

BRONCHITIS.

FREEMONT, DIGBY COUNTY, N. S., January 1868.

Mr. James I. Fellows:—

Sir,—In the winter of 1866, I was afflicted with a severe attack of Bronchitis, and although our doctors were very attentive, they failed to afford me much relief. I obtained your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and took it until it made a permanent cure.

I am now in perfect health and free from Bronchitis. Respectfully yours, MENDALL CROCKER.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

MADISON AVENUE—A WALK AMONG CHURCHES.

New York, Sept. 28th, 1872.

The Grand Central Depot plants its imposing length and breadth squarely over what might have been and nominally is Fourth, but practically is Vanderbilt Avenue. It takes possession with unqualified lordliness, and fills the street, saying to all comers, Thus far and no further: hence to the Harlem River, nay to the limits of creation, this highway is Vanderbilt's. It seems visibly to thrust aside the growth of the city, as the corporations of which it is the symbol have actually done, necessitating and creating the adjacent parallel Avenue, between the Fourth and Fifth, called Madison.

Madison Avenue begins only a little way below, at Twenty-second street and Madison Square. Fourth Avenue, as a practicable street, continues only to the tunnel at Thirty-second street, but there it jumps to a second story, and its continuation on the tops of the tunnel, from Thirty-second to Forty-second street, crosses the summit of aristocratic Murray Hill, and is distinguished as Park Avenue, in delicate allusion to what is remotest possible from it in topography, association or suggestion. Here the Vice Vanderbilt has his stately mansion, and the benevolent millionaire, Hatch, with other notables, including our modest and genial friend Dr. Holland, the poet and editor of Scribner's Monthly. The First Baptist Church and Dr. Osgood's Church of the Messiah, stand here, not far apart. But the late pastor of the latter, George Hepworth, has turned to the left with the diverted current of social life, into Madison Avenue, and giving the great railroad obstruction a sharp nudge in the side, is now laying the wide-spread foundations of his new iron tabernacle in the shadow of the Grand Central Depot, right where the first of the coming cross bridges (over Forty-fifth street) the foundation of which are also already laid, will sweep up across the very windows of the north end of his church. It is expected to be done by next New Year's day.

Here too, in still close proximity to the other end of the railroad Capital, at Forty-second street is the junior Stephen H. Tyng's church, the cosiest, most inviting and unpretending place of worship I ever looked upon. Now it has got to be enlarged, and a new edifice will be erected around and over it, this fall, while the regular services continue uninterruptedly within the "inner temple." The new outside being completed, and the interior ready for the flooring and pews, the present building will be hurried out of the way, and after a slight interregnum all will go on as before, only on an enlarged scale, accommodating the audiences which young Dr. Tyng's free and popular style is fitted in these times to attract. At the other end of the block, the "Night College for christian workers" looks out on Forty third street.

THE NEW ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

(from Lafayette Place), opposite Hepworth's foundations, is now receiving its last gorgeous touches, and will soon be ready for consecration to the worship of God. Its interior is refulgent in color, look where you will, and might satiate, I should think, those who can hold out under the most of that sort of thing. The best feature is two rows of polished granite pillars, each eighteen inches thick, alternately red Scotch, and gray. The steam pipes for heating are arranged in two systems; one in high galleries, running around the nave near the roof, with a close continuous series of narrow arched openings, from which the heat is to fill the upper in-

terior and prevent the ascent of the warm air from the level of the pews. The other series is placed in the sides, at the level of the heads of the congregation, with registers in the steep slant of the window sills. The registers ought certainly to be lower, anywhere but there, and I am not sure but there are some at the base of the walls. The exterior is of the prevailing church material, Ohio freestone, with a corner tower and spire, and an elegant rectory adjoining, of the same material. The cost I think must have been understated to me at \$250,000, for lots church and rectory. William H. Vanderbilt is a heavy donor. The old church property in Lafayette Place brought \$100,000, if I am not misinformed.

