

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1884.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE are 10,000 teetotalers employed on the British railways.

THE VISITOR free for this month to those who send \$1.00 to July '85.

HOULTON ACADEMY has about 100 students and is doing good work, so say the examiners.

TWO native Mexicans, students for the ministry, have entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

DR. BITTING succeeds Dr. Johnson as Missionary Secretary of the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

THE *Youth's Visitor* and *Gem* for this month contain new illustrations from cuts just received. Send for samples.

A JEWELLER of New York is engaged cutting the largest diamond in America, and intends to call it "The Cleveland Gem."

IN Madagascar no one could read sixty years ago, but now there are nearly 300,000 on the island who have some part of the Bible and read it.

THE catalogue of Colby University, Me., gives 116 students in College. The Institution has \$75,322 as a Scholarship Fund besides a respectable Endowment Fund.

ANY persons wishing to help us extend the circulation of the VISITOR or our Sunday school papers will find us ready to make liberal remuneration for work. Write for terms.

AN old subscriber in Nictaux, N.S., in sending us his subscription, takes occasion to quite overwhelm us with kind expressions concerning his welcome VISITOR. We thank our brother for his kind words and shall not cease effort to make our paper worthy of them.

JOHN R. CALHOUN, Esq., formerly of Summerside, P. E. I., and recently of Boston, has removed to this city and is engaged in the milling business. He has also a store on Waterloo street where he retails the products of his mill and deals in hay and feed. Mr. Calhoun has borne an honorable part in work for our denomination in the past and we are glad to welcome him again to the Province.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society now publishes a New Testament for an English penny. For two cents, therefore, any one may have it in good type and durable binding. Of course it is sold for less than it costs, but the Society believes the Christian people of Great Britain will supply all the funds needed for the most extensive distribution. The total issues of the Society of Bibles, Testaments and portions of the Scripture to the present year are said to be 100,035,933. Friends and enemies of the Bible may well ponder such figures.

WE received a letter this week from Rev. David Marsh, the pastor Emeritus of the Baptist church, Quebec. He says: "I am just entering my 80th year. For some time I have been unable to preach. Bro. Stobo is my successor. I consider the VISITOR one of the best papers, if not the best paper published in the Dominion of Canada. It has been to me a great help and blessing." These words of commendation we appreciate very highly. They come from one who, by scholarship and experience, knows how to fairly estimate. We may not much longer be at the editorial wheel, but some most pleasing reflections will follow us to the journey's end, of those who in this work have been our helpers and have encouraged us with sympathy and kindly expressions.

A FAMILY BIBLE makes a very appropriate Xmas Gift. A splendid variety now on hand, at Visitor Book Store.

John Bunyan.

BY W. JAMES.

"I was had home to prison."—*J. Bunyan.*
"Had home to prison"—thus he spake,
When taken to the lonely cell;
"I love the Lord, 'tis for His sake,
And Jesus 'doeth all things well."
Apart from men, while God is near,
The prison gloom I do not fear.

"How will thy wife and children fare,
If long in prison thou dost lie?"
"I cannot tell; God's everywhere;
He will my children's wants supply;
In bondage held, I still am free,
And prison is a home to me."

"Thou canst not preach; thy work is o'er;
The world rejoices at thy fall;
God's messenger, mankind no more
Shall hear from thee the Gospel's call."
"God's purposes I cannot see,
But he can still make use of me."

And there, for twelve long lonely years
In Bedford jail the dreamer lay;
God kept his heart from earthly fears,
And made his dungeon light as day;
And there the glorious prisoner's pen
Wrote living truths for dying men.

And now, on Africa's distant shore,
In the far Islands of the sea,
From east to west, the wide world o'er,
The "Pilgrims" read by bond and free;
God works in ways men cannot tell,
Bunyan can preach in prison cell.

Indian Territory Correspondence.

BY EMMA F. PARSONS.

The author of the following interesting letter is a young lady graduate of Burlington College, who spent some time in Chicago in the Home Training School for Missionary service, conducted by Mary Burdette. It was our privilege to lead her in baptism into obedience to Christ. She has severed herself from a beautiful home and interesting social circle to go and make known Christ to the women of our Indian Tribes, and seek to lift them to the plane of civilization and Christianity. We wish her God-speed in the grand and self-sacrificing work.—(Ed. VISITOR.)

