

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, GENERAL DEBILITY. — CAUTION. — HYPOPHOSPHITES. — FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. — As this preparation is entirely different in its combination and effects from all other remedies called Hypophosphites, the public are cautioned that the genuine has the name of *Fellows & Co.* blown on the bottle. The signature of the inventor, James I. Fellows, is written with red ink across each label, and the price is \$1.50 per bottle. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is prescribed by the first physician in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly orthodox preparation.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEACON JOHN BEZANSON

exchanged the earthly for the heavenly Sept. 5th, 1872, in the 85th year of his age.

Bro. Bezanon was a man of considerable intelligence, of more than ordinary talent, of undoubted piety and great perseverance. His life had been, for the most part, one of great activity; and especially after his conversion, while vigorously pursuing his secular calling, his intellectual powers have been, to a large extent, employed in public as well as private labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Strikingly applicable to him are the words of the Apostle, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Rom. xii. 11.

It is to be regretted that our Brother never kept a journal of his life. Doubtless many incidents in his long and useful pilgrimage would have been full of interest, had they been recorded; but as it is, we are left with comparatively little knowledge of his early history. One event, however, which was the turning point in his religious life, has been frequently narrated by him, and dwelt upon with peculiar emotions of joy. That event was his conversion to God.

It was a time of religious revival in Chester, and his mind became awakened to a sense of his sinful state; but as yet he had not come to a decision on the all important subject of religion. While thus halting between two opinions, as he was one evening at a meeting where the work of God was evidently going forward, he came to the conclusion—probably at the suggestion of the great Deceiver—that religion was a farce, and that the people were beside themselves. With these impressions, he resolved to leave the house, and never again cross its threshold, and left his seat fully determined to carry out his purpose. But before he reached the door he was suddenly arrested, and seemed chained to the spot where he stood. He turned into a pew near the door, and fell on his knees to pray, and before he rose from that attitude he found pardon and peace. His load of guilt was gone, and he broke forth in expressions of praise and thanksgiving to God for his great deliverance. From that time the whole purpose of his life was changed. Shortly after this he was baptized by the Rev. Joseph Dimock, to whom he became a valuable assistant, and with whom he lived on terms of great intimacy. Early elected to the deacon's office, it was evident that he possessed the confidence of the church, and of him it may be truthfully said that, using the office well, he purchased to himself "a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. iii. 13.

For a good part of his life, as opportunity offered and circumstances permitted, he engaged in preaching the gospel. In this capacity he rendered good service to the church by supplying the pulpit in the absence of the pastor, and otherwise laboring for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. During a residence of some years at St. Margaret's Bay, he took the oversight of the church there, and labored in word and doctrine with good acceptance. These services were performed, for the most part if not entirely, gratuitously, while laboring daily for the support of his family.

For the last few years he had been gradually failing. The "taberna le" has been coming down. But while the "outward man" was decaying, the "inward man" was being renewed day by day.

One of the things he regretted the most was his inability to attend the house of the Lord as frequently as formerly, and to do his part in helping to bear the burdens of

the church. In conversation with him, I have often heard him say, "Well I'm just waiting—waiting for the summons. There is nothing now to make my stay on earth desirable. If it were the Lord's will, I had as soon die to-night as any time. My trust is in Him, and I wait His time."

In his last illness, which was comparatively short—only a few weeks confined to the house—his mind became very weak, and sometimes wandering; but much of his time was spent in prayer. So kindly did God deal with him, that he suffered very little pain, but day by day he sank down beneath the weight of over fourscore years, and when the hour of departure came, so calmly and peacefully did he fall asleep in Jesus, that those who were in attendance scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe.

"Behold the bed of death,
The pale and mortal clay,
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No, life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality."

Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his Cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies."

Montgomery.

—Com. by Rev. I. J. Skinner.

MR. EDWARD CRISP

departed this life at his residence, Lawrencetown, Sept. 22nd, aged 56 years.

