

# THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—Paul.

OL. XXXV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1882.

No. 35.

## Correspondence.

### ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of *The Christian Visitor*:—In your issue of Aug. 16, under the caption "Ontario Correspondence," and over the signature "H," find amongst other things this statement:—

"A number of our leading ministers are men who have known by experience the strong sceptical tendencies of our Provincial College at Toronto and have succeeded in communicating the fact to the mass of a denomination. The people generally are waking up to the same fact. This is shown in part, at least, by a steadily increased attendance at Woodstock."

With your permission I would like to question the above statements. I will not discuss the moral and religious character of Toronto University; but so far as my own experience is concerned as a graduate of that institution its "tendencies" have been the opposite direction from scepticism. Moreover the presidency of Professor Daniel Wilson ought to be a guarantee that its tendencies are not wholly as your correspondent decries. Then as regards our college Woodstock its course includes the first year of the University course, and for years one of the leading aims of Woodstock College has been to fit men for matriculation into the Provincial University. And I mistake not every argument issued at Woodstock College and at McMaster's Hall to impress upon young men the advantage of the university course and to induce them to take it.

As one closely identified in various ways with Toronto University and with our own Woodstock College I am considerably surprised by the above statements of your correspondent, and I felt unwilling to allow them to pass unchallenged.

Yours respectfully,

J. W. A. STEWART,  
Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 21, 1882.

### MISSIONARY LETTER.

#### RAMAPATAN, INDIA.

June 29th, 1882.

The women of the W. M. A. Society assembled in Convention, St. John, New Brunswick.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—A short time since the Secretary of the Central Board of New Brunswick, asked me to write something that she could read to you to-day. In complying with the request my desire is to unite more closely, and to interest you more deeply in the cause of God in India.

Being at present so far removed from my work it is somewhat difficult to decide what particular subject to bring before you. You all know that during the greater part of the first quarter of the year I was absent from Chicaco. Returned on the 1st of April in comparative strength reworked and am now again away seeking the health that will admit of pure effort. If the Master will I hope to resume work in September.

When I wrote you last Convention we, God was prospering us at Chicaco and the close of the year and his gracious presence still longed us. We felt that His Holy Spirit was illuminating with the True Light some of the dark places.

The coming of the new missionaries filled my heart with joy for in them I found glad workers in sowing the good seed, and in gathering in the golden sheaves. The first half of this year has passed away leaving us evidences of God's favor. At your station and on the field there is growth and the future looks hopeful. The work always has its own peculiar trials, but they are lightened by the joy of blessing and the Master is deepened by the shadows. Even, I believe have been baptized and ten only have been added to the church. Mrs. March will be able to tell you of the Brahmin teacher who

was baptized and who then put himself fearlessly into the hands of his Brahmin friends.

He was either tortured or drugged till too weak to act independently then taken away to Bimli. When I was there a few days ago, he came twice to the mission house, at night. After the second visit we never could hear anything about him and believe that he was confined at home.

We were all deeply interested in him and grieve over him as deeply. The Brahmins will kill him rather than that he should be a Christian.

It appears to us that he might be such a useful man, but the Father knows what purposes are to be fulfilled in him. Pray for him to-day, my sisters, that if it be possible God will yet reach out his arm and save him.

One of our great needs is holy, God-fearing Hindus to go among their own people and preach Jesus as the Saviour of the world. While we feel that this want is not, nor cannot be supplied until the hearts of some among us have been touched with the living fire from on high, do we know no great and pressing necessity which under God you, my sisters, can remove? And are there not those among you now in whose hearts is already a yearning desire to carry the knowledge of the Saviour's love to the perishing?

We need men and women both, even to such an extent that our mission is almost imperilled, but to the ladies I especially address myself, with the assurance that there are those among you who are not only willing, but anxious to engage in the Lord's work in India. We need you; we believe that the Lord needs you, then why do you not come? Are some kept back by a sense of their own unworthiness for such a work? The work is high, and holy, and blessed; but who ever engaged in it relying on the strength of his or her own perfection? Is not the arm of the Lord strong and is it not for the weak and unworthy to lean upon? Does not God take pleasure in perfecting His strength in Human weakness? Put yourselves in His hands and submit to the working out of His will in you. It may be that the process will be different from what you think or wish. You may walk in paths where pain follows every step, but will you not learn deeper lessons in the riches of His grace, and will the fountain from which you draw daily supplies of strength, ever fail? It is hard to leave the home-land with its dear ones whom we may next meet in heaven; hard to leave its many privileges, its refinement and culture; there are trials in India, which only those who come learn; but is there anything that outweighs the preciousness of working for Christ and humanity? Hope may almost fail, and the heart grow sick, but ever beyond the shadows is the prize for which we work—that He may be glorified in us. Which one or two of you will come, try and prove it for yourselves.

At Bimli, at Bobbili and at Chicaco, hundreds of women daily walk the streets with the freedom of the lower castes. To these we can talk as often as we will. Again, in enclosed courts and, worse still, in darkened rooms, we find the women of the higher castes, whom only such women as you and I can approach with the Gospel of the living God. Must they live the long deaths that never die because we cannot come and help them.

