

twelve! the third Sabbath eight! and I gave it up. The truth is, the negro will not go our Prayer-book!" Then turning to an Old School Presbyterian minister who was present, he added,—"You Pre-byterians cannot do much with the Freedmen either. They belong mainly to the Baptists and the Methodists. And the responsibility of these two denominations is very great and very grave!"—*Exchange.*

NOT AN "OPEN-DOOR" CHURCH.

Sabbath morning, November 23rd, a large congregation assembled at Gethsemane Baptist church, Brooklyn, to hear a sermon from the pastor, Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, on "The Open Door," or "Why should not all Christians commune together?" Mr. Walsh has been known to be very tolerant and charitable toward all Christians, and there having been large additions to the church recently, it was supposed by some that he intended to take the opportunity to make the "open-door" departure. "Open-door" Baptists have for some time past claimed the church, and "open-door" literature has been persistently circulated in that vicinity. All that expected a "new departure" were disappointed before the sermon had advanced far. Among other things Mr. Walsh said: "At the time I left the Congregationalists to join the Baptists, I did so at great personal sacrifice, leaving college associates, relatives and influential friends, to go into a denomination where I knew nobody and nobody knew me. The step cost heart-burnings, money, friends and influence. But God has paid me back since in manifold ways many times over. I became a Baptist by no over-persuasion, but solely because my Bible led me. I became a Baptist after mature deliberation during months of travel in a foreign land, and now, after a few years' connection with the denomination, I find the convictions that led me to unite with this branch of God's people deepening. I am a happy, contented Baptist. I do not find myself in any bondage. As for our church I do not know a single member that deems it expedient to depart from the faith. I know that all the spiritual officers are a unit for the 'old landmarks.' The church will hold to baptism before communion as of yore. We will hold to large charity and toleration in the practical application of our principles, yet steadily hold and teach them." "The only open door I know to the communion-table is baptism into Christ. That door is always open. Nothing hinders the Christian union of all who choose to enter." "We would be sacrificing conscience to go out for the sake of union—outsiders loving union will sacrifice only convenience to come in. There is no true feast without. The symbol-baptism and communion are two parts of one picture: the dead man raised up and nourished. Communion without immersion symbolizes, whether it be a fact or not, the feeding of a dead man. The sprinkled Christians are advised to be immersed, and so get the whole picture. We are not saying do not commune with us, but we are saying, do not commune at all until you commune aright. We shall feel as badly to have you commune elsewhere as here, while unbaptized."

"All had better accept the inevitable. In the face of all unreasonable persecution from the foundation of this nation until now, we holding our views have flourished. The baptized practitioners of open-communion have but flourished much, and are now on the numerical decline. Figures do not lie, and figures show that according to our present proportionate rate of growth, all persons old enough to form an opinion will be Baptists 110 years hence. Come now, for you must be in our fold, leave the United States, or die inside of one hundred and ten years. Figures make that fact clear."

These are but a few straws showing the drift of a sermon over one hour in length, and attentively listened to to the end.

GETHESEMANE—in N. Y. Ec. & Chron.

REV. DR. BENEDICT, of Rhode Island, now ninety-five years old, once attended a meeting of the Baptist Triennial Convention at Washington, D. C., when an exploring missionary reported that he thought the military station, Chicago, would be a suitable place for a missionary, as he thought there would some day be a Baptist Church there.

Foreign Missions.

For the Christian Messenger.

JOHN CONCORDANCE'S SERMON.

"I am fully persuaded, said a pastor to one of the churches of the Armenian Mission, Turkey, 'that every church is not only able to support its poor, but its pastor too.'"

"The truth of this last remark was strikingly illustrated by the church in Shepik, the poorest and feeblest in the field, which for thirteen years had paid almost nothing for preaching, and was supposed to be a permanent pensioner on missionary bounty; but all at once it raised enough for the support of the preacher, besides nearly two hundred dollars in gold for the building of a house of worship. A blind preacher from the Harpoot Seminary had been the means of this unexpected result. He was known as John Concordance (Hohannes Hamapapar), on account of his wonderful readiness in quoting Scripture, chapter and verse. He was sent to Shepik, and hearing the complaints of the people about their poor crops and poverty, replied: 'God tells you the reason in the third chapter of Malachi, where he says, 'Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me.' Then, taking for a text, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse' &c., he inculcated the duty and privilege of seeing apart at least a tenth of their earnings for God. The people were convinced, and after paying half of their crops, according to usage, to the owner of the soil for rent and a tenth to the government for taxes, as they must needs do, they gave another tenth to the Lord's 'storehouse'—a room they had set apart for receiving the tithes. And the sermon of this blind preacher, and the example of their poor people, have wrought wonders in the land." *Anderson's History of the Missions to the Oriental Churches.* Vol. II. p. 261.