Our brother was born in Suffolk, England. Previous to his conversion, though of unblemished morals, yet he was a thoughtless youth. It pleased God to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and he was soon enabled to rejoice in the assurance of pardon. Upon the first opportunity he offered himself to the church, and was baptized at Earl's Colne, Essex, by his pastor, T. D. Reynolds. He removed with his father's family to Nova Scotia in 1847. In that same year he married Mrs. Johannah Richards, who died in 1857. In January, 1861, he was united in marriage with Miss Lydia Palfrey of Bridgetown, who is left to mourn the loss of a tender and faithful husband. Bro. Crisp ever maintained a character for integrity in all his relations. As in the churches, so also in the world, he was a man of God. Unobtrusive in his manner, he ever strove to do his duty. He was seldom missing at the prayer-meeting or the Sabbath-school. What he believed to be right he held tenaciously, and yet so as to avoid giving offence. He won the ornament of the "meek and quiet spirit." Our brother devoted his energies during the past year to the building of a Baptist meeting house in Lawrencetown. The great burden of responsibility and care was too much for a weak constitution like his. It is believed that the anxiety and exposure incident to the work hastened his death. He was not permitted to see the accomplishment of his cherished hopes. It was well that it was in his heart. The work will go forward and will long perpetuate his memory. The funeral sermon was delivered by the writer from Eccl. ix. 10, in the meeting house at Valley West to a large congregation. Brethren Cohoon, Baptist, and Jubb, Wesleyan, assisted. An aged mother mourns the loss of her eldest son; a widow weeps in loneliness for him who cannot on earth be restored to her; the Church laments her loss; the world sadly confesses, "There are but few who can take his place." How cheering is the thought that Jesus still lives, that he can relieve the sorrows of his mourning ones, and that while He removes those whom he has employed to do his will, he can yet, by the instrumentality of others, carry on His work and fulfil His purposes of grace. Soon His elect shall all be gathered home. Beyond the reach of pain and death, they shall solve the mysteries of the present life, and at every fresh revelation shall shout the praises of Him who died for them that they might live.—Com. by M. P. Freeman.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

FROM THE WEST BAPTIST CHURCH TO THE REV. W. L. PARKER.

Dear Brother,—
Having at your own request accepted your resignation of the pastorate of this church, we wish to present you with some token of the attachment and high esteem in which you and Mrs. Parker are still held by us. During your labor with us in

the gospel, we believe you have had the heartfelt sympathy of the church and also of the community around. When we review our connexion, both in its social and religious phases, we are constrained to say it has been most happy and pleasing. We fondly hoped that our connexion would have continued, but in this we are disappointed. In removing from us, be assured you have the affections, prayers, and best wishes of the West Yarmouth Baptist Church for your future prosperity and success in the great work in which you are engaged, in preaching the gospel of Christ. We feel that we shall sustain a loss in being deprived of the society of yourself and companion. We shall be left without one to break to us the bread of life, but we believe God may overrule your removal from us for the best interests of His own cause, and we therefore would bow to His Divine providence. You have labored most faithfully for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom in this place, and have been the means of adding a large number to the Church, who, we hope, will be eternally saved.

In conclusion, we would crave the best gifts of heaven for yourself and family, and earnestly hope you may be the honored instrument in advancing the Redeemer's cause in your contemplated field of labor; that in that great day when He comes to take His ransomed people home, there may be many among them whom God has given to His Son in the covenant of grace who have been brought into the church through your instrumentality.

Signed, in behalf of the Church,

DEACON KELLY ROSE,
" JACOB VICKERY, } Com.
" BENJ. CHURCHILL.

REPLY.

TO THE WEST YARMOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dear Brethren and Sisters,—

In the course of Divine Providence I am about to remove to another field of labor, and I most heartily thank you for your affectionate address. Had I believed it to have been my duty to continue longer with you, I would not have resigned the pastoral charge of the church, but as it is so, it is pleasing to know that it was by mutual consent. It is now nearly nine years since I came to Yarmouth; three years and four months of which time, as the Lord has enabled me, with much imperfection, I have endeavored to preach amongst you the unsearchable riches of Christ. It gives me great satisfaction to know that the Lord has also blessed my labors among you to the salvation of precious souls, whereby the Church has been increased, and I hope you may all "contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." I thank you most heartily for the free expression of your confidence in and sympathy for me and mine. It will be a source of great comfort to us to know that we are remembered by you at a throne of grace. And now, dear friends, in taking my leave for another field of labor, may Heaven's choicest blessing ever be with you, and when our work is done on earth, may we all meet in heaven, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Permit me, in behalf of Mrs. Parker, to tender her warmest thanks for the kindness you have manifested toward her. We unite in these sentiments of tender regard.