SA-SAK-WA, SEMINOLE NATION, Indian Territory, Nov. 10.—*Editor Post:*—Miss Elder (my associate) and I are now quite settled in our new home, away in the center of this territory. We are about seventy-five miles from A-to-ka, the nearest railroad point. Our home is the little one-roomed log house formerly occupied by the chief of the nation, John Jumper.

Two days and a night brought me to Eufaula, a railroad town in the Creek nation. In this place I waited some six days for company across the country to a camp-meeting, held about half way to my place of destination. These days were made profitable by my Indian host and hostess, of the "Forest Hotel," whom I found very willing to satisfy my inquiring mind concerning the present condition of their nation. The Creek council was then in session and their chief—J. M. Perryman—with their representative men, were in attendance. I saw the chief's house, a neat white frame cottage, and visited his large well regulated store. His, however, is not the largest, for a white man has a trader's permit and does a larger business. Several stores a rickety looking cotton gin, a small neat chapel, owned by southern Methodists and numerous houses complete the village. But hidden as it is among the trees you would hardly find it unless you started out to look for it. The Creeks occupy a large tract of land lying south of the Cherokee and north of the Choctaw country. The five civilized nations, Cherokee, 22,000, Seminoles 3,000, Creeks 14,000, Choctaws 18,000 and Chickasaws 6,000 in number, I name in order of their reputed ability and attainments. The Cherokees have been in advance for many years. The entire population of the Territory is about 100,000; of whom about 67,000 are Indians, 25,000 whites and 10,000 colored people. A small proportion of the whites and most of the

colored people, are adopted citizens, the large proportion of whites being tenants, laborers or unwarranted settlers in the Territory.

The "five nations" support public schools; having a system similar to that in the States. There are in all about 212 of these schools. They remind me of our northern country schools, with their one room and teacher and scholars of various ages. These schools have not been as successful as desired. Perhaps the failure has been partly owing to the lack of properly trained teachers, also to there being no compulsory school law. I think I see here a field for the cultured christian teacher of the north. The mission schools, of which there are about twelve, are most successful. These combine intellectual and manual training and are surely centers of great influence. There ought to be more of such schools; I have visited several. The one at We-tun-ka is almost self-supporting. There are about one hundred and forty scholars. The boys are taught farming and the girls industrial pursuits. While there I listened to classes in reading, geography, United States history. I played on their organ and united with the Indian girls in singing gospel hymns and found that their love for them was as great as mine. I saw them at work in their various household tasks, and while not so chatty as white girls, they seemed to enjoy their play and laughter, and I had some very pleasant conversations with them. It was with regret that I said good bye to the teachers and scholars.

A short drive of three miles over a bit of the same beautiful wild country that our ponies had brought us over fifty miles of the previous day, and we had reached the camp grounds. Perhaps you have attended camp-meetings? Yes, but not an Indian camp-meeting. There were large and small rustic arbors, with their rough frame-work of posts and leafy roofs. I was reminded of the pictures of the bamboo arbors of India. There were large log fires and iron kettles and skillets on the coals in which the meat and corn bread was cooking for the evening meal. I was surprised to see such extensive preparations, there being cooking stoves, tables, safes stored with dishes, shelves of provisions and long lines of thinly sliced beef drying in the sun and wind. In some of the white tents scattered about I saw bedsteads with their comfortable looking springs and mattresses. The church was a small rude affair with one small door and two windows. There was a motley throng at their meeting that night. To me it was an intensely interesting and heart stirring season. I forgot their strange and almost ludicrous appearance, for though having adopted the civilized style of dress, they have some ludicrous combinations. The pastor looked not at all ministerial, and his pulpit was only a rude table, yet his intense earnestness was very effective. The singing was beautiful. Perhaps it seemed more beautiful to me because I had been told that the Indians did not sing until after they had received the gospel. One feels that they sing to praise God and that no price would tempt them to hire a quartette to do their singing for them. After service, all shook hands. First the brethren with the minister, then the sisters and this was followed by a general handshake. This is their universal practice. They seem to express very much in a handshake. I remained two days at the meeting. Had an opportunity of seeing how much the gospel and civilization had done for them; but the mass are far below the standard. The "Medicine man" has still considerable influence, even in the chief's family. I met him there, saw

the strange old man, in his fringed trimmed coat and turban, prepare medicine by blowing through a hollow reed into a pan of water and herbs. The nation hires a physician who doctors the Indians free of charge. But he cannot be everywhere at once and there is a good deal of sickness among them.

