Messenger and Visitor.

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VOL. V., No. 13. SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1889. Printed by G. W. DAY, Prince Wm. St.

— Mr. Spurgeon has returned to his work, still weak, but full of earnestness and power. He was greeted by an immense audience, which rose, as he appeared on the platform, and sang, "Praise God from whom, etc." ——— Mr. Caine's attack on Protestant missions, to which our English correspondent refers, seems to have been a very inconsiderate affair. He holds them up as failures and in contrast to the success of Romish missions. And yet, according to government statistics, as the Methodist *Times* shows, the Protestant are progressing more than five times as fast as the Romish. ——— Divorces have increased in the United States from 9,937 in 1867 to 15,687 in '77 and to 25,525 in '86, or twice as fast as the population. May Canada never get ahead of our neighbors in this evil business. ——— The American Baptist Missionary Union needs to receive $125,000 before April 15th, to close the year free from debt. ——— Dr. Robinson is about to resign the presidency of Brown University. ——— The Pope calls the Protestant missionary societies 'moral pests.' We always thought his holiness had queer ideas of both morality and pests. ——— It is noteworthy that Dr. Crandall, who succeeds Dr. Dowling at Cleaveland, was once an open communion Baptist and joined the Baptists because he had become a believer in the strict practice, just as Dr. Dowling left the Baptists because he became an open communionist. Many men of many minds. ——— The *Western Recorder* asks a Presbyterian contemporary a pertinent question. Dr. Van Dyke esteems infants of believing parents fit subjects of baptism; because they are regenerated at birth, and this idea is being more and more widely adopted by Presbyterian controversionalists. They are also staunch believers in the perseverance of the saints. The question is, what has become of Ingersol's regeneration, his father having been a Presbyterian minister? Our genial friend, the *Presbyterian Witness*, has adopted the doctrine of hereditary regeneration. Perhaps it will answer this simple question. ——— We are informed that the stay of proceedings in the Scott Act cases in Fredericton has been granted by Judge Fraser on the ground that the witness against the parties is a relative of the Police Magistrate—second cousin, we believe. We either have laws of marvellous sapience, or judges who possess this quality in wonderful measure. Would a murderer have to go free because the only witness was a relative of the judge, even though there was no doubt he committed the crime? But the question will be argued by and by; and in the meantime the accused can continue to sell. ——— The Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment has been defeated in New Hampshire. The old party politicians generally went against it. As long as prohibitionists are more wedded to these parties than to prohibition, defeat may be expected. ——— Five hundred children under ten years of age were taken into custody last year in London for being "drunk and incapable." How horrible! ——— A pastor in sending us the name of a brother who had been without the Messenger and Visitor for a few weeks, writes: "Bro. —— charges me to say to you that he has tried to dispense with the Messenger and Visitor; but would prefer to dispense with his tea." May the paper be a great blessing to this dear brother. ——— In our obituary column will be seen the death notices of Mrs. E. Hickson, of Carleton, and of Mrs. Dr. Pryor, Halifax. Our bereaved brethren will have the tenderest sympathy of many, in their loneliness. ——— Many have been shocked by reading in the secular papers the report of the death of Miss Buttrick, late teacher of music at Acadia Seminary. She went to Berlin at the close of the Spring term to qualify herself more fully for her work. There are various rumors, but all that is known is that she left her boarding house, Wednesday, March 13, saying she was going to visit friends. As she did not return, her friends became alarmed and notified the police to institute a search. No trace of her was discovered until her body was found floating in the river Spree on the 16th.

— Our Hymnal.—Dr. Clark, late of Toronto Baptist College and now of Hamilton, New York, writes a very discriminating and appreciative review of the Canadian Baptist Hymnal for the *Canadian Baptist*. As he is noted for his good taste and critical acumen all over America, his opinion will be read with interest. He writes:

It is a book of comely appearance and convenient size. It has 436 pages, and contains 751 hymns. It is as well printed as one would ask, and is attractive to the eye. My copy is fairly well bound. The committee are certainly to be congratulated upon the success of their work in the externals. If they have been able to keep the price where they intended, they have been wonderfully successful in book making.

But what have we within the covers? Can we read, and sing, and still congratulate the makers of the book and the people for whose use it was made? Yes, we can read, and sing, and still congratulate. The book is a good one. Of course I can express no taste and judgment but my own; but my personal verdict is that the Canadian Baptist Hymnal ranks very high among the Hymn-books that are used by the Baptist brotherhood. The average of hymns in the Baptist churches in the United States would be decidedly raised if they were all to adopt this book. The users of one or two of our selections might possibly suffer by the change, though I am not so sure of it; while the users of the most of them would have a richer book in their hands than they had had before.

