

An Allegory

King Solomon the great one resolved that he would have a garden for his enjoyment. He selected a piece of land not far from his palace. He resolved it should be made as delightful as possible, that none of the vast resources of the wealth and taste of his empire should be spared for that purpose.

First, he chose the plot of land. When he went to look at it it was a wilderness. It was overrun with thorny briars; what flowers there were were coarse and gaudy, and the only fruit was poisonous berries. Here and there were ugly masses of rock and little pools of filthy water. Some fierce, venomous snakes had made their lairs amidst the underwood. As the friends of the King looked at the place they said one to another, "What a wretched spot. It will be impossible to make a beautiful garden here." But the King said, "I have set my heart upon it, and it shall be done."

But first of all it was discovered that the land did not rightfully belong to the King. He would do nothing unjust, so he resolved to purchase it. Upon enquiry it was found that the price would be enormous. But the King's resolution had been made, and immense as was the cost he freely paid it, that the desire of his heart might be gratified (a).

A very skillful husbandman was appointed. He found much to be done. The ill weeds were all rooted out. The brood of vipers was destroyed. The poisonous shrubs were burned. A strong wall was built all around, separating it from the wilderness on every side, and marking it out as belonging to the King. At the same time, seeds of beautiful plants and valuable trees were carefully sown in the ground (b).

In time it put on a very changed appearance. Paths were cut along which the King could walk. Little rosebushes put forth lovely buds. Instead of the prickly thorn there was seen the fir tree lifting its head to heaven. Instead of the stinging brier there was the myrtle with its lovely blossoms like stars from the sky. Beautiful lilies, white and pure, were blooming in abundance. Now and then some bitter herbs would grow up amongst the hyssop, but they were rooted out when seen. There were bay trees with bright green leaves, and figtrees which put forth young and tender figs, and apple trees which gave promise of much fruit, and vines which showed little bunches of grapes. The air around was all perfumed with the scent of cassia, cinnamon and saffron, and sweet cane (c).

Then an invitation was sent to the King. He visited the garden and was pleased with the change. But it was not all he could wish. He had paid a great price. He was resolved it should be very delightful. So he left his commands that care should still be taken to root out of it all remains of the former ill plants, and that some seeds of still more lovely flowers should be sown. Also, that all the fruit bearing trees should be carefully pruned, that they might bring forth more fruit still.

The husbandman continued the work with diligence and care, he kept a strict watch, burning at once all that was dead and decaying. The rains descended and refreshed the leaves. The winds blew and caused the spices to flow out. The sun shone and the flowers appeared, and the fruits ripened. Thus day by day it became more and more beautiful, and more and more fitted for the delight of the King.

Scripture references:—(a) Redemption is the purchase of the soul for God (Eph. i. 7; 1 Pet. i. 18). (b) Conversion is a thorough change. Regeneration means the giving a new life, hence being born again, (1 Pet. i. 23). (c) Sanctification is being made holy. It is progressive (2 Thess. ii. 13). The following texts may also be studied: Is. v. 1-7; Gal. v. 22-24; John xv. 1-8; Solomon Song iv. 16; Is. lviii. 11; Jer. xxxi. 12. These are not half the number of texts upon which the allegory is founded. It may interest and profit young people to search out others.

AVUS.

What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcel and piecemeal.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
Intercommunion.

No. 3.

BY J. C. BLEAKNEY.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

Seldom have I seen a better illustration of this adage than that given in Bro. Hall's article on "The Passover and the Supper," CHRISTIAN MESSENGER June 15, where he denies that it was the rule that each family should observe the Passover separately. He refers to the exceptions, and says, "To me it seems plain that the two families were to come together." It is just here that he has no "Thus saith the Lord." And his objection to my quotation from a learned author, is scarcely consistent with his own assumption. But I am willing to allow the matured opinions of this author—Dr. J. R. Graves—to stand against that of W. E. Hall. And when I tell my readers that I have the concurrence of learned Baptists, they will not think me guilty of egotism.

