

# THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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## A TRUE STORY.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Great Republican Orator and Materialist, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

Forty years ago to the lonely cottage of a poor Christian woman, in Truro, Cape Cod, there came a toddling babe, because, where stands now the Crawford House in this city, its mother lay dead, and its father, busy with other matters than babe's prattle, had sent the motherless child to the sandy shores of the Cape to grow and be strong.

And the babe was quite content. It might have missed the sad eyes of the fond mother, and the soft caresses, but life was new, and there was so much to be seen, and its mother's last wish was that it should be sent to this little cottage by the meadow land and the sea. So, when the carriage wheels had ploughed their way through the billows of the sand, and drew up to the garden gate, the babe reached its little hand to grasp the finger of the dame who led it into the house, and pitying its innocence, all unconscious of its lost dead, she showed the babe all her treasures, and the wonderful things, from all parts of the world, she had. And there was a wide fireplace—so common on Cape Cod to this day—with a kettle of "hasty pudding" hanging to an iron crane; and there was the yellow-painted kitchen floor; and off the kitchen was a dark, mysterious room, close curtained with paper blinds, and on the floor was a carpet deftly woven from odds and ends of various colors, and on the mantel-piece were some sea-shells, and in the corner a solemn, tall wooden clock that ticked strongly and regularly!

Above the parlor and kitchen was a little bed, clean and white; and above that a little window, with a snow white curtain, tied with tape, and no unsightly pin-holes where careless housewives pin instead of tie their curtains up.

For breakfast there were eggs and Indian meal, fresh fish and milk; and this old lady and her husband and sons would pray and eat, and then the men would go out upon the ocean to fish.

But one day the sky grew dark, and "Aunt Betsy" (as everybody called her) went often to the door and looked anxiously seaward, and a gale came on, known afterwards all over Cape Cod as the "great October gale," and all that day, that night and the next day and night the storm howled about Aunt Betsy's lonely cottage, and the next morning the scattered fleet came in, but not all—nay, not half that left the little harbor of Truro before the gale. Some had gone down far out at sea; others, while vainly striving to enter port, but the boat that bore all that was dear to old "Aunt Betsy" had gone down at the very mouth of the harbor, and it was thought that the sea would give up its dead, and it did, for well the babe—now grown to stalwart manhood—remembers the afternoon when a group of rough seafaring men brought Aunt Betsy's sons into the little cottage and placed them cold and still, side by side, in the little parlor, and then the men went out with uncovered heads and hushed steps and left Aunt Betsy alone with her dead.

The babe began to cry, why I know not; probably because he could not understand it. But Aunt Betsy did not cry, and her face was glorious with a strange white light, and her eyes seemed to be looking far away, and she led the babe into the dark mysterious room, and she opened the blinds and let the afternoon's sun come pouring in, and while his rays made bright the upturned faces of the dead, Aunt Betsy knelt by her sons and prayed, and the babe knelt, too, and clasped his little hands and looked wonderingly upon the dead boys and their mother; and then Aunt Betsy took her Bible in her lap

and read aloud, but all the time she did not weep, and then she went out into the little kitchen, by that time full of fishermen's wives, who had come to console.

Men stripped and washed the dead and "laid them out" for the grave, and shed no tears. But that night Aunt Betsy took the babe with her to bed, and when she thought he was asleep she crept out, and kneeling there, she sobbed and prayed all the night, but next morn she was up and about her duties, and her dead were taken out and laid in the little churchyard upon the hill.

And the years rolled on; the little cottage gradually was covered with climbing roses, and the ocean air drifted in the little window at morn, freighted with perfume, and the babe grew to sturdy boyhood, and Aunt Betsy made much of him, for he was all she had. There was no cottages near Aunt Betsy's, and the boy lived solitary and made paper boats and paddled his brown feet in the water and made houses from the wet sand, patted down over his feet, which, withdrawn, left miniature caves; and as he grew apace he took to swimming and boating, and would even row his "boat" down the "Pamet" river to the ocean. This river had a tradition of Indians in the early wars of the Puritans. It opened into the sea on a dangerous part of the coast, and one night there came a stately ship and struck the shifting sand, and the next morn the sea was sweeping over the wreck, and it was thought that all was lost, but at last through the blinding spray two forms were seen lashed to the mast, and a life-boat put off, and after much peril the boat returned, and a strong dark foreign gentleman with a dead woman in his arms were all that were found upon the ship.

