

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Horton Collegiate Academy.

Mr. Editor,

Will you please insert in the columns of the Messenger the following extracts from the Report of the Examining Committee for Horton Collegiate Academy, and oblige yours, &c.

D. M. WELTON.

To the Board of Governors of Acadia College:

"We, the undersigned Committee appointed to attend the semi-annual Examinations of Horton Collegiate Academy, beg leave to report that we were present at the examinations on the 3rd and 4th of June, and examined classes in English Grammar, Spelling, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Practical Mathematics, English History, Grecian History, Latin, and Greek.

Generally speaking, the progress exhibited by the pupils in the different Branches which had received their attention was very satisfactory. It was gratifying to observe that the more advanced classes in Latin and Greek not only read and translated with ease Caesar, Cicero, and Xenophon, but were quite familiar with the Grammars of these languages, being able with readiness and accuracy to give the conjugation and synopsis of verbs, the declension of nouns, and the rules of Syntax as they were called for."

"In Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry, the classes creditably acquitted themselves. The thoroughness which they showed in English Grammar and Analysis was singularly complete, and deserves an honorable mention."

"One most interesting and exciting exercise of the Examinations was a spelling and defining match engaged in by all the pupils, and which after two and a half hours, found the number of competitors reduced to twenty-one. With this number the contest was renewed, and after one and another were struck off the list by failure, Mr. Perry Bowles was finally left victorious upon the field. For this he was awarded a prize of \$5 00."

"Adopting 9 as the standard of perfection in the recitations, a large number reached 7 and 8, and a few perfection itself."

"In view of the already marked effect of the school law in elevating the educational standard of the Province, we are not unaware of the great importance of making the Horton Collegiate Academy still more efficient and attractive as an Institution of learning; that it may, as hitherto, occupy an advanced position among the High schools and Academies of Nova Scotia."

"That the Teachers are quite alive to the educational demands of the age is evident from the fact that this Institution was never before, in our opinion, in so healthy and flourishing a condition."

D. FREEMAN, E. M. SAUNDERS, D. M. WELTON, Ex. Com.

For the Christian Messenger.

Uneventful Lives.

Nova Scotia is a sort of nook of creation, an out of the way corner of the world. John Bull across the water, has a very vague idea of the importance of the Province. To the dwellers in Yankee land, it is simply a country noted for rocks, coal and codfish; with the discovery of gold a transient interest was excited, and the readers of "Evangeline" know "In the Acadia land on the shores of the Basin of Minas, distant, secluded still, the little village of Grand Pre lay in the fruitful valley."

Generally speaking, the more poetical idea of "the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," are sadly marred by a conflicting and prosaic impression of half frozen looking people called "Blue Noses," Polar bears, seals and icebergs. Yet Nova Scotia to Nova Scotians means much, and Halifax to Halifaxians it is more than London, Paris and Pekin combined. For many people it is all the world, where they first see it, and where for them "the light of day shall forever fade away."

Here the race is run, the battle fought, here for them are unfolded the sad mysteries of life and death. Alexander Smith says that the world had no existence for him, prior to his birth, and ends with his death; and talk as men may of suppre ages and posterity, the little space of time, allotted to each life, is more fraught with interest to the one who lives it, than all other time past or future; and in the same way, the little spot of earth, where the life is spent, is of more import than all the rest of the habitable world. All mankind do not carve statues, paint pictures, compose great masses or Oratorios, or write good poetry. It is very nice for some who do, but so many do not. Most men lead apparently rapid lives, and yet no life is truly uneventful, to the one who enjoys its good things and endures its bad.

Even the lesser sort of fame is denied to the mass. Many men pass through life, exempt from shipwreck, cholera, religious persecution,

and large legacies. A great many women cannot found Industrial Schools, and are not long enduring but patient slaves of drunken husbands or fathers. The Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons far out number the Luthers and Landseers—Beethovens and Bantings. At first glance, human life is simple enough for Smith, B. and R.—birth, growth, three meals in the day time, sleep in the night, marriage perhaps, and after a few years, a quiet shuffling off of "this mortal coil." We think we know how most lives run,—men go to their stores, their warehouses, their offices, they fight a sordid fight with the working world, they meet all kinds of small obstacles, some of which they overcome, very many of which overcome them, they buy and sell, keep their books and collect their money (if they can), and come home to read their paper and go to bed. The woman's life is even more petty—nursing children—superintending servants—attending to the family sewing, with the occasional excitement of a laborious party or a spring cleaning. Looked at in this way, what a mean, ignoble thing, human life seems. In God's sight this same dull routine of small cares and small sorrows may be a grand contest, a hand to hand fight with the powers of darkness. From the common clay of the most ordinary life, may be moulded a statue for the King. The Christian who fully appreciates his privileges and resources, is endowed with a marvellous touch like Midas of old, so that beneath his hand, the commonest thing becomes something pure and precious. Take a most familiar case for illustration. A woman with an earnest desire to be dutiful, and upheld by the grace which is freely granted to those who ask it, commences a day of her usual little cares; by her kindness, gentle words and good example, the whole day is made beautiful. The children are tractable and happy, the husband cheered by a pleasant face, and the servants animated by her conscientious discharge of duty, are content and zealous. The unblotted record of a day like this is not an easy acquisition. It seems a small matter to give way little by little, to lose temper here and be idle there, to give unjust blame or harsh criticism, to scold the little ones and snub the servants, and to weary the good man with impotent frettings. The evening finds a moody man meditating in the parlor, and an exasperated domestic sewing her patchwork with vindictive jirks, in the kitchen. Saddest of all, the pet of the house hold on smooth days, has gone to bed to night in disgrace. A long tear line marks the fair face, the dimpled hand is crumpled up under the sunny head, and the little puckered up mouth, is eloquent of a child's grief and pain. The day is an ignominious defeat.

