

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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NO 9

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When travelling in the interior of Africa with Skeleta, a powerful prince or chief, Livingstone, whose clothes had gone on before him, had the prospect of passing the night in his wet clothes, but Skeleta, gave him his blanket, and lay down, uncovered himself. A Christian Act.

A tunnel, two miles long, for water supply to Chicago, is built under lake Michigan. Recently the water has been pumped out for the purpose of examining the masonry. It was found in a good condition. The Mayor and the city engineer walked the entire length of the tunnel in water ankle deep. A brass plate was fixed to the wall recording the event.

Mr. A. Tennyson, Poet Laureate, sent the following paper to the chairman of the Mansion House meeting, held to express abhorrence at the ill treatment of the Jews in Russia:

"I am unable to be present at the Mansion House on February 1st. Not the less am I dismayed by the reports of this madness of hatred against the Jews (whatever the possible provocation) and of the unspeakable barbarities consequent. If they are not universally denounced, it can only be that they are so alien to the spirit of the age, as to be almost unbelievable. The stronger, the national protest the better. Our Government, however, may have reason to fear that they may do more harm than good in official intervention.

NEW MESSIAH EXPECTED.

The followers of Mohammed are now in a state of strange expectancy. The belief has spread through the minds of the two hundred millions of Musselmans, that another prophet will appear in the thirteenth hundred year of the Hegira, A. D., 1882. A strong undercurrent of excitement runs through the heart of Mohammedanism. The fact has been noticed in the London Times. When the superstition and fanaticism of that people are taken into the account, the apprehension started in the mind that the belief will be the parents of the fact; and that some half-crazed individual will arise and lead a deluded people into great extravagances. No one can tell what might be done under conditions like these by the followers of the false prophet in their present condition. Civil power is fast waning in their hands; and with the departure of civil power they naturally fear the loss of their religion.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

The readers of the Visitor will call to mind the assurance we expressed a few weeks since, that the Government of Russia, would respond to the public opinion, evoked in England, by the reports of the London Times correspondent and other writers. This certain consequence has quickly followed. The world is now informed by the Russian Government, that an official statement of the case will soon be published to the world. It is foreshadowed that this representation will show that newspaper correspondents have greatly exaggerated the facts of the persecution; that many arrests of the guilty have been made; that great care will be taken that such outbreaks do not occur again; and then follows a gentle reminder that outside nations should be careful in the matter of meddling with the internal affairs of Russia.

the next best thing, in the interests of those who may suffer injustice, is that respect should be entertained for the judgment of an enlightened public opinion. If, in this matter of ill treating the Jews, Russia does not fear God, she certainly does respect the views of sister nations. It is well to regard man.

Reports come of another outbreak; but of a comparatively limited character.

The Rev. J. W. Loftie writes from Cairo, to the February number of McMillan's Magazine an account of the forty or more mummies found last summer, and now in the Boolack Museum. The series commences with a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the breast. In it is the patriarch of Egyptian royalty, Removing the lid of a coffin, there appears a royal lady, swathed in what were three thousand years ago fresh lotus flowers. Now they are dry and faded. A touch destroys them. The body of King Ahmes is in a crimson coffin and wrapped in grave clothes of pink cambric; with bands of white so fresh, so delicate in color, that no effort of the writer can make it real, that this royal person died before Moses was born. In another coffin, as it would appear, a wasp attracted by the flowers, had found a resting place; and had remained among the flowers that decked the royal corpse for more than three thousand years. The highest point of interest is reached in looking upon the coffin of Rameses the Second.

The funeral hall, embroidered with the bearings of a certain King, hundreds of little blue images, wigs of ceremony, jars for hearts, baskets of dried fruits, and Alabaster boxes of very precious ointment, are found with the coffins. In the coffin of a young princess, is found the embalmed body of her pet gazelle. Beside a mother in a flower lined coffin, is the body of an infant, scarce fifteen inches long.

Such are the strange revelations of ancient royalty in Egypt. Peculiar and thrilling must be the sensation produced by standing by the coffins of dead Egyptian Kings of the days of Moses and even earlier. There, as it now seems, are the bodies of the great Pharaohs, which ruled Egypt nearly Bible times.

COME AND SEE.

