

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Baptist Convention at Chicago.

Dear Brother Selden,—

Perhaps I am presuming too much, both upon your patience and that of your readers, by writing another letter relating to the above named subject. If you think so, please throw this among your waste paper. To me, however, the meeting of which I am about to write was the most thrillingly interesting of any I ever attended. It was held in the main audience room of the 1st. Baptist Church in Chicago, on Wednesday evening, the 29th of May last. It was a farewell meeting, addressed by one or two missionaries; and also by several young men who were about to turn their backs upon their beloved country and homes to live—labor and die among the heathen.

After singing the hymn commencing with—
"Blest be the tie that binds,"
prayer was offered. The chairman, Dr. J. G. Warren, of Boston, then spoke of the fact that some of "the family" were present to give a few parting words. He thought it would be a trying scene—especially to those who were about to pronounce the word "Farewell."

He then introduced the Rev. E. P. Scott, of the Assam Mission. Mr. Scott said—"I don't arise to make a speech; but that you may all see my face and hear my voice. I wish you to see the faces of me and mine" (his wife was sitting before him) "that you may be able the better to follow us to our foreign homes." He desired their prayers and sympathies in the foreign work. They were not now called to look upon a strange work. The work of Foreign Missions had ceased to be either strange or new, and God had long since abundantly crowned it with His blessing. He did not wish them to think them at all peculiarly devoted because they went to the heathen. The heathen were far more devoted than they.

He then referred to some of the sympathies of the Asamese—for instance; they would not dare to use our plough for fear, as they say, that "it will plough up our religion." And yet, many of them had been converted to God, and would do all in their power to advance the cause of Christ among their fellow-countrymen. Some of the converted boys had saved rice enough, in one year, to support two native preachers four months; and that rice was taken from the small allowance given them for their meals. A hand full or two was taken each day and put aside for the Lord's work.

Precious example! Who among the Christians of Nova Scotia will follow it? How much might be saved for the Lord's work out of what is annually spent needlessly for our own gratification. Let professing Christians ponder the example of those Christianised heathen boys. We are only stewards. If the Lord entrusts us with more than we need it is not that it may be squandered to gratify our sinful, greedy lusts; but that it may be consecrated to his service. Oh! that all stewards would remember that they must soon give an account of their stewardship. What account will those render to God who possess hundreds of thousands of pounds worth; and who, notwithstanding, do not contribute, annually, for the foreign work as much as those poor boys saved from their own mouths, to put into the treasury of the Lord?

Mr. Scott then referred to his parting from the Asamese to revisit his native land. "That," said he, "was the sorest parting of all I ever experienced, and now," he continued, "now I want to go back and labor for and die with the Asamese, and mingle my dust with theirs. I once thought I wanted to lie by my parents, but not now."

Mr. E. W. Clark, from Indiana, was then introduced. He spoke briefly, but most touchingly, and, in conclusion, addressing all he loved in his native land, he said "shall I say farewell? Oh! where shall I find words? Farewell! I cannot—I will not say it. But you ask me why I go—Jesus sends me—I am not my own; but His—I am bought with a price."

Next came Mr. Timpany from Canada West, just going out a missionary to the Telogoos. He said, "I am glad to stand where I do—a missionary to the heathen. The longings of my heart are being satisfied. The ministry of the word was not my choosing at first—though it is now, and has been since my conversion to God. I said Oh! Lord, God, there is not one point in me out of which can come a minister of the gospel of Christ. Nor did I surrender, till the Lord brought me low on a sick bed. Now, I care not where I go so long as God is with me.

I prayed that He would prepare me for the work, and He answered my prayer; but not in the way that I expected. He stripped me—left me without any one—alone in the world." His remarks were tender and affecting. May God comfort and protect our brother, and greatly bless his efforts to lead souls to Christ.

Dr. Warren then referred, in a touching manner, to the death of the late lamented Chilcott, who fell soon after he had buckled on the armor in the Foreign field. But while he mourned the loss of the one departed, he rejoiced to introduce W. M. Lisle who was ready to go and fill the vacancy. Bro. L. spoke of his views and feelings in reference to the work before him, and closed, by saying—"And now I go—I know not where. But one thing I do know my hand is in the hand of Christ."

The meeting was then addressed by a son of the late Rev. Josiah Goddard, who was a missionary in Ningpoo, China. This young man appears to be a very humble-minded, earnest Christian. I had the privilege of meeting and conversing with him several times afterwards at the Newton Theological Institute, where he has been passing his studies, preparatory to leaving for China. He declared that his determination to return to the land of his childhood (Ning-poo) and take up the labor of his departed father was not the result of any hastily formed opinion. His experience in heathendom had been of too painful a nature for that. He had passed through a long and bitter struggle before he could decide to go. But he blessed God that he had conquered. "And now," said he, "in bidding you farewell, I need not ask your sympathy and prayers. For I am sure I have them. Brethren—Friends—Farewell."

