

The Christian Visitor.

Saint John, N. B. March 19, 1879.

Editorial Notes.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds done at the VISITOR OFFICE. Orders Solicited. Rates Reasonable.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—English and American Sunday School Books can now be supplied at the VISITOR Book Room at rates as low as elsewhere.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS can be furnished through the VISITOR Book Room as cheaply as they can be procured from the United States. See advertisement.

ERRATUM.—In the lines dedicated to the late Rev. Wm. Brock D. D. by Rev. S. March, which appeared in the last issue of the visitor, line 27 should read, "For Havelock's name thou hast immortalized." The prefix im was omitted.

Bro. Boggs and wife have reached Onego in excellent health and spirits. They arrived Jan. 27th., and are closely associated with Bro. Clough. We trust health and strength, equal to many years of successful labor, may be meted out to them.

The London Baptist says,—“The strict communion question has galvanized Mr. Mursell into a perfect passion.” If that be a fruit of open communion, then we devoutly pray: Good Lord deliver us. Mr. Mursell had better cool off and unchain his ghostly Cerberus.

The Brooklyn Presbytery has endorsed Mr. Talmage's orthodoxy, but his methods are censured. Upon the charges of falsehood and deceit it recommends that Mr. T. be cited for trial. The committee declares that it expresses no opinion respecting Dr. Talmage's guilt or innocence, any further than to agree in thinking that there is sufficient ground to call an ecclesiastical trial.

Recent advices from Mr. Spurgeon convey the welcome news that he is fast regaining health, and hopes at the expiration of the 3 months allotted him to be able to resume his loved work in the Tabernacle. Many prayers ascend for this result. The world can ill afford to have so faithful a ministry as his silenced.

The call for a General Conference of Christians of all nations is issued for August 31st 1879. It will be similar in organization and aim to the great Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York a few years since. Questions of deep interest and importance will be discussed by representative men from all Christian lands. Hospitality will be provided as far as possible to Christian strangers.

Edward Goodwyn Lewis, the painter of "The Baptism of Christ in Jordan," which has met with such an enthusiastic reception, is now engaged on a painting of "The Last Supper." His first painting represents Christ's baptism as an immersion, and his second will represent the Supper as a close communion service, for many good Christians living in and near Jerusalem were not invited, and their not being asked, was no ground for impeaching the Christian charity of Jesus.

Home Missions.

The Board of the N. B. Society has been so pressed for funds to pursue its work, that it resolved to engage a general agent to visit the Churches, and elicit a deeper interest in Home work. A cordial invitation was extended Rev. Isaiah Wallace to undertake the Agency, and he has just informed the Board, that after prayerful consideration he has concluded to accept the position. He hopes to begin work about the first of April. We trust this effort may prove successful in replenishing the treasury, and awakening an interest in our Home Mission work that too long has been dormant. Our feeble Churches must be cared for, and new openings ought to be filled, otherwise all our Educational and Foreign work will languish. We bespeak for Bro. Wallace a warm reception by our Churches, and a prompt and liberal response to his appeals. Some of our missionaries have left their fields for want of support, others are waiting and hoping, and no aggressive work can there be till means are provided to go in and possess the land. We trust the action now taken will result in giving a much needed impetus to our Home Mission work, and inspirit the faint hearted.

From an article in the London Baptist we learn that the Baptists in Australia are making rapid progress. In Melbourne they have elegant and capacious church edifices and more than ordinarily intelligent congregations. In fact, it is said that the Albert St. Baptist church is the strongest in the city. In Adelaide the Baptist chapel is one of the finest places of worship in the city. Several of Mr. Spurgeon's students have found their way to Australia, and are doing excellent service. In most of the Islands of Australasia there are Baptists, and the outlook of our brethren in the antipodean domain is wide and hopeful.

(For the Christian Visitor.) T. DeWitt Talmage.

DEAR EDITOR: A few days since you had a good word to say about T. DeW. Talmage, and the Watchman of last week, "Takes a course midway between his extreme admirers and bitter critics."

