

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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NO. 16.

—MANITOBA.—A brother writes a word about the pronunciation of Manitoba, suggested by the little pleasurer of Dr. Cramp, as given in a late *Messenger* and *Visitor*. He says, while the English custom is to put the accent on the second syllable, the people of the province put it on the last. He thinks it a question whether any have a right to force on the name a pronunciation different from that of the natives of the place.

—CHECKING.—How cheering it is to read the following from a report of Mr. Greenfield of the Congo Mission: "Christianity spreading even where missionaries had not labored. As he approached one town in which no Baptist missionary had ever labored, he saw a band of native evangelists coming out to preach the gospel to their native brethren, and that town, a few years ago, was sunk in 'heathenism.'" There is hope for the African race when the new converts have such self-sacrificing missionary zeal.

—PROGRESS.—We clip the following from the *London Freeman*. The fact referred to is significant: "The Baptist denomination made more progress last year in Wales than any other body. This statement is made in the *Herald Cymraeg* (an undenominational weekly) for January 17, and it is amply borne out by official returns. It has been further stated that the Baptists alone of the denominations in Wales increase more rapidly than the population. Add to this the enormous growth of American, German and Swedish Baptists. Remember that all these, as Welsh Baptists, are close in fellowship and in communion, and the coincidence must seem to everyone significant.

—NEW DEPARTURE.—There has been an inter-denominational missionary conference in Mexico, composed of representatives of all the Protestant bodies. They discussed the propriety of parceling out the ground among them. Finally a resolution was submitted to the effect that in all towns of more than 10,000, more than one body might establish missions, but in towns of less population only one society should enter. In case two or more missions were already established in one of these towns, all should retire except the one first beginning work there. Finally, the whole subject was referred to a committee composed of one from each denomination. The more this scheme is sought to be made practical the more difficulties will arise. There are 155 foreign and 300 native Protestant workers in Mexico. These have gathered 177 churches, containing 12,444 members. There are 2,516 scholars in Protestant day schools and 5,256 in Sunday schools. The value of church property is about \$594,900. The prospects are bright.

—DOWN GRADE.—Matters in connection with this controversy have progressed another stage. The London Baptist Association has decided not to express itself in reference to the doctrinal basis of the Union, but leave the matter in the hands of that body. Mr. Spurgeon has urged his supporters to drop all action in reference to the vote of secession, so as to lift the whole question above the level of personalities. He trusts the whole attention of the brethren should be given to the grave business of ridding the denomination of false doctrine and securing them against it for the future. This is wise. The Union is to meet on the 22nd. The two chief positions taken against Mr. Spurgeon's views are: first, it is not Baptist to have a creed, and second, the discussion will endanger Christian unity. Mr. Spurgeon replies that associations and churches have doctrinal statements, and why not the Union, while any union lasting and beneficial must be in the truth.

—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Episcopalian of Great Britain claim to have one million more of adherents than all other bodies put together. Dissenters do not admit this claim. It must be remembered that all those who really have no religion naturally are reckoned among adherents of the state church. As these form a lamentably large class, especially in the great cities, it is easy to see how wide these figures are of the mark. Even allowing this claim, how preposterous it appears to an outsider that twelve millions of people are compelled, after supporting their own form of doctrine and worship, to help support the clergy of thirteen millions of people whose doctrines and forms of worship they do not believe in harmony with the New Testament. It is to be borne in mind, also, that the Established Church began with about all the people in her fold. Now, it is more than probable that more than half have gone into other folds. This shows the strength and direction of the tide of religious progress and is an unerring index of the final issue. Disestablishment must come, whether to the betterment of the state church through casting her upon her own spiritual and material resources, or to the development of greater spirituality and power, or to her weakening, as she proves unable to meet the strain.

—FALSE.—We referred, last week, to the death by starvation of two ladies at Mount Holly, New York. It had been so reported widely in the press. The whole story has since been proved to be the fabrication of a sensational reporter. The ladies died of fever. On reading the account in the papers, friends from different quarters sent in money to the survivors, and it was, in every case, returned, as they were comfortably off. The reporter who set the story in circulation should be punished severely.

—INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.—Yes, there are inconsistent Christians. We are not to unchristianize those who are not living correct lives. There may be the inner struggle of a real new life, which none but the eye of God sees. Let us admit the fact that all inconsistent professors are not hypocrites. Any one who has sought to win this class back to a devoted life will be surprised at the response they will get to their kindly effort. In hosts of cases, a little help and sympathy will bring their lives up and steady them anew for the race. Then, is there not too much made out of the inconsistencies of Christians? Irreligious men are often the sharpest critics. The standard they set, as long as it is for other people, is very high. They think if they were Christians how much better they would live than the commonplace professors around; but they take good care not to put the matter to the test. There is a subtle self-flattery and justification in it all. While they attempt nothing, they have a very pleasant feeling in view of the superiority they would have over ordinary Christians, did they profess. They even excuse their failure to attempt anything because of the determination to do such great things, if they ever begin service. So they give professors little credit, and harp on their faults. If there are fifty well-living men and one who lives ill, they see only the latter. So Christianity gets little credit for the multitude of quiet lives it lifts into beauty and strength, while it is assailed for all the faults of the unfaithful.

—DISCUSSION.—We wrote out our reference to the letter in the *Maple Leaf* while absent from St. John before knowing what Bro. Weeks intended to do. The paper containing his reply had been destroyed before we saw it. We see by last week's *Maple Leaf* that several are out on the other side. But one Baptist because of the plainness of the Scripture teaching supporting his views, is usually more than a match for a goodly number of opponents. So, we are sure, it will be in this case.

The Edomites.
Please permit me to speak in praise of "The Edomites." In the preface to the author, Mary L. Tupper Witter, states modestly that her work is done "for the young only." A very slight examination of the book will serve to show that her work merits the attention of those who are advanced both in years and knowledge. There are probably few Bible students who would not find "The Edomites" a valuable book, not for reading only, but for reference as well. Mrs. Witter's knowledge of the scriptures is comprehensive and exact. Her use of what she knows is judicious. By long study and meditation she has gained an unusual insight into the spiritual meaning of Bible history, and is able to bring forth things new and old, for the warning of sinners and for the edification of the faithful. I hope that "The Edomites" will be as widely circulated and as carefully read as it deserves to be.

O. C. S. WALLACE,
Lawrence, Mass., April '88.

CALVINISTS AND THE DOWN-GRADE.—R. V. Principal Gethin Davies, of Llangollen College, has a capital letter with the above heading in the *Llangollen Advertiser* for a few weeks ago. The heading is borrowed from that of a letter which previously appeared in the *Oswestry Advertiser*. The writer of the letter is a Calvinistic Methodist, who pleads earnestly that the "Corps" (corpus, body)—as his denomination is called by us—should abandon the silly and scriptureless practice of baby-sinking and return to the apostolic practice of baptizing (not sprinkling) believers. While conducting a baptismal service at Pen-y-coed, Ruabon, Principal Davies made an earnest appeal for Christian union on the basis of Christ's own plain teaching. He pointed out that members of other churches were being baptized with believer's baptism all over the land, and that baptistries were being erected in Episcopal and other places of worship. He then read the letter referred to from the *Oswestry Advertiser*. The following day the 1000 Llangollen principal received a private storm of abuse. He was a "liar." The letter was an imposition, &c., &c. To find the truth of the matter he wrote to the editor, who immediately replied assuring him of the bona fides of the letter.—*Freeman*.

Flood Tide.
BY ADDISON F. BROWN.

While the tide was outward swinging there was less of crash and roar,
As the billows from the ocean rolled upon the rocky shore,
But the flood is now returning; and the squadrons of the sea
Once again are rushing landward, with their plumage tossing free.

Far along the rugged coastway, past the bound that eye can reach,
Stretch the lines of angry ermine sweeping inward o'er the beach,
And these regiments of Neptune ever rise in wilder might,
Till beneath a foam wave carpet rocks and sands are hid from sight.

How the music of the breakers takes possession of the air!
O'er the marshes, up the inlets, far beyond to highland lair,
And upon the wings of echo swinging back in measures long;
Thus we hear this voice of nature in a great and faultless song.