As we proceed up the Avenue we pass at Forty-eighth street a tasteful, low eaved, high gabled chapel of rough-squared brown free stone, bearing the label,

"NEW ENGLAND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,"

Rev. Merrill Richardson, late pastor, left for his health—pecuniary and professional health, I suppose. Great efforts had been made by the society to supplement Mr. Richardson's drawing qualities with every modern appliance of congregation building, and to solve the problem of Congregational success in New York as it has been solved in Brooklyn. The fundamental difficulty will, I think, appear from an examination of the New York church and social system, which must be reserved for another letter. But the enterprise is a signal failure.—People say there is no Congregationalism in New York, except what is engrossed by the old Tabernacle church of Dr. Thompson (Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street) now Dr. Taylor's. I think, myself, that the time has gone by for Congregationalism in New York, with the exodus of the social middle class to the suburbs. But I am anticipating. The New England church had a little capital of \$15,000 from the sale of their old property on Sixth Avenue, with which they came over to the fashionable quarter with a new and popular sensational preacher, hired the tasteful chapel above described, the property of the church of the Transfiguration (Dr. Flagg's), and undertook to build up a congregation which should ultimately give them a house of their own and a success. Having now spent all and dwindled away to a handful without a pastor, they continue their religious services and keep up their identity, people say, with intent to die with decency by a formal union with Hepworth's enterprise, next winter. Probably I have got hold of the story by the poorest end of it, however.—Next come the buildings of

COLUMBIA COLLEGE,

covering the block from Fourth-ninth to Fifth street—plain as plain can be.—Soon their place will know them no more, and something modern and magnificent on the heights overlooking the Hudson, will bear the name of Columbia College for a longer term than was destined to the present site. But I should have taken you over to Fifth Avenue at Forty-eighth street, a single block, to see the fantastic Dutch architecture of the new Collegiate Reformed church, so long building and yet unfinished. There are more grotesque irregularities here copied from old-country growths, additions, and expedients of repair or support to superannuated structures, that are historical and therefore respectable where they belong, but are here wrought out in smooth free stone with fond but superfluous imitation—more, I set out to say, of this mental poverty and second-handedness, misguided but immensely rich, than in any half dozen structures voted, that I know of. The General Synod voted to drop the name Dutch from their title and become Americanized. But this costly monument to their origin, with its towers braced upon out-stretched beams (of brown stone) like unequal, straggling legs of some deformed monster, one here, two there, or again three, but none alike in length or position, seems to reassert in stone the ineradicable word so easily erased from paper. The edifice is reported to have absorbed three-quarters of a million already, and will go near the round million before it is finished.

Having made one lateral jump to the left, we may as well make another to the right, and look in upon my friend, Rev. Wm. C. Steele, newly in charge of the

BECKMAN HILL METHODIST CHURCH,

on Fifth street, east of Second Avenue, who is building an iron edifice of Mr. Valk's improved and admirable pattern, in front of the temporary chapel hitherto occupied by the Beckman Hill Society. It is founded on a rock, and the rock at this moment is blasting, not building. They expect to have it done before spring, when

it will seat 800 worshippers. I call it iron, though, like Hepworth's, it is only permitted to have an iron front; the sage Superintendent of buildings for this city, Mr. Macgregor, having an opinion that iron is too combustible a material to be allowed between buildings. Those concerned in building and architecture generally await with their full share of the general impatience, the removal of the rump of the municipal ring, to which this official belongs. Beckman Hill is a sort of island promontory rising out of the general squalid and hopeless level of the extreme east side of the town. Its high, bold bluff at the East River overlooks Blackwell's Island, and Astoria beyond, with a beauty of prospect and a purity of breath, unequalled in all New York, save Washington Heights, on the Hudson. Possession has been taken by a well-off but not extravagant (as the times go) class of residents, among which our Methodist friends thus evidently intend to go ahead. Nothing human could be more favorable to their success than the sterling spirit, ability and energy of Mr. Steele, and the consecrated social talents of his charming wife.

Going back to Madison and Fifth Avenue we are stopped to admire, as we shall for life, the noble Cathedral commenced long before the war by Archbishop Hughes, and not yet risen much above the lofty peaks of its Gothic windows. It covers the whole block from Madison Avenue to Fifth, and from Fifty-first to Fifty-second street, and its white marble walls and arches shine with the splendor of their workmanship even more than of the sparkling stones. It is equally majestic and beautiful, filling the imagination with a sense of perfection, even in its incompleteness, singularly contrasted with the sort of chaotic stir excited in the fancy by the prevailing Dolly Varden style of architecture that seems to suit and signalize us the age of universal "reading, writing and ciphering" without education. Five millions are the reputed figure, but who knows? And when will it be done? no answer. I must return to it sometime for I have no more room here. Then there are St. Thomas, and Dr. Robinson's and Dr. Gano's (St. and Dr. are convertible terms, I suppose) with some others worthy of future visitation.

