

For the Christian Messenger.

The Stranger's Grave.

And who lies here, I asked, pointing to a lonely grave in a retired corner of the village churchyard? Only a stranger, was the careless reply. Only a stranger! How those words grated on the chords of my heart, causing them to vibrate painfully. Perhaps I should have passed it as carelessly as my companion; but that a cherished one of our household band rested in a stranger's grave, in a far off isle of the ocean. Oh! if affliction has no other fruits it at least teaches us sympathy for the woes of others. And did not this neglected grave contain the idol of some heart and home? Had not some household wreath been suddenly broken; and the pearl of that wreath found a resting place in a stranger's grave; and in some distant home, when the family group is gathered at the hour of twilight, beneath the family tree that for ages had thrown its protecting shadows over the parental roof, and the thought of each revert to the one over whose loved head its branches no longer wave? Would it not be grateful to them to know that the grave of their lost one was guarded by some friendly hand; that tears from some eyes had moistened the green turf above him? He may have been a wanderer from the fireside. He may have been an erring one; but ah! not the less dear for that is he to the hearts at home. And thus it is—

Mother, on earth it is ever so: Thou rearest the lovely to see them go.

And as we gaze around how many look in vain for the companions of our early years. Those with whom we have played far back in the green sunny pastures of our youthful existence, ere maturer years had brought us into the rough dusty highway of after life. We may see the shadow of some graves checking the sunlight of youth; but we look in vain for even the graves of many. Some rest in that gloomy cave far beneath the sunny crest of the ocean. Others broad rivers roll between their last earthly resting places.

And parted thus they rest who played Beneath the same green tree: Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall, And cheered with song the hearth, Alas for love if thou wert all And nought beyond oh earth."

IRENE.

Hillside.

For the Christian Messenger.

Orchard's History of Baptists.

[The following letter was received a few days since from Rev. E. Clay, M. D. As it was a matter which required a reply, and one which we deemed it proper should appear at the same time as the request, we handed it to our friend "Menno." His explanation will be found below, and we doubt not will satisfy Dr. Clay and our readers generally, respecting the statement to which he refers.—Ed. C. M.]

Bloomington Cottage, Carleton, St. John, N. B., August 30, 1858.

DEAR BRETHREN,

In a late number of the Christian Messenger you published a notice, referring to the letters on Baptist History, from the pen of your able correspondent "Menno," in which statements are made respecting Orchard's History, that makes one feel that, as a book of reference, it is unworthy of a place in the library of Baptists; for surrounded as we are on every side by those who oppose both our principles and practices in the present, at the same time denying us a being in the past, we should be provided with weapons that would enable us fearlessly to attack the wrong, and defend the right. Now if the weapons put into our hands by professedly learned men from among our brethren are not tempered with TRUTH at every point, we must either fall before our enemies, or at least be fearfully wounded? If then Orchard's history contains statements that have been compiled from unauthenticated sources (and I cannot imagine how an author could risk his literary reputation on such grounds.) Seeing that it is a work widely circulated among our churches. Will not some one of our brethren who may be in possession of the means of correcting the misstatements do so through the Messenger. Perhaps our friend "Menno" might feel disposed to make at least some corrections in that way.

By so doing he would doubtless confer a great favour on many lovers of the truth, as well as on

Your ob't. servant, EDWIN CLAY.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Tour in Cape Breton.

MR. EDITOR, Having been absent from home for about eight weeks, I send you the following account of my journey, which you will oblige me by giving a place in the Messenger. The third Sabbath in June I spent with my respected brother Burton's people at Hantsport, (as he was attending the Central Association) and enjoyed the privilege of preaching to them twice. The people seem to be much united among themselves, and cannot be more than they are to their deservedly esteemed pastor.

On Monday I went in the train from Windsor to Halifax, and took passage in a vessel to Sydney, where I arrived on Friday, 25th. Met my friends, and spent the Lord's day at the entrance of the Little Bras d'Or; here I met with a number of friends, and spoke to them in the name of the Lord. The people wept, and I felt deeply myself as I remembered the days of childhood and youth, and the many changes that had taken place there since I last visited it, upwards of sixteen years ago.

