

## Messenger and Visitor

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### Theodore Harding Rand.

The death of Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, which occurred in Fredericton on Tuesday of last week, has come with the effect of a sudden, sharp blow to the large circle of his personal friends. It is also a cause of deep regret to that larger circle who admired and appreciated him for his distinguished ability and for the important services which he has rendered to his generation. It was, we believe, quite generally known that Dr. Rand was suffering from a form of disease which was not unlikely to have a sudden and fatal issue, and therefore the shock of the sad intelligence was somewhat less violent than otherwise it would have been, but the regret and sorrow at his departure are no less keen and real. The Baptists of Canada have reason to mourn the taking away of a man of so princely endowments and noble purpose, who, with loyal heart and generous spirit, has made the denomination and the country at large sharers in the large gifts of heart and mind which heaven had bestowed upon him. And yet, as we think of it all,—not only of the event which has snatched him from us while yet his life-work seemed incomplete, but also of the life he has lived and the work he has done; as we look beyond the silence and the impotence of the still form and the blind face to the large and various activities of the many fruitful years that he has been with us, our grief gives way to gratitude, and our sense of loss melts into a profound thankfulness for the large gift which God gave to us in the person of our brother whom now He has taken to Himself.

We have no desire to write concerning the departed other than words of simple truth. In fulsome adulation concerning any man it is not our habit or intention to indulge. If there are men who never make mistakes, who have no defects of temper and who never fail in perfect duty toward God and men, we have not discovered them. The men we love the best have some faults, and perhaps we do not love them less because they are not so far removed from ourselves that nothing of human weakness and fallibility attaches to them. But nothing should restrain us from paying honest tribute to the men who, cast in larger mould and more generously endowed than most of their fellows, have, with unselfish purpose and untiring earnestness, employed their larger powers in the service of their generation. Such a man was he of whom we write. His natural endowments were far beyond the ordinary. A man of many parts, there was in his full-orbed nature a kindly blending of the elements. He was self-centred, strong and masterful; the quality of his thought was virile; the forces of his life welled up as from one exhaustless fountain, and surged in strong currents through his being; yet those strong forces were obedient to a mind and will that ever acknowledge allegiance to the Divine Master of men. And always a deep sense of the beautiful tempered his eager strength, and lent charm to his thought and its expression. He was a man of action,—wise and far-sighted to plan, patient and indomitable in the execution of his designs, yet few men found a keener delight in intercourse with nature and in contemplative thought. The birds, the insects and the flowers, the hills and the dales, the trees and the rivers, the clouds and the mountains, the dawns and the sunsets, even the tides and the sea-fogs,—all had a voice for him, and spoke unto his soul secrets which he has well endeavored to interpret for our duller ears. The spirit of poetry brooded over his whole life, lending wealth and grace to his thought and its utterance, but it was not until the riper, mellow years were reached that the poetic life within him sought and found adequate expression. Upon his graduation at Acadia, Dr. Rand devoted himself to

the work of education, and from that field of activity he never withdrew. It is as a practical educationist chiefly that he has won recognition from the men of his time. But it is quite possible that, after his work in the field of education shall have been forgotten, his name will live by reason of the poetic inspiration which came to beautiful fruition in those later years, when a partial failure of health had made it impossible for him longer to devote himself with the old intensity to the chosen work of his life.

Lack of space forbids any discussion here of the work which Dr. Rand did in connection with the establishment of the Free School system in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or the service of more recent years in the interests of the Baptist educational work of Ontario. It must suffice to say that the high value of his work as an educationist has been widely recognized both in the east and in the west. It is quite true that neither in the State nor in the ecclesiastical field of education did his ideals and plans meet with unquestioning acceptance. But probably it will not be questioned that, as time has elapsed, the logic of events has gone far to demonstrate the justice of his opinions. Dr. Rand was a man of strong faith and of broad sympathies. He was also pre-eminently a man of hope. A wholesome optimism pervaded his life and his work. He built confidently for the future, believing in better things to come. From first to last he was a Baptist; the broadening horizon of his life begot in him no disposition to break with the old beliefs and the old fellowships. He loved his country with a patriot's heart. The very birds in their wild-wood notes seemed to him to echo his love for Canada.

The death of Dr. Rand was almost tragic in its circumstances. He had gone to Fredericton, accompanied by Mrs. Rand, to be present at the Centennial celebration of the University of New Brunswick, and had spent the Sabbath in the city, worshipping with the congregation of which he had formerly been an active and beloved member. He had seemed to feel much pleasure in meeting his old friends again. His mind was bright and cheerful, and his thoughts flowed freely as he conversed with his friends. He had entered with interest into the Centennial proceedings—though taking no active part therein. On Tuesday afternoon there was a convocation in the hall of the House of Assembly, at which Dr. Rand, among others, was to have received the degree of LL. D., in recognition of his distinguished services to the cause of education and to literature. He had but just taken his seat there, when suddenly the messenger came to summon him from the fellowships and rewards of earth to the higher fellowships and more enduring rewards of the world beyond.