Had a great sorrow been dealt out direct, as it would seem from the hand of an overruling God, then poor weak human nature, would have made a grand rally of her forces, and, supported by the sympathy of friends and the vague excitement of a startling calamity, would have been victorious. Had passion and principle met in fair open fight, with drawn up forces in the field, and the soul wrought up to a sublime heroism, all would have been well; but the fight was with petty foes who lay concealed in the moss beds or beneath the broad leaves, so they took the poor warrior and gained a contemptible but decisive victory.

Are these small things? Three score years and ten are allotted as best to man, these are too few days for one to be dropped out and lost in this way. Alas! they are not lost, but stand as accusing angels before the Throne. When the Christian makes his profession a reality, the life which seem to eyes superficially viewing, a fair page written in almost invisible ink, with few erasures, few blots may be to angels visions stained with tears and crimson with heart blood.

C. S.

For the Christian Messenger.

The United States Baptist Anniversaries.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 2nd, 1867.

Dear Brother,—I wrote you last week of a Prayer meeting I attended in Boston; and of my safe arrival by Railway in the great city of Chicago. I wish I could give you this week a fair account of the *monstrous* meeting of Baptists held in that city. It was the largest gathering of Baptists and especially of Baptist ministers that ever met in one place on this Continent, or, as I suppose, in the world. Besides the 7 Baptist churches of Chicago—some of which have a membership of 700—there were from abroad, it is said, between 4 and 5 thousand. This you see was a pretty

large company for our good Baptist friends of the "first church" to provide for 6 or 7 days. True, they had sent out a broad, free invitation to their brethren. They had said—"come East—come West—come North—come South—come one, come all," still I do not believe they thought that "East, West, North and South, one and all" would heed the invitation, and come. But they did, and the good people of Chicago, when the time appointed arrived, found, somewhat to their surprise and dismay, 4000 or more poured upon their hospitality which was 2000 more than they had expected and provided for.

The question now was asked by our brethren—what can be done? Where shall we find food and shelter for this great company of hungry Baptists? For, like the frogs in Egypt of ancient days, they had come up—if not out of the river, they had out of the cars, and covered the land, and were now exceedingly anxious to go even into the chambers and upon the beds of the Chicago friends.

The question was soon answered and nobly, too. The Committee of arrangement met and decided to solicit the aid of the large hearted people of Chicago to find homes for these homeless ones, and if after no more room could be found in private dwellings, there still remained some who were unprovided for, to throw open the doors of their spacious and beautiful house of worship as a Baptist Hotel for the time being.

No sooner was this conclusion arrived at than all the unprovided for were summoned to the large lecture room of the church, and assured that they need give themselves no anxiety, for though they could not find homes for them all in the private dwellings and public Hotels of the city, yet the doors and pews of that great building were open to them. There they were to make themselves perfectly at home. They might talk and sing, and pray and eat and sleep. The Committee would see that they were made comfortable to the number of 1000; if there should be as many found.

And nobly did they fulfil that heroism. For from that time till the end of the Convention which lasted a whole week, there were from 150 up to 400 men and women amply fed and comfortably and respectably lodged beneath the roof of that splendid chapel. The cushions of the pews were used as beds, and blankets such as were for the soldiers, during the war, were taken for coverlids. And though some found these sleeping couches a little too hard for comfort, yet, under the peculiar circumstances, we all called them comfortable.

The ladies occupied one of the Sabbath School rooms, and the gentlemen the main audience room of the church; and night after night between three and four hundred of us found rest in this novel Baptist hotel. I could not help being struck with the sudden change that came over so many at the same time. The most if not all of that company had come to Chicago decidedly opposed to sleeping in the house of God; but now we all agreed in doing so if we could. And it was really amusing to see three or four hundred hastening to the lecture room, as soon as the evening meetings were closed in order each to get a blanket and return with it to make up his bed in the house of the Lord. But it was still more amusing to stand an hour after this in the midst of that great room capable of seating 2000 souls or more, and listen to the different sounds that came from all parts of it. I said it was amusing, but I dare not say it was musical. For however musical the American Baptists may be when awake I assure you they make great discord when asleep.