Accompanied by one of my brothers, I travelled up the Boulardrie Island, and preached at his house, enjoying the presence of the Lord, hope the opportunity was not a lost one to many who were present and seemed to feel deeply.—Met brother Shields and the people in a prayer-meeting; went to North-west Arm, met brother H. Ross (our own Gaelic missionary) and his family, and renewed old acquaintances.

Brother Ross is laboring indefatigably among the Gaelic people, and, so far as I could learn, he is much esteemed by all.

I was much pleased to learn from the people in every place where I was, that brother Ross has their entire confidence as a man, as a minister, and as a missionary.

Twenty years and more I have been acquainted with brother Ross, and these pleasing statements only confirmed my own opinion of that respected brother.

I preached twice at the North-west Arm.—This was the Church with which I first united. I had the privilege of visiting the spot where I humbly hope the Lord converted my soul, and where, in the presence of many witnesses, I professed my attachment to Christ and his cause, by being baptized as my Saviour was.—Many of the old people are gone to the world of spirits, and the young have grown up to fill their places, so that the aspects of society are changed. Still these spots were dear to my heart.

I preached at the North Bar, had a large and attentive congregation. May the Lord bless his own word to some that heard, that they may live. I was informed that there are some warm-hearted Sons of Temperance there.—There are many at North Sydney. I expected to lecture there for them, but had to leave before the time appointed.

I lectured for the Division at Sydney Mines, and was much pleased to see so many present who seemed to concur in what was said as to the evils of using liquor, and the good of Temperance.

The Sons of Temperance have built a respectable hall, their numbers are gradually increasing.

I was informed that neither of the two ministers living at the Mines give the least influence to the cause of Temperance. The Baptist and Methodist ministers alone take any part in the Temperance cause there.

May the Lord pardon him who calls himself a minister of the Gospel, and yet sees men going down to the drunkard's grave and still holds his peace, and drinks his wine at weddings, and on other occasions. I pray that the day is not far distant when the people will not have such who attempt leading them to Heaven on the Lord's day, but to the drunkard's grave on other occasions.

I do think much of the blame is attached to the people. If a man is so deluded that he thinks at this day he may be a minister of the gospel, and at the same time drink ardent spirits, it is high time the people give him to understand that they think he is in the gall of bitterness and bonds of integrity, and, therefore, that he had better dash the cup from his lips or cease to preach. O that the people may soon come to this is my earnest prayer.

I arrived home in peace and safety, for which I desire to return thanks to my Heavenly Father. May the Lord bless the dear people among whom I spent the few weeks above referred to.

Yours in the gospel,

FRANCIS A. STUBBERT.

Deerfield, Yarmouth, August 21st, 1858.

descendants number 119 grand-children, 212 great-grand-children, and 11 of the fourth generation.

Mrs. L. was a kind hearted christian, ready to every good word and work. At her house the preacher ever found a comfortable home, and so did all christians, and also received a hearty and warm reception.—Communicated by Mr. W. Crossley.

ZACHEUS FOSTER,

Son of Solomon and Susan Foster, died at his residence, Chute's Cove, August 15th, after a lingering illness of some years, during which he was often animated with hopes of restored health. But, as his friends feared, consumption had marked him as its victim. Early in life Mr. F. professed faith in Christ, was baptized and united with the Baptist Church at Chute's Cove. His course was like too many who profess the religion of Jesus, and turn aside from the right way, grieve the Holy Spirit, and wound their own souls as well as the hearts of their brethren. Naturally kind, benevolent, and active, in all that concerned the community in which he lived, he became much endeared to society in general. For some twelve months or more before his death he became more than ordinarily awake to the claims of religion. About three months before his death he obtained peace in believing, and felt a sweet assurance that his backslidings were healed, and all his transgressions blotted out. He maintained a deep sense of the defiled state he was in, and the grace of God abounding through Christ Jesus in his salvation—in view of which he selected Psalm lxxviii. 13. to be improved on his funeral occasion. His death was peaceful and joyous. A disconsolate widow with his bereaved parents mourn the loss of a kind husband and dutiful son, taken from them in the prime of life, aged about thirty years.