STRONG MEN.

Some forty years ago five young missionaries met for the first time in China. These men were the two medical doctors, McCartee and Hepburn, the printer, S. Wells Williams, and the ministers, Revs. S. R. Brown and J. C. Legge. Dr. McCartee, after twenty-nine years of continual study, translation, hospital, and dispensary work, and evangelizing labours among the Chinese at Nungpo, is now professor of natural history in the Imperial College in Tokyo, Japan. Dr. Hepburn, who passed through India a year ago, after years of work in China and Japan, has produced his great Japanese and English Dictionary. Dr. S. Wells Williams, besides being the soul of the mission printing press in Shanghai for years, acting as interpreter for Commodore Perry in his expedition to Japan, writing that classic among the books on China, "The Middle Kingdom," and doing all kinds of personal missionary work, has crowned the labours of his life by issuing, through the press at Shanghai, his Chinese English Dictionary, the fruit of thirty years of mental toil. Dr. Williams is now the secretary of the United States legation in Peking. The Rev. S. R. Brown, after labouring for many years in China, was one of the first pioneers in Japan and besides his ordinary missionary labours has composed a valuable grammar of the Japanese language, has been the chief translator of the Scriptures into Japanese, and will end his days at that work. The Rev. Dr. Legge, the last on the list, is the world-known translator of Confucius. For thirty years as teacher, translator, pastor, preacher, and student, Dr. Legge has lived in Hong Kong, averaging in his earlier years fifteen hours of study a day and now at 65, ruddy and stalwart, seems ready to spend thirty years more either at the anvil or the study desk. In Drs. Wilson, and Caldwell, Wenger and Mason, still in the field, and Dr. Duff, at home, India has its parallel to these.

"THE PEOPLE ARE PRAYING, SIR."

Soon after returning from Zanzibar, Sir Bartle Frere called at the Office of the London Missionary Society and made the following statement: "When sailing along the northern coast of Madagascar on a Sunday morning, and as they were not far from the shore he saw a native town. He went on shore in a boat, feeling an anxiety to see what a native Malagasy town was like. He took along with him a native interpreter. They found all the streets deserted, Sir Bartle Frere inquired of

the interpreter the reason for this, and was told, 'the people are praying, Sir.' He was then conducted to a large shed, where 2000 people were devoutly attending the worship of God. He listened attentively, and never saw nor heard a service conducted with such devotedness and propriety. At the close of the service some went away, the others remaining. Through the agency of the interpreter, he was told that the people were next about to hold a communion service. Sir Bartle Frere sat down with them at the Table of our Lord, when the worshippers produced a beautiful silver Communion service all wrought by native silversmiths. 'Never in all Christendom,' added Sir Bartle Frere 'had I seen a Communion service conducted with such propriety.' This station to which Sir Bartle Frere referred was fully 300 miles away from the nearest European missionary station, and when it was asked how the people there came to the possession of the truth, he was told that it had been conveyed thither in 1846 by two native slaves who were sold at the capital, and who had previously been under missionary influence. Wherever their missionaries had penetrated they had found small bodies of believers; and to those men who came home from distant climes, and sometimes said they had never seen a native Christian, he could say was 'More shame for them.' *Friend of India.*

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 31st, 1873.

REVIEW OF THE CLOSING YEAR.

The Messenger visits its friends this week for the last time in Anno Domini 1873. Summer invites our thoughts abroad; winter turns them in upon ourselves. The one helps the mind to objective, the other to subjective exercises. Joined with the influence of this season of the year, is that of the solemn period, by which the end of one year and the beginning of another is marked. The e together with the religious thoughts superinduced by the fact, that each year which closes and each year that begins is a year of our Lord, naturally lead one to reflect upon his personal experiences, and also upon that part of our life that has been before the eye of the world. In both we have exhibitions of God's goodness; and every individual should be prepared to say, "We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God."