W. L. PARKER.

West Yarmouth, Sept. 22nd, 1872.

DR. CLAY'S MISSION TO ENGLAND.

Mr. Editor,—

A few days ago Dr. Clay left England for Halifax, after several months' continuous and successful effort to bring under the attention of the English people the claims of the Dominion. He has described with great accuracy, and with no small degree of eloquence, the characteristics of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. I had the honor to preside at two lectures given by him in the great hall of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle to large and enthusiastic audiences. Dr. Clay has done his utmost to make Canada popular. Should Dr. Clay return to England, he will meet with a most cordial reception from all persons in the metropolis and in the provinces. Dr. Clay is an admirable lecturer. I hope to be at St. John in November next, and to spend a short time in the Provinces.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
HORROCKS COCKS,
Secretary to the National
Emigration League,
120, Salisbury Square, London.
August 27, 1872.

For the Christian Messenger.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH SYSTEM OF NEW YORK, WITH SOME EXAMPLES—PROGRESS OF SOCIAL DISINTEGRATION.—TYNG, HEPWORTH AND ROBINSON IN THE GAP.

New York, Oct. 5, 1872.

Brooklyn is not so distinctively the city of churches as the city of popular churches. Per contra, is New York the city of caste churches. Both, I should think, are prominent in their respective kinds. The successful and influential churches of Brooklyn are such as Beecher's, Cuyler's, Talmage's, Duryc's and Scudder's. Of what are called fashionable or "society" churches, like Dr. Storrs' and Holy Trinity, there are few and not very mighty examples. "Over there" they build great sheet-iron tabernacles, for congregations of two or three thousand, at half the cost of brick and stone, and think the buildings and company "good enough for sinners." The fact is, that Brooklyn draws off from New York the cream of the middle class, which everywhere includes the bulk of cultivated as well as of serious and modest people. The demands of Brooklyn society, therefore, lean more to the mental than the sartorial, and favor the best preacher rather than the most exquisite "set."

In New York, on the contrary, Fashion sits umpire among churches as well as all things else, and if I may be pardoned the appropriation of the figure, separates them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. The favorites on her right hand grow richer and daintier more exclusive and inaccessible, year by year. Those on her left grow more and more plebeian, or dwindle gradually to distant appendages, dependences, or poor relations of their fashionable sisters. The middle class of church society diminishes steadily by three main causes—by emigration to the suburbs, by transmigration more or less difficult, but determined, into the outer rings of fashion, or by falling away from church altogether. So, the middle class falling out, the extremes become more extreme, the churches are generally high caste or low caste—churches proper (awfully proper) or mission chapels; and between them, where the sound middle class and the solid common ground of society ought to be, there is a great gulf fixed. The Baptists themselves—those plain people—sit on Murray Hill, the summit of fashion, in one of the most elegant ecclesiastical structures of that exquisite quarter. This is the old First Church, of Broome and Elizabeth streets, of Spencer H. Cone and of Kingman Nott. Moving later, the First Baptist Church moved up higher by many degrees than its old Broome street neighbor, the Central Presbyterian, Dr. Adams', which imitates at Twenty-third street the remarkable ecclesiastical series on Madison Avenue, with one of the most indifferent examples of architecture in the city. Even the Methodists follow the fashion not afar off, with their costly Saint Paul's and its churchly paragon, on the adjoining Fourth Avenue. To the last, the Roman Catholic Church alone spurns social distinctions among worshippers, and with that unaffected sense of supreme authority which can seem so sublime when it is in the right, sternly remands all sinners to their knees on level ground.

Middle class churches linger in the plainer quarters, steadily diminishing, sometimes by extinction, often by metamorphosis, either to the higher (like the Broome street and collegiate Dutch churches), or to the lower forms of existence, like Lot Jones' Ephiphany or Cuyler's Market Street. Among the few that hold out against both transformations, might be named the old Allen street Presbyterian, once Dr. Cheever's, a most obstinate example in the heart of Neue Deutschland; the Spring street Presbyterian, away down in the plebeian reprobation of a quarter foredoomed to the next dry goods jobbers' irruption, a church said to be one of the most thoroughly alive for good of all the churches in New York; and, needless to particularize, the far-down town churches, magnificent Trinity, prayer-led Fulton street, and the newly endowed John street Methodist.

