

with feelings of affection and reverence. Such success, the Hon. gentleman argued, ought to encourage the friends of the College, and to induce the resolve to support it, at whatever expense and sacrifice. Dr. T. sat down amid the loud cheers of the audience. I may state, that he studied at the Academy, before the College was founded.

The proceedings of the Special Convention will be heartily endorsed, I trust, by our churches. An excellent spirit prevailed. Many questions were asked, which were promptly answered, and much information elicited. The Governors and officers of the Corporation evinced the utmost readiness to furnish inquirers with the knowledge of its affairs which they desired to possess. When the final resolution was proposed, pledging the Convention to the continued support of the College, there was a universal "Aye." The churches will confirm it, I doubt not, by their liberal contributions.

Yours,  
AMICUS.  
Kings Co., June 9, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Widow's Mite.

DEAR BRETHREN,

I received a letter the day before our Anniversary, a copy of which is given below. It greatly cheered me. The worthy sister who sent it will pardon the publication, as the hope is that others may be induced thereby to follow her example. There are many "Mothers in Israel" whose hearts are tenderly affected towards Acadia College. Their sons were born again here! Their prayers are continually offered, and their influence will now be especially exerted, on behalf of the Institution.

Yours truly,  
J. M. CRAMP.  
Acadia College, June 9, 1858.

[COPY.]

DEAR BROTHER,

Knowing the depressed state of Acadia College at the present time, I feel desirous to cast a mite into the treasury of the Lord, and therefore inclose you twenty shillings, with a sincere desire that its true friends may again rally around it, that those more immediately interested may be encouraged to continue in their important situations. It is with mingled emotions that I think of Acadia. My eldest son was converted there, and joined with God's people, and has long since become an inhabitant of a brighter world than this (I trust). I add no more, only regret that I cannot send you a larger donation. I hope many may this morning feel disposed to send you of their abundance. You may receive this as

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Riding Mad-Tom—A Temperance Picture.

DEAR BROTHER,

Taking a retrospective view of my journey of upwards of sixty years in this wilderness, causes emotions of mingled sorrow, wonder, and gratitude. Dull indeed must be the perceptive powers of any man, brought to that advanced period of life, without observing the invisible hand of God in preserving him from many dangers—some of which were caused by his own wanton exposure of life, in playing foolish pranks in his youthful days. One of such thrilling incidents let me try to relate, which to describe aright would require a more graphic pen than mine; but let the simple unvarnished fact speak with its own natural eloquence. In the northern parts of Scotland, a land of picturesque scenery, there was near my father's house a hill, from whose base, in one place, sprang small rills of water, flowing on a piece of slippery ground terminating at the verge of a high precipice, below which there was a patch of grassy ground, on which bodies falling from the top would, in general, roll along to the verge of a second high cliff, under which there was a deep trough as if chiseled in the solid rock, on which the waters of a river gurgled, boiled, and foamed, after descending with impetuous rush and deafening roar, in an awfully grand waterfall into this deep gorge, called Ciste dhu. On the top of the first precipice there were two large grey stones as if fallen there as twins, or cast by a random shot from the hand of some fabled giant. In my juvenile days I could not see any wisdom or contrivance in their being there, but I am led since to believe that they were placed there by Him who does nothing in vain, to answer some wise purpose, as may be seen by the sequel. In the winter time this said sloping ground would be a sheet of glassy ice, on which I and a number of other boys used to amuse ourselves by moon-light, in the following manner:—With a piece of plank having three legs, which we used as a horse, called "Mad Tom," I would go to the highest end of the ice, mount Tom, take one of his legs between mine, his other legs sup-

porting my back—off glides Tom, and I assure you he was altogether dissimilar to jaded horses, that become wearied by the length of their journey, for he required neither whip nor spur to accelerate his pace, but went with increasing velocity towards the awful verge, where the ice narrowed at the said huge stones and where the rest of the gang waited to take hold of the rider, if he failed to steer his course so as to place his feet against one of the stones. One night we got alarmed by the rider's narrow escape from going over the dreadful verge and bringing some of those that rescued him down along with him; and before we could command courage enough to begin it again the ice thawed by genial showers and the face of old Sol, and thus there was a stop put to the mad play.

