

ness, and get a chance to talk with him. As they walked along, Peter told him that the little girl's father had asked him to come next morning to his office. Then, for the first time, he began to feel ashamed of his clothes. The thought that he would have to go in rags, or not at all, made him quite melancholy; but he gradually forgot that as the minister went on talking. I wish every body understood boys as that minister did. I really believe he had once been a boy himself, though he never took any pains to say so. But he entered into Peter's new idea with the greatest enthusiasm, and talked to him, as Peter said afterwards, "just like—just like—well, just like any fellow, only ever so much better!"

"Now," said he, "you've got just the right plan. Only go through life on that track, and you will be all right. Always give; always grant favors to other people. But you must get the right notion of real service and kindness to others. For instance, if this gentleman proposes to you tomorrow to take a place in his office and earn wages, you needn't feel as though it would be against your new plan to be paid for what you do. There is a great many reasons why people should be paid, instead of running about and working for each other just for fun or favor. You will understand that when you are older. Only remember that you are doing your employer a favor when you provide him with a faithful, active, honest, servant; and you are doing this whole city a favor when you make yourself a quiet, intelligent, respectable citizen; and what a pleasure you could give to God and his angels if you would accept Divine help and grow up a brave, pure, earnest Christian!"

Now Peter did not know what that means, and, what was curious, the minister knew that he did not know, but said it just to act him thinking. And when Peter said, "I wish you'd tell us more about that," this odd minister actually refused. "Next time," said he; "you've got enough to think of now. But come and see me soon, and I will tell you more." You see he perceived that Peter had got a good, strong idea, for almost the first time in his life; and he was afraid of covering it up and smothering it with too many explanations. So at the gate of the parsonage they parted.

Next morning, Peter was out in the streets early. He could not go to the gentleman's office yet for several hours; but expectation made him restless. As he stroked along the sidewalk who should meet him but Captain Williams, the leader of the newsboys, spoken of at the beginning of this story, who was called Bare-foot Bill when he began, but was now a highly respectable newsboy, with money in the bank.

"Here's yer mornin'!" he was going to say *Herald*; but he caught sight of Peter, and stopped short. "Hi!" said he "it's here ain't it? Poverty Peter! Now that beats me! I say, my summer sky-lark, what h'isted you from your nice warm bed on a brownstone doorstep so airy in the mornin'?"

"Doe-ye-er—" He was going to ask if Peter's mother knew he was out; but he remembered that Peter had no mother and he thought of his own, a dear, patient, blind woman whom he supported by his earnings. So he pitied Peter, and was silent; for Captain Williams was a gentleman. That Peter also knew; and was very glad of a chance to tell such a sensible, smart, and good-natured fellow the whole of his adventures. The leader of the newsboys listened attentively, only interrupting him with occasional exclamations of "My eye!" "Bailly for you!" and the like, and once or twice cutting off to sell a paper to some early traveler, bound for the ferry. But each time he returned, and said, with a comical gesture, "Re some, Mr. Spenker."

When Peter had finished, Captain Williams drew a long breath, and remarked: "I'd like to see that girl; and I tell you I'd like to see that parson. He's a trump, he is; and next Sunday I'll get all the boys and we'll process up to his house and we'll just call on him. You're in luck, Poverty Peter—if you only had on good clothes."

"I know my clothes are not fit to be seen," said Peter, mournfully; "but I—I wish you wouldn't call me that name any more, Cap."

"No more I won't," said the Captain, promptly. "Dandy Peter, Prince Peter, Salt-peter,—no Saint Peter; that's the ticket! Now I've got an idea; just you hold on a minute, and let her work. I say, do you see that bald old gent. with specs opening his front door over there and a moonin' up and down the street? Well,

there Jim Joggles, lickitout, two blocks, to sell that old gent. his morning paper. Jim thinks I ain't a lookin'. I'll teach him a lesson, not to steal my customers. Go it, Peter: here's yer *Herald*; now sell it to the bald party, and fetch me the money!"