Rev. W. E. Paxton, author of "The Apostolic Church," says: "My understanding of that matter is that where a family was too small to consume a lamb, it was divided with another, but each family ate it separately, (Ex. xii. 4). Nor do I know of any case 'where a foreign family was called in.'"

Dr. A. S. Worrall, late President of Mt. Pleasant College, says: "Now, reasoning analogically, might we not conclude that as in the Passover each body (family) to which it was committed was required to observe it separately, so should the Supper be restricted to each body (church) to which it was committed; and that as any deviation from the rigid rule of confining the Passover to a single family was provided for by special legislation, so if Christ had designed that intercommunion should be practiced, he would have furnished rules not less definite? I am aware that analogical reasoning when applied to moral subjects is, in general, not so safe as some other methods of reasoning; yet, in the present instance, I am disposed to think the argument is not to be despised, especially when we consider the exclusive nature of the Jewish Christians, to whom, as composing churches of Christ, the ordinance was first committed. They would naturally, it seems to me, restrict the Supper to each church, from associating it in their minds with the Passover, and hence the greater necessity of giving direct and unequivocal instructions on the subject of the Supper if the Saviour had not designed that the ordinance should be restricted to each church."

Permit me to call attention to a few facts which have been stated by Frey, the converted Jew, and others, but not admitted by Bro. Hall.

There is evidently, as Frey observes, "A distinction between the circumstances attending the Passover kept in Egypt and those in after ages." "The number, says the Rabbins, was not to be less than ten, nor more than twenty."

"The first Passover was slain in Egypt by each family in their own house," &c. "This was peculiar to the Passover in Egypt, but after they came into the land of Canaan it was not lawful to sacrifice it anywhere but in the place which God had appointed for his worship," Deut. xvi. 5, 6. The changes of after ages were "partly introduced by the vain traditions received of the fathers."—Hence Josephus tells us that the feast of unleavened bread lasted eight days, whereas, in the law, it is ordered to be kept only seven days," Ex. xii. 15. "It was the custom at Jerusalem for the inhabitants to give the free use of their rooms and furniture to stranger," Matt. xxvi. 17-19; Mark xiv. 12-16; Luke xxiii. 7-13. But "at the original institution and at the first observance of the Passover in Egypt, the Jews were not to go out of their house, lest the destroying angel should meet and kill them. This part of the law is still strictly adhered to by the Jewish nation." See "Frey's Scripture Types," vol. 1.

The following is, I believe, the law which was given concerning the observance of the Passover. "A foreigner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof. In one house shall it be eaten. And when a stranger shall sojourn with thee, and will keep the Passover to the Lord,

let all his males be circumcised, and then let him come near and keep it, and he shall be as one born in the land. . . . They shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house, and if the household be too small for the lamb let him and his neighbour next unto his house take it, according to the number of souls."

Does not this divine law make it the rule, that each family should observe the ordinance separately? Did not the pious foreigner by becoming circumcised become as a member of the family with whom he celebrated the Passover? And did not two families, when each was too small or too poor to furnish a lamb, either divide the lamb between them, or else unite as one family for the observance of the ordinance?

Certainly there was no general indiscriminate union in the celebration of the Passover.

The most that can be said of the two instances is that they are apparent exceptions. But they rather strengthen than weaken the rule when applied to the argument against intercommunion, because the foreigner, having submitted to all the prerequisites, became virtually a Jew himself. And if I should admit that the two families united together in the exceptional case—for which there is no scriptural proof—there is no church so poor as not to be able to furnish bread and wine sufficient for the supper.

It will be seen that the great lawgiver has himself made specific provision for these cases, but where has he provided for the intercommunion among Baptist churches?

Bro. Hall asks, "If two small families would associate at the Passover, and there as in 'analogy between the Passover and the Supper,' what hinders two Baptist families communing together at the Lord's table?"

If he means what he says, "Baptist families," I reply there is nothing to "hinder," provided they both belong to one church! And if by "families" he means churches, I reply, the Saviour has not made any provision for it. There is neither precept nor example for such a practice in the New Testament.