I often think of this and suppose I see in it a striking picture of the ways of sin in general, but of intemperance in particular; for surely no one will deny but it resembles it in its dangerous downward course on the sloping ice, leading to the awful verge of misery and degradation in this life, and the fearful gorge of eternal woe. Now let us look over the precipice, and oh what a mass of ruins, what a sad wreck of fortune, character, and bright talents; but look below into the foaming billows, hear the deep agonising groans of the countless numbers who have fallen over the bank by riding Mad Tom; but look also on the friends of the daily victims of this play, see the wants, hear the cries, of parents, widows, and orphans; let us look till our eyes affect our hearts, and full well we may adopt the words of the British officer in India, who, on seeing the well, filled with the mangled bodies of our fair daughters of Europe and of infants drowned in their mother's blood, exclaimed, "I thought I could look at death in any form, but never would I give another look into that well again." We will be apt to think that after seeing such a horrifying, heart-rending scene, no man nor boy would ever dare to take a single ride on Tom again. But see, the play is going on with hilarity; and if we wish to understand the word infatuation, or see strange inconsistency, let us look here:—See there the ministers, some of them standing aloof and using no effort to stop the game; others of them taking a short jaunt themselves to strengthen their lungs, to warn the people from coming to the lowest extremity of the ice. See christian men, so called, taking a cruise, but before starting praying devoutly, with saffron-tinted faces, that the ride may be to the glory of God, (saying grace over the glass before drinking its contents.) See here also wise legislators, making laws to regulate the play for the benefit of the public, and to replenish the empty coffers of our Island treasury. But methinks we may hear a voice saying it is not meet to be put into the treasury because it is the price of blood. Can we expect the blessing of God upon it? Doting mothers! your darling sons are in imminent danger if they ever begin this play; and fair young lady whose lover is among those gliding down the icy slope, you run the risk of being soon in widow-hood; or what is not a whit better, of his becoming your tormenter instead of your supporter. Therefore before you join hands use your influence, (which some say is very great) in persuading him never to touch, taste, nor handle, the accursed thing.

Mr. Editor I told you that it was night work with us boys; so is Intemperance, for after all our boasted knowledge it too much resembles clear moon-light. Of course it was winter play also, and does not the prevalency of Intemperance prove that the church is in a cold northern climate, for as soon as the warm showers, and the bright face of the sun thawed the ice in my narrative, so certainly would warm gospel showers and the splendour of the Son of righteousness, effectually drive away from the earth the hell-replenishing vice of Intemperance. That the happy period may soon arrive is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend,  
SCOTUS.  
Prince Edward Island, Feb. 16th., 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MR. JAMES G. SHARP,

Eldest son of Deacon William Sharp, of Lower Macan, departed this life on the 26th of last December, in his 44th year. Mr. Sharp early in life gave indications of possessing a mind of rare symmetry. Ardent in attachment, conciliating and amiable in manners, with a ready sense of propriety and of warm sympathies, he was the friend to be loved and fitted to promote the happiness of others.

But our friend felt that those blessings of amiable sympathies, or the esteem of those around him would not give him a passport to that better land above. He knew he was a sinner in the sight of God, and without an interest in the blood of Christ he would perish. Religion in his mind

had a high estimate. He saw the stability of the foundation laid in Zion. Still clear evidence of his acceptance was not given him. And here we would earnestly impress upon those who can point to the time and place where they passed from death unto life, of the impropriety of making their experience the criterion by which to try that of others.

