

up and tells him of dat bar. And de owner, he sez, 'Go 'long 'bout your bizness;' and he goes right off into de tall dark woods, and sarches for his sheep until he finds it, and he take it up in his arms, and carries it to de sheep-pen. And de bar he follow him, and de good man he seed de bar comin', and he—'Drops de sheep and run?' No sich thing! he holds on to de sheep, and runs, and puts de sheep in de pen, and shuts de door, and holds it fast; and de bar he cum and fight de good shepherd; and de bar say, 'Open dat ar door;' but de good shepherd he say no; and de bar he kill de good shepherd; but de sheep, he's safe."

The aftermath of this sermon cannot be put on paper. It painted in heart-colors the determined perseverance, the tenderness, the loving anxiety with which the blessed Saviour pursues and rescues a lost sinner. The preacher carried his hearers all through the usual stages of a man who ruins himself by selfwill, folly, excessive indulgences, and crime; his friends forsake him, but the good Lord follows him; his family turns him adrift, but the good Lord still follows him; the law takes hold of him, but He follows him to the jail; and at last, "in rags and wretchedness, an outcast from de jail itself, with my back bleeding from de deep welts of de lash, cold, and sick and broken hearted, whar can I go? De fire of hell is got hold of de pine knots dat ar in de closet of de heart; de spirit of de man dat holds him up in de vigor and toughness of youth, jist like a green hickory saplin', dat bends, but you cannot break it; but now it done gone worn out; it like an old rotten fence-log, dat can't bear its own weight; like de fox dat is hunted down all day; he makes for his hole, and finds it shut up and kivered over, and dey dogs dey be upon him; like de snake when de woods be on fire, and he 'way off from his hole; whar shall de sinner go?"

"I lay me down in de dark corner of de street, and give over; but de police, he come, he push me with his foot; he say, 'Git away from dis place; go home.' Whar shall de sinner go?"

"I go out and seek de country, and lay down in de fence-corner, and I wish to die; 'oh, death, come take dis sinful man dat is weary of dis cursed world.' Did death cum to de sinner? No, not he; but I feels a warm hand; it takes hold on my heart; and I hears a gentle voice; it is as sweet music in my ear; it sez to me, 'Cum to me, dou weary and heavy laden sinner and I will give dee rest.'"

"Den I looks up, like a skeered child dat specks a wippin'; but what you dink I see in his eye? Was he gwine to reproach de sinner wid hell fire and damnation, 'cause I kept him doggin' me so long? No sich ding! His eye was tender as a young morder's. He jist takes off his own coat, and bares his own back to de cold nort wind, and he wraps me up in broad cloth; he lifts me up in his blessed bosom, he takes me to his own hum."

"Breddern dat ar is de lub of Christ. It is very long, for I wandered far, and it followed me all de way; it is deep as hell, for I lay at dem ar gates, and it foteched me back; it is high as heaven, for it takes dis poor weary sinner into de bosom of de great God, whar dar is de sweetness of rest and eternal felicity."

Nor was this addressed to hearts of stone. The audience moved and trembled under it just as loeland is shaken by the fires of Hecla. And as the hot tears now and then coursed down the preacher's face like the burning lava of the volcano, which is met by the streams of boiling water from the bowls of the icy-rocks, so were they met by the groans, and tears, and heavings and hallelujahs of the people, who seemed to be melted down by the felt love of Christ.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF Y. M. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Several of our U. S. contemporaries have long accounts of the International Convention of the Y. M. C. Associations, recently held at Washington. The following report is from the pen of our esteemed brother N. P. Kemp, of Boston, written for the *Watchman and Reflector*.

"The Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and British Provinces" assembled in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Wednesday morning, May 24th, at 10 o'clock. Lincoln Hall is in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, a spacious, finely arranged and elegantly finished room, with cushioned chairs for seats, and will accommodate some twelve hundred persons. It has low galleries on each side, and a deep platform in a recess which will seat more than one hundred persons. The hall was only moderately decorated with flags, but the platform was profusely decorated with flowers, while baskets of the choicest and most fragrant ones hung pendant from the arched ceiling. In the front centre of the platform was a fountain, perhaps fifteen feet in circumfer-

ence, and four feet high. The basin of this fountain was filled with flowers of the choicest varieties, while at its base were stones and moss interspersed with flowers, and on either side pots of fuchsias, grown to the size of small trees and hanging full of blossoms of every color.

The Convention was called to order by John S. McLean, Esq., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, President of last year. The Scriptures were read by Rev. Dr. Noble, and prayers offered by Rev. Dr. Butler and Rev. Dr. Rankin, all of Washington. A temporary organization was effected by the choice of secretaries. The necessary committees were appointed, and then President McLean made the opening address, which was brief and in well chosen words. An allusion to the fact that he was a British subject calling this Convention to order in the capital of the United States and that to-day was the birthday of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, brought out the most enthusiastic and long-continued applause. But a further allusion to the treaty at that time under discussion in the Senate, and his hope that it would be this day ratified and thus secure peace between these two great Christian nations forever, brought out what professional reporters might well call the "wildest storm of applause."