Vidi.

For the Christian Messenger.

HOME MISSIONS AND THE CONVENTION.

NO. 2.

Dear Editor,—

I deeply regret if through undue zeal or any inadvertence I shall be instrumental in hindering a great question from receiving due consideration. Allow me then to say that nothing could be farther from my wish than to disparage any of our existing organizations. On the contrary, I yield to no one in my appreciation of past and present work and workers. What I intended to be understood as saying is, that, compared with what they might, and ought to, none of our present Home Mission operations are "efficient." I did not, nor do I yet think this will be disputed. The very cry for united effort now so general and earnest, especially in Nova Scotia, I think clearly indicates the extent and depth of such conviction. With this explanation it will hardly be necessary to say that I am not surveying or arguing this question "from a New Brunswick standpoint" or under the influence of N. B. prejudices and predilections. I wish to regard and examine it as a member of the Convention, and I earnestly ask that others endeavor to look at it from the same broad and elevated point of view. Nor am I wedded to any of the incidentals I suggested. Indeed, they were only mentioned to show that, in full view of the difficulties, the proposition is manifestly feasible. It is true, the concurrence and co-operation of those concerned must be obtained, and all disabilities removed. But who can suppose this would be impossible if once made to appear desirable? And this brings me to the real point of discussion,—is it or is not advisable that the Convention should resume its original work, and henceforth give Home Missions all the prominence the College and Foreign Missions now have?

And now, let it be distinctly understood that I do not urge this measure so much on the ground of present "deficiencies," as prospective advantages. It is true, there are evils conies-edly existing, that such a movement would have a tendency to remove, and that, without the likelihood of substituting others as serious. But, higher than, and far beyond this, is that which we have every reason to believe would be

accomplished—the re-adoption by the Convention of that which properly belongs to it, the re-formation of that Heaven appointed union—Home and Foreign Missions, Missions as a whole and Education—which has, without just and sufficient known cause been "put asunder." And the closer union of our Provinces, and a correspondingly increased efficiency, in all our denominational work. Brethren of Nova Scotia, here is an aim worthy of your highest aspirations and most earnest efforts, and, as far removed from mere local considerations, and those of personal preferences, as heaven is from earth.

And now, to what extent is this really an "untried experiment?" If we have been able to unite successfully in College work and Foreign Missions, why not in this? Wherein lies their great dissimilarity as affecting this matter? And have not unions as great and difficult been effected? Is not the one in connection with Nova Scotia Missions, now so hopefully regarded, all things considered, of sufficient magnitude to encourage expectation respecting this? And finally, has not this union itself been actually tried? These Provinces have been united in Home Mission work. How successfully is not for me now to say, nor does it concern this phase of the question. If it could be established that, after faithful trial it proved a failure, and had to be abandoned, it would argue nothing as to the present prospects of such an union. That it could be consummated and for years continue when the difficulties of travel, &c., were such as this generation can hardly conceive of, establishes the fact that the union of these Provinces in Home Mission work is no untried experiment.

And now, proportionably to the increase of men and means and all facilities for uniting in it, God is speaking in His Providence, and in the progress and improvement of our country. The lines of telegraph and steamboat and railway linking us together, the change and interchange of men and work and thought, our rapidly growing unity of sentiment and feeling on all great questions, and in what we are already doing,—these, and many more considerations of scarcely less importance, call upon us to avail ourselves of the opportunity now afforded, and respond to what we have so much reason to believe may be the prompting of the spirit of love and missions, the Spirit from on high.

Brethren, "the signs of the times," are propitious. To me, as with trumpet tongue, they join in proclaiming the days of isolation and separation forever at an end, and the golden age of united and enlarged effort close at hand. We may attempt to stay this tidal current in its onward sweep, but the low lands of narrow-mindedness and selfishness, envy and distrust are already beginning to be covered, and ere long the tops of the highest mountains of self-complacency and exclusiveness will be lost to view and our denominational ark float serenely over the buried waste. May we be among those upborne and not deluged by this fast rising tide.

Let the present proposal be fully and fairly ventilated, and kindly but thoroughly discussed. Then, should it fail of accomplishment, we will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that there is already sufficient unity among us to influence to earnest thought upon the subject, and of feeling that it has failed, only to make room for something better.