The Indians still observe their old time "Green Corn Festival." This occurs just after corn harvest, they abstaining from the corn until after it has first been eaten at this festival. They gather together, the men taking medicine and casting up their accounts for the year, then they all fast and at night dance by their camp fires to strange noises and a weird kind of singing, until daybreak. Then comes the feasting on the new corn and other good things. This seems to be their way of thanking the Great Spirit for harvest and for his care over them. Every one here lives in the country, so much so that it takes a long time to get about. We have a buggy furnished by mission circles in the east, and this with our two ponies, takes us to our appointments in all parts of the Seminole country. We labor among the five Baptist churches, attending their monthly meetings, holding women's meetings and Sunday schools and in various ways that I cannot now tell you about, seek to christianize and elevate these very needy people. We are obliged to speak, nearly always, through an interpreter. Each year the number speaking English increases, and we hope an interpreter will not always be a necessity. The chief does not speak English but one of his daughters attended school in Granville, Ohio, and speaks good English. The chief is now quite old; for more than twenty years he has been pastor of the Sasakwa Baptist church and it has been largely through his efforts that the Baptist is the leading denomination in this nation. Mail reaches us twice a week. It is brought from Eufaula, Creek Nation, a distance of ninety miles, on horseback or by mail wagon. As there are no bridges high water often causes a delay, the Indians being very patient at such times, for it has been truthfully said that "the difference between civilized and uncivilized is in nothing more apparent than in their estimate of the value of time. To a new Yorker minutes are golden; to the average inhabitants of the Territory, days are leaden." But new life has surely been infused and it is showing itself in various ways. My associate has seen many improvements made during her stay here of four years and we look hopefully and joyfully to the future.

Death of Elder Swan.

Rev. Jabez Smith Swan died at his residence in New London on Wednesday, Nov. 19, lacking but five days of being eighty-four years and nine months old. The event has been expected, for he has been in feeble health for two years or more. He passed away quietly, having fought a good fight, finished the course and kept the faith. No minister of the gospel was better known in the State than he. There are but few towns in its borders where he has not preached, and his name has long been a household word.

He was born in Stonington, Feb. 23, 1800. When in August, 1814, the British fleet under Commodore Hardy, bombarded Stonington, young Jabez was among its defenders and carried powder from the magazine to the gunners. This early experience in being under fire in defense of his country showed the ardent patriotism of his youthful heart, and that same love of country burned in his bosom in his later years. The young soldier subsequently enlisted under the great Captain of salvation, and through half a century of conflict never quail-

ed or retreated, however hot the fire from the batteries of the enemy.

About 1816 his parents removed to Lyme. Here nearly five years later, having reached his twenty-first year, he was converted. His was a marked experience. His convictions of sin were deep and pungent. "Out of the depths" he cried to the Lord for Mercy. His surrender of himself was full and entire. He came out from the world and was separate. He set out in earnest for Canaan and never turned back with longing for "the flesh pots of Egypt." He was baptized by Elder Wm. Palmer, and received into the Baptist church now known as the church in North Lyme. May 12 1882, he was licensed by this church to preach, and for two years improved his gifts as opportunity offered, following a secular occupation. During this time he was married to Miss Laura Griffin, of East Haddam.

Having decided that it was his duty to devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry, he set out for Hamilton, N. Y., to attend the Literary and Theological Seminary, which has since grown into Madison University. By labor out of study hours, preaching on the Sabbath, aided by the labors of his wife, he eked out a living while prosecuting his studies. He was accustomed to say, that his course here was of great service to him in that it convinced him of two things, that there is very much to be learned and that he knew very little,—a conviction that even a full college course does not always impress upon the mind of a graduate.

