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"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—2d Timothy, i. 18.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Missionary Letter.

MY DEAR MRS. PHILLIPS,—Humanly speaking, I have two sources of enjoyment, one is getting letters from dear Canadian friends, the other is going down to the sea-beach. After sun-set I occasionally go to the sea and watch the white breakers roll in over the sand; their continual motion rests me, and I always come away refreshed.

Seven months ago to-day I arrived in India. My health has been all that could be desired; you refer to that and to my studying. The first four months here I studied hard, all the friends said I could not continue so.

Those months were comparatively cool, though sometimes too warm, and I knew the hot ones were coming when it would be impossible to do so much work.

During the last three months I have been compelled to do less, and I have not regretted the previous hard work. It gave me some little insight into the intricacies of the Telugu language, and enabled me to take charge of the school when Mrs. Churchill removed to Bobbilly. I wish you could go to school with me some morning.

Some thirty brown faced children are always about the door, and as I go in they raise their right hand to their foreheads and say, Ah ma, or Madam. We have singing, reading and prayer in Telugu. The teacher always prays, I cannot do that yet. Then he tells them some New Testament story, after which I try to talk with them. The school closes at 9 A. M. The sun, being then far up in the heavens, and pouring his scorching rays on the earth, warns me that I should be out no longer.

At 2 P. M. my teacher comes and remains till four. On Tuesdays we have a female prayer meeting at five. Mrs. Sanford and I lead alternately. It is attended only by Eurasians. One other evening I got one of those girls to go with me into the town, and we always find some one to talk to. Sometimes I go alone for a walk; stop occasionally and speak to some children, and almost always add a new word to my vocabulary. I am interested in, and enjoy my work. If I can only find my way into the hearts of this people, and help them to find their way to Jesus, I shall be thankful.

It is very hard to get up an interest among the women; the majority of them are too ignorant to want to know anything. One evening we were talking to a few by the roadside, when a Brahmin passed along; he stopped for a moment and listened, then said, "What is the use of your talking to them? They don't know anything." His expressive look and gesture gave an emphasis which I will never forget. What he said is true of thousands of women in this place. And they never will know anything till they learn the gospel of Christ. Your little Mary prayed that the little children might have good beds. Very few of them ever saw such a thing. Their houses are built of mud, with walls from three to six feet high; the roofs are poles, on which are laid the leaves of the Palmyra

Palm. The floor is the earth trodden hard; they sleep on that, or perhaps have a bamboo mat spread beneath them. They would feel strangely out of place in a bed like Mary's. From their infancy they are taught all arts of vice. Many of them go about the streets naked or partially clad. Poor little children, how I pity them. Two new girls came to school a short time since. I began asking some questions. First, "Do you know anything about God?" "Yes, he is in the temple on the hill, we have seen him a good many times." "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" "No." "Did you ever hear of the Son of God?" "Yes, he has three sons, the sun and moon," and they did not know the third. I tried to tell them something different from that, and we can hope for improvement, if they come to school.

Well, about this new house of ours. I fear it will be some time before we see it completed. The first day of July we moved into our new compound. I wish you could see our present habitation. I do not think it bears much resemblance to the majority of Canadian homes. The building is divided into three rooms, each 13 ft. square, with walls 11 ft. in height. Then there are two little crivices 5 ft. square, into which we can put some boxes. There are five windows 2½ by 1½, protected by iron bars, as is proper for a cook-house and go-down, the original purpose of this building. The house is built of mud, plastered inside and out, then whitewashed. The floors of stone and mud are covered with bambour matting. There is a little verandah in front, which helps to keep off the sun, and three native women are, this morning, braiding the mat for that. The house is damp and the mats new, and they yield an odour productive of fever. We have tried for the best, and we hope and pray earnestly for the preservation of our health. The roof of the house we left hastened our removal. We are very much crowded, yet, if all goes well, will try to get through the cool season here. Neither Mr. S. nor myself will have to go up and down any longer in this dreadful sun. We are feeling very anxious about the other house, for the last communication from the Board told us that the treasury was nearly exhausted. The walls are not yet finished, and no roof can be put on till they are complete. Mr. S. thinks that with \$1000 more he could prepare it to receive us. If that cannot be procured, I do not know what we will do. The ladies have already done something towards the building, and I have thought they might be willing to contribute further. They have some few thousands in funds, for which they have no immediate demand, and it really seems to me more desirable to provide a place for those who are in the field, than to send out others. I know this is not their primary object, but circumstances alter cases. I do not think we ought to attempt to live here in the hot weather, though we may be compelled to do so. I cannot tell how the ladies will regard the matter, but I shall write Mrs. March respecting it. Neither is there any house for the boarding girls; at present five of them sleep on the floor in my room.