Sept. 23rd, 1872.

MARLE.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL.

DEAR EDITOR,—

Page 25 of the Minutes of the last session of the Central Association, shows the membership of Lunenburg Church to be 130. Page 23 represents the same church as having contributed nothing for Benevolent Objects. A Baptist church of 130 members to give nothing towards the diffusion of gospel light and spiritual life beyond its own limits! And can it be the church that last year gave \$39 towards benevolent objects? Nay; say not, "How has thy light grown dim!" It shines in darkness, so that you comprehend it not. Page 23 of the Minutes acknowledges \$48.07 from North West Church. But "Lunenburg" and "North West" are not names of two different churches; they are names of "one and the same" church,—the church at North West and Mahone Bay, Lunenburg County. Those who are "slow to learn" will, doubtless, be grateful for the additional information that Lunenburg Church contributed \$48.07 for

benevolent objects, this year. I think much misapprehension would be avoided by discharging the name "North West," as the local designation, and adopting "Lunenburg" as the only correct name of our church.

Hoping that now our light, though feeble, may be visible to all, and shall continue to shine, becoming "brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day."

Yours, sincerely,

JOS. J. PARKER, Clerk of Lunenburg Church, Lunenburg, N. S. Sept. 25, 1872.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. PHILIP ANDREWS

died at Oakland, Sept. 13th, Mrs. Andrews relict of the late Philip Andrews, aged seventy-five, full of days, rich in grace, and ready at the Master's call. She deserves more than a passing notice, she was a christian of great attainments. The principles of religion were deeply seated in her heart, she constantly breathed its spirit. The word of it was ever on her tongue, which seemed adapted to any company she chanced to meet. She has gone down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, in the midst of her pain she always said, The will of the Lord be done. She seemed to have but one wish more, and that was to witness one more reformation before she died. But her counsels are closed, her voice is hushed, and her prayers for the church and for poor perishing sinners are ended, her pains and sorrows have ceased, and her dust sleeps in the grave, her spirit rests with those of just men made perfect. May her mantle fall on the members of the church that are left behind.—Com. by Rev. Z. Morton.

MR. BROTHERTON MARTIN.

died at Port Hawkesbury, Sept. 10th, of hemorrhage of the lungs, aged 65. Bro. Martin early in life was converted to God and united with the Methodist body, but after some years having changed his views respecting baptism, he with nine others were baptized and organized into a Church by the Rev. W. Rideout on the 28th of March, 1847. Of that Church (the Hawkesbury Baptist Church) Brother Martin remained a faithful member until death removed him to a higher sphere. He was noted for his unostentatious piety and unwavering fidelity to the cause of Christ. His Christian character was unsullied, and throughout his whole Christian career, which extended over a period of 30 years and more, the influence of his godly example was felt wherever he went, and by all who enjoyed the privilege of his society. He loved his Church. He loved her ordinances, and was ready to defend them against the assaults of enemies. Armed with the Sword of the Spirit and well skilled in its use, certain defeat awaited all who attacked him with the traditions of men. For some months previous to his death he was denied the privilege of attending upon the public worship of the sanctuary, but he enjoyed secret communion with God and the study of his Word to a high degree. Respecting the Word, he could truly adopt the language of the Psalmist "Oh! now I love thy law it is my meditation all the day." Bro. Martin has left an aged widow, several children and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn the loss of an affectionate companion—a loving and tender father and a faithful friend. May God sanctify the affliction to the spiritual and eternal good of all concerned. The occasion of his funeral was improved by the writer from Psalm lxxxix. 47. "Remember how short my time is; wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?"—Com. by Rev. J. B. McQuilkin.

Religious Intelligence.

In the death of the Rev. Evan Jonas, so long connected with the Cherokee Mission, another missionary pioneer finishes his work. He died Aug. 18, at Tahlequah, Indian Territory, at the age of a little more than eighty-three.

THE INSTITUTE.—Dr. Fyfe sends us the following gratifying intelligence:—

This term opens with a largely increased attendance. Over one hundred and fifty scholars were enrolled on the first week of the term. We have been obliged to refuse several young ladies every room being taken. The growth of the school clearly proves to the friends who have aided it that they are not spending their money in vain, and prove to those good friends who thought that the literary department is not required, that for once they are mistaken. Brethren, let us pray that God may greatly revive his work among these young people during the present time.