Dear as thou wast and justly dear, We will not weep for thee; One thought shall check the starting tear, It is that: thou art free.

—Communicated by Rev. P. F. Murray.

ZENAS EDWIN COGSWELL.

Died, on the 17th July, 1858, at Presque Isle, corner, Zenas Edwin, son of Rev. Joshua B. and Ann Cogswell, aged 17 years. He was a young man of much promise; moral and exemplary, he was universally loved by all who knew him. Some four years ago, during a revival of religion at Hillsburgh, N.S., he became deeply impressed with a sense of his lost state as a sinner before God, and, like one of old, he gave himself unto prayer, and soon obtained that peace with God which "passeth all understanding." Being naturally of a still turn, he never publicly professed his attachment to Christ, but endeavored to hold communion with God by secret prayer and reading the sacred word. Last January he received a kick from a horse, in the chest, which gave him great pain at the time, and resulted in a settled fever and ultimately fastened on his lungs in fatal consumption. When he was told that the prospect was very dark as to his recovery, he replied it will be all right whether life or death. I am not anxious, just as the Lord will. At times he appeared to be absorbed in deep thought and silent prayer, evidently looking for brighter evidence of his acceptance with God, at other times he conversed freely with his parents and the writer, upon his present enjoyment, and hopes of the future. Thus he continued till the Sabbath morning previous to his demise. About half-past one he called his father, who was then sitting by his bed, and said, "Father, I believe I am going, the time has come at last, can you give me up?" His father replied, "Yes, my son, if all is well with you I can." He then said, "O yes, father, all is well with me, the Lord has appeared for my soul, he is precious to me now. Give me up for I long to go and be with Jesus." He wished his mother and the rest of his family called, and addressed them separately in a similar manner, requesting those without hope to seek that preparation which is essential to eternal happiness. Nature again seemed to rally, but his bodily sufferings grew more intense for the last few days, language could not express his sufferings, he would sometimes say, "O my sufferings are so great how can I endure them; but it is all right, they will soon be over." At one time he called to his father and said, "O father, my sufferings are so great, O pray for me." "I do pray for you, my son," was the reply. He then said, "That will do, God will hear." He became more composed and rested for a time. On Saturday it was evident from his restlessness that death was nigh. He said, "I am going home now, give me up and don't weep for me; we shall soon meet again." Thus he met the last enemy, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle. The occasion was improved by the writer on Monday, 19th, in the presence of a large and deeply sympathizing audience, from Job xiv. 14. May the all wise God sanctify this stroke of mortality to all, is the sincere prayer of yours, in Gospel bonds,

GIDEON ESTABROOKS.

GOD'S BOUNTY.—The flowers do not implore the sun to meet them. He looks down with genial warmth, and draws them forth from the dark ground to rejoice in his light. And why should we implore God to grant us the spiritual mercies we desire, as if he were cold and unwilling, when over us he hangs, like the sun over the earth, rich in all bounty, and longing to bestow it?

A FINE REPLY.—A young lady of Rockport, N. Y., who renounced Romanism recently was told that "as she was born in the Catholic Church, she ought to die in it." She answered promptly: "I was born in sin, but I have made up my mind not to die in it."

