

as my father seated himself at his side, soon discovering in him signs of genuine and touching piety. In the conversation which followed, he asked him how he had arrived at a knowledge of his Saviour. On this he replied, 'where I have lain for many years; and through reading a book written by a Mr. Malan, of Geneva. Oh! had I not been aged and infirm, I should long ago have gone there to see him. Look here, sir, you cannot think how earnestly I have entreated the Lord that I might see him before I die. For a long time I thought he would grant my desire, but I'm afraid I shall have to give it up.' I stole a glance at my father, who was sitting silently looking at his hands. 'What is the name of the book you refer to?' he suddenly inquired as he raised his head. 'Stay,' was the reply, 'here it is, its always by me; and he drew from under his pillow a well worn copy of one of the earliest editions of my father's Hymns, and handed it to my father. 'Do you sing any of these then?' asked my father, as he turned over the leaves. 'Oh, Jeannette knows some of them; she often sings them to me, and I derive pleasure and profit whenever I hear them, adding, as though speaking to himself, 'If I could only see the dear gentleman who wrote those beautiful hymns; he must be a good Christian.'

'Listen, brother,' said my father; these young gentlemen and I have come from Geneva. 'You have come from Geneva? then perhaps you have seen Mr. Malan?' 'Certainly I have, we all know him well; and I can assure you, that if he were here he would remind you, that he has only been a feeble and imperfect instrument of good to you; and he would speak to you, above all, not of himself, a poor sinner as you are, but of the eternal grace and perfection of our blessed Lord.' The conversation lasted a few moments longer; my father prayed; then, when we had sung together one of the Hymns which Jeannette knew, he prepared to leave, telling her that he was to preach the next day, Sunday, at Montiers. When we had got to the door, however, he stopped, and returning once more to the bed where the old man was lying with folded hands, said to him, with emotion, 'My father, God himself to whom you will so soon depart, has granted your prayers. I am Malan of Geneva; your brother in the faith of our blessed Saviour.'

'The poor old man, fixing his streaming eyes upon him in a long and ardent gaze, and slowly raising his trembling hands, exclaimed, 'Bless me, bless me before I die! You, whom I have so long prayed God to send to me, bless me now that I have the joy of seeing you!' Falling on his knees at the bedside, my father replied in tones which betrayed his deep feeling, 'You ought rather to bless me, for you are old enough to be my father. But all blessing comes from God alone; let us once more ask it of Him together? and, folding in his arms the lowly brother whom he felt he should never see again till they met in the better country, invoked upon him 'the peace which Jesus gives, and we left the hamlet.' Pp. 273-277.

Dr. Ostertag, a German minister, relates the following. The scene was the steamboat, on the passage from Lausanne to Geneva.

'Malan had just seated himself by the side of a foreign lady, and had, in the most courteous manner, exchanged a few words with her. The conversation became increasingly animated. In her features there appeared, by turns, the expression of surprise or the smile of contempt. Her face reddened and paled alternately.—Evidently she was a prey to the conflict of the most opposite sentiments. Frequently might she have been seen speaking and gesticulating in great excitement; it might have been conjectured that she was seeking to defend herself against unjust attacks. Then she set herself to listen attentively, silently, with her eyes bent down. By degrees these intervals of silence became more frequent. At length she gave up speaking entirely. Malan, on the other hand, appeared to grow increasingly serious and earnest, and more and more confident of success. Tears were soon seen coursing one another down her cheeks, while she applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

'For a long time I watched this scene from a distance, with the liveliest interest; for it was plain that Malan was seeking to bring that soul to Christ. Had I not already heard him spoken of as one, not only filled with the most ardent zeal to gain hearts over to the kingdom of God, but as one possessing, moreover, an extraordinary aptitude for winning souls? Many and many a glorious instance could I recall, going far back, of what God had thus

wrought by his means. I had heard how, during his walks, in the diligence, at hotels, and among people of every class, he had been enabled at times to fix in the heart, by a single word, an arrow incapable of being extricated; and now, for the first time, I saw him at this work. Whilst the rest of us were scattered about doing nothing—looking about us, and chatting on subjects more or less trifling—he was preaching the Gospel with indefatigable zeal and ardent love.

'About half an hour afterwards, I was standing by a young German of my acquaintance. Malan passed close to me, and whispered in my ear. 'Another soul gained over to the Lord.' A quarter of an hour afterwards, while I was still in the same place, and just as a young theologian from the north of Germany joined us, he passed me again, touched me on the shoulder, and said, in a low voice, 'Preach the Gospel—sound the trumpet.' Through the whole of my journey after that—indeed, through all my after life—that sentence has resounded in my ears, and never did I faithfully obey it and repent of doing so.'

Malan died May 8, 1864. The narrative of his last days is extremely touching. He was confined to his bed four months by paralysis of the lower extremities, and suffered greatly.

