Miss Tidball, all of the Southern Presbyterian, were en route for China; three, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and Miss Reese, all of the Cumberland Presbyterians, for Southern Japan; three, our two selves and Miss Hees, Baptists, for Yokohama and Swatow respectively. All these dwelt together in christian peace and unity.

The days passed very quickly, each being the counterpart of its predecessor, save as the weather varied it. An eight o'clock breakfast was followed by a walk on deck, reading, conversation, or a game of deck cards. These were made of rope, and when lost overboard by a lurch of the ship or a wide throw, could be soon replaced. At one o'clock lunch was spread, after which the occupations of the morning were resumed. Dinner, the principal meal of the day, occurred at six, and was quite an elaborate affair. After dinner a book, some Gospel Hymns sung to the ship's piano, or a stroll on deck in the moonlight beguiled the time till ten o'clock, when the day was usually over.

The evening melodies were often worthy to be enumerated among "Works of labor and skill." The wash of the sea, the rattling of the rigging, the flapping of the sails, the voices and footsteps of the crew or passengers on deck, combined to drown the voice of praise, while often the rolling of the ship made the continued occupancy of one's seat, especially if it happened to be the piano stool, a fair practice of callisthenics. The missionaries usually had the social hall to themselves at such times, the majority of "the passengers" having small liking for hymn tunes. Secretary Ting, though not professing the Christian faith, would occasionally join the circle, and unite in some familiar song.

We often remarked the aptness of the hymns, chosen at random from the collections at hand, to our then sea-faring life. Not only were such hymns as "Pull for the shore," "Dark is the night, and wild the storm is blowing," "Brave," "Out on an ocean all boundless we ride," constantly recurring, but appropriate lines appeared in many unexpected places. Such words as these seemed scattered over all the pages of song.

"Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar."

"In the tempest of life, on its wide heaving sea."

"A little more rough toeing,
A little longer on the billow's foam."

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woe."

"By waters still, o'er troubled seas,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green."

"Shall we meet in that blessed harbor,
When the stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By that fair, celestial shore?"

The voyage afforded but one incident worthy of note. One of the Chinamen in the steeage, returning to the flowery kingdom to lay his bones beside those of his forefather, gave up the ghost while yet in mid-ocean. His body was placed in one of the boats hanging from the ship's davits until the sacred soil of China could be gained. It gave one a weird feeling, especially when sitting on deck at night, to think of the rigid form and pallid features under the canvas. We seemed some strange funeral cortege, moving solemnly through the shadows of the night, carrying our dead in state to a land of the shadow of death. A thought more painful would come sometimes. As I mused on the poor heathen lying in his shroud there repeated itself again and again the line of a poem I had recently heard recited in a missionary meeting:

"A million a month in China
Are dying without God."

When we were about half way across, that is, in the vicinity of the 180th degree of longitude, we enjoyed the novel experience of passing a week without a Friday. We went to sleep on Thursday night on one side of the parallel, and awoke on the other side to find it Saturday morning. We had lost an hour for each thousand miles travel west, and had fallen seven hours behind Halifax time, when, lo, we cross an imaginary line, and find ourselves seventeen hours ahead. When we were having breakfast at eight o'clock Saturday morning, our friends at home were in the middle of Friday afternoon—the Friday which we never saw, and in San Francisco it was the middle of that same Friday forenoon.

Sunday, Dec. 12th, our 21st day out, the welcome news circulated that next morning we should see the sun rise on the Sunrise Kingdom. Dr. Davis, in the forenoon service held in the social hall, returned thanks for a safe and prosperous voyage, for immunity from shipwreck, fire, mutiny and pestilence. At night the last thought was, "To-morrow we shall see Japan."
CHAS. H. HARRINGTON.
Yokohama, Japan, April 10, '88.

This, That, and The Other.

—God gives us tongues on purpose that they should be used. As He made birds to sing, and stars to shine, and rivers to flow, so He has made men and women to converse with one another to His glory. It may be desirable that some should speak less, but it is still more desirable that they should speak better.—*Spurgeon*.

—The efforts put forth by the Christian to become the possessor of property must be noble in their purpose or ultimate end, and conscientious in the choice of the means to be employed. Now, the goodness of our aims depends on the use to which we put what we acquire, and this would be (a) to relieve poverty and aid the general interests of the kingdom of God.—*Dr. I. A. Dorner*.

—Now, it is quite true that the great majority of men, and even many good Christians, cannot attain to the thought of a happy old age without a hard struggle. We have a natural reluctance to the feeling that we are growing old; we put it away; and when something last forces it upon us, it is like the rush of an armed man from an ambush, or the flake of the first snow to tell us that the long summer days are gone, and that winter is at hand. And yet, as you may have seen, it is the transition which is the most painful. When the first days of brown October show us the fresh green leaves of summer, now rare and yellow, dropping from the boughs under the wind that wafts through the trees, we cannot help a feeling of sadness creeping over the heart. But when winter has come it has its own enjoyments: there is the long, quiet evening, the cheerful gleam of the hearth, the closer bosom of the family and of friendship, the pleasant memories of a summer, and the hope of its return—these give to winter its gladness, and even its glow. If we are in this transition, or nearing it, we should seek to realize it, and to rise above it by looking forward. Every time of life to a true man is only a transition to something better. "I am growing old; yes, I am growing old; Lord, teach me to count my days, and to look not so much wistfully back as hopefully forward, forward to the quiet peace and happy thoughts which God can give in winter, and, still further, to the day when winter shall be past, and the rains over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds shall again have come!"—*Rev. John Ke, D. D.*

—Mr. M. L. T. Witter, of Berwick, has entrusted the Baptist Book and Tract Society with the care of her book, "The Edomites." Notice has already been given of the work. Price 50c., post paid.