The boy was there with his boat, and he took them both to Aunt Betsy's cottage, and again the little parlor was opened and the strange gentleman took the dead girl in and would not let her go, but held her in his arms and rocked to and fro, and moaned in agony; but it was the anguish of despair. And Aunt Betsy went in and tried to comfort him, and told him "God was good," and brought her Bible, but the man turned his bloodshot eyes upon her and fiercely bade her "take it away!" And then Aunt Betsy stole silently out of the room and shut the door, and left him with his dead.

And all that night he held the dead girl in his arms and moaned, and no one dared to go near him until the doctor came and said the man was mad; that the terrible ordeal he had passed had shattered his intellect, and that day he died, too, and again there was a funeral from Aunt Betsy's cottage, and new graves made in the churchyard upon the hill.

And to that funeral came strangers from the city, well dressed and with soft white hands and clear cold faces, with the unmistakable culture of wealth and learning. But they said naught of God, but they said that "the dead man had been a great traveller, had braved battle and plague, and was deeply learned," and they wondered why he had broken down, he with his splendid physique, rare philosophy and glittering intellect; but Aunt Betsy said, "it was because he had no God, no Bible," and they smiled pityingly, and said their dead friend loved the girl who died in his arms, and as much as said that "poor people, living all their lives in penury and want, knew naught of the master passion."

Aunt Betsy made no reply; but took her Bible and went out upon the cottage doorstep, and there with her Bible in her lap she sat and read, facing the sea that had years before taken her all, and the tears stole down her cheeks and dropped upon

the time-stained page. Again there came the strange white light upon her face, as when her own dead were brought to her feet, and much the boy wondered how that lonely old woman could endure so much, while the strong man so magnificently endowed went mad.

Years have passed. The cottage long since went to decay, and Aunt Betsy years ago slept in the churchyard on the hill by the side of her sons. But the boy grew to man's estate and went out into the world and battled with it, and man's inhumanity made him fitter, for he was betrayed, robbed, until he, too, became self-reliant, cold, calculating, and his intellect fed upon his heart, and he could smile and put his passions under his feet. He, too, broke loose from old traditions and superstitions and laughed at Bible fables; but there came a time when he was a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and groped like one with outstretched hands in the darkness, and then he thought how the poor fisherman's widow lived her lonely life, faced her troubles and calmly accepted the inevitable, when intellect, manhood, courage and philosophy went down.

F. H. B.

Boston, May 11.

Condensed from the *Christian Secretary*.  
American Baptist Publication Society.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting of this Society was held in the First Baptist church, Detroit, May 21, at 2 p. m., Mr. Edward Goodman of *The Standard*, Chicago, a vice president in the chair. The Carman family sang a hymn. Rev. Z. Grenell, D. D., pastor of the church, on being introduced by the presiding officer, made a very pleasant address of greeting and welcome.

Mr. Goodman replied in fitting words, regretting the absence of Mr. Deane, the president of the Society, and referring to what the organization has accomplished.

Rev. Dr. Griffith, Corresponding Secretary, presented the annual report, showing a year of unexampled prosperity.

Receipts of the year in the business department \$428,295.12, exceeding those of any previous year by \$28,622.05. Receipts for the missionary department \$181,881.94. Receipts in the Bible department \$22,780.52. Total receipts \$582,957.58, an increase of over \$60,000 over those of any previous year.

In all, for longer and shorter periods, one hundred and seventy eight missionaries, of the various divisions, have been in the service the last year, distributed through forty five of the States and Territories of the United States, and in Manitoba, British Columbia, Mexico, Germany, Sweden, and Turkey. When to this number are added the five secretaries—District, Bible, and Missionary—the aggregate of missionary workers who were connected with the society for the year, is one hundred and eighty three. The days of service performed, aggregate 30,936—an equivalent of 84 6-10 years of continuous work for one man. The number of Sunday schools organized is 597—over one hundred more than the number of Baptist Sunday schools existing in the great State of Pennsylvania—and these have all been added to our Denominational Sunday school summary in a single year! Or the number is nearly equal to a twenty-sixth part of all the Baptist Sunday schools to-day in the United States!

Year by year it will require an income of, at least, \$50,000 to adequately supply the necessities of our great and growing denominational Bible work; and Baptists, if properly informed and approached, would readily furnish that amount annually—and this work must mainly rest upon pastors. Secretaries and agents cannot reach the many churches and

people in person. Forty five states, besides, Mexico and Sweden, have been furnished with 136,258 Bibles and Testaments, and parts of scripture for gratuitous use.