Tides that in your daily courses o'er the grave of sailors swing,
Why for me such fascination in the anthem that ye sing,
Thou I love have sailed these waters never to return again:
Why should storm and tide incoming give me joy instead of pain?

In the land of holy promise far beyond the mortal sea,
From the billows and the tempest which are calling now to me,
And from all the earthly trials, they have nothing more to fear,
But I seem to hear their voices, and they sound so strangely near!

It may be 'neath the ocean I shall find a downy bed,
There to rest my weary body till the sea gives up its dead,
While the tides of love immortal wait my spirit to the shore,
Where my Saviour and these loved ones dwell in bright forever more.

West Jeddors, March 29th, '88

By Wheel and By Keel.
NO. V.
BY WHEEL.

The train drew up at Ogden, a thriving city of about 7000 souls, counting Mormons, Gentiles, Chinese and Indians. Here the Union Pacific reigned up to the custody of its twin sister, the Central Pacific, under whose auspices the remainder of our way on wheels was to be accomplished. While the roads were swapping passengers and baggage we had opportunity to survey our surroundings, as well as the shades of night would permit. We needed not to look long nor narrowly to be assured that we were in the "plague-spot of America," as zealous opponents of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, et al. are pleased to dub it. These men of the wide-rimmed hats and ancient, Quaker-like garb, consuming rolls and coffee at the lunch counter, beside us, are surely the disciples of the Prophet. The station variety-store, near the lunch-room, is occupied chiefly with an enticing display of Mormon curios, such as copies of the sacred Book of Mormon, late numbers of Zion's newspapers, tracts, pictures, charms and relics to beguile the heart of a dilettante or an antiquary. One could readily believe that over there in the dark lay Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of the West, with its Zion, or its Sodomo, according as Saint or Gentile spoke, close beside it, and that up and down the valley clustered the hundred villages and towns of Mormondom.

There is plenty of Utah, such as it is. The state of Ohio would go in comfortably about twice, with an odd county or two to boot. The territory consists of two well-defined districts. Its eastern half, through whose northern extremity we had just had such a reckless and precipitate ride, is a mass of wild, dreary, and almost barren mountains, the closely grouped ranges and spurs of the Wasatch and Uintah systems. Among these ranges winds the Colorado, which, adding their waters to those gathered among the heights of Wyoming and Colorado, bears them away through dark and dreadful canyons to the ocean. Though utterly unavailing and all but utterly unexplored, it is a sizeable river enough, flowing nearly fifteen hundred miles, with more dismal and chaotic grandeur to the mile than any other known stream. The mountains of Utah look sufficiently forbidding and unproductive, being clad below with sage-brush, and above with stunted and straggling cedar or pine, or only with the mosses that stain their rocky sides. But like many a surly, crusty old fellow, they hide a generous nature under a cooling face. The refreshing streams which, guided by the hand of man, are making the once desert plain below a pleasant and fruitful land are their gift, and vast treasures of precious metals and minerals lie stored within them.

several lofty islands, and as viewed on a clear day from one of the neighboring peaks it is said to be indescribably beautiful, set in the yellow and grey of the desert around it. Its waters are so salt that even at such a latitude and altitude they never freeze. At the west of the lake stretches the Great American Desert, a sea of sand larger than the sea of salt beside it. It, too, has its islands, bare and blistered rocks that at once relieve and intensify the desolation. The remainder of the basin is, constitutionally, a waste of sage brush and almost as barren as the waste of salt or the waste of sand. When the Mormons, dislodged again and again from their rallying points in the more eastern states, finally, in 1847, chose the Utah Basin as the home of a great agricultural community, it must have seemed almost as much of a "wild cat" scheme, as would be the purchase of Labrador by a syndicate for an orange plantation. [Here shimmered the lake, dead and barren and bitter; there shimmered the desert of alkali beds and sand flats compared to which the ocean beach is a garden; all around shimmered the wilderness of sage brush, its silver-grey worthlessness reaching to the limits of the Valley; above shimmered the mountains, bare and desolate. But this shimmering desolation already yields bread and to spare for 140,000 people, and sends provisions by the train-load into the neighboring states and territories. This miracle has been wrought by a careful system of irrigation by which the waters of the mountain streams, instead of flowing directly to the lake, are spread out in innumerable ditches over the land. By an extension of the same system almost all the basin, except the lake and a desert, will eventually be converted into a land of corn and vines. As "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," so the Salt Lake Basin, as it shall be, will be the gift of the mountains.

