

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

VOL. XXXIV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1881.

NO 46.

Christian Visitor.
Largest Religious Weekly in the Maritime Provinces.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

AT
99 GERMAIN STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

\$2.00 per annum in advance.

J. E. Hopper, A. M.
Editor and Proprietor.

Correspondence is to be addressed, and notices or remittances for the CHRISTIAN VISITOR, are to be made to REV. J. E. HOPPER, No. 99 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

TERMS.
First insertion, . . . \$1.00
Second insertion,50
Third insertion,25
Card per year,8.00
Special terms and yearly contracts apply.

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.
Representative paper of a large and growing denomination is a most valuable Medium for Advertising.

Carries, more or less, in all the Provinces of the Dominion and United States.

TERMS.
First insertion, . . . \$1.00
Second insertion,50
Third insertion,25
Card per year,8.00
Special terms and yearly contracts apply.

CHRISTIAN VISITOR OFFICE
No. 99 Germain Street
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE.

holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad,
Whose hands should hold the key,
He trusted it to me,
I might be sad,
If to-morrow's cares were here,
Without its rest?
I would I unlock the day,
As the hours swing open, say
"Thy will is best."
The dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
I hope in my misty way,
His hand—I hear him say,
"My help is sure."
I do not read his future plan,
But this I know
The smiling of his face,
The refuge of his grace,
While here below,
This covers all my wants,
And so I rest;
That I can not, he can see,
His care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

Correspondence.

ROAD TO TELUGU LAND.

II. OVER THE WATER.

morning I was awakened by
tion of the ship. "We're off!"
ing hurriedly, I ran on deck
we got fairly under way. The
was all that could be desired
with a cool, brisk breeze.
of mist, still hung over the
ing Island, and the coast of
land. A few hours, and what
and was visible in the early
has long since disappeared.
America! Goodbye, dear
be-forgotten friends! Vale!
Vale! Acadia, kind teachers,
mates!
Utopia does not by any
elfish expectations awak-
me. "Could Sir Thomas
other like dreamers catch
whiff of the odor, rising from
ance to the saloon, their
would forever remain ques-
like every other thing now-a-
steamers are puffed. I am
all in sympathy with the
but could some of these
the Utopia among others—be
in the style recently inaugu-
these zealous Irishmen, it
be a blessing to the ocean-
portion of humanity. This
scotch hant, Scotch officered,
ends to passengers, the most
Scotch hospitality. But like
man, she is cautious and
seven knots an hour, with
ble breeze vexes her to the
There is every prospect of a
days' passage. The weather,
is delightful. It continues
several days. But to-day the
is rapidly about to the N. E.,
a fresh breeze. We have
ing regularly up to to-day,
suddenly lose our appetite—
and turn in. Standing
the motion of the ship is,
least, peculiar. While on
ing the giant waves race

past, now lifting the ship like a bubble on their crests, now lapping her deep in a close embrace, one becomes conscious of a feeling of buoyancy which cannot be described. Lying supine the motion is delightful—barring strenuous efforts to keep your dinner in its proper sphere. Gradually the nausea passes off, the motion and subdued rush of waves lulls you to sleep, and you awake next morning as hungry and sportive as a porpoise. Our company (of passengers) is small, only eight in number. Subtracting the writer and his party, there are but four. One is a Michigander, from the vicinity of the great lakes. Forty-seven years have glided by since he left Old England, a young lad with little flesh and no beard. To-day as he journeys to the scenes of his childhood, he has a superabundance of both. He dresses to suit himself—not fashion—pants of the good old salt-bag pattern, made with an eye to comfort rather than to cloth or sightliness; an ancient cutaway coat revealing a broad expanse of paunch; a shirt of such a hue as linen will assume with two-weeks' wearing; a broad brim hat, and a bald head. He has also a well-stocked purse, that can speedily be replenished from a well stocked western farm.