He adds further on in his review:

A positively poor hymn the book does not contain. The editors have held a high standard, both in literary taste and in religious quality. They have made a book that is devotional rather than didactic, as a hymn book should be, and yet they have not been unmindful of Christian doctrine. Here and there I have detected an unrythmical spot, a line or stanza that would not sing as well as it reads. I have noted one or two entire hymns that are not well constructed for singing; but the proportion of such matter is very small. Tastes will necessarily differ, and individuals will have their choices and dislikes; but a congregation that rejected this book on account of the quality of its hymns must be hard to suit.

Our churches need have no fears in adopting the Hymnal, that they will not do as well as it were possible to do so far as the quality of the hymns are concerned, while in cheapness of price it is beyond comparison.

— The Reason of it.—The Lutheran *Standard* deplores the decline of infant baptism, and instances the case of the Presbyterians. In their Northern church there is an average of less than four infants baptized to each congregation; while in their Southern church the average is but little over two each. The *Standard* thinks "this phenomenon can be explained only on the ground that they see in baptism not a means of grace, but only a venerable ceremony of the church without intrinsic importance or value." It is very true that infant baptism must be considered a means of grace, saving or otherwise, if it is to maintain its place. If it is not this, it is perfectly meaningless. If our Presbyterian friends should all cast aside the idea that it is a condition to the blessings of the covenant of grace, infant baptism would die out still faster among them.

— Cuba.—Dr. Tichenor, Secretary of the Southern Baptist Board of Home Missions, has just returned from his trip to Cuba, whither he went to pay the first instalment of the price of the theatre purchased as a house of worship for the Baptist Church at Havana. His report is full of cheer. About 1,500 have been baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist churches in Cuba. About 500 of these have been added this last year. Discipline is rigorously maintained. Neglect of duty and failure to attend church worship is followed by prompt measures to reform; if these fail, exclusion follows. Yet, in Havana, in a church of 1,000, but five have been excluded. The work is growing. It is in favor with all classes. Members of the best families attend Baptist worship, including a Marquis of Spain and his daughters. The persecuting days seem over. The law is put in force for their defence, and the work of Mr. Diaz and his helpers is recognized as a great power in Havana and has the sympathy of its best citizens.

— Good Discipline.—In the above note reference is made to the fact that in Cuba, where the discipline in the Baptist churches is strict and prompt, the exclusions are very few. Is not the nature of the discipline one reason why such a small number are excluded. The discipline of a church measures its conception of what a Christian life ought to be, and gives to its members their idea of what these should recognize as such a life. If this be lax and low, the lives of a large proportion of the membership will correspond. Again, it is much easier to check decline in a Christian life in its earlier stages than when it has become more advanced and confirmed. Multitudes who have been excluded from churches, or who are hanging on to their skirts as dead weights, might be useful and growing Christians to-day, had their cases but been taken in hand in time, and kindly measures adopted to help and hold them, just as many who are in their graves or are confirmed invalids, might be well and strong to-day, had prompt remedial measures been adopted, when the first symptoms of disease appeared. It is easier to keep well when one is well than to keep from dying when once sick. So we conclude that one reason why so few are cut off from the Cuban Baptist churches, is, because they try to keep their members from declining in grace. Is not this also one secret of their marvellous success? The lesson for our churches is obvious.

— Personal Rights.—There has been sent us, with a request to exchange, *The Personal Rights Advocate*. It is to advocate the rights of each man to drink rum to his heart's content, and, we suppose, rob his family of his earnings, beat his wife, become a criminal, steal and murder, as the case may be, seeing that all these ever follow, in a large proportion of instances, from the uncurbed drinking habit. This *Personal Rights Advocate* thinks it great tyranny to try and protect the drinker himself from the fell power of the cup, his wife and children from the wretchedness and misery drink entails upon them, and the community from the pauperism and crime which ever dog the footsteps of the liquor traffic, by means of prohibitory legislation. No, Mr. Personal Rights Advocate, we are the advocate of the personal rights of women and children and the tempted, and we want nothing of, him who will support the right of people to get rich upon the vice and misery of thousands. Still, there are some good people who are ever ready to be duped by this cry of personal rights, as though those who tempt and destroy had a monopoly of rights and the tempted and the victims had none.

The Benefit of Public Worship.