This critic says: "We had the curiosity to read one (sermon) lately, it was based upon Ps. xlv. 8. 'All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia.' Very properly he holds that Christ is the person addressed, but when he proceeds to find some distinct characteristic of the Saviour in each of these perfumes, we cannot follow him, e. g. 'Aloes are used in medicine, therefore in this place Jesus is represented as our Physician and Healer.'—Mr. Talmage has too much of this sort of thing."

Now after all is Mr. Talmage so very fanciful in this sort of thing. Do the words myrrh, aloes, cassia refer to Christ? Then they must mean something, and cannot we discern that meaning by ascertaining the properties of these perfumes. The smell of which is found on all his garments.

Myrrh is of a purifying and preserving nature, and was valuable to the ancients. Christ is likened to a bundle of myrrh, how precious, purifying and delightful is he, in his person, influence, and righteousness, to the souls of his people.

Aloes were anciently used for embalming dead bodies and perfuming bed clothes etc. It also, as is well known, possesses excellent purgative qualities. "The graces of the Holy Ghost in Christ are likened to aloes. They tend to purge away the corruptions of sin, and to keep fresh and sound their subjects."—Brown.

And does not the fragrant cassia represent to us the savory and medicinal graces which are brought to us by the great and good Physician and Healer.

According to some the eighth verse of this Psalm presents to us the king as a bridegroom who appears in garments richly perfumed, but Christ is the burden of the Psalm, the hero of this song of beloved ones.

"Unlearned and ignorant" as Mr. Talmage is, he is to some extent "turning the world upside down," and may he be long spared to speak the truth without fear.

Yours &c., S. Riverside, N. S., Mar. 1879.

From P. E. Island.

I have been thinking for some time of writing you a letter. Indeed I believe I promised you in a past number I promised you I would, which promise I have neglected till now. I have had the pleasure of visiting several of the churches since my last, and am consequently in a position to say something of the standing of the cause in other parts of the Island than those of which I have already written.

Murray Harbor field is one of which much might be said, but I am not going to burden you with a long and dry description of country. Rev. Herbert Foshay has several preaching stations here. He divides his time equally between this place and Montague, of which latter place we will speak hereafter. Murray harbor is a large settlement, but the people are poor in the treasures of this world, at least the Baptist portion of them are—although some of them are rich in faith. Brother F. has three preaching stations, and fills appointments at each place every second Sabbath, when the roads are sufficiently good for him to travel. They are all interesting places and the congregations which gather are attentive listeners. But the most interesting of the three perhaps is Little Sands, because the people have made a hard struggle and have erected a little meeting house in which they now worship. The opening for Murray Harbor to become a thorough Baptist Community is good. The people are hungry for the truth. It is a great pity that a man could not be kept on this field all the time. It is im-

possible for Mr. Foshay to do justice to the field by only devoting half his time to it. If a man could be kept in this field the whole of his time who could speak the Gaelic language, the result, I have no hesitation in saying, would be good, and in course of time a strong church would be built up.

Montague is a small village nestled among the hills. Its commercial importance is very great, being the principal shipping port in Kings County. There is a Baptist Church here, but owing to an unfortunate split, the circumstances of which I do not understand, and which if I did I suppose would not be very interesting to your readers, it is very weak, a great many of its members having joined the Campbellites. In justice to Brother Foshay, I should say that this split took place before he became pastor of the church. They have a nice brick meeting house, and their services are well sustained. I had the pleasure of attending one of their Conference meetings and found it good to be there. The brethren seemed willing to take hold of the meeting and some of them spoke very intelligently.

Belfast church is also small and weak. Only being here for a short time I was unable to ascertain much in reference to the state of affairs. There is a neat and commodious meeting house here. At the present writing the church is without a pastor. They can only support a minister a part of the time. Heretofore one minister has divided his time between Belfast, Uigg and Alexandria.