Passenger number two is a young Englishman who has spent seven years on a coffee plantation in India, and who now devotes all his energy to smoking cigarettes. He has just completed an American tour, and has the usual egotistical Englishman's opinion of his flourishing neighbors. "A country, aw, of vast resources; but aw, the hotels are so exceedingly dear. At Saratoga I actually paid nine dollars a day. Your American men are too much, aw, absorbed in business. And the women are too much in sympathy with, aw, the men; that is in a business point of view. In every other respect, aw, they are excessively frigid, aw, and distant, very, aw, graceful and all that, but, aw, none of that yielding coyness which, aw, is to be found in the English maiden. I, aw, could never, aw, love them. So, aw, thin too (Here my eye began to kindle). To embrace one of them, aw, would be, aw, in my humble estimation, like, aw, embracing a, aw, razor." At this stage of conversation he, for an obvious reason, lapsed.

Last of those who shall claim any special attention is little Frankie, who spies the greatest number of porpoises and flying fishes; who is never sick, except when there is nothing to eat; who is a general favourite with all on board, including the cats; to whom no part of the ship is forbidden ground, and whose plate is always piled the highest at the table. Poor lad! none envies his happiness, for within the last fifteen months he has lost mother, brothers, and sisters, and now his father is sending him home to England where he will not be wholly among strangers.

For several days we have been in the Gulf Stream where the temperature of both water and air is high. The latter, of course, is deliciously balmy. By Wednesday, we will be on the Banks—1000 miles from New York, and 2300 from Old England. Then the weather will probably change. But we hope for the best. Hoping for the best, however, seldom brings it. One morning ushered in a drizzling rain, with wind from the S. W. Later in the day this came round to the N. E., and blew hard. There was evidently a heavy gale beyond reach of us; for during the next forty-eight hours we were pitched about by one of the most unending, rocking swells that wind ever raised. I had often heard the phrase "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," but before the ship had been six hours in this mid-Atlantic swell, I was convinced that the manuscript of the author who penned the above words had been incorrectly deciphered, and really read "Rocked in the cradle &c." One feels best on deck when the sun shines, and you can watch the blue waves coursing in glee over the deep. Below, you find yourself grasping a table to assist in climbing a slope of 45° to reach the other side of the saloon; but before you have taken two steps the table has turned traitor, and sent you helplessly down a declivity of the same inclination, at an alarming speed. At dinner it is a continued chase after your food; and it neither increases the sweetness of one's temper nor appeases his appetite to follow his spoon through a succession of half-a-dozen pitches and finally land its contents on his shirt front. In bed your elbows, knees, and head become swollen and sore from repeat-

ed concussions with the adjacent woodwork. If you should be so unfortunate as to have a long nose, the only method to ensure its safety, is to keep it as nearly perpendicular as possible.

After this it fell calm, with a smooth sea and fog. Flocks of gulls, masses of drifting sea-weed, and numerous ships now told us that land was near. But not until the morning of Friday 7th did we catch even a transitory glimpse of a chalky cliff looming up through the mist to the north. This was one of the Scilly Islands. On the evening of this day, we sight the Lizard—a promontory of some elevation, the summit of which is clothed with beautiful green fields in striking contrast to the pure white of the buildings composing a signal-station and lighthouse. The weather is so cold with the wind from off shore that to stay on deck for any length of time is impossible. Saturday evening finds us laboring up the channel against a stormy gale. To-night we take a pilot. Dungeness is the point of this our first communication with the Old World. This being the event of the voyage we gather on the least exposed side of the engine-house, to see what we can in the uncertain gloom. Soon Dungeness light looms up in the dark distance ahead—the upper flame bright and steady, the lower, appearing and disappearing like a great eye slowly winking itself to sleep. The sailors furling the heavy sail aloft sing their hoarse refrain with new energy as the cheery welcome comes to them over the seething waves. The boatswain striking eight bells trills his "All's well" in a lighter tone. Now we are almost off the light. The blue glare of the pilot signal burnt at the ship's bow illumines the waves for hundreds of yards around, revealing the huge bulk of other steamers whose position we had known before only by their flickering lights. A tiny light is now seen dancing over the sea and bearing down upon us rapidly. Active preparations are in progress for our visitor's reception. A ladder is lowered over the side, its position indicated by a light, while men stand ready with casting lines. In a few moments a small row-boat bumps alongside, a figure muffled to the nose in pea-jacket and shawls climbs aboard: "All right," and the small boat sheers off into the darkness and we steam away up the Channel. When we awake it is with the muddy banks of Thames on each side of us. Before night again comes we have said goodbyes to our fellow-passengers, and exchanged the comparative quiet of the steamer for the noise and smoke of London.