It is exceedingly warm yet, and will be till September. We have no thermometer, so I can give you no account in degree; but I have seen the covers of books curl back, as perhaps you have seen them, when seated before a fire reading. They were lying on the table, and the shutters were closed. We perspire freely days and nights together; get up in the mornings feeling unrefreshed and tired. This climate will try me physically. I have been led to wonder why my health has been preserved. A young English lady came here at the time I did, to visit her sister. The climate did not agree with her; though her friends did not consider her seriously affected, they thought she had better return to England soon, and were making the necessary preparations. In May her disease suddenly assumed a violent form, and she died in a few hours. I pity her sister as I meet her out, she looks so sad. We have no communication with the English people; live wholly by ourselves. Our nearest missionary friends are at Chicacole, forty miles away.

Apart from my work, there is no pleasure in India. The happiness that affords compensates for every deprivation. The separation from every loved one must be experienced to be understood. Friends write me such long, good letters, and I have so many other blessings that I think I never should have a murmuring thought. You do not know what a strength the knowledge is that friends are praying for us. I do not know how many blessings those prayers bring me, nor how many trials and dangers they avert, but I do know they help me through every day.

July 11. The cinders are flying all about me this morning, falling on everything. The mat in my room is very damp, and I have a pan of coals which must be fanned every few moments, and moved from place to place. The mould is gathering, and it is that which induces fever. If we can safely get through the first six weeks here, we will have more than the usual causes for thankfulness.

Since the first of April I have had charge of the Sabbath School in town. There are about fifty in attendance, natives and Eurasians. In visiting in the town I met some English speaking native boys, whom I invited to come. I enjoy teaching them very much indeed. Now that we are so near, Mr. S. will attend and divide the responsibility with me. He did not use to feel like coming down, he was so busy during the week and had so little leisure to prepare for Sunday. He conducts English service at five. The first Sabbath of the month is our communion day; there are only six or seven of us. I have written this amid a continual going and coming, and confusion of strange sounds. I wish you could have one look at my surroundings now. My kind regards to the ladies in general. With much love to you all, I am,

Yours sincerely,

CARRIE HAMMOND.

Should the General Board be able to make it possible to appropriate funds to aid in completing Mr. Sanford's house, it will meet with the hearty approval of the W. M. A. Society in Fredericton.

R. A. B. P.

Skeptics and the Bible.

The Rev. Henry T. Miller, in his sermon opening commencement week of the University of Rochester, thus spoke:

"Talk about Newfoundland fogs! Why there are no mists hanging over any coast as hang over the teachings of these skeptical philosophers. Take the writings of Huxley, and Spencer, and Comte, and what have you? Fog, fog, from first to last. The very plainest truths held off the distance of an arm's length can not possibly be seen through their thick air. Comte wished to describe the god he believed in, and listen to the words. Here he is:

"The continuous resultant of all the force capable of voluntarily concurring in the universal perfecting of the world." I am sure we shall all know that being the very next time we meet him. Down on your knees that you may worship him! But I say no. Nothing of such sacrilege as this. Rather up from your knees, and down again that you may worship the God of the Bible. Oh, how tired I am of this everlasting talk about a philosophy that is going to hound the Almighty out of the universe. One would think from their pretensions that these skeptics were the makers and owners of the world, and that God is but a vagabond tenant suffered to have a place in it only by their exceeding forbearance. Away with their teachings!

You must not be caught by them. From first to last they are only snares. Never did fowler in fields of Palestine spread his net more slyly for sparrows and larks than these skeptics of our day are spreading their infidelity to catch your feet and mine. Be careful where you step. That book you are reading may curse you with everlasting doubt. That magazine you are taking may be the flight of a pestilence on the wings of the months. Those lectures you are hearing may damn your soul forever. Be careful! Don't take any risks. I tell you, no greater compliment can given a young man than to say he has the Word

of God abiding in him. No knowledge like this the world through. It is better than Shakespeare, better than Dickens, better than John Habberton, better than all other books you can bring—the Word of God.

You wonder at this enthusiasm? Oh, yes, I am always enthusiastic when talking about the Bible, and hear the reason.

It is all because it is the word of God. Had you written it, I should not be so stirred. Had Pliny, or Josephus written it, I should not be so awakened. But when I remember that the Lord God Almighty wrote it on stone, on vellum, on papyrus stock, then I am fired through and through that I can hold such a volume in my hand!

Shall I tell you what I think of those who are attacking God's word? I think they are mean. I think they are playing the swine. You never saw an oak but was rooted against to be overthrown by the very swine that ate of its acorns, and that is the very doing of these persons. Voltaire, I care nothing about his genius: it is enough for me that he hated the Bible. Bolingbroke, I care nothing about his polish; it is enough for me that he ridiculed this blessed Word Robert Ingersoll, I care nothing about his eloquence; it is enough for me, and should be enough you, that with low blasphemy he blackens these white pages.

Yonder west southwest, off the isle of Mull, stands the Skerryvore lighthouse. Great need that it should be built; for in forty years forty ships have gone to pieces on the hungry shore. Commencing the work, it was only by almost superhuman effort that a foothold could be gained on the rock. With a force of three tons to the foot the waves hammered on the reef, and only after six years of battling was the structure run up. Here comes a vessel making for the harbor. It is midnight, and the wind is blowing right on shore set the lanterns to revolving.

slip a hammer into my pocket; I slyly creep up the winding stairs; I break the glass, and, filling lungs the fullest, blow out the light. What do you think of me? You think me a wretch; you think me a villain. Yes, and so do I. I think that man a wretch and that man a villain who in any way touches this Word of God.