Away from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore,
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

* * * * * * * *

Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

—*Original version of I. Watts.*

Sparks from My Anvil.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of our back window toward the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on our side of the fence we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that an injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

On the wintry morning of which we speak our neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cool air would completely harden it. What was our dismay to see that our dog Carlo, on whose early education we were expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer. We hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking that he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed he was so far submerged that when he heard us, with quick and unfuriate pace, coming up close behind, he could not get his head out, and so he started with the encumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after a while, in order to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edward Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions they each got possession of their own property.

Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him.

Lesson for dogs and men! "Come in!" says the gray spider to the house-fly; "I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals, and a gay life. Walk on this suspension bridge. Give me your hand. Come in my sweet lady fly. These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is gobelin. I am a wonderful creature. I have eight eyes, and of course can see your best interests. Philosophers have written volumes about my antennæ and cephalathorax." House-fly walks gently in. The web rocks like a cradle in the breeze. The house-fly honored to be the guest of such a big spider. We all have regard for "big bugs." "But what is this?" cries the fly, pointing to a broken wing, "and this fragment of an insect's foot. There must have been a murder here! Let me go back?" "Ha! ha!" says the spider, "the gate is locked, the draw-bridge is up. I only contracted to bring you in. I cannot afford to let you out. Take a drop of this poison and it will quiet your nerves. I throw this hook of a fang over your neck to keep you from falling off." Word went back to the house-fly's family, and a choir of great green-bottled insects sang this psalm at the funeral:

"An unfortunate fly a visiting went,
And in a gossamer web found herself pent."

The first five years of a dissipated life is comparatively easy, for it is all down hill; but when the man wakes up and finds his tongue wound with blasphemies, and his eyes swimming in rheum, and the antennæ of vice feeling along his nerves, and the spiderish poison eating through his very life, and he resolves to return, he finds it hard travelling, for it is up hill, and the fortresses along the road open on him their batteries. We got into sin hop-skip-and-jump; we come out of it creeping on all fours.

Let flies and dogs and men keep out of mischief. It is smooth all the way there, and rough all the way back. It is ice-cream for Carlo clear down to the bottom of the can, but afterward it is blinded eyes and sore neck and great fright. It is only eighteen inches to go into the freezer; it is three miles out. For Robert Burns it is rich wine and clapping hands and carnival all the way going to Edinburgh; but going back, it is worn-out body, and lost estate, and stinging conscience, and broken heart, and a drunkard's grave.

Better moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he should be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat, all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surroundings they plunge their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears.

Young Catchem has one horse, but wants six. Lives in a nice house on Thirtieth street, but wants one on Madison square. Has one beautiful wife, but wants four. Owns a hundred thousand dollars of Erie stock, but wants a million. Plunges his head into schemes of all sorts, eats his way to the bottom of the can till he cannot extricate himself, and constables, and sheriffs, and indignant society, which would have said nothing had he been successful, go to pounding him because he cannot get his head out.

Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming, nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment of which I have been the stenographer.—*N. Y. Observer.*

W. B. M. U.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come."

A Heathen Woman's Prayer.

Take me nearer to your Jesus!
Scarce I know of whom I speak,
But my life is very weary,
And my heart is very weak,
And you say that He can help me—
That the Christ of woman born
Will not spurn my feeble pleading,
He, my sorrow will not scorn.

Take me nearer, if you love Him;
To His throne, you know the way;
Let your stronger faith support me,
Teach my lips the words to say;
Help, oh help me find His presence,
For my feet in darkness grope;
I may die and never find Him,
Christ my last, my only hope.

Take me nearer to the Healer!
For my soul is sick with sin,
And I need the strong life giver
Who can make me new within,
And I need the tender Shepherd,
Who will lift me to His breast,
And content my longing spirit
With His love and home and rest.

Take me nearer, ever nearer;
For I faint beneath the weight
Of the burdened life I carry,
And I dread to meet the fate
Which must come, or soon or later,
With its swift and stealthy tread
To enshroud my soul in darkness
With the cold and silent dead.

Take me nearer to your Jesus!
And the blessing yours shall be
Of a soul that near to perish
From the captor is set free;
And another star in glory
So shall shine to Jesus' praise,
And another heart shall love Him
Through the bright eternal days.

The quarterly union inissionary prayer meeting was held in Germain St. Church on Wednesday, the 20th, as announced. Two hours were spent in earnest prayer and in loving testimony for the Master. The appeal passed by the missionaries at the late Telugu conference was read. Our brethren ask for fifty-two missionaries to be sent at once.

Work, for the night cometh.