D. J. Hill, LL. D., president of Lewisburg University, addressed the Society on "Denominational Publishing and Distributing Indispensable to Fealty to our Lord."

Rev. J. W. Carter of W. Va., spoke on the subject of "A Scriptural Literature specially Wanted for the Homes of the Land."

The annual sermon was preached at the opera house in the evening by Prof. J. M. Stifer, D. D., of Crozer Seminary. The theme of Dr. Stifer's able sermon was "Jesus Glorified," from John xii. 16.

Thursday morning, after some preliminary business, Rev. O. P. Gifford of Boston spoke on "The Attitude that Baptists to-day should Occupy, in relation to the American Bible Society." This excellent address was followed by another from Rev. A. C. Dixon of Baltimore on "The Duty of Baptists of the whole country to the Bible Work of the American Baptist Publication Society." This speech was very eloquent and effective.

A committee reported through Dr. Wayland Hoyt several resolutions which were adopted commending the Bible work of the Society, and the need of not less than \$50,000 for this object the coming year. Brief addresses followed by Drs. Bitting, Everts, Rev. W. H. Sloan, and Rev. W. C. Van Meter.

The afternoon session was opened with prayer by Prof. J. P. Boyce, D. D., of Ky., when the officers for the ensuing year were elected.

After discussion of the use of funds, two papers were presented, one by Dr. James Waters of Tenn., on "Sunday School Mission Work in our Country," and another by Rev. W. T. Chase of Minn., on "The Duty of our Denomination to more vigorously Sustain this our only National Sunday School Society."

A delegation from the Southern Baptist Convention and from Canada were cordially welcomed in a fitting address by Dr. P. S. Henson and responded to by Dr. Boyce and Dr. McVickar.

A large meeting was held in the evening at the opera house, with several addresses, the closing one by Dr. Henson.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

The seventieth annual meeting of this Society began its sessions in the First Baptist church, Detroit, Friday, May 23, at 10 a. m. In the absence of the president, Dr. G. D. Boardman, Hon. J. Warren Merrill of Massachusetts, first vice-president, occupied the chair. In his opening address, Mr. Merrill read a note from Dr. Boardman stating the reason of his absence to be opinion of his physician regarding his health. The address of the chairman was pertinent, interesting and encouraging. Committees were appointed.

Dr. Murdock presented the annual report of the Executive Committee, containing with other things the following:

MISSIONARIES APPOINTED.—Since the last report Rev. Charles E. Burdette, Rev. Joseph S. Adams, Rev. William F. Armstrong, Rev. Albert W. Weeks, Rev. Ephraim H. Jones, Rev. David Smith, Miss Ulyssa B. Johnson, Miss Laura L. Hardin, Miss Bertha Menke, and Miss Minnie A. Buzzell have been appointed missionaries; and Mr. John Newcomb, a lay assistant in the missions. Other appointments are under consideration.

OBITUARIES.—Among those who have died during the year are many who have been prominent and eminently useful in the work of the Missionary Union. The list embraces the names of Rev. Jonah G. Warren, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of

the Missionary Union from 1855 to 1872; Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, D. D., at the time of his death a member of the Executive Committee; Rev. Miles Bronson, D. D., for forty-seven years a missionary in Assam; Rev. Norman Harris, the founder of the Shwaygyeen-Karen mission; Mrs. Jane M. Haswell (widow of the lamented James M. Haswell,) for nearly fifty years a missionary to the Burmans and Talings at Maulmain; Rev. J. G. Oncken, D. D., "the father of the German mission;" Rev. Julius Kobner, his life-long fellow-laborer; Rev. H. Boileau, pastor at Montbeliard, France; Rev. A. N. Arnold, D. D., formerly missionary to Greece; and Mr. R. B. Hancock, formerly missionary printer in Burma, and an interested worker in the missions. Mention may also be made of the decease of Miss Abigail B. Judson, sister of Dr. Adoniram Judson, and a life-long friend and giver to the missions in Burma; and of Alonzo Loomis of Franklin, Conn., a lover and benefactor of the cause, from whose estate a bequest of nine thousand dollars has just come to our treasury.

THE TREASURY.—The total amount received by the treasury from all sources, and for all purposes, is \$342,443.89. Of this sum \$172,886.37 were donations to our treasury, \$59,223.28 were legacies, \$16,254.31 were income of invested funds, \$8,576.59 came from miscellaneous sources, \$13,916.68 were given to create or increase funds, and \$71,594.91 were contributed by the woman's societies.