Any description of Utah which neglected the Mormons would be like the account of a wedding which ignored the bride's array. Mormonism is the only important American born religion extant, if we except the moribund faiths of the Indians and the Aedover theology. That a movement so absurd, having for its founder a man like Joseph Smith, an unhappy mixture of crank and rascal, if history has not faded; having as its sacred scriptures the Book of Mormon, a ludicrous combination of the Bible and an old manuscript romance purporting to be a history of America from the days of the Tower of Babel, should have achieved so rapid and so considerable a success, should afford the psychologist fine material for a study of the human mind. "The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints," as they name themselves, is about 80,000 strong in Utah, and numbers about 250,000 adherents in the world. They are a zealous missionary people, albeit with a zeal not according to knowledge, and put us to the blush in our languid efforts to evangelize the world. In the sixty years since their origin they have won many believers in England, Iceland, Denmark and the Sandwich Islands, have organized churches in Norway and Sweden, France and Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, Malta and Gibraltar, and even in Palestine, South Africa and Australia, while their missionaries have labored in China, India, Chili, the West Indies, and other heathen lands. Our maritime provinces have not been entirely neglected in these missionary visitations, but have proved, I am happy to understand, an unproductive field. The head-quarters and metropolis of Mormondom is, of course, Salt Lake City, which the Saints are better pleased to call New Zion, or New Jerusalem, believing that here Christ will appear the second time to receive his people unto himself. The various evangelical denominations have recently gained a footing in the city, and are slowly leavening the community. A little church of thirty members represents the Baptist faith.

But now the passengers have appeased their hunger which the clear and frosty air of the mountains had whetted to a razor edge, the baggage is stowed away fore and aft, the whistle blows, the bell rings, and we resume our westward way. Skirting the northern shore of the lake, and hemming our way across the frayed edge of the desert, we strike the slopes of the Toano Mountain, and about midnight have left Utah behind us, salt, sand, sage-brush, saints and all.

CHAM-HARRINGTON,
Yokohama, Japan, Mar. 2.

—Dr. Dawson Bates has published his calculation of the National Drink Bill for last year. It was higher than the previous year— for 1887, £124,953,680; for 1886, £122,905,785; the inc. acc. £2,047,895—possibly owing to the "ubies." On an average it cost one shilling per head to drink the Queen's health. We sometimes talk of sacrifices for religion. The expenditure on alcohol would pay the expense of the site and erection of a good new chapel every half-hour, day and night; or it would support 250,000 ministers of the Gospel.—*Freeman*.

Sleep On.
BY REV. KITTRIDGE WHEELER.

Sleep on now and take your rest! The door which would have led you into the presence chamber of the King has closed. The golden opportunities are not always open to us! The golden hours of duty and of privilege do not wait upon our convenience or our indifference. The highest calls to noble action are not forever sounding in our ears. These great hours of God come to every life, but they do not forever attend us. The dawn does not linger!

Many travellers have gone, and gone again to the summit of Regi Kullm in Switzerland to see the night sunrise bathe a thousand snowy Alps in fire and gold, in leaping flame, in spreading fire! but often heavy sombre clouds o'ercast the east, or sometimes the weary traveller does not hear the morning bugle of the mountaineer! If you are ever there, and hear the call of the strange Alpine horn rousing you from your four o'clock slumbers, telling you the sky is clear, the morning fair, and the East's reaming with the red streaks of dawn, do not dally with delicious sleep! Do not court the soft sweet drowsiness of the warm bed. The mighty sunrise will not wait for thee. Redder and redder grows the East. Banners of flame and leaping cohorts of fire.

Lo, the sun light breaks! The mountains, in encircling amphitheater tier on tier, and peak backed up by higher peak, were assembled in silent awful majesty to behold Him. And as He crowned their snowy heads with glistening glory, they shouted back to Him—"Hail, all hail!" It looked like the morning of the Resurrection! like the victorious dawn of that first day upon the new Heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth Righteousness!