Uigg Church is one of the oldest Baptist churches on the Island. Although since its organization many have been added to it, it is only a small church, owing to the fact that many of those who were added to it have left the place and been received into other churches. The old meeting house was erected some thirty years ago, and although presenting some appearance of age, is still quite a good building. The good people are talking about remodeling and fixing it up.

In this settlement is the residence of the venerable Rev. Samuel McLeod, the oldest Baptist minister that I know of. I will not attempt anything like a biography of this good old father in the Gospel. Such a subject is worthy of a more facile pen than mine. All I mean to give your readers is a few incidents in his life, which I received from his own lips. He came to this Island from Scotland in the year 1829 and was engaged as a school teacher at Belfast. He united himself with the Baptist church there, and being a man of more than ordinary intellect and educational attainments, he exhorted the church in the absence of the pastor, the pastor being the exception not the rule in those days. In the course of time he preached occasionally, and in 1840 he was ordained and set apart to the work of the ministry. The people, however, could not support a minister and so our dear old brother purchased a piece of land, and worked on it all the week and preached on Sunday to the people. Fifteen years ago it was the good pleasure of the great Giver of every blessing to gladden the heart of our aged brother with a rich outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon the labors which he had been performing for the Master. The Quarterly Meeting was held with the Uigg church, and the ministering brethren had assembled for the transaction of business and to encourage one another. A holy spiritual influence seemed to pervade the meetings and a great revival broke out, and a large number of "such as should be saved," were added to the church. Among those who were on that occasion brought into the fold of the Redeemer, were several—I am not in a position to give the exact number—who are now preaching the gospel themselves, and others who occupy responsible positions as Deacons, etc., of other churches. I am personally acquainted with two ministers on this Island who were awakened to a sense of their condition without the grace of God, that in revival, both of whom have been successfully engaged in the work of the ministry for some five or six years. I refer to Brother McDonald, pastor of the Charlottetown Church, and Brother Gordon, pastor of the East Point Church. At the Quarterly Meeting recently held at Uigg, there were present several who dated their experience back to the time when fifteen years ago, sitting in the pews of the old meeting house, God spoke to them and they paid attention to his pleadings. The influence of the last Quarterly Meeting on the church was good, and I expect to hear of a copious shower of the Holy Spirit upon that Church, in answer to the earnest and heart-felt prayers which besieged the Throne of Grace in behalf of the church and the dear beloved old

brother who for so long a time proclaimed the words of eternal life to the people, and even now, notwithstanding the infirmities of age—being eighty-one years old—occasionally, with good acceptance, supplies the pulpit.

More anon. * * * Charlottetown, Mar. 4, 1879.

(For the Visitor.) Visit to Palestine. BY REV. W. B. BOGGS.

(Concluded.)

After resting for an hour and a half we started again and rode in a westerly direction across the plain, for two hours, to Jericho, where we remained for the night, finding a resting place at a small Greek Monastery. Modern Jericho is a wretched collection of huts, inhabited by the most squalid and heathenish looking human beings I have ever seen in any land.

The next morning we visited the ruins of ancient Jericho, a mile or two distant. There are a few remains of old buildings scattered over an extensive area, and some large mounds composed of ruins and debris. When this goodly plain was in its glory, well cultivated and fruitful, dotted over with waving palm trees (Deut. xxxiv. 3), and traversed by sparkling streams (Gen. xiii. 10), how excellent must have been the situation of Jericho! But now all around is a dreary waste, the vegetation being thorns and briars—and the only occupants a few half-starved miserable looking Bedouins, who with their camels and donkeys may be seen occasionally wandering slowly along the dusty desert paths.

Not far from the ruins we saw a fountain of clear, beautiful water bubbling up among the stones, and forming a good-sized brook. This is called "Elisha's Fountain," and is generally believed to be that which the prophet "healed," (II Kings II: 19-22). We drank from it and found it delicious.