It was here announced that Vice-President Colfax was so ill in his room at the Capitol that it was not regarded as safe to remove him to his house, and on motion of George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, was invited to lead the Convention in prayer, that these two nations may love each other, that peace may be perpetual, that Divine wisdom may be given to the President and Queen Victoria, and that Vice-President Colfax may be speedily restored to perfect health. While the business committee were preparing their reports, brief and excellent addresses were made. The Committee on Permanent Organization reported for President, John Wannemaker, of Philadelphia, with a large list of Vice-Presidents.

President Wannemaker was conducted to the chair by Ex-Presidents John S. McLean and H. Thane Miller, and expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him in an appropriate, brief and in some parts touching address in regard to the great work before the Convention. The Convention re-assembled at ten o'clock, and immediately Hon. Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior, was escorted to the platform, accompanied by a delegation of seven Indians, with their interpreters, who were on a visit to Washington. Mr. Delano was introduced and made a truly sensible and Christian address, saying that all these Indians wanted in order to make them good farmers, mechanics, merchants, ministers, and to enable them to build houses, steamboats, churches and school-houses, was the "Gospel of Christ." He closed by introducing Mr. Collier, Indian agent, who said that "Little Raven" would now address the Convention. He had been told only this morning what this Convention was assembled for and seemed to understand it clearly. Although these Indians had been invited to visit the navy yard at this hour, they preferred to come here. "What Little Raven will say I do not know; he will speak his own thoughts." The great chief of the Arapahoes now stepped to the front of the platform dressed in his accustomed costume, and in a dignified and graceful manner spoke about five minutes, saying that he had travelled a long distance to see his great father in Washington. Before he came here he thought he was a great man, but now after he had seen the power and greatness of white men, he felt like an infant. He wanted the same institutions for his people, and he hoped the members of the Convention would encourage our great father to aid us more if possible. A delegate said, "Tell Little Raven we will remember them when they go to their homes." Through the interpreter Little Raven replied, "Good. I thank you."

Buffalo Good, the chief of "Wichitas," was then introduced. He spoke in an animated, almost vehement manner, and as his speech was so brief and pointed, I give it *verbatim*: "The Great Spirit gave this country to the Indians, and they were the first people to live here. The Great Spirit sent the white man here. He came poor and needy, and went all over the country, and put the Indians far west. Now the Indians are poor and needy, while the white men are strong and have everything they want. The Great Spirit has given the white men better medicine than He gave the Indians. He would like to have the Great Spirit give them the same medicine as He has given the white men. He came here to-day to see the young men of the nation, as these are men he wants to talk to. He has before talked to the men who have governed the nation, and they have paid no attention to him, but now he is talking to the men who are going to govern the nation. (Great applause.) Will you listen to him? for he would like to see you govern it quick. He wants school-houses and churches, he wants to get on the white man's road, and his people want to get there quick." (Applause.)

Gen. Howard said, "Tell Buffalo Good that a belief in Jesus Christ the Son of God is all the medicine they want." "Good," replied the chief. "Little Robe" and "Chief Bird" declined to speak, and thus closed, with a few words of reply by Geo. H. Stuart, one of the most remarkable and interesting scenes ever witnessed in this country.

A resolution expressing the congratulations of the Convention to Queen Victoria on her birthday was unanimously adopted, amid prolonged applause and forwarded to Her Majesty by cable telegram. Adjourned.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

"Fear not the fowls; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Luke XII: 7.

This touching passage of Scripture I have just transcribed in Micmac, in the copy of a revision of Luke, which I am preparing for the press. It has touched my heart, and wrung tears from my eyes, and now while my heart is soft I must push away my Indian manuscript for a moment and write out the following illustration, as it was related to me by the christian friend herself, who was the subject of it, and who is now, I doubt not, with the Lord.

We had been conversing on the subject of laying our temporal wants before the Lord, and praying for money. This dear sister remarked: "I do not know as I ever prayed for money, but I have prayed for money's worth, and got it too." We replied that this was exactly in point—that money itself has no intrinsic value, it is only as the representative of property that it is useful. The moment a piece of gold cannot be changed for say a piece of bread, it is utterly useless. My excellent sister had prayed not for a piece of gold but for a piece of bread, and got it by a striking Providence.