Peter was off like a shot, dashed across the street, stumbled breathless up the steps, and sold his *Herald* in triumph, while Jim Joggles, seeing from afar that the Captain was wide-awake, stopped suddenly and looked down a cross street with great earnestness, as if he had been running only to get to a place where he could enjoy that view. In a moment more, Peter was back with the money, which Captain Williams received, slapped him on the back, and said, "Well done, my lively saint. You've sold a paper. Yer one of us; yer a news-boy! If any feller says you ain't, refer him to me. I'd like to interview him, I would. Now, you see, Peter, I can't allow you to go into that there nabob's office, and bring disgrace on the newsboys with them clothes. You just come along with me. You're going to be a committee, that's what you are—a committee from the newsboys to the parent of that Bee-autiful Cheeld; and you must go in uniform. Now I've got a friend over in Chatham street who can dress a gentleman in no time. No trouble about his goods fittin'. Every one on 'em has been tried afore."

Thus he rattled on; but Peter saw clearly that the generous fellow meant to advance the money to buy a suit of second hand clothes for him; and his new-born independence made him disinclined, though he wanted clothes so badly, to accept them as a gift. But when he intimated this, Captain Williams turned sharply on him, and said: "You mean, aristocratic, selfish cuss! Do you want to have all the fun of doing favors your-self, and not let another fellow have any chance?" Then Peter relented, and shook hands on it, and away they went together, to the Chatham street gentleman. They found him just taking the spots out of a suit of fine dark cloth. It was almost new; but the former owner had spilt lemonade all over it, and stained it so that he was glad to sell it for a song. The science of the Chatham street gentleman, however, was more than a match for lemonade; and his skill restored the damaged suit to almost its original glory. He got his reward sooner than gentlemen of his profession usually do; for the goods were bought by Captain Williams and put upon Peter in five minutes after he had finished his scrubbing of them. When Peter came out of the shop, nobody would have recognized him. "Hoora!" said Captain Williams; "now, my boy, go in and win!"

Poverty Peter was Poverty Peter no longer. In three hours more he had been engaged as a messenger to the bank of which the little girl's father was President; and from that time his life was utterly changed. Of course he was far from being Saint Peter; he was ignorant and weak still; but his aim was right and his resolution was earnest. The minister turned out to be his best friend, and got him, with Captain Williams and all the boys, into the evening school and the Sunday school, where the newsboys made a large and lively class, all by themselves.

Peter rose in life from one position to another, fulfilling faithfully the duties of each; and what with good habits and education and kindness of heart, all showing themselves in his face, he turned out to be a right handsome young man. And so it came to pass that after some years there was a wedding, at which the minister officiated, white-haired now, but as much of a boy as ever; and Captain Williams, now Josiah Williams, Esq., the proprietor of a large bookstore, was groomsman, and wore a splendid broadcloth suit, with a claw hammer coat-tail and a white vest, which did not come from Chatham street. And who was the lovely being, all dressed in lace and muslin, who stood on that occasion by Peter's side? If I should put this question now, and ask each of you girls who knew the answer to hold up her hand, all your hands—that is to say, half your hands, or one hand apiece—would go up at once, and I should hear a sweet chorus, "It was the little girl whose life he had saved." Oh, you dear creatures, how penetrating you are! Only it wasn't that girl at all, but another girl. You see you forgot that this isn't a Sunday school book story, or a novel, but an ordinary piece of real life. If you ask me why the little girl did not fall in love with her preserver, I cannot tell you. I am quite unable to say why girls do fall in love, and I certainly shall not undertake to explain why they don't. All I know is, that she found

a young gentleman who pleased her better. Perhaps he had fished her out of the water when she broke through the thin ice, skating; or, perhaps, he had merely escorted her to singing school, and never saved her life at all. At any rate, she had one good reason for not preferring Peter, namely, that Peter did not prefer her. They were excellent friends; but the tenderest and most romantic interview they ever had was when Peter told her all about the other young lady, and she told him about the other young gentleman, and they both said, "How nice!"

And now I have come to the moral of my story. All you little boys and girls, wake up from your little naps and hold up your little heads, and give me your attention. The beauty of this moral is that you will find it to every story, if you look long enough, and it is the more welcome, and the more certain to be appreciated, the more tedious the story. For the moral I mean is—

THE END.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

REVIVAL IN ARGYLE.