Dr. Harvey, Prof. of Theology in Hamilton Seminary, N. Y., in his late work, "The Church," p. 221, says: "It is a symbol of church fellowship. When a man eats of that 'one bread' and drinks of that 'one cup' he, in this act, professes himself a member of that 'one body,' in hearty, holy sympathy with its doctrines and life, and freely and fully 'subjecting himself to its watch care and government,' (1 Cor. x. 17). Hence in 1 Cor. v. 11, the church is forbidden to eat (in the Lord's Supper as the context clearly shows) with immoral persons, thus distinctly making the ordinance a symbol of church fellowship."

Would it not be proper and fair for brethren, who are not immediately connected with the discussion between Bro. Munro and myself, to wait until Bro. M. has closed his affirmative of this question? It is inconvenient for one person to conduct the negative of a proposition against two or three affirmatives. Brethren should consider this!

For the Christian Messenger.
A Trip to Ontario.

CAMPELTON, N. B.,

June 20th, 1881.

Having been appointed a delegate to visit the Loyal Orange Grand Lodge of British America, held this year at Port Hope, in Ontario, I had a very pleasant trip up through our own provinces, N. S. and N. B. But on leaving Quebec it became fearfully cold for this season of the year, so that at daylight, before arriving at Montreal, (Tuesday, June 7), in all the low places everything was frozen stiff. Potatoes just budding into blossom at Richmond Junction on the Grand Trunk, were frozen black down to the ground.

Shorty after leaving Quebec, my attention was directed by the gentlemanly porter of the Pullman car, to what was to me a very interesting class of passengers, then in one of the first class cars. He said, "Dr., would you like to see a Zulu just from South Africa, as there is one on the train?" On going to the car I found a very finely made, good-looking young African. He spoke English very well indeed, but in the midst of his conversation with me he

kept up constant discourse with the young white people who were with him, in his own language, which is the most beautifully soft of any I ever heard, and for the first time I heard the proper pronunciation of the name of the Zulu king, now a prisoner at the Cape. I found that the young children and others with whom he was conversing were the children and friends of the missionary with whom he was coming to America.

On introducing myself to the missionary, I found him to be the Rev. S. C. Pixley, a Congregationalist, whom I found in another seat, quietly listening to our chat with the young Zulu. He informed me that the young man—John Nembula—had come over with him, hoping to study medicine, and then return to his people. On some person near, remarking that he looked like the American negro, he indignantly replied, "I am not a negro; I AM A ZULU." They were all suffering very much from the cold, there being no fire in the car, and on leaving the steamer at Quebec they had not made provision for such a cold night by taking sufficient clothing, so I had the pleasure of wrapping one of the missionary's little ones in my overcoat and shawl, and at Richmond Junction they left us for their home in Maine. Mr. Pixley has baptized over six hundred, and organized thirteen churches. He has been among them about twenty-five years.

The crops between Montreal and Port Hope are looking very fine indeed, some of the wheat just coming out in head, while the clover and other grass crops are among the best I ever saw. On my return I spent a night with our old friend, Bro. Munro, and his kind family. He is, as usual, pressed with all manner of Baptist work, besides his duty as pastor. He has one comfort, however, in the midst of all his toil and anxiety,—he is living in the affections of his people.

I have been spending a few days here as the guest of Joseph R. Hixson, Esq., Eastern Agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, the road over which most of our people go at present to our great North West, with some others, American friends fishing on the beautiful Restigouche. And truly a fourteen or fifteen miles trip down over its clear waters, between its grand old hills, covered with their gorgeous mantle of green down to the water's edge, in a canoe, now gliding quietly over the deep smooth salmon pool, or again shooting down the rapids with a feeling of intense excitement, as your Indian or other guide handles his iron tipped pole with an amount of skill and caution which makes you feel quite at home, and perfectly safe sitting in the bottom of the frail birch-bark canoe, or long, narrow, pine "dug out," it is well calculated to give tone and vigour to an over-worked nervous system.

