

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary."

How delightful to realize the fact that our names are known by the Saviour. That the lips which summon the seraphim to audience should utter the name of the obscurest christian.

When depressed under a sense of moral unworthiness. Under this feeling of unworthiness Moses hid his face and was afraid to look upon God. Job exclaimed, "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Isaiah cried, "Woe is me," Jeremiah said, "I cannot speak I am a child," and Paul exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am."

"Remember thy sins, Christ's pardoning; thy deserts, Christ's merits; thy weakness, Christ's strength; thy pride, Christ's humility; thy many infirmities, Christ's restorings; thy guilt, Christ's new applications of his blood; thy failings, Christ's assistance; thy wants, Christ's fulness; thy temptations, Christ's tenderness; thy vileness, Christ's righteousness. Blessed soul, whom Christ shall find, not having on thine own righteousness, but having thy robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

In seasons of trial. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." And a christian is no exception to the rule. A blot is maliciously thrown on the fair picture of his life, and he cannot touch it for removal without making it worse. Perhaps the partner of his life the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, is dipping the departing feet at the crossings of Jordan.

At the hour of death. I have heard of a preacher in Wales, who was addressing a large assembly upon the tempter and his devices. In glowing eloquence he represented Satan going from place to place seeking rest and finding none. Christian after christian overcame his tempting suggestions. At night-fall he entered the chamber of a dying saint. "I will dart a doubt of Jesus in that saint's mind" said the evil one, "and fill his last moment with fear;" but just then the lips parted and the words came forth, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes, [shake, That soul, though all hell should endeavor to I'll never, no never, no never forsake

R. R. P.

For the Christian Messenger.

Sabbath Eve.

How sacred is the Sabbath eve when the day of God is gliding slowly through the "crimson

galaxy," beyond the expanse of the ocean, his last beams falling softly on the blue waters, kissing the distant hilltops that stand out in bold relief against the twilight sky, tinged with gold and purple, the suspending clouds that hang o'er the verge of the horizon! The hum of industry falls not on the listening ear, and nought is heard but nature's music at this hallowed hour, the low sighing of the evening breeze through the leafy branches of the maple, the joyous song of some feathered group that seem to have combined their voices in one glad musical festival, or the lonely cry of some solitary "night bird"; mourning as it were the departure of the day, the low murmur of the ocean as each succeeding wave rolls in upon the silver-strewn strand, night is spreading her sombre shadows o'er the quiet earth, and the azure sky is studded with the various and countless constellations which nightly bespangle the starry dome, pale Luna, silent and serene gazes on the beauties of night, pursues her course midst myriads of worlds with their host of attendant satellites.

How queenly dost thou hold thy sway, Pale watcher of the night, I see thy glimmering moonbeams play, With pale and silvery light.

"The brow of night," is encircled with a diadem of radiant glory, all things partake of the solemn stillness. Were we to give ourselves up to the enchanting of the hour, it would seem a fitting time for thought and reflection where the mind, freed from all restraint floats far back to the dim memories of the shadowy past, and holds sweet intercourse with a pure and lofty Nature; being raised, as it were above the scenes of earth, to glance into the mysteries of the unseen, which are only beheld through fancies' uncertain glass, then to our mental vision is brought up in long review the events which are handed down to us through the medium of sacred history, and we think—

'Tis sweet to dwell on some lofty theme, In the solemn hush of night, When the moon hath bathed the quiet earth, In a flood of liquid light.

The mind will run far back to scenes of the past, and we are almost lost in the thought we are endeavouring to pursue.

The darkening veil is thrown around, And to our wondering gaze, Come thronging up in long review, Events of by-gone days.

The mind loves to wander back to the time when our earth was one dark chaotic mass, ere the stars shone with feeble lustre by night or the sun with glowing radiance by day.