When one of our Lord's disciples spoke to a friend about Christ and it turned out that the friend was filled with prejudices and objections, he said "come and see." This advice is good for every case to-day. Are the doctrines opposed? "Come and see." Are there contradictions in the Bible? "Come and see." Are any of the requirements of the Scriptures hard? "Come and see." If a person would know the joys of religion, the labors of the Christian, the hopes of the believer, the assurance of the saints, the fellowship and communion of those who love the Lord, let not such an one stand off, and try to learn these great truths by enquiry and theory, but let him, "come and see."

Electricity is in a fair way to be useful as a means of protecting life in coal mines, and also in railway travelling. Most wonderful and ingenious devices are proposed in order to accomplish this object. If it can be employed to protect life in these two departments where the sacrifices are so terrible and wholesale, an unspeakable blessing will be secured to the world.

Send for samples of Sunday School papers, to the Visitor office before sending elsewhere.

Correspondence.

YARMOUTH CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR.—In common with many of your readers all over the Maritime Provinces, I must congratulate you upon the improved appearance and general make-up of the Visitor. I am glad to notice that this paper so long identified with Baptist interests that are dear to the brotherhood, and should be upheld by those who wish well to the denomination, continues to keep to the front on all questions of vital character, while in its well-filled columns general information regarding the progress and position of Baptist churches in this and other countries, with the complete missionary intelligence constantly furnished must continue to make the CHRISTIAN VISITOR a welcome visitor indeed to the hundreds of families who weekly look for its appearance.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, that you will not take a word of praise amiss when it is deserved, and I am lately more than gratified with the editorial department of the VISITOR. The candor and discrimination shown in the discussion of subjects of exact character, cannot fail to produce a beneficial effect upon the reader and will tend to unite the sympathies of the constituency weekly addressed by your paper.

It is not this little bit of friendly criticism will not be regarded as too flattering. Editors are a good deal like other people in their capabilities of receiving praise when it is due. It will not hurt them. I do not know that any sanctum has ever yet been demoralized by a kind word. So much for the VISITOR. I had intended in this brief missive, to refer to some matters in Yarmouth not adverted to by some of your correspondents, and will just say that the winter was mild and "springlike" up to the last week of January. Since that period however the "blizzards" that have swept over the Dominion have put in an appearance more than once here and reminded us that we were all Canadian.

The last big snow-storm has greatly impeded travel in all directions, and mails have been the last two weeks like angel's visits. As I write the snow is rapidly disappearing under a spell of mildness that is a welcome change after the past spell of severe weather.

THE CHURCHES.

in Yarmouth are blessed with good sound preaching if not with a very rapid increase of membership. The "Watchmen on Zion's walls" give no uncertain sound, and are looking hopefully and prayerfully for the best results. In these days of degeneracy and trimming of sails to catch every popular breath, it is refreshing to have from many of our pulpits the truth uttered with fearlessness combined with love (and it is due to the evangelical clergy of Yarmouth to say that in their weekly presentation of the truth from their different pulpits the sound old fashioned

DOCTRINES OF THE BIBLE are insisted upon with constant and fearless earnestness. The religious history of Yarmouth has been marked in the past by periodical revivals in which the Baptist churches have always largely shared and it is not too much to say that the natural element of professing Christians in Yarmouth has always favored, as it should, the social and sympathetic revival meetings.

There are members of Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches whose presence at union prayer-meetings as well as those of their own churches, imparts the spirit of revival, and very often these meetings are remarkable for the manner in which they uphold that element that has been so strong a factor in promoting the growth of the churches by the real power of vital religion. Long may it be indeed when the threatened formalism of the 19th century shall obtain the way—and that grand old emotional element be stamped out by the dilettantism of modern religious thoughts of certain schools, who would fain have all feeling exercised, and religious gatherings reduced to assemblies that for quiet unexpressed conviction could assume the dull coldness of an "empty, swept and garnished" chamber.

that has marked the past history—and that the moral wilderness shall soon as a consequence "blossom as the Rose."

IN SECULAR MATTERS there is not much happening here to furnish items of interest. The lecture course of the Yarmouth Association has been a successful one—St. John contributing three of the lecturers, who were Judge King, Rev. D. D. Currie, and S. Alward, Esq., and each did credit to "our sister City."—Mr. Alward being the last, whose splendid lecture on "Our Western Heritage" was listened to with great interest on Saturday evening. Mr. Alward had a hard time getting here and being "snowed up" for several days was enabled to study "our institutions" to perfection.

But I have already exceeded the bounds of an ordinary letter and so must crave your indulgence. Yours fraternally, Varmouth, Feb. 14, '82.