And these were the circumstances of the case. She and her husband with their small children had been fighting the battle of life, on the top of the North Mountain near Perreu, in Cornwallis, N. S., when meeting with so many discouragements they determined one spring—it would be about the year 1835,—to abandon the spot, and that he for the summer would go over into New Brunswick and work in a shipyard, where, being a mechanic, and a skillful hand at the broad axe, he would be able to obtain good wages. In the meantime the mother and her little ones removed to an unoccupied house near her father's in central Cornwallis. When the husband left home she had bread enough to last her about a fortnight. He went to St. John in a vessel that would immediately return. He had money enough to buy one barrel of flour which was to be sent back in the vessel on its return, and by the time that would be out, it was expected that from his wages he would be able to forward further supplies. This arrangement was carried out, but at St. John, when the barrel of flour was purchased, he was being hurried off into the boat to be conveyed to Quaco, and so left it with the merchant to see that the flour was put on board the Cornwallis vessel in time. But the merchant forgot to fulfil his engagement and the vessel left without it.

On learning that the vessel had returned without the flour and without bringing any word from her husband, whose letter had also been left behind with the barrel of flour, the poor woman as may well be supposed, was in great trouble and perplexity. She could not tell what to make of it. She knew him to be strictly sober, and had no reason to doubt that unless some calamity had befallen him he would have strictly carried out the arrangement made. The most natural conclusion seemed to be that he was dead.

Meanwhile her scanty supply was all but exhausted. The fortnight was out. In her perplexity she obtained a horse and wagon and drove down to Perreu where a few poor debts remained to be collected, and which, as usually happens in such cases, she failed to collect. All earthly sources had now failed. Her own forlorn condition, her helpless little ones at home, without credit and without any earthly friend who could assist her in her hour of need, she could do nothing but pray. And pray she did. As she drove homeward her heart rested in the Lord. She told him her sorrows and pleaded his promises to keep the needy when he crieth the rook also and him that hath no helper. And when I ask were such prayers offered in vain? By the time she reached her dwelling, as we may well believe, her heart was confident, trusting in the Lord. And what, dear Reader, think you was the news that awaited her? Why there was a letter from her husband and a barrel of flour!

And now came the mysterious part of the story. Her husband, never dreaming of her perplexity, but taking it for granted that she had received his note and the barrel of flour, was quietly pursuing his work in the shipyard at Quaco, when a stranger arrived in the neighbourhood, a woman, supposed to belong to Cornwallis, but what her name was, or whether she went, or whence she came, or how she knew any-

thing of our friend's trouble, was never ascertained! But whether she was a mortal or a real angel she proved to be in the case a "ministering angel," and was this instrument in God's hand of relief. Hearing the name of A—K—m mentioned, she enquired "A—K—m, is he here?" "Yes" was the answer, he works in the shipyard. "Well," said the stranger "his wife never got the barrel of flour." This intelligence was immediately conveyed to the man, who aware of the consequences and divining at once the cause of the trouble, was overwhelmed with dismay. There was a vessel just leaving for St. John—mark how God plans for us!—on board this vessel he rushed and was soon at St. John. It was now high water and vessels were just leaving port. He ran to see if there were any bound to Cornwallis. He found one just spreading her wings. Into the nearest store he rushed, bought a barrel of flour, put it on board with a hastily scratched note to his wife, and then went to look after the other barrel, and found it was as he had surmised—the merchant had forgotten to put it on board in time. This was also sent on and received in due season.

How comforting it is to hear such touching incidents! How blessed to know that God CARETH for us and that he can always help us, no matter how dark the prospect! Oh, let us learn to trust, and pray and wait. "Blessed are all they that trust in Him."

I shall now resume my work.  
May 2nd. S. T. RAND.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. ABIGAIL ROBINSON.

Beloved wife of Mr. Robert Robinson, died near Bridgetown, June 2nd, aged 73 years. Mrs. Robinson in her youth experienced the grace of God, professed the same, was baptized and joined the Baptist Church; and continued a faithful and worthy member to the end. Hers was a life of simple and earnest piety. Prayer was with her a daily, constant exercise; and the result was observable in a hallowed influence operating over her spirit and deportment. Sister Robinson took great pleasure in attending public worship, and when the state of her health permitted, was seldom absent. She delighted to hear the Gospel in its beautiful simplicity, divine power, and illimitable freeness. She felt a deep interest in the cause of Missions, and contributed liberally according to her means to extend the kingdom of Christ among men. During her illness Mrs. R. felt an increasing desire for holiness, and to be at home with Christ in glory. She rejoiced much in the atonement and righteousness of Christ. Her end was triumphant. May her sorrowing companion, children and friends be comforted in their bereavement, and seek earnestly to secure a personal interest in the great salvation!—Com. by Rev. George Armstrong, A. M.

MRS. WM. B. TROOP.