the materials out of which your houses, your ships, your food, your clothing are made, &c.— But he makes use of human agency, to complete the work. He makes use of the prayers, and the wisdom, and the knowledge, and the wealth of his church, in order to prepare his ministers for their work. And we must have men who can endure hardships. He had already, he said, referred to the country. In general the city was not the best place to select men for the ministry. A young man has been standing behind the counter, bowing politely to the ladies, measuring off silk and satin, and ribbons and lace. He is converted. He is full of joy and zeal, speaks with great ease and sweetness, and soon sister A. or brother B. says to him, "I think you are called to preach." He has himself, perhaps, said nothing about it, but he has had just such thoughts. Some zealous brother or sister offers to pay for his education, and he leaves his scissors and the yardstick, and sits down to Euclid, to Greek Grammar, and Hebrew verbs. But he finds this a very different sort of task from that of measuring silks and ribbons, or making an address in the prayer meeting. He gets discouraged. He didn't know he had got to work so hard. Before the first fifteen months are passed, he concludes he is not called to the work of the ministry, and goes back to his post behind the counter. 'Tis the best thing he can do. If he cannot endure the toil, and grapple successfully with the difficulties of study, he will faint in the hour of real action. The hardships, the labors, the difficulties, the incessant wear and tear of pastoral or missionary life, will be too much for him. He will sink under them. No, sir, we don't want your delicately brought up gentlemen, with their fine voice and flowing words, standing round idle in the market places waiting for an opening; while all heaven and earth are calling, "Come over and help us." The poor feeble mortal, who must be bolstered up on to the platform, and supported there on each side, had better stay down. It isn't his place. The man who cannot make for himself an opening, and sustain himself in it, is not the sort of man for a minister.

He referred to Dr. Hacket of Newton; what energy he displayed as a student, always at the head of his class, outstripping his fellows, pushing up from one post to another; rising in place and position at the call of duty, conscientious, courteous, decided. Born and educated a Pedobaptist, but embracing Baptist views from conviction, and acting accordingly, and now occupying the most important post in one of our most distinguished Theological Schools. A distinguished minister of the Congregationalists accounted for Dr. Hacket's turning Baptist by saying, "Oh, he is too conscientious. In examining two sides of the argument, he was so fearful of not doing justice to the side of his opponents, that he actually leaned that way." "I must close. Dear Brethren, I do feel that God is coming among you. I believe that you will go home from this Convention refreshed and encouraged. I believe you will find it easier to preach to your people; that the God of Zion will be with you to quicken, to sanctify, and to bless. There is work of the highest importance before you. Our God will build up Zion and raise up the walls of Jerusalem, and will triumph in the midst of the people. Go on then with your work. Yours is a high and holy calling. Educate, educate the people."

Such was our dear brother's speech on education. It was listened to with intense interest. His earnest manner, his flashes of wit, with now and then a passage of thrilling eloquence, are lost in the report. As also his pantomimic description of the manner in which those who have not been trained to Baptist habits—to the habit of claiming and admitting full liberty of thought and speech, will sometimes poke their fingers into the ribs of their brethren—the good natured little interlude that followed, as some one called out to a brother who seemed fascinated and chained by the Doctor's eloquence, "He does't mean you,"—all this of course I must pass over, so far as verbatim reporting is concerned.

Yours truly, S. T. RAND.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 27.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. SUSANNAH LAKE

Was born at Newport, Hants, in 1760. At the age of 20 she was married to Mr. Nathan Lake, of Newport. Some time after she was married she and her husband both became members of the Methodist society, and were sprinkled, I believe, by the Rev. John Mann, and remained members of that society, until the revival in the Baptist Church at Newport, under the preaching of Mr. Wm. Delaney. Mr. and Mrs. Lake then became dissatisfied respecting baptism, and, after due consideration, were both baptized and united with the Newport Church, and remained members until their death. Some time after their baptism they removed to Kempt, when the writer became acquainted with the family, which acquaintance continued through life. Mrs. Lake became a widow a few years after removing to Kempt.

Her last illness was very severe and somewhat protracted, but she bore it all with the patience and fortitude of a christian. For several days and nights at a time she was so distressed that she had to sit in a chair with her head leaning on a table, and could not rest in any other position. Her only wish seemed to be that she might have patience to bear her affliction and await her appointed time. When her pastor called to see her she desired him not to pray for her recovery, but that the Lord would take her to himself and grant her patience. She breathed her last without a struggle, on the 8th day of June, 1858, being 98 years of age. Mrs. Lake had been the mother of twelve children, whose