There seemed to be in some sense a fitness that the end should come under such circumstance, in the presence of so much that was suggestive and significant of the work to which Dr. Rand had devoted the energies of his life. It seemed unfitting too that at the last he should be among the friends in whose fellowship some twelve years of his strongest and most fruitful years were spent. A deeply impressive service was held in the Fredericton church on Wednesday evening. Pastor Freeman spoke briefly but eloquently in eulogy of Dr. Rand, and of his connection with the Fredericton church. Rev. Dr. Goodspeed, of McMaster University, uttered some fitting and strongly appreciative words concerning Dr. Rand's work in connection with Baptist educational interests in Ontario, and Dr. Inch, chief superintendent of education, spoke briefly of his work in initiating and establishing the Free School system in New Brunswick. Rev. Dr. McLeod also took part in the service. The remains were conveyed, in the care of Mr. Everett Rand, a brother of the deceased, to Cornwallis, N. S., there to be laid beside their kindred dust. Nova Scotia has given birth to many distinguished sons. But when we seek among them for men who have united to large endowments high Christian ideals and untiring devotion to the noblest ends, we shall not find many names more worthy to be kept in memory than that of Theodore Harding Rand.

For the relatives and friends in their bereavement our sympathies go out, and especially to Mrs. Rand in her great sorrow and irreparable loss.

### New Testament Tragedy.

Our Bible lesson for the current week gives us a glimpse into the tragedy of life. The effect of living a sinful life is doubtless to sear and deaden the conscience, but in some bad men conscience long survives, as a gnawing remorse, a lurking memory that springs now and again into fierce, serpent-like life, to terrify with awful dreams or with superstitious fears. King Herod had put to death God's prophet. The brave, strong voice that had reproved him for

his sin was silent in death. The royal murderer and murderess might take their fill of sin, and that hated voice would never speak again to reprove their wickedness. But Herod's heart was not at rest, and when he heard of the wonder-working power manifesting itself in the ministry of Jesus he said—It is John whom I beheaded. After all, Herod's fear was not altogether irrational. His superstition was at least the caricature of a great truth. For there is a sense in which God's prophets are always rising from the dead and performing mighty works. The workers die, the work goes on. The prophets are slain by wicked hands, but from the soil watered with their blood others spring up to preach the truth in still fuller tones and to do still mightier works.

What we learn of Herod in this passage shows that he was not wholly lacking in respect for goodness and truth. When he met with John the Baptist and heard his discourse, he felt that he was in the presence of "a just man and a holy," and was not untouched by reverence for the prophet and for the truth which he so uncompromisingly declared. But this Herod, like another of the name, and many another man of like nature, heard the truth only to tremble at it, not to obey it. He saw the light, but not to walk in it. He knew that the voice of John the Baptist was the voice of God to him, knew that he ought to set the prophet free and obey his word. But the wicked spirit which ruled his life determined him to say No to the better promptings. Some day he might do it, but not yet. So he left the prophet to languish in the dungeon, and went back to his sinful life, thinking to come another day and again hold converse with the prophet. But that convenient day did not come. Instead there came an hour of judgment for Herod when the fire of wine was in his veins and a beautiful girl performed lascivious dances, and a foolish promise, confirmed with a reckless oath, led to murder, and Herod's soul was stained with the blood of God's prophet. There is eloquent warning in this example of Herod, for so it happens to men who despise God's reproofs. Suddenly, when they are not looking for it, the time of sifting comes, and they stand revealed for what they are. It is not having a conscience that makes a man just, but obeying it; it is not hearing the truth, but rendering obedience to it, that saves men from perdition.

For Herod, as for every other man, there were good and evil influences at work upon his life; some that would have lifted him upward had he heeded them, others that only too surely dragged him downward. Among the worst and strongest of those evil influences was that of his wife Herodias. Generally the influence of woman as it appears in the New Testament is gracious and helpful, but there are exceptions, of which this is the most striking. Today, perhaps, more generally than in any other period of the world's history, the influence of woman in the world is for good, but it is still far enough from being universally so. There is no more gracious and beautiful ministry in the world than that of the women who are seeking with earnest, prayerful purpose to help their husbands and their children heavenward. And there are, perhaps, no agencies more effective in the interests of Satan's kingdom than that of the women who are bowing down in worship to the god of this world. As we look upon the picture of the wicked, callous-hearted Herodias, it is well for us to consider that the influences which go to produce such evil womanhood have not yet been banished from the world. The temptation to sacrifice honesty and truth, purity and piety to the desire for change and excitement, fashion, wealth and position, appeals to women today more widely and powerfully than ever before. Is it the shameless womanhood of the slums, or the fashionable womanhood of upper-ten-dom that is doing most today to turn the hearts of men away from God?

### A Treasury of Canadian Verse.\*

If anyone is disposed to question whether the sons and daughters of Canada have produced a sufficient wealth of poetic literature to justify the publication of a volume of the character which the title above indicates, we are sure that a very cursory perusal of the volume itself will remove all doubts on that score. The gathering of this anthology was doubtless to the editor now gone from us a work of love, but it was an undertaking demanding the most patient

\*A Treasury of Canadian Verse: with brief biographical notes; selected and edited by Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L., author of "At Mine Basin and other Poems." Toronto: William Briggs; London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price \$1.25.

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