Died in Granville, May 31, Adelia Anna, the beloved wife of Wm. B. Troop, Esq., and daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, aged 33 years. Mrs. Troop was a worthy and beloved member of the Baptist Church. Her life adorned her profession and commended piety to others. In all the relations of life her duties were quietly performed. In health religion was her joy; and in sickness it was much more her support and comfort. She loved the Gospel of Christ and the Sanctuary of God; and was constant and earnest in her attendance on the means of grace, while in her power to meet with the people of God. Her hope was firmly fixed on the atonement of Christ, the virtue of which she had felt in her own experience. She contemplated death deeply and solemnly, but with hope and confidence of victory through Jesus Christ. Her end was triumphant. May her sorrowing companion, her parents, children and other beloved relatives be sustained and comforted in their affliction, and realize the power of divine grace in its supporting and saving efficacy.—Ib.

MRS. ELIZABETH FOSTER,

widow of the late Oliver Foster, died at the house of her son, Mr. Oliver Foster, near Bridgetown, May the 3rd, in the 83rd year of her age. Mrs. F. was for many years a worthy member of the Baptist Church. In early life she experienced the grace of God, and made a profession of her faith and hope in Jesus Christ; and her daily deportment and spirit afforded

convincing evidence of deep and earnest piety. She daily read the Bible and became conversant with its divine teachings, and drank deeply of the spirit of Jesus. She was constant and earnest in prayer, and her conversation savoured of Heaven. She loved the church, its fellowship and communion, and delighted greatly in the ministrations of the gospel. As the last conflict approached she was anxious to meet it so that sooner the victory might be hers, and that she might the sooner be with Jesus. The life to come was to her a great and precious reality, of which she had in her own experience by the grace of God the earnest and pledge. She died in peace and hope through the merits and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. May the children and other relatives profit much by the life admonitions and death of this faithful and venerable woman.—Ib.

DEACON JEREMIAH EAGLES,

of Gasperaux, Herton, after a long pilgrimage entered into his rest on the 31st ult., at the age of 84 years, leaving a large family and many friends to mourn his departure. Bro. Eagles experienced religion in early life, the grace of God was richly displayed in his Christian walk and conversation, and the glorious doctrine of the Cross was the theme on which he loved to dwell. His views of divine truth were clear and practical. At the time of the organization of the 2nd church in Herton he was chosen Deacon, which office he faithfully filled, up to the time of his death. His attendance at the meetings of the Church was constant, till the infirmities of age prevented him from being present, even then he would affectionately enquire about the meetings and the welfare of the flock. The case of his life was as calm as the setting sun; peacefully he passed away, we trust to join the redeemed before the Throne. By request of the family the funeral sermon was preached by the writer. The funeral was largely attended, and a deep solemnity pervaded the minds of the people.—Com. by Rev. E. O. Read.

SETH D. SHAW.

The following letter from Rev. J. McDonald, will be read with painful interest by many of the friends of our aged friend and brother, Rev. John Shaw, father of the departed.

Dear Brother,—I have just returned from a very trying and painful journey—a journey the like of which I pray God I may never again be called upon to undertake.

On the 27th, of Nov. 1870, Seth D. Shaw, Esq., only son of Rev. John Shaw, of P. E. Island, arrived in Tremont, Nebraska, in very poor health, hoping that he, like others, might be benefited by the dry and bracing atmosphere of this country. In this he was disappointed. His disease confined him pretty much to the house, and climate and medicine seemed powerless to affect him. He sank slowly, but surely. Hope of recovery having fled, his next care was to get home to his father and friends. He proposed to leave Fremont on the 10th of May; but before that time came, he was so low that his physician advised him not to undertake the journey alone. As his heart was full yet upon getting home, I started with him for P. E. I. on the 18th of May. We got safely to Boston, were we rested for two days. Then we took passage on board the *Alhambra*, bound to Ch'Town; but 24 hours after leaving port on the 14th of May he died, calmly, without a struggle; and thus his life, a large part of which was not life but long disease, was ended. His remains were taken to Ch'Town, and thence to Three Rivers, for burial.

At the time Mr. Shaw graduated in Aenia College, we all thought he was one of the few who went out with good health. But after studying law in Ch'Town four years, and thus finishing his preparation for life's work, he found, like many others, that his life too was as well as finished. He practised law for about a year, with the most flattering prospects, and then was laid aside for ever. While staying at Wolfville, he became a member of the Baptist Church. In the immediate prospect of death, his last message to his father, was as follows:—"Tell him I have not that glowing hope of which he and others speak; but that I leave the world without regret, trying to trust in Christ the Redeemer. I trust in nothing else."

Yours, &c.,  
J. McDONALD.

Fremont, Nebraska, U. S., June 2, 1871.

Father Cleveland, the Boston city missionary, will be ninety-nine years old in June. He has lately been paying a visit to his son, a stripling of seventy-three years.