J. R. H.

For the Visitor.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The present is a period of great activity among all denominations of Christians in these cities, and not less among Baptists than others. Pastors and people are pressing forward to the work with much zeal and consecration, and no doubt glory to the Redeemer's Crown will result. While we have been able to keep Dr. Peattie we have lost Dr. Herr, who has gone to Connecticut. The prayer of the church to which he was so faithful in the past, will go up for his success in his new field of labor. Rev. Dr. Armitage has returned from his European trips, and received a royal welcome home from his people. Rev. Mr. Judson has commenced his missionary labors, in the Berean Church and so far the meetings have been full of interest, and promise well for the future. If fidelity, earnestness, and hard work can accomplish anything, brother Judson is sure of success. We have also, a new and somewhat novel institution, lately opened in this city. It combines a People's Church and Bible College, and is presided over by Rev. Dr. Samson, who has resigned his church in Harlem to take charge of this interest. Dr. Samson is a man of large brain, and noble heart, and no better choice could have been made for the position. The college is for the training of those ministers, who were obliged for any reason to leave college before the completion of their theological course; and for others who may desire to fit themselves for the work of the gospel, as lay or as regularly ordained ministers. Many think the college is destined to supply a want long felt in this city. The Long Island Baptist Association has just closed its yearly session. The "letters" of the churches show much progress and a healthy growth. One new

church (Emanuel, Brooklyn) was received into the Association. Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of the Strong Place Baptist church, Brooklyn, received last week a call to the First Church, Chicago, but has declined it, which may be hard for Chicago, but is good for Brooklyn. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has retired from the editorship of the *Christian Union*, and Rev. Lyman Abbott will succeed him. Mr. Beecher is engaged in finishing his "Life of Christ," one volume of which was published ten years ago. We also lose one of our Baptist editors, and most noted writers—Rev. Dr. Olmstead, who retires from the *Watch-Tower* to assume his old position as editor of *Watchman and Reflector*. An effort is being made in Brooklyn to reach those who do not go to any church, by holding a four o'clock service in the Academy of Music every Sunday afternoon. The meetings are under the charge of Rev. Geo. F. Penticost, but it is too soon yet to judge of the results. Rev. Richard S. Storrs, is announced to deliver his 10 lectures on "The Divine Origin of Christianity," in Brooklyn during the winter. These lectures were delivered in New York and Boston, last season, and during the summer Dr. Storrs has revised and perfected them. They have been spoken of in the highest terms by those competent to judge, and are regarded by many, as the greatest of all this able scholar's literary or forensic triumphs. The special subjects of the lectures will be: "The External Evidence of Christianity, Value and Limitation of its Probative Force; "The New Conception of God introduced by Christianity;" "The New Conception of Man introduced by Christianity;" "The New Conception of Man's Duty to God in Worship;" "The New Conception of Man's Duty to Man in Politics and Society;" "The New Conception of Nations toward each other;" "The Effect of Christianity on General Mental Development and Culture;" "The Effect of Christianity on the Moral Life of Mankind;" "The Effect of Christianity on the World's Hope of Future Progress," with "A Review of the Argument and Closing Suggestions."

THE LAND LEAGUE.