But you are curious to hear how this great company was fed in the house of the Lord; just as in any other house. The Pastor of the church lives in the basement of the chapel, and consequently, all the needed accommodations for cooking and eating were in readiness. Five or six cooks and attendants were constantly on hand, and when the time for meals arrived, we were invited in companies of 65 at a time, to be seated in the large dining room, where we were supplied with excellent food and in abundant quantity. When one company were supplied another was called, till all were satisfied, and returned to the lecture room to sing and talk and pray till the hours of public worship arrived, when we repaired to the main audience room to avail ourselves of the rich intellectual treats that fell from the lips of the various speakers. Thus the week passed quite pleasantly away, and though many of us did not learn much about the manners and customs of the Chicago citizens in their own dwellings, yet we did learn much about their large-hearted liberality and hospitality; for we had an ocular demonstration of it in the house of the Lord.

But my letter is already too long, I will therefore close by subscribing myself,

Yours truly,

J. F. KEMPTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

REV. D. P. MCQUILLAN.

Another of the fathers is gone. Another vacancy has been made in the ranks of the Lord's army. Our venerable brother died at his residence at Mira Gut, on Saturday, May 25th. But that which is a loss to the Denomination in general, and especially to the Mira Church is doubtless gain to him, for death was certainly a blissful release from pain and suffering.

David Parker McQuillan, the subject of this notice, was born in New Hampshire, Sept. 27, 1792, and was therefore in his 75th year when he died. He came to Cape Breton when quite a young man. He had made a profession of religion previous to coming to this country; but it was here that he experienced new joy and a firmer faith and found that constraining power in religion which shaped the course of his subsequent life. Being filled with zeal, and realizing his obligations to the Redeemer, he felt constrained to devote himself to the work of preaching Christ; but owing to the then existing state of religious affairs on this island, there was no opportunity for him to give his time exclusively to the work of the ministry. He was obliged to spend the week days in manual labor, and on the Sabbath he preached to the people the unsearchable riches of Christ, often travelling long distances on foot to deliver his message of truth. In this way he was the means of leading many from nature's darkness into the gospel's light, and of disseminating widely those distinctive truths which are so dear to us as a Denomination.

He was ordained at Baddeck in July, 1836. Revs. William Elder and R. L. Cunningham officiating on the occasion. About two years after that he removed to Newburyport, Mass., and remained there seventeen years, engaged in his dearly-loved labor, that of winning souls to Jesus.

In the year 1855 he returned to Cape Breton, and became pastor of the church at Mira Bay, where he labored successfully till failing health obliged him to resign the pastoral charge. This occurred in 1862. His disease was Bronchitis, which affected his throat so much that it was with great difficulty that he spoke in public. It constantly grew worse until it settled into a permanent sore throat, accompanied by a violent cough. At times he was able to speak a little in public, though with difficulty, and he gladly embraced every such opportunity. Latterly his disease assumed the aspect of consumption. He suffered much intense pain, wasted away, and grew weaker daily, till it was evident his vital powers were almost spent. A few days before his death he lost the power of speech, but it was graciously restored to him just before his departure. About an hour before he died his son asked him if he realized that he was dying, and he answered firmly and joyfully "yes." The question was then asked "Do you feel that you are going home to be with your Saviour?" And he answered with much animation, as his face glowed with heavenly rapture, "yes, yes;" and raising his hands toward heaven in apparent triumph he exclaimed "up, up." After lying a short time in an exhausted condition he tranquilly passed away.

The funeral was attended by a large number of sorrowing friends. Rev. T. H. Porter, of Sydney, was present, and in connection with the writer, conducted the solemn service. A discourse was delivered by the writer, founded upon Phil. i. 21, showing first the Christian's Life Object, and secondly his infinite gain in death.

Nearly fifty years ago, Bro. McQuillan was married to a daughter of Mr. Rice, at that time the only Baptist on Cape Breton Island. She still survives him. Out of a family of twelve children, four are living, three of whom reside in the United States.

Our departed brother, in relation to the Baptist cause in this Island, may well be styled one of the "Fathers." There are but few settlements, especially in the eastern and northern portions, where he has not unfurled the banner of the cross. Many a place also in the eastern part of Nova Scotia Proper, was the scene of his self-denying efforts. His spiritual children who survive him are numerous, and many have gone before him to the everlasting home of the redeemed. He was intimately connected with the early religious life of our venerable Bro. Burton who preceded him such a short time to the rest above.

One of the distinguishing points in his religious character, was soundness in doctrine. He saw in the great doctrines of grace God's highest attributes meeting and blending in grand and glorious harmony; none of them obscuring the other. And he believed that the church of Christ resting on these blessed truths was secure, and that every individual believer would be "saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation."

Another peculiarity was good judgement. He was esteemed as a very judicious man. Those who knew him well felt that they were safe in seeking his counsel, especially in religious matters. He always rejoiced with a special joy at the prosperity of the cause of Christ. From whatever quarter good tidings came, telling of the conversion of sinners or the increased piety of saints, they seemed to touch a secret spring