Why, what is this world? Only a great ship, loaded with thirteen hundred millions of passengers, through storm and rock and midnight trying to make a heavenly harbor. That we may know where to steer, God has set off from shore this light of his truth. Most brightly does it shine, and that person, I care not what his name, I care not what his gifts, who tries to blow out this light does a thing so contemptible that for him I have no respect. Did Hume, or Paine, or Ingersoll only go up the winding stair to set a better lamp in the tower, they should have my praise; but when their whole doing is only to tear down and blow out I brand them as monsters to be execrated.

Oh, you want to cling to this book! Never let it go. What did your aged father believe in to the very last? You say, this Bible. What did your sainted mother believe in? You say, the Bible. Very well; a book that was good enough for them to live and die by is good enough for you to live and die by, world without end. I beseech you cling to it. In no other way can you get the victory. Who was it that conquered at Waterloo? You say, Wellington; I say, Blucher. Had not the great Prussian general swept on them, just as the clock was striking five in the afternoon, Wellington would have been whirled in utter rout from the field, a defeated man. Blucher saved him. The Bible is the Blucher God sent to save you."—*Baptist Weekly*.

Was Roger Williams the Founder of Baptist Denomination in America?

The above question has been suggested by the following words which occur in your editorial of the 20th August last. "Roger Williams was baptized by a layman, and he in turn baptized him and his brethren." It is certainly a mistake

to claim Roger Williams as being a Baptist, and more so to claim his example to reason from concerning the question of a proper or Scriptural administration of baptism. It is very evident from the history of Roger Williams and the Baptists of America, that the Baptist Churches of America did not originate with Roger Williams, and that there never was a Baptist minister whose baptism came from Roger Williams!

The facts are that Roger Williams never was a member much less a minister of any Baptist Church in England or America. He was converted to and advocated their views of baptism and civil and religious liberty. It is true that he immersed Ezekiel Holliman, who in turn baptized him, and he again ten or eleven others; and so formed a society, but he continued with it only four months, when he repudiated what he had done, and his society soon came to nothing. Cotton Mather, the contemporary of Williams, a distinguished Pedo-baptist Puritan minister, (see Mather's History) said it soon came to nothing. It can not be shown that any Baptist Church sprang from William's affair.

Nor can it be proved that the baptism of any Baptist minister came from Williams' hands. The oldest Baptist Church is the one now existing with her original articles of faith, in Newport, R. I., and she was planted by Dr. John Clark before Williams was baptized. He received his baptism in Elder Stillwell's Church in London, and that church received hers from the Dutch Baptists of Holland, sending over a minister to be baptized by them. These Baptists descended from the Waldenses, whose historical line reaches far back and connects with the Donatists, and theirs with the Apostolical Churches.

A writer in the *Christian Review* condenses the facts of history into the following eleven statements which can be confidently relied upon:

and ten others.

2. "These formed a Church or Society, of which Roger Williams was the pastor." "Four months after his baptism, that is in July following W. left the church and never afterwards returned to it. As his doubt respecting baptism and the perplexity of the church, which led to this step, must have commenced soon after his baptism, it is not likely he baptized any others."

4. The Church which Williams formed "came to nothing", or was dissolved soon after he left it.

5. It was reorganized, or another was formed a few days afterwards, under Mr. Thos. Olney as its pastor, who was one of the eleven baptized by Roger Williams. Olney continued to be the pastor of this Church until his death, in 1682, somewhat over 30 years.

6. In 1653 or 54, which was a few years after the formation of Olney's Church there was a division in that Church on the question of "laying on of hands" in the reception of members, and a separate Church was formed for the maintenance of this ceremony, under the pastorship of Chad Browne, Wickenden, and Dexter.

This Church was perpetuated, having, in 1808, given up its original faith as to the laying on of hands, and is now the First Baptist Church in Providence.

7. The parent Church, under Olney, gradually dwindled away and became extinct about the year 1718, some seventy years from its origin.

8. No Church was formed from Olney's after the division already mentioned, and no ministers are known to have gone out from it. Olney's baptism, whether valid or invalid, was not propagated.

9. Nearly a century passed before the Church formed from Olney's began to colonize.

10. None of its ministers, or the ministers of the Churches formed from it, received their baptism from Williams, or from any one whose baptisms descended from his.

11. The Baptist Churches of America, then, could not have descended from Roger Williams, or from the temporary society which he formed.

Their true descent is from the Baptist Churches of Wales and Piedmont, extending back to the apostles' time." If any person wishes to investigate this subject for themselves, they can see old documents in a work called "The Baptist Church in Providence, not the First Baptist Church in America," and in "The Tri-Lemmar; or "Death by Three Horns."

Respectfully, &c.,

J. C. BLEAKNEY.

Lawrencetown, N. S., Sept. 15th, 1879.