Ob, my sisters, may God teach you ways and means of working for Him, to give freely of what He has given to you, and help some of you to feel how blessed it is to give yourselves. With my love to you all in the work.

Your sister,

CARRIE HAMMOND.

## HIS MARVELLOUS LOVE.

BY RALPH ERSKINE.

(Galatians ii. 20.)

He loved me; me, that am so wicked, so wretched, so unworthy! Oh, that every one who reads were by faith putting in their me; he loved me; "me," says Paul, "that was a blasphemer; me, that was a persecutor; me, that was injurious." Oh, that he could ever love such miserable me's as we are; so unworthy of his love, so unlike to his love, and in whom he found greater reason to hate than to love! That God should love the glorious angels is no wonder; for they are messengers and ministers executing his pleasure. That he should love good men or saints is not strange; because they love him, and can say to him, "Oh thou whom my soul loveth." Yea, that he should love inanimate creatures is not strange; because they fulfil his word. But to love us who were enemies, traitors, rebels, and runaway prodigals, profligate sinners! He loved me, guilty me, wicked me.

Oh! how doth God commend his love, and commend it to the highest degree of mercy, when it is extended to those that are in the lowest pit of sin and misery. God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us; while we were enemies and outcasts, lying in our blood; while we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son. To love such was an unexpected, and unparalleled, but a most merciful love. If a man had the tongues of men and angels he could not express this love, where with this great Majesty, the Son of God, loved such misery, the sons of men.

"But, oh! there is the difficulty," say you, "I cannot put in that word me, and say he loved me." Indeed, it is no wonder that many cannot say it, since they have not learned the language by which it is said. I must tell you it is not the language of earth, but the language of heaven. "He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," and so here is the language of heaven upon earth, "He loved me and gave himself for me."

But why can you not speak this language? Why, because it cannot be spoken right but by the mouth of faith. It is not the language of sense, nor of unbelief, but it is the language of faith; "The life I now live," says the apostle, "I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me." The faith by which he lived was the faith by which he spoke this language; now if the spirit of faith mix with the hearing, and the grace of faith be given in any lively act of it, it will cost faith but a word to say, "He loved me."

But what ground hath faith for this language? The ground is, in general, the word of grace, from which faith draws the particular inference. The Word says, He came to save sinners; he loved sinners; he loved enemies; he loved rebels, and gave himself for them. Unbelief, indeed, will object, saying, Well, but did he love them all? Did he elect them all? Did he die for them all? Perhaps you were never designed to share in this love. "Away," says faith, "away with these needless disputes of unbelief; my life and salvation are at stake; I have no time to lose."

Let those who have no need of a Saviour stay and debate these matters with their unbelieving hearts. I have present use for this Saviour for my present and future salvation. And I see he is come to save sinners, and that is my name. He loved enemies, that is my name. He loved rebels, and received gifts for the rebellious; that is my name. I see the Master calls me; and therefore, in spite of unbelief, in spite of my sin and guilt,

I will venture to say upon the credit of his word, "He loved me, even guilty me."

Here is the language of faith, "He loved me and that when I was in the worst circumstances." We are conceived and born in sin; and there is love nothing in us to allure him to love us, but rather to provoke him to loathe us. What moved him to love us? Thousands of angels stand about him; and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto him. Though we had been good and upright, he needed not us; but being bad and vile, whence arises this love? Our wages is death, his gift is life. He loved me. I was miserable in thralldom to sin and Satan; but he hath ransomed me. I was captive to the power of hell, and justice was enraged against me; but he hath satisfied his own justice for me.

## SUNDAY REST.

BY DR. BLAIKIE.

Each of the three names by which we are accustomed, more or less, to denote the day of holy rest, has a charm and beauty of its own; "SABBATH" means just rest,—that name therefore indicates a primary property of the day,—the rest-day, as opposed to the work days; the LORD'S DAY introduces the Christian element, and places us in the Saviour's company, with our thoughts swinging between the remembrance of His great victory, and the prospect of His coming again in glory; and SUNDAY,—the day of sunshine,—may be held as denoting the result when the idea of rest and that of fellowship with Christ are brought together—the peculiar lustre and radiance of the day—and the pre-eminent happiness and blessing which it brings.

The Divine appointment of the Sabbath is surely a blessing of peculiar value to working men. If God had not stopped the wheels of labour for them on one day of seven, they would have had very hard work in getting them stopped for themselves. Of the discoveries recently made from deciphering the Chaldean inscriptions none is more interesting than that which tells that the seventh day was appointed a day of rest and holy service. "The Sabbath," as our Lord said, "was made for man."

As regards the health and strength of the working classes, it has been proved that a periodical day of rest from labour is as indispensable as the interruption of toil during the night. It is about as inconsistent with experience and physiology to suppose that men could labour every day in the year in succession without impairing their health and hastening their death, as that they could work day and night without sleep.