MERCER STREET

is a church of mixed and anomalous fortunes. In the days when Washington Square, hard by, was the centre of ton, under Dr. Skinner, and afterwards Dr. Prentiss, it was (but for Dr. Spring's) almost the cathedral of Presbyterianism. With the first grand rush for exclusive, undiluted, brown stone streets, Washington Square was abandoned to boarding-house keepers. Dr. Prentiss went abroad

for his health and clerical preservation, and yet Mercer street, falling to young and winning Robert Booth, strange to say, did not perish. But the languishing church of the late Dr. Potts were fain to join fortunes with the modest but substantial parish of Dr. Booth, and their house being the better, and the better placed of the two, Mercer street was at last sold to Commodore Vanderbilt for Dr. Deems' non-sectarian "Church of the Strangers." In this metamorphosis, also, it is successful and useful, and much affected by Southerners, partly from old habit connected with Dr. Prentiss, perhaps, and partly from the proximity of the New York Hotel. Dr. Prentiss, socially well-preserved, and deservedly well-beloved, but no longer conspicuous, now ministers to the selected sort of a few,—e. g. the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge and his circle in Thirty-fifth street, on Murray Hill. His gifted wife contributes more than a minister's wife's full share to the prestige of the connection by her far-famed books, "Stepping Heavenward," "Flower of the Family," etc.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY'S

church remains also a noble example of a church, large, flourishing and rich, but not altogether exclusive, and living altogether for itself. It is Dr. Joel Parker's old church, (yet quite another), standing unmoved on Fourth Avenue, near the Young Men's Christian Association building, just aside from the walks consecrated to fashion. The pastor is a man much above the times, not only in strength of thought, but in positiveness of conviction and in mental and moral independence.

Though hardly at home in his time or place, he is a power in his time and place, and in spite of them. He was a doctor of divinity long before he became a clergyman, and a Harvard D. D. at that; but the latter circumstance cannot slur his uncompromising orthodoxy. Always identified particularly with young men, he draws around him the strongest body of young men in any New York church, and the activity of his people in good works is most conspicuous. They sustain no less than five organized mission churches, with pastors, Sunday Schools, and kindred institutions of charity, in different parts of the city. One of Dr. Crosby's original crotchets is an aversion to children in church! But he earns the right to indulge his opinion or whim, or whatever it is, on this subject, by making express provision for the little ones, altogether preferable to long sessions under adult sermons. He preaches to the children, a whole congregation of them, every Sabbath afternoon.

Dr. Crosby and his people have tried to bridge over the chasm between the rich and the poor, or rather, to bring together the extremes, in the house of God. And if anybody could have done it, they could. Grace Mission, with such a man as Ralph Wells in it, was as well furnished for the effort as a mission could be. Such men took their membership certificates and their families over into Grace Mission, and tried to say the thing should be done. But the elements could not stick. With religious people, church associations make up too large a major part of social existence, to be artificially fixed in obedience to any general interest. It is a question vital to each family, and thus a personal far more than a social concern. People whose supreme good is the style of the most exquisite set and its social recognition, of course cannot permit their daughters to forfeit caste and all hope of marrying within the pole of paradise, by mingling in any semblance of equality with plain, unfashionable people, no matter how far their superiors in true culture and refinement. So, too, people who are superior to this nonsense might still be pardoned, at least the mamma's, for feeling that they would compromise their daughters' prospects too seriously, by choosing their main social sphere among those who are not only unfashionable but unpolite and uncultivated. Is it not quite evident that the interposition of a strong, preponderant, middle class, is indispensable to the proper social unity, or integrity, of republican society? And here we may as well deduct from our over done compliment to the church of Rome, by this much, viz.: that knowing nothing as she does, of our intimate church associations, she exacts no sacrifice from her best society when she commands it merely to kneel for a few moments in contact with her worst. Our problem is very different and very difficult.

Now here, on the line or flanks of Madison Avenue, in proximity and competition with the churches of social or money caste, there are, besides the generous