During the year, now closing, Death has been unusually busy. A large number of distinguished men have fallen. In the arena of Dominion politics, the versatile, active, astute Sir George Cartier will be missed. He was cut down in the midst of his days. Death snatched him from the ordeal of the Pacific Scandal. He rested in his grave, undisturbed by the struggle, when heroic efforts were made to retain and gain power, and to defend moral and political integrity. This year too terminated the earthly career of Governor Howe. Probably no enemy survives him; those he had died when he died. Nova Scotians will remember the poet, the humourist, the man whose generous heart compelled him to offer his hand to men from whom he had temporary alienation, saying as he did so, 'this life is too short to spend in enmity.' With this distinguished name there is, in the minds of the people of this province, inseparably connected that of another distinguished man who has also passed away to his reward—Hon. Judge Johnston,—more industrious, more laborious, more inflexible, and no less forcible than Howe,—laid aside his armour in the same year that his former most prominent political opponent cast away his. We knew the Judge intimately in religious life. He held firmly to his hope in Christ, spent the last of his days especially in meditations suited to the mind of a believer in Christ, and sought opportunities of leading former friends to preparation for death. He too will be remembered for his many excellencies, his abilities and successful life.

The wreck of the "Atlantic" and the storm of the 24th and 25th of August, are sad calamities that fell within the bounds of the dying year. The first day of April and the 24th day of August 1873, will be long remembered by many both in and out of Nova Scotia. The struggle for life at Marr's Rock and the plunge into eternity of 362 souls was a catastrophe not soon to be forgotten. The Eastern part of our province will not easily forget the terrible night in which their vessels were

stranded, their wharves and warehouses swept away, their houses and barns unroofed or demolished, the fruits of their fields, and their hard earned, winter stores destroyed. In the terrors of that night when the elements were in conflict death rode the crested waves, and flew upon the dark wings of the hurricane. Many made a watery grave that night, and many hearts are sad yet; and dear ones are missed at firesides in these long winter evenings.

The war spirit has stirred a little the hearts of our neighbors just as 1873 was passing. But the "Virginian" has been surrendered and the rights and honour of the nation are vindicated without drawing the sword. The hurry in dockyards and arsenals preparing to tinge the sea and dye the land again with human blood, has ceased, and the nation breathes freely once more. That nation too has lost some of her brightest ornaments in 1873. The head of her judiciary has paid the last debt. A shaft from the bow of the insatiable and cruel destroyer laid Chief Justice Chase low in death. Death climbed to the pinnacle of honour, where this illustrious Judge had been placed by his countrymen, and laid his ruthless hand upon him fatally as if he had been the commonest citizen; and as if to show how all human distinctions are spurned by the fell Destroyer, who is upon the track of us all, a blow was aimed successfully at the first man in science as one had been directed against the first in law. Chief Justice Chase and Professor Agassiz are both numbered among the fallen of 1873. Agassiz fell contending manfully and successfully with the infidel scientists who would have no God seen in the world; but would have for nature's architect and nature's governor nothing but blind force. The daring speculators would have seen a thorough refutation of their theories through the *Atlantic Monthly* had this great scientist lived during 1874. But his work was accomplished.

New York city has witnessed at the end of this year another act in the drama of civic corruption. A number of men of distinguished abilities and unscrupulous character verily thought that corruption and fraud had permanently succeeded in their hands. By cleverness and dexterity they fancied justice would track them in vain, that "Their sins could not find them out." The assassin's bullet sent poor Fisk in to the presence of his God; and justice sent Tweed at fifty to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island to wear a larceny-jacket, and work there ignominiously till he is sixty-two years old or till death shall release him. The man, of full habit and florid countenance, bearing down about 300 lbs., avoirdupois, standing bold and defiant, in 1870, in Tammany Hall, boasting that he held New York city in his pocket; and the man pale and hung about with loose fitting clothes, sobbing on the neck of his poor wife in the Tombs, was Tweed in the pride and glory of his ill-gotten gain, and Tweed disgraced and condemned. The wife and children with whom he had fared sumptuously for many a day were rolled away in their carriage to their home, in which the husband and father is to be seen no more for twelve long years; and poor Tweed was hurried away accompanied by his faithful son to the States' Prison where a record was made of his name, entrance, age, weight and religion. "No religion" was his reply to the inquiry on that point. He once occupied a seat in a Baptist Church. If he refused to accept Christ as his Saviour, as he did; it was well he learned that he had "no religion." It speaks well for his preacher that Tweed had been taught this fact. He was doubtless honest in this respect that he avowed it in reply to official inquiry.