We then started to go from Jericho up to Jerusalem, and it was indeed a "going up," for it is a steep ascent nearly all the way. These rocks and ravines afforded hiding places for robbers formerly, so that unprotected travellers were in danger; but there is nothing of the kind to be feared now. It was this wild place which the Saviour chose as the scene of the story of the Good Samaritan.

Having climbed the face of the mountains to a considerable height, and just before losing sight of the plain, we turned to look once more at the magnificent view. Far below us lies the plain with its narrow strip of verdure marking the course of the river, to the south are the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea enclosed by towering cliffs; to the north we look up the valley of the Jordan towards Galilee, while directly in front of us to the East stand the stately mountains of Moab, from ten to fifteen miles distant. From those mountains Balak and Balaam looked down on the goodly tents of Israel as they lay encamped on the East of Jordan; and on one of those summits Moses stood, and surveyed the promised land, and somewhere there lies his unknown grave. How many events in the sacred history are connected with the scene now before us!

Turning our faces again toward Jerusalem, and with the buildings on the summit of Olivet in sight most of the time, we ascend higher and higher over the dreary barren hills till we reached Bethany, where we stop a little while to see the places which tradition points out as the tomb of Lazarus, and the house where he and Mary and Martha dwelt. These may or may not be genuine; they certainly have the appearance of antiquity. At any rate we know that not far from here was that quiet retreat where the Son of Man often found rest, after the toils of the day, and the wearying arguments and cavillings of the stiff-necked Jews. And it was somewhere near here that He bade His disciples farewell, and ascended to glory, for at that time "he led them out as far as to Bethany," Luke xxiv. 50.

Rounding the southern slope of the Mount of Olives we soon came in full view of the Holy City. It was probably at this point that the admiring multitude that pressed around the Saviour broke out in shouts of joy and praise; and from the position, looking upon the doomed city, so soon to suffer terrific retribution, Jesus in that hour of triumph wept. Luke xix: 37, 41.

Passing down into the valley we stopped to see the Garden of Gethsemane. It also is in charge of the Latin Monks, and there is so much that is modern and artificial, such as gay flower beds; straight gravelled-walks; and ornamental iron fences, that it did not seem at all like the Gethsemane we had pictured in our minds. The venerable olive trees were the only feature which seemed to accord with the antiquity and the mournful memories of the place. Their great gnarled trunks and twisted roots betokening extreme age, and their deep shadows forming just such a secluded retreat as one might seek amid overwhelming sorrow.

The next morning we walked to the summit of the Mount of Olives, in order to have a view of Jerusalem from that stand point. Being considerably higher than the city and at the same time quite near to it, it affords the best general view which can be obtained; and in the morning sun all the prominent features are seen to the best advantage, such as the stately eastern wall crowning the brow of the hill, the great domes of the two principal mosques, the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Tower of Hippicus, the Jewish Synagogue, the Tomb of David, besides the small white domes which cover almost all the buildings of every kind in the city. This fine panorama well repays one for the fatigue incurred in gaining the summit of the mountain by the steep paths which lead up from the valley of Jehosaphat.

Re-entering the city by St. Stephen's Gate we visited the great Mohammedan Mosque which occupies the large open space on Mount Moriah, generally known as the Temple Area. This area is fifteen hundred feet from north to

south and nine hundred feet from east to west. In the centre of it stands the far-famed and magnificent Mosque of Omar; to Mohammedans, the most sacred place in all the world next to Mecca. It is believed to occupy the place where Abraham was about to offer Isaac, and where Solomon's temple afterwards stood. The interior is very gorgeous. The massive pillars of various colored marbles with their gilded capitals, the mosaics, and inlaid passages from the Koran, on floor and ceiling; the curiously carved pieces of antique marble which probably adorned the Temple, the many-colored and glittering ornaments of various kinds renders it a scene of dazzling splendor.