For the last 3 or 4 years of his life increasing weakness, arising from a complication of disease, tried his faith, and was it strange, taking this in connection with the thought of leaving a loved companion and a family of children just emerging from childhood into youth, should depress his spirits and bring the shadows of despondency over his mind? But faith grew stronger as life ebbed away. In evening time it was light. Towards the close of life christian duty appeared more plain. He deeply regretted that he had not manifested his love to Jesus by a public profession of religion. Dying counsels to them left behind were not lost and will not soon be forgotten. A beloved wife, between whom and the deceased was an attachment of unusual strength, a mourning father, mother, brothers, sisters, and a numerous circle of connections and friends feel their loss.

May Heaven's richest blessings descend on all surviving friends.

Amherst, May 2nd, 1858.

P. S.—As the deceased has numerous friends in New Brunswick, the Christian Visitor will please copy.

ELIZABETH BANKS.

Died at Nictaux, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Bro. and Sister John Banks, in the 25th year of her age.

Our young sister professed faith in the Saviour during a gracious revival of religion in 1854. She then united with the Baptist church in this place. In the Autumn of 1857 it was evident that consumption had marked her for its victim. This affliction she was enabled to bear with patience. She bowed meekly beneath the stroke. She could in the language of another exclaim, "Thy will be done." She was willing to exchange a world of sorrow and pain for that blessed Land Above, "where the inhabitants shall never say, 'I am sick,'" and where "all tears shall be wiped away." As her end drew near her faith increased. She doubted not her acceptance with God. A few days before her death her friends thought her to be dying. When she again revived she seemed disappointed. "I thought," said she, "that I was going home." It pleased the Lord that she should endure a few days more of suffering before her departure.

On the Sabbath morning of the 12th of April her happy spirit left its clay tenement to mingle, we doubt not, with the blest spirits before the throne.

On the 15th her remains were conveyed to the Baptist Cemetery, and there committed to the silent tomb, to await the Resurrection Morn. An appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. N. Vidito, the Pastor being absent at the time. The parents and friends are comforted with the hope of a happy reunion in heaven, where separations are unknown.

May the Lord be gracious unto the family in this time of trial and sanctify the affliction to the good of the sorrowing friends.

"Dearest sister thou hast left us,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal."

—Communicated by Rev. W. G. Parker, June 2, 1858.

SILAS EAGLES.

At Greenville, on the 23rd day of April, Mr. Silas Eagles died, in the 42nd year of his age, after protracted suffering from that fatal disease, consumption, which he bore with christian fortitude and submission to the will of his Heavenly Father. Brother Eagles was baptized about 18 years ago, and united with the Baptist Church. He was a living Christian, ever ready to engage in christian duty. He always filled his place in the house of God until about three weeks before his death. He will be much missed by the Church and friends generally. His end was peace, and he departed in hope of eternal life. "Their works do follow them."—Communicated by Mr. George Rushton.

MISS FRANCES L. GATES.

Died, on Gates' Mountain, Wilnot, on the 24th day of March, 1858, Frances L., only daughter of George and Louisa Gates, aged 21 years. She was ill only about a fortnight. Miss G. was much esteemed in the circle of her acquaintance, and her early removal is greatly lamented. Near the close of life she called her friends to her bedside, and told them "not to mourn for her, that she was going to the Lord," and bade them "look away," evidently meaning, to seek comfort from above.—Com. by Rev. C. Tupper.

Religious Intelligence.

United States.

A LIVING SPIRIT.—The Baptist pastor at Belvidere, Ill., writes to the Christian Times that his church has organized one general and five district weekly prayer-meetings in the village, and seven more in the surrounding school districts, besides a young-people's prayer-meeting, which is held three or four times a week with a crowded attendance. Every one of these local meetings surpasses in number and interest, the old-fashioned general meetings of the church. The universal demand now is, not for preaching, so much as for prayer-meetings. They see no reason why the work should cease, the year

round. Ninety-four have united with them, and they hope for others monthly, till the fall shall open a new campaign.