Our sisters will hear with sorrow of the illness of our dear Sister Martell. She has been failing for some time and is now entirely prostrate. Special prayer is asked for her speedy recovery.

AID SOCIETIES, ATTENTION.

Please remember that all monies raised for Home Missions by Aid Societies is to be sent direct to the Treasurer of the Union, Mrs. Manning, 268 Robie street, Halifax, N. S., in order that it may be appropriated by the Union at the annual meeting in August, according to Article 8 of the Constitution. Please bear this in mind.

HINDU WIDOWS.

[By one of themselves in the North of India.]

The writing lady of the Zenana begins by saying that in any caste or family of Hindus the treatment is bad enough; but that her caste being a good one, and her family being rich and well-to-do, the customs are enforced with great vigor. When the moment that discrowns the Hindu matron arrives, not one relation may approach her. In waiting are kept ready from three to six wives of barbers who know their office. The moment that the husband has drawn his last breath, these rush on the widow and strip her of her ornaments. Trinkets plaited into her hair are dragged out, ear-rings and nose-rings are wrenched off so as even to tear the cartilage. Her arm is stretched on the ground, and the gold or silver armlets which surround it are hammered with a stone till the metal, often of considerable solidity, breaks. All this, even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means.

At the funeral procession the male relations come first, following the corpse, after them the female relations, and behind them all comes the widow, led by the barbers' wives. Even the men are on foot. The barbers' wives take care that the widow shall not approach nearer than two hundred feet to any other woman; for woe to the wife on whom should fall the shadow of the ill-omened one! that wife would soon be a widow too! While the main body of the harpy attendants drag the poor creature along, one of the number goes forward in advance and shouts to passers by to keep out of the way of the accursed thing.

The widow's sisters or mother may be bleeding at heart for her, but they do not even dare to look on her face.

When the procession has reached the bank of the stream on which is prepared the funeral pyre, the widow is pushed into the water. It matters not what the weather is, a burning sun, or an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas, in the water has the widow to lie till the body is consumed, till the funeral party have all bathed, till they have washed and dried their clothes. Then, when at last they are ready to start homeward, she is dragged out of the water as she has been pushed in. She is walked home in her dripping clothes. Oh, cries, the Zenana widow, I would rather choose the suttee.

Union Baptist Seminary.

We are just completing our winter term here. On the whole the term's work has been very satisfactory. The students have enjoyed good health, for the most part, and excellent work has been done. Gradually difficulties incident upon newness disappear and system and order take the place of chaos.

The religious interest has been good. Meetings of interest have been held, and we hope for still better results in this direction. The writer speaks only for himself, but is confident that he expresses the feeling of others, when he says that he desires and intends that the Seminary shall be still more distinctively a Christian school.

Our next term begins March 25th. Shall we not have a good number of new students? St. Martins will be a delightful place during the Spring term, etc.

B. F. Simpson.

St. Martins, March 18.

Literary Notes.

Pamphlet on Baptism.—We have received from Bro. D. G. McDonald a pamphlet on Baptism. It is the substance of a paper prepared by him for the class room at McMaster Hall, and published in this form at the request of the faculty, as we understand it. So good a judge as Dr. Newman speaks in high terms of it. It is well fitted to give our people an intelligent idea of the reasons for immersion as the only baptism. It can be had at the Baptist Book Room, Halifax, for five cents per copy.

The Missionary Review of the World continues to maintain its high average. No one who desires the fullest information on the great subject of missions can afford to do without it. Its articles touch all the motives to missionary effort, while its correspondence and statistics give the latest and most interesting information from all parts of the world. We heartily commend it to our readers—our ministers, especially. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York; $2.00 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, $1.50.

A Paradox.—As to the report that Robert Hall (the great) was never ordained, when asked by a brother why he was not, "Because, sir," said he, "I was a fool."

When John Leland, after a good deal of persuasion, was ordained, he said: "Well, brethren, I do not know how you feel, but for my part, I feel that I am as big a fool as ever."

And both men were right! . . S .

Religion in the Colleges.—The colleges never had so many professing church-members in them as at present. A few examples will show this. Yale College in 1795 had but four or five students who were church-members; to-day nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton in 1813 had but two or three openly professing the Christian faith; to-day about one-half, and among them the best scholars. In Williams College 147 out of 248, and in Amherst 233 out of 352, are members of churches. In many other colleges, as proved by Dr. Hodge, from whose carefully prepared tables these figures are taken, the proportions are still more favorable to the prospects of religion.—*Archdeacon Mackay-Smith in Harper's Magazine for January.*