The most thrilling speech of all was yet to come. It was delivered by Mrs. Ingalls of the Rangoon Mission. Her name was called by some one in the assembly. She did not appear. Dr. Warren then went down from the platform and urged her to comply with the request of the meeting and address them. She still declined, when the venerable Doctor, turning to the congregation, said, "I have often exhausted my powers of persuasion and skill in attempting to get sister Ingalls to speak on occasions like the present. But in vain. If any of you can succeed better you are at liberty to do so. Her name was again called, and the vast company looked anxiously to see her appear. Still she refused. Nothing could be done, however, till she complied. The clapping of hands and clattering of feet forbade any other speaker to occupy the stand. The name of "Mrs. Ingalls" was repeated till Mrs. Ingalls appeared and addressed the congregation. She prefaced her remarks with a sharp rebuke for their having constrained her to take the stand. She did not hesitate because she was ashamed, either of Christ, or His glorious work in which she was engaged. But she remembered that she was a woman, and she believed it a woman's duty to be silent in such an assembly as that. But since they had compelled her to take the platform she was fully resolved not to leave it till she had said all she pleased. (Cheers.) They might call her down at the end of 5 or 10 minutes, as they had some of the brethren. But they would call in vain, (cheers again.)

She then spoke 15 or 20 minutes, in the most interesting and touching manner. None were weary—many wept—all desired to hear more. She spoke calmly and distinctly. The 2,000 listeners had no difficulty, I think, in hearing every word. She spoke of the state of the heathen—the difficulties and glory of laboring for their salvation, and then appealed to the churches for additional laborers for the foreign field. She exhorted young men and women to consecrate their lives to the work, and chided those parents who refused to let their sons and daughters go to heathen lands. She had found many young women who were willing, yea, anxious to go; but their Christian parents could not give them up! Oh! shame! shame!

All the missionaries present (seven or eight in number) then stood in a line, while the congregation passed by them shaking their hands and bidding them farewell.

Never can I forget the scenes of that evening. Never did my heart beat more energetically toward the perishing heathen than when I took those dear servants of Christ by the hand and bade them God speed.

Oh! may we not hope the day is not far distant when some one or more will be found ready to go from our own happy land to proclaim the "unspeakable riches of Christ" to the perishing myriads of the East!

Yours in the Lord,
J. F. KEMPTON.
Margaree, Aug. 26th, 1867.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College.

Dear Brother,—

The commencement of the College year was celebrated yesterday evening by a public meeting, which was well attended. Professors Jones and Higgins, and the Revds. S. W. DeBlois, J. E. Balcom, and W. Hall addressed the meeting. The advice given to the Students by the last-mentioned brother was exceedingly appropriate and well-timed.

The President of the Alumni Association (T. H. Rand, Esq.) was absent, which we all regretted. The duty of presenting the Matriculation Prizes devolved on me. Mr. Perry Bowles of Cornwallis received the first prize (twenty dollars.) Mr. W. H. Warren, of North River, P. E. I., obtained the second (ten dollars.)

Our Freshman Class consists of thirteen members. The numerical standing of some of them came very near that of the successful candidates. The Class promises well. I trust that it will furnish men who will be favourably heard of in future years.

The new Endowment scheme, which was accepted at the meeting of the Convention, was explained and commended. A copy of it will be forwarded to you.

Yours truly,
J. M. CRAMP.
Acadia College, Sept. 3rd, 1867.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

MAINE, Sept. 2nd, 1867.

Dear Messenger,—

Since I last wrote you important things have transpired, both in your country and in this. I learn that your Province has entered into a matrimonial alliance with the sister provinces, and placed yourselves like wise children under the protecting wings of the dear Mother Country. I hope there will be no falling out among you, but that the Union may be harmonious and lasting. I was in the Capital of the Dominion on the day of its Union, when I heard the merry ringing of the marriage bells and the firing of cannon, and saw the grand review of soldiers, and the illumination, and part of the fire works, all in honor of the occasion, and I am sorry to say I saw more drunken persons on that day and evening than I have seen for the last two years. Alas that that despot Intemperance should be found ruling under British colours. To begin about ourselves, as it is a common practice to introduce the state of the weather, we are having a very wet season. The Potatoe crop is suffering; much hay has been ruined, and unless we have more warm weather the corn will be very poor. We had a fearful thunder storm on the 18th of August. The peals of thunder and flashes of lightning and roaring of the wind was fearful. Many a stout heart was shaken. Several who are tainted with Adventism spent the night in prayer, thinking the coming of Christ was about to take place.