IMMIGRATION EXTRAORDINARY.—Twelve hundred members are said to have been recently added to the Baptist denomination in this country by a single immigration. About that number of Welsh Baptists, embracing several entire churches, and the pastors, have arrived in Tennessee, where a large tract of land had been purchased for them by agents previously sent over.

THE VAIL TAKEN AWAY.—There is much change in the attitude of the Jewish mind towards the rejected Messiah. An unprecedented number of conversions have recently taken place among them, in this country. Many of the most interesting incidents of the revival of 1858, have been connected with the religious experience of converted Jews. Twenty-three of these cases in the city of New-York alone, within the present year, have been enumerated by a New-York correspondent of the Baltimore True Union. A similar state of things is reported among the Jews of Philadelphia, some of whom have been converted, and numbers have called on their missionary, Rev. Mr. Bonhomme, for Christian instruction. In this connection, it may or may not be worth while to refer to a singular report which has obtained currency, to the effect that most of the leading Rabbis of London have agreed that if their expected Deliverer shall not appear within the next fifteen years, they will be constrained to acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth!

PREACHING FOR THE MASSES.—The Westminster Abbey Sabbath evening services for the working classes continue to be thronged, and an enthusiastic meeting has been held, to which the Bishop of London and Dean Milman earnestly contributed their influence, to initiate a public contribution to raise the large sum, required to fit up the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral for the same purpose.

Burmah.

Letter from Dr. Dawson.

THE RICH VALLEY OF THE IRRAWADI.—In travelling up the valley of the Irrawadi, one cannot but be deeply impressed with the fact, that it is truly a beautiful country. Every where one feels the absolute necessity, so to speak, of having a large introduction of Europeans to settle on its fertile soil, who with suitable implements and the lights of science might develop its hidden riches, and make the whole land literally "bud and blossom as the rose." Would to Providence that there might be an irruption of stout-hearted and tough-handed Anglo-Saxons into Burmah, similar to the irruption of the Gauls into Europe, or the Normans into England. In less than one generation the whole face of the country would be altered. Beautiful villas and cottages would spring up on every hand; factories would rise up as by magic; millions of acres of waste land, which from the creation have been useless to the human family, would soon shoot up their golden treasures, swelling the harvests of the world and the comforts of mankind.

But it may be asked, How shall this be accomplished? How can English, Irish and Scotch emigrants be induced, to come and make their homes in Pegu and Burmah? Primarily, it might be done by the diffusion of reliable information among the thousands of poor families, who are now struggling for a bare subsistence in their own over-populated country; and, secondarily, by the formation of charitable societies to aid them to reach their new homes in the East. In this manner it was, to some extent, as we all know, that the colonies in North America, Africa, and Australia were spread over those fair and fruitful regions of the world.

Germany.

Journal of J. Blenner, Frankfort on the Maine, of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

RIPE FRUIT GATHERED—FEARING GOD RATHER THAN MEN.—October, 1857.—My first call this quarter was to the death-bed of one of our sisters, who had long been a sufferer. Her joy to see me was great. Her complaint had many days prevented her from taking nourishment, but the grapes I had taken for her seemed to do her good. "You were the first Mr. Blenner," she whispered, "who offered divine consolation to my perishing soul, and you have now bestowed the last refreshment to my dying body. I thank you for both." The effort these words caused the patient left her quite prostrate. Shortly afterwards she expired, saying, "Home, home."

The following morning I was called to the burgomaster of Dorfevil, where I purposed preaching in the evening. The burgomaster warned me of the danger attending my illegal proceedings. He especially took umbrage at my loud speaking on such occasions, which attracted even the passers by; he would recommend me, he said, to adopt a more subdued manner. I replied, I could not modulate my voice to human direction, nor could I permit the birds in the air to outdo me in proclaiming the praises of God. Then pointing to Luther's