Oh soul, come forth to these morning hours, to these mountain visions; for God would speak to thee. Come up in the morning, and presently unto me in the top of the mount. "God wishes me to be alone with him! God wishes thee to meet him alone! He will heal thy wounds! He will shed his light upon thy tears and make them shine like jewels! He will make thee young again!"—*Christian Sci.*

The First Martyr in China.

In the city of Pok-lo, on the Canton East River, a Confucian temple keeper received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture reader. He would go, through the streets of the city and the country around with a board on his back containing some text of Scripture. So successful was he that in three years' time about 100 people were baptized; and so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that surprise and hostility were excited, and a fierce persecution broke out.

The Christians were driven from the villages, and their property was plundered. The colporteur was seized and twice within forty eight hours dragged before the literati, and called upon to recant. This he refused to do. He was therefore tortured by being suspended by the arms during the night. The next morning he was brought forward in an enfeebled state, pale and trembling, for a second trial. The officials and mandarins were cowed into submission by the gentry; but this brave old man was still firm in his resolve to cleave to his Bible and Christ, and expressed a hope that his judge would some day embrace the new doctrine. This was more than they could tolerate, and like the judges of Stephen, they ran upon him with one accord, and killed him on the spot by repeated blows of their side-arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished the first Protestant Christian martyr in China.—*Christian at Work*.

My Hiding-Place.
BY E. C. H.

I was lonely and sad. The world was so wide, and I so little and defenseless in it. I cried unto my Father. Quickly he answered, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Where is that secret place, that safe covert from the storms and strifes of earth? I asked. And I remembered, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion;" in his own tent, both lay me down in peace and sleep, where "bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure." Truly, all my life I had been fed at the table of his bounty, and he had not suffered "the sun to smite me by day nor the moon by night." But this was not enough. I asked for more. And then came the word, "In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;" in the courts of the Lord's house, in the precious ordinances of his church, and in the communion of saints, the sweet fellowship and Christian sympathy of his own people. I thanked my Father for these; but my heart

trembled. How could I, all "false and tuff'd sin," find a safe resting place in the sanctuary of the Lord; in the Holy of Holies? Did not the very light of his word reveal to me there, now often I had broken his law? And did not the vow of his people, made at his altars, remind me how poor and blamished had been my sacrifice?

Still, out of the depths, I cried unto the Lord; and as I waited, listening, longing, there came welling up from my inmost being the song, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence." My lips answered, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown me his marvellous kindness." He not only promises to supply my temporal needs; not only opens to me the gates of his tabernacle when his people give me a place in his courts, but he comes himself, and to my doubting, trembling soul he promises to "hide me in the secret of his presence." "Hide me." All my weakness, all my folly, all my transgressions; yes, all my inbred sin! Me I, just as I am! He will hide me in the "secret of his presence." He will "hide me from the strife of tongues." He will hide me from that criticism of those who know my weakness. He will hide me from the condemnation of my own guilt. He will hide me from myself. In his presence all of me shall be forgotten. As I gaze on the face of the crucified Lord, even my nature shall be transformed into his own image, till the glory of his countenance shall all be seen. This is the "secret place of the Most High," the "secret of his presence." Blessed hiding-place, "under the shadow of the Almighty!"

Lonely Laborers.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the *Christian at Work*, speaks the following words of encouragement to those who working in obscure corners of the Lord's vineyard: "Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unassisted labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes! yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of after he has never saw their names in print. Your beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps your sister has a class in the Sunday school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles be content. We cannot always be sure where we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.

Be a Christian at Once.

Why do you not decide to be a Christian at once? Do you think you are too sinful? But God says, "He that is athirst, let him come." Are there doctrines which you do not believe? But the promise is, "If any man will, he shall, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." Do you fear lest, having begun a Christian life, you may not be able to hold out? But it is declared, "My sheep hear my voice; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand;" and also, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape." Are you afraid that your happiness may be diminished by the restraints of religion? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Do you hesitate because you think you can do so little for Christ? But, "If the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as it is a hath, not according as it hath not." Is there some sinful indulgence so dear that you cannot decide to abandon it? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Do you mean to be a Christian at some time, and merely are delaying a little before you decide? "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"—*The Congregationalist*.