On this subject a few facts and testimonies will be useful and interesting.

During the war in the beginning of this century, it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal manufactories, not for occasional service but as a regular thing; and it was found (according to Mr. Wilberforce), that the workmen who obtained the consent of the Government to abstain from working on Sundays executed more work than the others.

Captain Stansbury, the leader of the United States surveying expedition in the Salt Lake district, in his official report to the Government, bears this testimony to the value of the Sabbath: "I here beg to record, as the result of my experience, derived not only from my present journey, but from the observation of many years spent in the performance of similar duties, that as a mere matter of pecuniary consideration, apart from all higher obligations, it is wise to keep the Sabbath. More

work can be obtained from both men and animals by its observance, than where the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labour."

Mr. Bagnall, an extensive iron-master, discontinued the practice of working his blast-furnaces on Sunday, and seven years after he bore his testimony thus: "We have made a larger quantity of iron than ever, and gone on in all our six iron-works much more free from accidents and interruptions than during any preceding seven years of our lives."

## JOHN WELCH AND THE FRIAR.

The celebrated John Welch, the minister of Ayr, was compelled, in the year 1606, to fly to France to escape the anger of the Scottish king, James VI. While he was minister in one of the French villages, a friar came to his house asking to be lodged for the night. He was kindly entertained and had a bedroom assigned to him adjoining that of the minister.

Happening to awake during the night, he heard a continuous whispering, which troubled him not a little, ascribing it to evil spirits haunting the Protestant house.

Walking abroad next day, a peasant saluted him, and ask him how he did.

"Where lodged you last night?"

"With the Huguenot minister," said the friar.

"What sort of entertainment had you?" asked the peasant.

"Very bad; I always believed that these Huguenot houses were haunted; but I never proved it till last night. There was a continual whisper in the room next mine, and I am sure it was the devil and the minister talking together."

"You are mistaken," said the peasant, "it was the minister at his night prayers."

"What! does the minister pray?"

"Yes; more than any man in France; and if you will stay another night, you may make sure."

The friar returned to the Huguenot house, and begged lodging for another night,—which was at once granted.

"Before-dinner," says the old narrative, "Mr. Welch came down from his chamber and made his family exercise according to his wont. He sang a psalm; he read a portion of Scripture, commenting on it; and then prayed."

The friar looked and listened with astonishment. Dinner was then served, and the friar was kindly entertained; the good Huguenot minister asking no questions and entering on no disputes. The evening came, and with it the "evening exercise," quite like that of the morning, to the friar's yet greater wonder.

They supped and went to bed. But the friar was resolved to keep awake and hear the strange sounds which he had heard the night before. He went and put his ear to the door to satisfy himself as to what the sound really was.

"Then," writes the old biographer, "he heard not only the sound but the very words; and in these words communications between man and God, such as he had never believed to be in this world."

The day broke, and Mr. Welch came out of his room. The friar went to him, bewailed his ignorance, and asked instruction. Kindly did the minister receive him, bidding him welcome in the name of God, and showing him the true light which had been so long hidden from him. That light entered his soul, and in it he walked till his dying hour.—*Sel.*

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary need." Never suffer your goods to become your god.—*Spurgeon.*

## GOOD ADVICE.

BY JOHN BERRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—Pray frequently, and wait quietly, and the Lord will make your way plain. Jesus trains up all his servants to waiting, and if you are called to the ministry, he will exercise your soul beforehand with sharp conflicts. Joseph must first be cast into a pit by his own brethren, then into a prison by his Master, before he rules the kingdom; and David must be hunted as a flea upon the mountains, before he gets the sceptre.

How can you tell what others feel, unless you have felt the same yourself? How can you sympathise with a prisoner, unless your own feet have been fast in the stocks? How can you comfort those who are cast down, unless you have often been at your wits' end?

Expect nothing but conflicts day after day to humble and prove you, and teach you to speak a word in season to one that is weary. This is indeed the high road to the kingdom for all, yet a minister's path is not only narrow and stony like other, but covered also with bushes and brakes; and if you labor to remove them by your own hands, they will quickly tear your flesh and fill your fingers with thorns. Let your Master remove them at your request, and remember it is always his work, as it is ever his delight to clear our way and lead us on till sin and death are trodden down.

Undertake nothing without first seeking direction from the Lord, and when anything offers, that is plausible and inviting, beg of God to disappoint you if it be not according to his mind. You can not safely rely on your own judgment, after God has told you, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." This advice relates to all important changes in life. Go nowhere, settle nowhere, marry nowhere, without frequent usage of this prayer.—*Ex.*

I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "Here lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say I would rather that such persons would stand at my grave than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

"Thank God! Jesus is to me a bright reality!" were the last words of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, as his physician told him his end was very near. And is not that the secret of a blessed life, and a peaceful and a triumphant death? Does it not make its possessor victor everywhere?

Never exhibit anger, impatience, or excitement when an accident happens.

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J. E. HOPPE, St. John.