Elder Swan was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church in Stonington Borough, June 20, 1827. He very early began the work of an evangelist. This was the era of "protracted meetings," or "meetings of days," when the people were wont to assemble day after day to hear the Word preached. It was in these meetings that Elder Swan showed his great power. His grasp of the essential, fundamental truths of the gospel was strong. He believed and therefore he spoke. He preached the terrors of Sinai and the free forgiveness of sin through the blood shed on Calvary. He believed impenitent sinners hell-doomed, and he said so. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet to warn them of coming wrath. He believed in regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and he proclaimed the absolute necessity of the new birth with an emphasis and energy that forced the hearer to listen. He was mighty in prayer. He wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant in secret; and when he prayed in public assembly, he seemed to call down from heaven a presence so subduing, so awe-inspiring, so potent that even the proud and rebellious could not stand before it.

He stirred up the ungodly by his bold and incisive words. Infidels blasphemed and Universalists gnashed their teeth. It was when the enemy marshalled his forces and came rushing against him in wild fury, that Elder Swan towered up in his most stately mein. His eye flashed, his countenance glowed, and he faced his opposers with unflinching firmness. His words then were like arrows in the hearts of the king's enemies. Their assaults did not daunt or check him, but on the contrary moved him to strike more powerful blows. He did not stand on the defensive, but charged on the lines of the enemy with redoubled vigor.

In the Spring of 1830 Elder Swan removed to Norwich, N. Y., at the same salary which he had received at Stonington, although the people offered to more than double it, if he would remain. It was a characteristic of this man to go where there was an opening to do good in saving men, without regard to the money compensation that he would receive. He

would go as readily to a little village as to a large city to preach the gospel to lost sinners. He sought to save men not to gain money. At Norwich his labors were greatly blessed. Grey-haired men there today, whom he was instrumental in bringing to Jesus, testify to his fidelity, earnestness and self-denial in his work. In all the region round about he preached the Word of Life, and hundreds were converted to God. He preached temperance as well as righteousness, and moved drunkards and even whisky distillers to abandon their evil ways and follow Christ.

In social intercourse he was very genial, courteous and unassuming. All who ever had the privilege of entertaining him at their homes found him a very pleasant and agreeable guest. He had a heart full of sympathy for misfortune and would gladly deprive himself of comforts to relieve wants.

He possessed wonderful mental and physical powers. His endurance of labor was marvelous. His mind was quick to grasp a subject. Few men could frame a better sermon than he. He was familiar with the Word of God. His use of the historical events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, as illustrations of the truths he sought to enforce was apt, original and impressive. His imagination was active and vivid, and he could clothe past scenes and events with life and interest. He was familiar with the prophets, and their graphic and startling imagery was a vast storehouse from which he drew. His wit bubbled up in his discourses as naturally as water from a spring, now scathing and withering an opposer's arguments, and now fastening a truth indelibly upon the hearts of his hearers. He swayed an audience as he pleased, at one moment provoking them to smiles and the next bathing them in tears. We doubt, if the nineteenth century has seen a man more abundant in labors to save men, more self-denying and earnest in effort and more fearless in declaring the truth of God. Some years ago in a conversation of his with Dr. Ives of Suffield, the writer of these lines heard him say, "Brother Ives, I want to leave before I die my deliberate testimony that God is good, that all His dealings with me have been merciful and gracious." His whole ministry of sixty years voices this testimony.

His funeral took place on Monday, November 24, in the Huntington St. church. A great audience assembled on the occasion. Rev. A. G. Palmer, D. D., conducted the services, and preached the sermon from the text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Ps. cxvi. 15.—*Christian Secretary.*

NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Mose has resigned the Presidency of the Indiana University. An extensive revival has been in progress at Columbus, Ga., and over 1,000 conversions are reported. The *Index* says "at one time the Baptists were seen on one side of the river assembled for baptism, and the Methodists on the other. On the other day the Baptists baptized in the morning and the Methodists in the afternoon at the same place."

The Baptist Union, of Scotland, has just held its annual meeting in Glasgow. During the session, Mr. Donald McMillan, one of the students of the Union, was set apart for the Congo Mission. The churches are generally prosperous. The Union embraces eighty-seven churches with a membership of 9,517, against 9,150 last year—an increase of 367, or an average of 4.2 per church. The baptisms reported numbered 666.

The best adult S. S. Paper for Canadian Schools is the *Record*, J. E. Hopper, St. John, Publisher.