Our Baptist seat of learning Colby University, Waterville, had its commencement week a short time since and on the whole was a success—though only four graduated—the laying of the corner stone of the Memorial Hall (a building to commemorate the fall of students in the late war) was the chief attraction. There needs a little more life or enterprise in the University to get more students. Students prefer going either to Rochester or Rawdon College; the latter of which held its commencement recently and I was one among the many delighted ones at the Anniversary. The address of President Harris on Education was no common production. The only drawbacks to my enjoyment was the Latin salutation, which was too eulogistic of the newly appointed President—formerly a student in the College, (I believe in the year 1835) the first son of the Alma Mater elevated to that position. The other drawback was that only one of the large number that graduated had the ministry in view. The college belongs to the Congregationalists though they had some struggling to do before they got rid of the Unitarian influences. Several Baptist young men prefer this college because of the thoroughness of the course of training. I must confess that the Orations and Disquisitions of the graduates indicated minds that were well developed. I strolled over their grounds and into their beautiful stone chapel, the interior adorned with some paintings copied from old masters, and some of them not to my taste. I think the time is past for paintings

of the devil with ugly look undergoing the process of being bound by the angel with the usual complement of wings. I very much question whether our imagination is very much improved with such a style and subjects of painting.

But something more congenial to your taste. The Association that met first out of 18 was the Cumberland formed in the year 1811. It assembled with the Baptist Church, Auburn, the pastor Rev. G. P. Matthews (an intimate friend of one of the former pastors of Halifax, Humphrey by name). Auburn is a pretty village separated from the city of Lewiston by the Androscoggin River. This Association comprises 19 churches. Auburn Church has only been in existence seven years, and has met with success every year but the first and is now becoming very strong. The meetings commenced well, the devotional element prevailed.

The Rev. Dr. Stockbridge preached the introductory sermon, on the Difficulties of Reconciliation and the Remedy, an excellent sermon.

In the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Aug. 27, we had business—prayer meeting, and a sermon by Rev. J. Ricker, on the authority of Christ's teaching. One of the best illustrations in the sermon was in reference to Baptism. Nearly all the letters were cheering and spoke of conversions. One hundred and seventy have been baptized. Thus you see the Lord has been with us. A sermon on the Signs of the Times was an able production by the pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Bangor. Resolutions in favour of Home and Foreign Missions, the Freedmen's National Theological Institute, &c., were presented and discussed.

Rev. Dr. Champlin of New Orleans preached an excellent sermon on the Trial of Faith, containing this idea—if God gives us faith it is for the purpose of trying it.

A logical and stirring sermon on Christ being the Foundation, was preached by Rev. W. O. Holman of Rockland, in which the following points were well sustained: Christ is the foundation of Christian or spiritual knowledge; of christian character; of spiritual joy and of our hopes for the future. The Circular Letter by his brother, G. W. Holman, on the Christian at Home is an eloquent document. Brother Barrows of Freeport preached a sound sermon on the Atonement. I was never before so much convinced of the great importance of the doctrinal element in preaching as at our Association. It is food for the soul. We closed the Association with an old fashioned social meeting in which tears were shed, hearts were moved under the stirring addresses and earnest prayers, and lively singing. The good old tune "Coronation" was sung with much feeling to, "Crown Him Lord of all," and the Hymn "Blest be the tie that binds," &c. Our early morning prayer meetings were seasons of refreshing. Several remarkable instances of conversions were related during our sessions, this gave an impulse to the meetings. The brethren felt as they were leaving that they must do great things for God and expect great things. Old members confessed it was one of the best Associations they had attended. I have been invited to attend other associations in Maine, and if I go I will report to your paper because the dear brethren in Nova Scotia will rejoice at the spread of the dear Master's cause.

A MINISTER.

P. S.—I was glad to see that article of yours on Devotion at the Convention. It is a subject on which I had written for our state paper. Press it home dear Brother Selden, it is God's agency and it is the most powerful we can use.

For the Christian Messenger.

DROWNED.—A correspondent at Cape Canso writes:—

"Our little community has just been shrouded in the deepest gloom by a most distressing occurrence. The facts are as follows:—
Mr. Reuben W. Hart, the Agent here of Messrs. R. J. Hart & Co., of Halifax, left the Cape on a short trading excursion. On the night of the 29th ult. the vessel lay at anchor in Molasses Harbour. In the morning, the clothes of Mr. Hart were found laying in the cabin, as he had left them the night before; but he himself was missing. No noise was heard during the night by the Captain, who slept in the same cabin; but it was conjectured that he had fallen overboard. This conjecture proved correct, as his body was recovered by a trawling party at the close of the second day's search. Nothing could have been done to prevent this calamity. It was clearly the will of Almighty God that such should be his end. The remains were carried to Cape Canso and there interred on Sunday, 15th inst. The deceased gentleman was justly esteemed for his manly integrity and christian deportment, holding faithfully to the church of his choice, (the Wesleyan Methodist,) and making large sacrifices that the services in connection with that body might be sustained. In this respect, as well as in his