There is a great deal of sympathy here with the British Government in its endeavor to enforce law in Ireland and see to it that that great measure—the Land Bill—has a fair trial. It is true that a great deal of the money that serves to keep this notorious institution alive, is sent to Ireland from America, but it is also true that the bulk of said money is gotten from the poor Irish who are noted for their willingness, under all circumstances, to be swindled by "escaped" Fenians and "editors," devoted to the "cause." It is drawing near election time in this State, and it is but natural that those politicians whose constituents are largely Irish-Americans should feel very much alarmed for the Irish people, an very anxious to have their names appear in print as subscribers to the League fund. But aside from these the intelligent and law-abiding portion of this community are with Gladstone in what they believe to be a sincere attempt to give to that tempest-tossed Island, laws in harmony with justice and right.

XENOPHON.

New York, Oct. 31st, 1881.

For the Visitor.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND. NO 54.

York Town, Surrey,

Oct. 21st, 1881.

Mr. Parnell, the Irish Land agitator, has, at length been arrested, and not a day to soon. He was on his way to address a monster Land League Convention meeting when the iron hand of an outraged law stopped him in his treasonable and seditious course. He with Mr. Sexton, M. P., Mr. J. Dillon, M. P., and other Land League leaders, are now comfortably incarcerated within the walls of Kilmainham goal. Mr. Gladstone, at the time of the arrest, was addressing 5000 of the citizens of London, in the Guildhall, and when a telegram was placed in his hands, announcing the arrest of "Ireland's uncrowned king," and he had given the contents to his eager and influential audience, by all rose en masse and gave repeated rounds of enthusiastic cheers.

After the arrest of Mr. Parnell a manifesto from the Land League appeared, the teaching of which any Irishman, laying claim to the smallest shred of honesty, would

shrink to endorse. "It is as lawful," say the League, "to refuse to pay rents, as it is to receive them." This is one of the latest and most monstrous births of the revolutionary organization. And this is put forth by the League, not so much in the way of vindictive retaliation for the arrest of its lawless leaders, as on the grounds of justice and equity to Irish tenant-farmers. Such a plundering creed, so unblushingly paraded and propagated, has fully opened the eyes of the Government and the country to the real points at issue between the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone and the Executive of the Irish Land League.

Messrs. Moody & Sankey have been labouring during the past week at Newcastle. They are holding meetings in the Circus, which holds 3,000 people.

Mr. R. T. Booth, the celebrated Temperance lecturer, has been holding very successful meetings in Leicester, nearly 6,000 persons having signed the pledge.

At the forthcoming Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, to be held at Portsmouth and Southampton this month, sermons will be preached by the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, J. P. Chown and Dr. Stanford. There will also be a series of evangelistic efforts in both towns, in which the Revs. A. G. Brown, W. Cuff, and J. R. Wood will take part.

J. ROSE.

"NEW TESTAMENT STUDY"

BY J. R. BOISE, THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
MORGAN PARK.

I have been deeply impressed with the thought that there never was a time when the means for the critical and scholarly study of the New Testament were so complete as now. Only a few years have passed since Constantine Tischendorf—the most extraordinary scholar in the study of biblical manuscripts the world has ever seen—made the results of his discoveries and ripest studies accessible to us all. And now, in the present year, two most important works in this department of study have been added to Tischendorf's editions of the New Testament. These are: first, the revised version which, much as it has been criticised and in many respects perhaps justly, is destined, I believe to rise in the estimation of all true scholars and to mark an era in biblical study. Secondly, we have now, within the reach of us all, from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the long expected critical edition of the Greek text by Westcott & Hort. The book is admirably printed and is likely to meet fully the expectations of those who are most competent to judge of its merits. I feel prepared from the examination which I have made to recommend it in the most emphatic terms. The introduction, by Dr. Schaff, presents in a luminous and condensed form the most satisfactory statement that I have ever seen respecting the sources and the variations of the Greek text and especially respecting textual criticism and the printed editions from the time of Erasmus and Beza down to the present.