The total payments for the year were: for expenses, as specified in the treasurer's account, including debt of last year, \$350,896.88; carried to investment account, \$13,916.68; making a total of \$364,813.56, leaving a deficit of \$22,368.67.

In all the missions there are 94 missionaries, 1,682 native preachers, 1,126 churches, 112,122 members. In 1883, 11,716 were baptized.

There has been an increase the past year of four missionaries, 318 native preachers, 51 churches, and 9,977 members.

Dr. H. L. Wayland of Penn., presented the resolution:

"Whereas, a desire has been expressed by several of our missionaries that the relation of missionaries to this body be defined, and freed from misconception, therefore,

Resolved, that the union hereby declares its opinion that the missionaries are our brethren—beloved and trusted—fellow-workers with us under Christ the one Master and Lord, equal partners with us in the enterprise of converting the world to God. We welcome their counsels and the expression of their views of missionary policy, as matured by their observation and experience."

After remarks by several brethren the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Rev. A. K. Gurney, missionary to Assam, was introduced, and gave an interesting address on his work in that field.

Rev. David Downie of the Telugu mission followed with an able and impressive address, from which we give the following:

It is a great work that has been accomplished. After 25 years of almost hopeless labor, the years of prosperity came. Eleven years ago 5,000 covered the number of Christians there; to-day nearly 25,000 are members of our churches. In another way of putting it, to show how wonderful has been the success in India, there has been given unto every missionary an average of 1,000 converts a year. Upon my first return I gave you some account of the work. Since then I have been going up and down the land to stir up the people to greater interest in missions. During this time I have travelled 17,000 miles, preached and lectured over 100 times. I have had change of climates and experiences that will be to me an inspiration for future work.

Being asked how 2,222 were baptized by six men in one day, Mr. Downie described the scene. There

was a great meeting at a ford of a river. The converts were on the bank. Four missionaries stood on the bank, two stood in the water. Those on the bank led the candidates to those in the water. From both sides of the river the converts entered. The baptizing commenced at sunrise, or six o'clock. The baptizing continued until 11 o'clock, when a rest was taken until two; and just as the sun was setting the last convert was baptized, all having been done in an orderly manner, only two being engaged in baptizing at any one time. If six had done the work, three hours would have sufficed and all would have been baptized. Let us no more talk then about it not being possible for twelve men to baptize 3,000 in one day.

We want your prayers, your sympathies and help; but we don't want your pity. I remember when I stood on the boat about to leave India, Dr. Jewett as he placed his daughter in my charge, said: "Brother Downie, take her, watch over her, as if she were your own." No tears were in his eyes; but as I saw him rowed away to the shore there was a look of agony on his face not to be described. She was his last child. This he did for Jesus and the Telugus. I have two of the loveliest daughters God ever gave to any one. In a few days I shall take them to Newton Centre, there to leave them. No man knows what it costs to endure such partings. Dr. Clough must again bid good bye to wife and children. God is reckoning him and us to return to our field. Pray for us! God bless you at home. God bless us abroad. It is one work, it is one end, the giving of the gospel to the world.

A response to the telegram sent to the Methodist General Conference was read as follows:

To the Baptist society meeting: "The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, received your fraternal telegram with great satisfaction, we send our fraternal greetings and pray that the good work you are planning may receive the blessing of God in Christ."

D. T. GOODSSELL, for the Conference.  
Rev. M. C. Mason of the Assam mission addressed the meeting, and the following extracts are from his deeply interesting remarks:

The Garos are probably as degraded a people as can be found. I will not attempt a description of their degradation. He exhibited some articles from that country, among them a piece of cloth of the size of a small towel which he said constituted the entire wardrobe of the women of the country. A yet smaller garment is worn by men. The people believe in evil spirits. They do not believe there is any good spirit. They have no hope. Are they not to be pitied? It is not these clothes that go into heaven; it is character. I have seen as noble characters there as can be found anywhere. God is there; and it is a pleasure to work where God is. "We can love them and serve them for Christ's sake." We go because not only ordered, but because we love them.

Our mission is still in its infancy. We have been working there only 18 or 20 years. Before any missionary went there a boy prayed the Great Spirit to lead him to truth; and he came to the mission. He is now our right hand man.

God is blessing the feeblest efforts. We have but to reach forth our finger, and good results are realized. Will you not remember us in prayer? Will you not help us in prayer? "Asia for Christ." If Asia is to be evangelized it must be by men on the field. The churches there must be evangelizing churches. The means needed are not only men, but money. As in this country, so there. We aim to have the converted heathen

(Continued on fourth page.)