Directly beneath the magnificent dome is the rock from which the Mosque takes its name, being commonly called by Mohammedans *Rubbet es Sakhrat*, the Dome of the Rock. It is a large mass of rock in its natural rough state, fifty or sixty feet across, and standing twelve or fifteen feet above the surrounding floor of the Mosque. It is enclosed by an iron railing and is considered very sacred. The Mohammedans believe that it is suspended between heaven and earth and rests upon nothing: That when Mohammed was going to heaven it rose to follow him, but the angel Gabriel took hold of it and stopped it, and they show the print of his fingers in the rock. Most of their traditions concerning the holy places are just such nonsense as this.

On entering this Mosque the visitor must remove his shoes, the Mohammedans doing the same, but they are quiet satisfied if you bring a pair of slippers with you and wear them. You are attended by the Sheikh of the Mosque; a Turkish soldier, and a retinue of loafers, all of them ready to beg for "baksheesh" when you are leaving.

At the southern end of the Temple Area is the Mosque El Aksa, a fine building but inferior in size and magnificence, to the Dome of the Rock.

Extending all across beneath this part of the Area are substructions, consisting of square pillars and arches of immense proportion, evidently very ancient works, which serve to support the great platform on which the buildings of the Temple stood.

We next visited the Wailing Place of the Jews. It is outside the western wall of the Temple enclosure, the lower part of which is evidently the original masonry, composed of enormous blocks of stone, some of them almost forty feet in length. Here one may see at any time, but especially on Fridays, Jews both male and female, with bowed heads and tearful countenances, deploring the fate of their beloved city. They stand with their faces close to the wall as if trying to speak through it, pressing their lips to the openings between the stones, and either read from the Hebrew Scriptures passages referring to the desolation of the Holy City and Temple, or chant in melancholy strains their lamentations, and call upon God for deliverance and help. It is a touching sight, whatever one may say about the sins of their ancestors and their own continued rejection of the true Messiah. And will not the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, who chose Zion for his habitation, hear their cries, and in His own set time gather His scattered people, and place them in their own city, restored from its desolation and ruins, and from the power and misrule of its present half-civilized occupants? The Saviour declared that Jerusalem should "be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled," Luke xxi: 24.

Near the south west corner of the Temple Area we saw the remains of a large arch. The foundations of other similar arches have been found deep down in the debris opposite, and it is supposed that in the time of Solomon a bridge existed here, spanning the Tyropean Valley and connecting the Temple on Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, the royal residence.

Afterwards we went out to the ancient rock-hewn tombs, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. They are outside the city, on the North, about half an hour's walk from the Damascus Gate. They lie entirely below the surface of the ground, excavated from the solid rock, and are of the same gigantic character as all the ancient Jewish works. There are separate chambers for forty-two bodies.

Thus ended our flying visit to Jerusalem, the week allotted by our plan having expired. The next day we returned to Jaffa, and there took steamer for Port Said where we awaited our Indian bound steamer, the "Duke of Lancaster."

There is one thing by which the visitor to Palestine whether for a longer or shorter time, must be especially impressed, and that is the utter desolation of the land. Remembering that in old times it was described as a goodly land, "a land flowing with milk and honey," and that in those days it supported an immense population, one is astonished to find it now little better than a stony desert, a dry and thirsty land, bleak and barren, with scarcely a tree or shrub, and an appearance of awful ruin resting on all its hills and valleys. It is evidently under the blight of Jehovah's curse. It is subject to one of the worst and most inefficient governments that ever existed. The administration is a system of extortion and oppression, while nothing whatever is done for the improvement of the country.

Again, the traveller who has been accustomed to think of Jerusalem as "the perfection of beauty," "the joy of the whole earth," will experience a feeling of disappointment and sadness, when he sees the wretched, ruined, filthy condition of the city. Much of the language in the Book of Lamentations is strictly appropriate to the present state of Jerusalem. The best of the streets are really nothing but narrow, dark, crooked alleys, about eight or ten feet wide, so that it is with difficulty you can get passed a loaded camel or even a donkey, and when a train of camels lie down along the middle of the street, as they often do, it is almost blocked up. Many of the streets are covered overhead with buildings for long distances, so that they are almost dark in the day time, and are more like