The silence which pervades all nature ere the first faint glow of Aurora gilds the eastern sky, and the darkness which rests on all around might be likened to this; but if we notice the glow of coming day, and listen to the first timid warbler, made more distinct by the deep stillness that a moment before had reigned o'er surrounding scenes, it might be likened to the hour when the voice of life and gladness first broke on the hush of nature's stillness; if we notice the beauty and harmony with which all things move on in their respective order, it seems we might almost form a faint idea of that hour when life and light first glowed with resplendent beauty, and the song of bird and beast went up in one glad anthem of praise from Eden's shady bowers; we are partially drawn away from present scenes to imagine all nature moving on harmoniously to the sound of music issuing from distant spheres. Then man was made in the image of his Creator, ere sin fell with a blighting influence to devastate and mar the spotless purity in which all things were created, ere the mind partook of sinful thoughts, he stood erect in the light of heaven, a pure and perfect being. He acknowledged no sovereign but the "God of the Universe": to him alone he owed submission; it has even been suggested by some that there are things which yet remain unmarred by sin, and uninjured by the fall, to give us as it were a glimpse of the beauties of Eden in her native loveliness.

Could all her beauty be impaired, And no sweet symbol given, Of all that once was joy and love, Like that which reigns in heaven.

But we must not dwell on scenes like these. Although we may muse o'er the fallen glory of a once happy world, yet we should not lose our admiration for the beauties with which we are surrounded. It may be profitable at times to review these things in the mind; but we are apt to lose ourselves in a world of rich thoughts, and rare sentiments. But we must again come back to the present, for the night is advancing and all things are being wrapt in silent repose; but we will drop the pen, relinquish the delightful train of thought, and turn to the contemplation of the present scenes.

L. C.

Margaretville, Wilmot.

For the Christian Messenger.

Baptist Ministers from Cape Breton, &c.

MR. EDITOR,

Cape Breton is noted for its coal measures, and for the number of Baptist Ministers it has produced; upon the latter circumstance only I would enlarge. Seventeen ministers, in about 30 years, from an aggregate membership of 400,—at the present time—is a comparatively large number. These all, with but two exceptions, departed—to Nova Scotia proper, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, United States, Burmah. Nearly all are still in the work; several have gone to their reward. It can scarcely be said, that there is one engaged in the work of the ministry, at the present time, on this Island, and scarcely ever could more be said. Enough from this island are now settled in Nova Scotia, alone to supply every church on the island,—six of them—with a minister, and more too. Several of the best ministers in Nova Scotia are from Cape Breton, also a former president of Acadia College, and the missionary in Burmah.

I would not say that these ministers loved churches more than souls; they perhaps only favoured the words of Christ, "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country," whilst those on the other side of the Strait, may have doted on the passage, "they made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept," consequently Cape Breton had been poorly served.

Therefore the Baptist cause has not advanced with might. Small churches that have sprung up under some Pentecostal shower, are actually dying out, being overshadowed by stronger religious bodies, who have the ground, and being bid for by others seeking a footing. How can a feeble body without a head, even with superior weapons, cope with a strong one complete. The churches on this island might be compared to the annual plant which brings forth its seed and then dies.

Yet this ministerial fruitfulness has not been without advantage; for taking occasion of the preaching of the gospel to visit friends, or vice versa, the gospel has been preached here from time to time, by those who have gone forth from the island. I do not mean to say that these two objects may not be very properly combined, or that a mission of a few weeks may not be profitable. Pentecost, Samaria, and even our own day, would witness against such a conclusion:

Just now a good supply is coming in, Cape Breton county has I believe its full complement of ministers. There are none stationed in Inverness where there are three Baptist churches. Might not one take the whole field, overcoming the distance by going over the ground once in six weeks or so. This would be better than no minister at all.

I may as well say while I am writing, that the Meeting-house at Ship Harbour is being completed—no longer to present a morbid, skeleton appearance, internally; no longer to be better suited as a place, "where the swallow may have her nest, and lay her young," than to be the abode of God or man; nor to be so trying to one's charity, for one will be comparing the spiritual with the material building, and concluding that the former is not of that sort which goes "on unto perfection." I would that other churches in the Island would imitate the laudable example of the little band in Ship Harbour.