At the mouth of the Metapedia, a branch of the Restigouche, along which the Intercolonial runs, the American Fishing Club are making great changes on the old Fraser place, and large numbers of rich Americans come here in search of health and sport. Some idea of the money spent by these men may be had from the fact that the Club paid for their land and fishing privileges, upwards of thirty-two thousand dollars, besides the cost of improvements on the Club grounds, their Indians, and other servants. Not many of us, however, would like to buy salmon at the price they pay for them. While up the river last week, our party met General Ripley and a United States Senator going some sixty miles further up the river for the purpose of fishing on one of its branches, having with them five canoes and ten Indians, with provisions for two months. But just think of snow storms in June! The Metapedia and other hills, both in Quebec and this province, were covered with snow two inches deep for two days.

A week ago Bro. Cohoon visited this locality in the interest of our Home Missionary work. There are only a few Baptists in this part of New Brunswick, and they have no house of worship, but he preached two sermons rich in gospel truth, through the kindness of the Methodist minister and people, in their house; and the writer had the privilege of preaching twice for the same good people yesterday, their pastor being present. Bro. Hatfield, a young man now

laboring here as a missionary, is, with the few of our brethren, striving to obtain some suitable place in which to worship. The labour of our dear Bro. C. Haverstock is spoken of by many, both here and on the Quebec side, as having been blessed of God to many precious souls. He has left behind him a good name.

My very kind American friends left for home this morning, having lost much of their anticipated pleasure by the uncommon cold at this season.

I can say to any of our friends coming here for a few days' fishing, or on their way to the Upper Provinces, they will find good, comfortable beds, good meals, and every necessary attention, at Mr. George Vye's Intercolonial Restaurant.

Yours, &c.,

EDWIN CLAY.

For the Christian Messenger.

His Last Dollar.

The Missionary Meeting held in connection with the N. B. Southern Association at St. Martins, was a most enthusiastic one. At its close, as I was leaving the church, a brother stepped up and, grasping me by the hand, said, "Here is my last dollar; I want to give it for our missions." Feeling that he might need the money, I expostulated with him. He, however, remained firm. "Take it," said he; "if I keep it, it may do me good here; but if I give it, 'twill bear better fruit in eternity."

In connection with this incident I wish to refer to another, equally touching, brought to our notice at the N. S. Western Association. A short time ago, as a little boy lay dying, he called his mother to him, and desired her to take a twenty-five cent piece, all the money he had, from his pocket and give it to aid in sending the gospel to the heathen. That twenty-five cent piece was handed in at the missionary meeting on Tuesday morning.

Precious in the sight of God are such gifts as these—the poor man's last dollar, the dying boy's all. Like the widow's mite, they are more in his eyes than the most liberal donation of the rich. God's blessing accompanies them in a special measure.

What a lesson is here for Christians! How many give their last dollar? Too often the contribution, if multiplied by thousands would not touch it. We imitate the widow's giving in deed, but not in truth. As a prince scatters his largesse among the rabble of the streets, so we cast our cents to the heathen.

J. R. HUTCHINSON.

For the Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, June 22, 1881.

Editor Christian Messenger:

In a recent visit to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, when acquainting myself with denominational periodicals, I was much pleased with the Baptist Publication Society being so well represented in those cities. The New York Branch on Murray Street, is under the superintendence of a gentleman formerly connected with the Philadelphia Head Office. He made the acquaintance of some friends here while on a visit to Halifax last year. There is, besides this Murray Street store, a Publishing and Bible Department connected with the Watch Tower weekly paper, on Nassau Street, and this I also visited, and met the Superintendent, who was at one time a missionary in India. I called also at the offices of the Baptist Weekly and Examiner & Chronicle. The Baptist Publication Society's store on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is alongside of the Presbyterian and Episcopalian, and the appearance of these three buildings are most creditable to their denominations. From the Society here emanate the Baptist Teacher, the Advanced Intermediate, and Primary Lesson Quarterly, as well as books innumerable for Sunday School Libraries. The National Baptist, I learn, is the leading Philadelphia Baptist paper. In Boston I expected to find the Society's Book Room in Tremont Temple, but not so, although near by, on Beacon Street. At Tremont Temple I ascend the elevator to the missionary rooms, and find out that here is published the Baptist Missionary Magazine and the Helping Hand of the Women's Missionary Society, as well as other missionary literature. Upon enquiry, I ascertain that the Watchman is the