'Towards the close of his illness he was seldom able to see any one. One of his friends, on leaving his room; said in my hearing, as though he were talking to himself: 'He had, as it were, a halo of glory around him.' I was not surprised to hear him say so. Indeed, if my father's was a silent death bed, it was truly glorious. He spoke little; sometime he never uttered a word the whole day. But he did more. His whole soul absorbed within itself,—he endured, without a murmur, without even a groan, sufferings the mere sight of which deeply affected the servants and even the medical attendants. Night and morning he apologized to his attendant for the pain he had given him. The servant, an old artillery man, who never quitted his room for a single instant, felt in his own soul the grandeur of that simple, silent, calm submission. 'Our master', he said to me, 'is no soldier running up to the guns; he walks into them!'

'In fact, his death-bed seemed to those who witnessed it the most surprising of all his achievements. Said the doctor to me one day on leaving him, 'I have just beheld what I have often heard of, but what I never saw before. Now I have seen it, as I see this stick I carry in my hand.' 'And what have you seen?' I asked. 'Faith faith,' he answered; 'not the faith of a theologian, but of a Christian! I have seen it with my eyes.'

'Ten or twelve times was I summoned to pray by his death bed. 'That's the thing to do me good,' he said to me once, when the prayer was over. 'How fearfully you are suffering, my dear Father!' I exclaimed. Raising his hand with an effort, and looking at me with his long and speaking gaze, he replied 'I do not suffer a moment too much. I say not that God allows it! No, no!' he added earnestly, 'but God ordains it; and, the next moment, 'It is that that gives me real consolation!'

'One day I asked him, after having again prayed with him, if he felt any distress of mind, any doubt, any obscurity in his heart. Raising his eyes, and casting a glance around him, 'No!' he said, 'I am not alone!' and repeated twice, 'Not ere are no clouds over my sky.' When I said again to him that 'even our Saviour in his agony, had felt the need of the presence of his friends' implored him to let me know if a season of trouble visited him. He promised he would, and would seek the ministry of my prayers. He never did so.

'In general, his faculties remained unimpaired to the last. To one who visited him he could say, 'The Lord is with me, as I have ever known Him; adding the next moment, with his sweet and tranquil smile 'I have always accepted the entire gospel, without disputing its commandments, its mysteries, or its promises. The Lord is faithful.'

'A few days before his death he asked my eldest brother, who with me, was standing by him, to repeat the 23rd Psalm. As he never spoke anything but Latin with my father, he began it in that tongue; but he asked him to give it in Hebrew, reciting it after him with folded hands, in a low voice. He thought, too, of all of us. He gave me directions as to what to do after his death; he bequeathed this or that article to one or another; but he did not dwell on those matters. Having once arranged them, he never again referred to the subject.

'My father descended, step by step, into

the dark valley; but, as the tranquillity of his features showed, his lonely pathway was lighted with radiance from on high. A peace superior to the sufferings and dissolution of the bodily frame—the peace and assurance of a believing soul—that assurance which he had spent his life in proclaiming to his brethren—surrounded him now. Nor did it ever leave him, but proved his one support. He could not always hear our voices, but his assured and peaceful look showed us that he still enjoyed an unclouded mind.

'In his last sleep on the eve of his death (it was a Saturday) he smiled constantly, while he folded his hands. On the Sunday morning, the 8th of May, my eldest sister, coming unto his room with me, greeting him with the words, 'Father, this is the day when the Lord Jesus will come to receive you unto Himself.' I saw him smile that gracious winning smile, ere he fell asleep to awake no more. At 1.30 on that day while we were gathered round his bed, waiting for his last sigh, his breathing, which, since the morning, had been quiet and regular, ceased by degrees. He had departed without a struggle.

'As the paleness of death swept solemnly over his features (which, through the whole morning, had been singularly bright, and one might almost say, growing young again), his face flushed up with a sudden gleam of delighted surprise. The servant who was standing in front of me at the foot of his bed, broke the stillness by exclaiming, 'Oh how glorious—how glorious! Look, sir, look!' I did not catch his expression at that particular moment, but I heard one of my sisters reply to the. 'Yes, our father's spirit was introduced at that instant into the presence of celestial glory.' Pages 458-464.

This is one of those Memoirs which the Church of Christ should not willingly let die. We heartily commend it to public patronage.

C.

For the Christian Messenger.

### THE LATE STORM.—INFLUENCE OF THE STORM.

No. I.