It may not be generally known that the Lord gave Ship Harbour to the Baptists, in the first place. About seventeen years ago, a revival of religion took place under Mr. Rideout, and a Baptist Church was formed. Afterwards a Baptist minister was sustained, and by the people generally, and the congregation was large—for one year. But the Baptists, as represented by Associations, Missionary Boards, Ministers, for "they never appeared to like to stop here," seemed to despise the gift. Then came along the Methodists with their usual zeal and success, and they have left the Baptists in the minority. Will not the President of the Conference, in the day of account, come bearing on his shoulders Ship Harbour, and other places given to the Baptists, saying, in the name of his brethren, "Here are we, and not only what thou hast given us, but much also that thou hast given to the Baptists." And will not the Master say, "Well done"! Will not the Baptists be provoked—to look after weak churches, buds of promise, vantage grounds, openings by God!

Gospel rule without the Spirit of the gospel, does not seem to be very practical. Independency does not, then, seem to reach "the regions beyond." If the gospel is knocked down to the highest bidder, the rich will be filled while the poor will be sent empty away—a sad reversal of the gospel plan. According to the centraliza-

on and generalization scheme, each gets a portion in due season. Did you ever know of a weak Methodist society left from year to year without being ministered unto?

HOBOKEN.

Cape Breton, October 18th, 1864.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

PHILIP HIGGINS

Died October 29th, 1864, aged 19 years. He was baptized some two years ago by the writer, and united with the Onslow Church. His walk since that time until his departure was uniform and exemplary. He was one of the youthful and who unite in the "Youth's Prayer Meeting." We trust he is now in heaven where all praise. A discourse was delivered upon the moral occasion founded upon Rev. xiv. 13.—Com. by Elder B. Scott.

WILLIAM BLACKMORE

Died October 28th, 1864, aged 45 years, leaving an aged parent, wife and family, to mourn his departure. He was a native of Onslow, Nova Scotia, and well respected by the community. He was rather peculiar in his religious sentiments until a short time before his death, when he appeared to undergo quite a change of mind, and express himself very satisfactorily upon the great theme of salvation by faith in Christ. A large concourse attended on the day of his funeral, when the writer delivered a discourse from Rev. vi. 8, first clause, upon the occasion.—Ib.

MRS. LORENDA WILSON.

Died at Sherbrook West, King's Co., July 28th, 1864, the beloved wife of Clarke Wilson, daughter of the late George Starrat, and grand daughter of the venerable Joseph Dimock, in the 30th year of her age. Our departed sister was baptized by the Rev. James Park, and united with the Baptist Church in that place. She was the subject of much suffering during her short pilgrimage, but was comforted with a good hope through grace. Those best acquainted with her knew her worth as a friend and a christian. May the sorrowing husband and mourning friends, share largely in the favour of God, which gave her so much comfort in life and death. Many felt the sentiment of these beautiful lines to cheer them as they left the grave in sadness.

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.

Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

—Com. by Rev. W. G. Parker.

Religious Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mission to P. E. Island.

Mr. Editor,—

I returned on the 21st ult., from a mission of six weeks in P. E. Island, under an appointment of the N. S. H. M. Board. During the mission labored in the following places:—

NORTH RIVER.

There is a small church here of thirty-eight members, about four miles from Charlottetown, from which it receives pastoral aid a small proportion of the time. I spent one Sabbath at this place and preached, before very attentive congregations. It is a promising field of labor.

LOT 45.

The Baptist Church is situated six miles eastward of Charlottetown, on the George-town road, in the midst of a large settlement. They have a comfortable Meeting-house, and full congregations where favored with preaching. I remained, two weeks with the church preaching and going from house to house. It is now more than twelve years since they enjoyed the labors of a stated pastor. But the few faithful ones who remain are holding on their way in anticipation of the time when they shall again enjoy the labors of a settled pastor. Brother E. N. Archibald labored here a short time during the vacation to good acceptance. Bro. Steele is, also, highly esteemed in the Island; but when last there he spent the most of his time with the East Point Church under the pastorate of Elder John Shaw.

GRAND RIVER.

This is a growing and thriving settlement including Avondale and Dundas. The Baptist Church numbers twenty members. They have a Meeting-house, conduct a Sabbath School and hold prayer meetings.—They seldom have preaching from Baptist ministers. The Bible Christians, (a branch of the Wesleyans) Wesleyans and Presbyterians occupy the field a part of the time. I labored three Sabbaths here,