It would be well for thousands who have no more religion than Tweed if they knew it; and would as frankly acknowledge it. The fall of Tweed is a warning in blunder tones for the ears of the dishonest.

If the present Dominion Government that had its birth in 1873 will shun all the evils charged upon the late Government whose death occurred in the same year, and also fulfil all that the people have been encouraged to hope from it, then unquestionably it will be a great blessing to this new country. Time will tell. Give the youth a fair chance! We are now in peace and quietness, except now and then a passage at arms in New Brunswick about school matters.

Across the water the year has brought forth some things of a world

wide interest. The Pope has been at death's door and King William has been sick, but they are both still alive. The pious old Emperor and his pious friend Bismarck hold firmly in their own hands the power of the State; and designing Jesuits and Ultramontane servants are taking the bitter consequences. The Pope has undertaken to instruct the King in matters of religion and liberty; and the King has also attempted to instruct the Pope. But Pope Pius the IX has fears within and fears without; foes at home and foes abroad. John Knox's plan has not been adopted—to tear down the nests for the purpose of scattering the rooks; but the rooks have been driven away and the nests have been used for other purposes. Religious houses have been emptied by Victor Emanuel and converted to other uses. Refractory religious brothers and sisters have been ejected from Asylums, and government officials have taken their places. The hand of God is upon the old man blasphemous, and it will be seen ere long that the hand that writes upon the wall "the glory has departed" from Tweed, the public plunderer, will also write a heavier sentence against him who has daringly essayed to clothe himself with divine assumptions. This is fore-shadowed by the power and holy boldness with which Canon Grassi, now a Baptist minister, has thrown off the papal yoke, and charged the Holy Inquisition with the dark deeds on which its history is written. Apotheosis power has girded the soul of this hero; and God may yet do much through him in Rome.

At first the Christian world wondered that Pere Hyacinthe did not get further out of Roman Catholicism; but during the year that passes, the wonder has been that he has come so far away from the old church to which he clung so tenaciously. The wonder may cease now that his wife is pronounced eminent in ladyship, ability, kindness, and religion, and a Baptist withal. Success to the Father of Notre Dame, now the popular preacher in Switzerland. May he not stop till he gets into the light in doctrine and practice as Father Grassi has before him.

Poor Spain has dragged on through the year; and blood, blood is all along her track. She tortured and murdered God's servants; and now in turn God gives her blood to drink. May her redemption soon begin. She was not worthy of the labours of Curraeco. He stood on the crowded deck of the *Ville du Havre* when she disappeared beneath the wave of the Atlantic. Now he stands before the throne. Here is another event by which 1873 will be long remembered. The collision, the awaking of hundreds from sleep—the rush to the deck, the consternation, the fear, the faith, the struggle, the sinking of the ship with hundreds huddled on her deck; the rising to the surface and the sinking again of some, and the rescue of others, and all is over. This was a scene in the closing part of 1873.

This year of events saw a crisis in the history of the present Government of Great Britain. The Premier drew down the reins of power at the feet of adverse voters; but the man could not be found with courage sufficient to take them up and attempt to guide the State. Gladstone still rules. Death has also selected some of the distinguished ones on these Islands for his fatal shafts. The exiled Napoleon ended his earthly career at Chiselhurst. Hedded in the asylum that he chose from among the nations. John Stuart Mill, the utilitarian and scholar ended his moral life in the same year that the third Napoleon gathered up his feet in death. He acknowledged no God and consequently gave God no service. God gave him extraordinary talent, but he would return nothing for them. He was a scholar when a boy; and an infidel when a man. All the worship that he ever paid was to his wife, whom he has now followed into the eternal world. How sad that Christianity should have been robbed of the genius and power of John Stuart Mill.

But in Britain, 1873 witnessed happier scenes of closing life. The sainted Baptist Noel passed away to his reward. In early life he laid social position, rank, and ecclesiastical preferment on the altar, and sacrificed them all for conscience and for Christ. He was beloved and respected in life, and his name fragrant with piety is enshrined in the hearts of thousands who said when he died "a great man has fallen in Israel to-day." In North Britain too, 1873 gave some ripe sheaves to the heavenly garner. Dr. Guthrie has gone to that Paradise he so often depicted by word painting, to eager listening congrega-