Dear Brother Selden,—

The prediction of a very high tide by Lieut. Saxby, referred to in the last Messenger, had nothing very wonderful about it. The moon being in perigee just at the change, or, in other words, being nearest to the earth while acting in conjunction with the sun, would at any time raise the tide higher than usual at spring tide. Had the earth been in perihelion or nearest to the sun, at the time, the tide would have been higher still. Now any person acquainted with the cause of the rise and fall of the tides—and who also understands the reason why we have spring tides, and neap tides, and who had consulted his Almanac, might, without any wonderful powers of prediction, have foretold the remarkably high tide of Monday the 4th inst. But how, it may be asked, did Lieut. Saxby know and predict that there would be at the time a heavy wind? I perceive that no reference is made to this point in your editorial of the 13th. To this important point I wish to refer. Lieut. Saxby has stated how he knew this. These are his words. 'At noon of the same day the moon will be on the earth's equator, a circumstance which never occurs without marked atmospheric disturbance.' Here is a fact stated, which ought to be universally known. Whenever the moon in her passage round the earth, crosses the equator of the earth—there is a storm, "there is atmospheric disturbance." That is, the wind blows, and there is rain or a snow storm, &c., &c. The moon is innocent of much that is ascribed to her. She has nothing to do with weaning calves or babies—sowing buckwheat or butchering meat—as her increase and decrease are apparent only, not real—really, she neither increases nor decreases—and can in no conceivable way cause our pork, mutton, or beef to increase or decrease in the cooking as many people imagine. Nor does she influence the weather in the way and manner in which she has time out of mind been supposed to do. But within a few years, by careful observation, conducted by men of science, it has been discovered that she raises a storm when she passes from one side of our earth's equator over to the other. So certain is this that in these days signals are given along the coast of Great Britain by telegraph, giving warning of an approaching storm by this rule without waiting as was at first done, for the storm to be indicated by the falling of the

barometer. More time for preparation is thus given.

These facts were communicated to the writer a few years ago by Admiral Bayfield of Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Articles from some Nautical Magazine, (I think), were read to me at the same time, indicating the progress of the discovery, and its successful practical application.

Now the high tide on the late disastrous occasion would not have been so disastrous had it not been accompanied with fierce and heavy winds. It was the prediction of the accompanying storm, not of the high tides that puzzled even scientific heads. "How can any one tell," they said, "a year beforehand, that there will be wind and rain on a given day? or a storm of any kind?" But if it be true—and a series of carefully conducted experiments shows that it is true, that—to use Lieut. Saxby's words, (and this is the identical expression which I heard read by Mrs. Bayfield several years ago from the Nautical Magazine.) "marked atmospheric disturbance" ALWAYS accompanies the crossing of the moon over the equator—then a storm can be predicted just as easily as the phases of the moon. And this is the practical inference I would deduce from the fact: Let our Almanac makers introduce a fifth line over each Calendar page, and in addition to the 1st qr., 2nd qr., full and change of the moon, each month, let them also tell us when she crosses the equator. To be able to foresee and provide against heavy gales of wind and storms, would be of incalculable value, not only to those engaged in fishing, shipping, &c., but to farmers, and all others. Why not have this improvement next year?

The late storm, the neglect of the warning and the fearful effects of ignorance and unbelief, are suggestive of other and graver thoughts. But I defer them to another communication as this is already sufficiently long.

S. T. RAND.

Hantsport, Oct. 13.

## Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 20, 1869.

Now that we have a daily mail to Annapolis we shall be able to send the *Christian Messenger* to our Subscribers thus far on the day of publication; and to places beyond Annapolis, one or two days earlier than formerly. This will be regarded as no small step in advance. As a consequence of this change, we shall hope to have a large addition to our list of Subscribers. Will our brethren have the kindness to make this intimation to their neighbours and friends, and favor us by a good word. We believe there are hundreds of Baptist families in the western counties, and other parts of the province also, who only require a suggestion from some one of our present subscribers to induce them to send on their names.

As an extra inducement we propose to send the paper from this date to the end of the year, to New Subscribers, from the date of securing their name to the end of 1870, for the advance payment for one year. We will also send a copy of the new "SELECTION OF HYMNS," postage paid, to the person who sends on the name and payment for such new Subscriber.

To any person who will engage heartily in getting New Subscribers, we propose to allow them six for the price of five; That is for every six names of new Subscribers they may send us, we shall demand the payment for only five.—Ten Dollars.

Let the address be given very distinctly.

### THE CONVENTION MINUTES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE CONVENTION MINUTES have been forwarded during the past week, and the postage paid, to all the churches in the three Provinces, having the name and address of their clerk or minister given in their Association Minutes.

A perusal of the Reports the pamphlet contains, and of the business transacted by the Convention, will, we doubt not, awaken a sense of gratitude to God for the blessings conferred on the institutions in charge of the body, and on the generally successful operations of the Denomination during the year. The attendance of ministers and leading brethren was, we believe, in advance of any previous session, and the attention given by them to the business most exemplary.

Our friend, Bro. N. P. Kemp of Boston,