And how, now, shall the scholar who wishes to be critical and thorough in the study of that book which has exerted a more powerful influence on the world than any other book, or even all books,—how shall the scholar proceed? My advice is simple. With the grammars and lexicons, such as he has long had, within reach, let him open before him the edition of Westcott and Hort, side by side with that of Tischendorf, and with the revised version, and then apply himself as closely as he can to the comparison of these three books, in genuine, patient, devout study. This process may not be so easy, nor so attractive, as the reading of a popular commentary, but it will be beyond comparison more valuable to those who have the scholarship requisite to engage in it. This is the kind of Biblical study more needed than any other just at present. We cannot overrate the importance of determining, with as much accuracy as possible, just what the divine word says to us; and we shall best learn what it says by going directly to that word, in the language in which it was written, and with the Greek text before us which is best attested.

We still have a number of Convention Reports on hand. Send in 25 cents and we will send you post-paid this complete report of the debate on the Foreign Mission question.

JOHN BUNYAN'S WICKET GATE.

A young man in Edinburgh was very anxious to speak to others about their souls; so he addressed himself one morning to an old Musselburgh fish-wife, and he began by saying to her, "Here you are with your burden." "Ay," said she. He asked her, "Did you ever feel a spiritual burden?" "Yes," she said, resting a bit, "I felt the spiritual burden years ago, before you were born, and I got rid of it, too; but I did not go the same way to work that Bunyan's pilgrim did." Our young friend was greatly surprised to hear her say that, and thought she must be under grievous error, and therefore begged her to explain. "No," said she, "when I was under concern of soul, I heard a true gospel minister, who bade me to look to the cross of Christ, and there I lost my load of sin. I did not hear one of those milk-and-water preachers like Bunyan's Evangelist." "How," said our young friend, "do you make this out?" "Why, that Evangelist, when he met the man with the burden on his back, said to him, 'Do you see that wicket gate?' 'No,' said he, 'I don't.' 'Do you see that light?' 'I think I do.' 'Why man,' said she, 'he should not have spoken about wicket gates or lights, but he should have said, 'Do you see Jesus Christ hanging on the cross? Look to him and your burden will fall off your shoulder.' He sent that man round the wrong way, when he sent him to the wicket gate, and much good he got by it, for he was likely to have been choked in the Slough of Despond before long. I tell you, I looked at once to the cross, and away went my burden." "What," said this young man, "did you never go through the Slough of Despond?" "Ah," said she, "many a time, more than I care to tell. But at the first I heard the preacher say, 'Look to Christ, and I looked to him. I have been through the Slough of Despond since that! But let me tell you, sir, it is much easier to go through that slough with your burden off than it is with your burden on."

And so it is. Blessed are they whose eyes are only and altogether on the Crucified. The older I grow the more sure I am of this, that we must have done with self in all forms and see Jesus only if we would be at peace. Was John Bunyan wrong? Certainly not; he was describing things as they generally are. Was the old woman wrong? No; she was perfectly right; she was describing things as they ought to be, and much of the experience of Christians is not Christian experience. It is a fact which I lament, but, nevertheless, must admit, that a large number of persons, ere they come to the cross and lose their burden, go round about no end of a way, try this plan and that plan, with but very slender success after all, instead of coming straightway to Christ just as they are, looking to him and finding light and life at once. How is it, then, that some are so long in getting to Christ.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

AN AVERAGE MINISTER.

There is no class of men for whom I have so much respect and affection as for average ministers of the gospel. They are not sustained in their labors by popular applause and newspaper puffs, but by love for Christ and the souls of men. They are patient, persevering, self-denying. They endure as seeing Him who is invisible. They lay foundations for others to build upon. They do not estimate themselves at so many thousands a year, but are willing to work, even though poorly paid and not highly esteemed of men, knowing that their reward is in heaven. It is these average ministers who have extended the church over this broad continent, and established missionary stations around the world. Let us honor them as God does. Let us not provoke Him to anger by treating them with indifference or contempt. And if we ourselves are but average ministers in the estimation of the world, let us rejoice that God has counted us worthy; for to be his ambassador in some frontier settlement is nobler than to wear the crown of an emperor.

Two new presses of the last make have just been added to the stock of the Visitor Job Printing Office making five presses now running in the establishment. Orders for printing of all kinds can be speedily executed as we have steam power and a full staff of workmen. Your patronage is solicited.