Mr. Editor.—As donations have become an institution among Baptists I will be excused for making some general remarks about them. A donation is either to supplement the pastor's salary, make up the deficiency in it, or to help him set up the accumulated stores in his larder. In the latter case, as a gentleman lately said in a donation speech, the donors bring pie, custards, and such like useful articles, and go away well filled with the ministers' winter supplies.

Many excellent church members look on donations as dishonest schemes got up to cheat Satan out of money to support the gospel. I think they have a very erroneous idea of the attitudes of the old gentleman. They don't attend donations, and as a kind of protest against them don't contribute anything to the ministers' support until they think the proceeds of his last donations are pretty well exhausted. It is passing strange how many churches allow their pastors to forage on the enemy for a living. Another peculiarity at some donations is, the saints give the quarters and the sinners the dollars. At one lately at **, quite a rich village attended principally by church members, there was no tea, and the proceeds footed up to \$14. A few miles away at a place sometimes designated the Devil's Half Acre, at another donation, there was a splendid supper, and no minister, and but few saints, yet notwithstanding bad roads the proceeds were \$62. The meeting was most orderly, and many regrets were expressed by the young people at the absence of the minister who had been kept away by the storm.

The last mentioned minister does not belong to the general Baptist, but it is said he is the Bishop of four rich churches, which have decided donations are bad, and added a rule to their creed no preaching no pay. In other words if the minister is kept from his appointment by sickness or storm, and if he attends and his people are kept away by similar impediments he receives nothing for that Lord's Day. The Sunday after the last mentioned donation was fearfully stormy. Bro. G. got to his appointment through the storm and drifts, his people did not. Some one handed him a dollar. Was it not lucky for him that he had so good a donation the previous week?

I had lately an extract from a paper sent me which had no fixed salary. It was Jan. 22nd at 1.00 (20th) 25.20, Feb. 5th 21. On each of these Lord's Days he preached twice, and attended a social meeting, on one of them in addition. In one of these weeks he had a donation at his own house which is in a locality where there is no church of the denomination, so which he belongs and where the people are generally outside christians. They made up about \$50.

A minister some time ago at the request of her husband, attended the funeral of a lady. The place was about fifteen miles from his house. The gathering at the church was large, the sermon good, and the husband thankful, not however to the amount of a cent. On his way home the minister was hailed by a degenerate son of Adam who placed a piece of gold in his hand and turned away. I will give the word degenerate. It is in my opinion, the worst of a man's church of denomination. He will probably come in at the end of the

race among those who "did it unto one of the least of these."

I intended to write all about donations but I fear I am getting off the track and that if I do not stop I may find myself in trouble I may be told by some hundreds of church members, that I am writing about what is none of my business, that christians give towards the support of the gospel as they please, and what they "give is nothing to nobody."

Yours etc., C. Dorchester, N. B., Feb. 15th '82.

THE ROAD TO TELUGU-LAND.

(Conclusion.) Steamers, unless they are coasters, seldom call at Trincomalee. Fortunately we have naval stores for that station. The harbor of Trincomalee is one of the finest in the world; but it is a miniature harbor. The surface of the country is here thrown up into parallel ridges of hills, clothed to the water's edge with vegetation of the most brilliant green. Near the coast these ridges are suddenly depressed to a great depth, rising again into high cliffs where they meet the sea. In this depression is the harbor. The approach to it is very deep, narrow, and curving into an almost perfect circle. Between the harbor and the sea is a peninsula, presenting a high and rocky base to the waves and sloping gently for a mile to the waters of the beautiful basin within. On this slope the town is built. Thus it cannot be seen from the sea. On the summit of the cliff, facing the sea and overlooking the town from the rear, is the fort. Over the main gateway is this inscription, "ANNO 1795"; the second word by some heathenish mistake being omitted. The fortifications are very extensive, and are considered impregnable. By ascending the hill to the main rampart a magnificent view of the harbor with its verdant shores and numerous arms, and of the surrounding country, can be had. This is the only thing really worth seeing in the place.

The natives are by no means lacking in mechanical skill. Their filigree work is famous. So are their pearls and precious stones. But unless one be a connoisseur he is liable to be most woefully cheated, the basest imitations being palmed off as real gems. There is no gold in Ceylon. Consequently the native merchants are eager to buy sovereigns for which they offer a handsome price.

Night, and the coast of India in the distance. But when morning dawns the glorious light reveals a land bright with promise.

"Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light; Now, from eastern coast to western, May let redemption Freely purchased, win the day."

Madras is what is called an open roadstead. That is, there is no harbor, ships anchor several miles from shore, and a tremendous surf rolls on the beach. To land you must trust to a mascoola boat, and are pulled ashore, riding for the last hundred yards or so on the back of a huge breaker, which lands your boat high and dry on the sand—landing is an easy matter. The trouble is to get off against the surf without awamping the boat. To obviate this very serious difficulty the Government a few years ago constructed a breakwater of stone costing about \$3,000,000. It is built in the form of a D, the shore representing the flat side, the curved part turned towards the sea. It is entered by an opening in the middle of the convex side. Upon this granite semi-circle the surf breaks with terrific force. A few weeks ago a furious cyclone swept down the coast of Bengal and broke on the Madras coast. In a few hours it almost ruined the work of years. The greatest and more important part of the breakwater is now a heap of ruins.

A brief call on the venerable Dr. Javatt, whose fatherly welcome I shall not soon forget a half day's visit in the custom house, a day's toiling in the surf, and we are off for Binali per steamer Asia, Captain Morris, the commander, was second officer on the ship which carried our missionaries six years ago from Rangoon to Cocanada.

ing of wheels, the shouts of the bandymen, and the novelty of the situation, sleep is impossible—at least for us; the drivers, when once fairly on the road, curl themselves up on the pole of the cart and are soon fast asleep. The bullocks crawl along at a speed that rapidly diminishes from two miles to one per hour. Finally, one getting off the road, all stop. Springing out of my bandy and seizing an umbrella, I make war on the subjects of Morpheus, and quickly start both the sleepy god and his whole train. The fellows pretend not to understand a word of English. "Hurry up" makes no more impression on them than "Stop!" But at last, losing all patience, I shouted into the ear of the sleepest "Keep awake, or you'll get no rupees!" Simply stating that I had no further trouble that night, I will leave the reader to decide whether or not they understood any English. After that I had only to slap my pocket and say "no rupees" to get up a brisk trot.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 28th, just as the town clock struck six, we began to ford the Chicacole river, and in a short time were joyfully welcomed to our new home by Miss Hammond.

Our journey has been long—about 10,000 miles. It is three months and more since we left our home in Great Village. We have travelled by land seven days, by sea fifty-eight. One month was spent in England, where we landed on Oct. 8th. We engaged passage to Madras by the "Duke of Buckingham" to sail on Oct. 24th. Owing to the incomplete state of our outfit and the necessity of getting a good steamer we engage cabins in a more commodious ship of the same line to sail on Nov. 8th. The "Duke of Buckingham" sailed on the 24th, collided with a steamer in the Thames and was disabled. Finally our date of sailing was postponed to the 9th Nov., when we actually got off. When these facts and the number of days actually spent in travel are taken into consideration it will be seen that we have not willingly tarried by the way.

J. R. H. Chicacole, Jan. 2nd '82.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more of sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles we had
The will and would try
To make other hearts glad.
Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labor to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.
A word kindly spoken,
A smile or a tear,
Though seeming but trifles,
Full often may cheer.
Each day to our lives
Some pleasure 't would add,
To be conscious that we
Had made somebody glad.
Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a word,
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad—
Do something for some one,
Make somebody glad.

Another Little Book.

I have just opened a package from Rev. W. B. Borgs, bearing first mark "Ramapatam Jan. 14" in which is enclosed a very neatly got up 12 mo. of 143 pages, bearing on the cover the title, "The Baptists who are they? and what do they believe?" This is a reprint of a lecture delivered in Sydney, C. B. four years since, but with the addition of much new matter. It now forms a capital manual on the Faith of Baptists, and is just the thing to put into the hands of any who desire to know about these things. In order to give a clear idea of the scope of the work—we subjoin the full contents:

"Our name. Our inflexible standard. Personal faith indispensable. A regenerated church membership. Church policy. Soul Liberty. Baptism, the design, the subjects, the mode. Close Communion. Antiquity of Baptist Principles. Baptist Martyrology. Our Position. Statistics, and articles of faith, and covenant."

We hope to see this really valuable work issued in England, and in the United States, and trust that in our own country there may be a call for a large edition. When the merits of the book are known, it must have a large circulation. Meantime, I shall keep my copy by me, as a convenient work of reference, as also to loan to those who may be seeking to know who we are, and what we believe.

D. A. Erman,
Amherst, Feb. 22nd, 1882.