I returned on Tuesday last from Argyle, where I have witnessed rich manifestations of the grace of God. It was my privilege to baptize 9 since my last, making in all 42. Among those baptized last Lord's day were four heads of families and several promising young men. Many of your readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Geo. N. Eaton, of Bridgetown, now teaching at Central Argyle, is one of these. He is a young brother of much promise, and hopes are cherished that he may devote his life to the christian ministry. The good work is extending and our Free Baptist brethren are sharing in the blessed results. Bro. Achilles arrived as I was about leaving, and will enter heartily into the work of God. Bro. Foster is also in Argyle and is rendering such aid as his feeble health will admit. His health I am pleased to say is improving. I trust you may soon hear through one of these brothers precious tidings of the progress of the work of God in Argyle and Pubnico.

I reflect with pleasure and gratitude on this missionary tour. My labors were greatly blessed of God. The kindness of the people toward me and their sympathy and co-operation with me in my work, were most gratifying, and I shall ever review with pleasurable emotions the few weeks spent in Argyle. I regard the Baptist Churches in Argyle and Pubnico as presenting a most desirable, pleasant and hopeful field of labor. My some brother whom God approves, be speedily secured for that field.

I visited several aged persons who had been baptized by the late Enoch Townner of precious memory. In fact an old lady, Mrs. Frost, who professes to have been converted in her childhood under the labors of that honored man of God, requested baptism but was too feeble to come to meeting the last Sabbath we baptized.

Of the 42 baptized, 24 were heads of families, 18 are in the prime of life. The remaining 18 are young people for whose future usefulness high hopes are entertained. The church is consequently not only greatly enlarged but greatly strengthened.

My pulpit was supplied during my absence by Brethren Saunders and Normandy to whom I am grateful. And now as I re-enter upon my regular work, I trust God may graciously smile upon our efforts and permit us to rejoice in displays of His converting grace similar to those I have just witnessed. In fact some of us think we can already see the small cloud betokening abundance of rain in Yarmouth. Will your readers pray for us.

Yours truly,

ISA. WALLACE.

Milton, Yarmouth, Feb. 13, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

HOME MISSIONS AND HOME MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—

I have had it in mind for some time past, to address the denomination on the very important subject that constitutes the caption of this article, but observing that another correspondent had the same topic, or a phase of it, under consideration and was publishing a series of letters in relation thereto, I proposed to wait till these were finished. As they are not succeeding each other very rapidly, I have concluded with your permission, "to say my say"

now, and leave the issue with whomsoever it may concern.

Let it be understood, that although I am intimately connected with the Managing Board of the present N. S. Home Missionary Society, the sentiments I shall propound, are my own, and that neither the Board nor any of its members have been consulted, as to the reasoning I may advance, or the conclusions at which I have arrived.

That there are two classes of opinions abroad, as to the desirability of having a single organization, or more, for Home Missionary operations in Nova Scotia is an admitted fact. My purpose in this series of letters, is to invite the deliberate attention of the Baptist Churches of Nova Scotia to a calm review of the entire subject—to submit the reasons that have weighed with me in arriving at the conviction that, comparing probable advantages, with probable disadvantages, two or more organizations for Home Missionary operations in Nova Scotia are and will be better than one.

The readers of the *Christian Messenger* need not be told, that at present the Central and Eastern Associations of Nova Scotia Baptists, are an Incorporated Body, carrying on Home Missionary work, under a constitution adapted to the occasion—That the Western Association occupies a like position, and that such, so far as I understand (except as to their charters) has been the case ever since the division of the General Provincial Association, into three smaller bodies—some twenty-two years ago.

Why each of the Associations did not then organize its own Home Mission, why the Eastern and Central Associations combined, while the Western preferred to act separately as they have done hitherto—I have not been able satisfactorily to ascertain. The reason I have uniformly heard given for it was, that the Central Association, as a Baptist community possessed much the larger proportion of means, and the Eastern, the greater proportion of Missionary ground within its boundaries.

Be that as it may, up to the present, side by side, or, if envious at all, envious only as to which of them should out do the other in accomplishing the greatest amount of good—these two organizations have existed, preaching the same gospel, advocating the same principles, and desirous of accomplishing the same results.

Of a comparatively recent date, a disposition has been manifested in certain quarters, to break up these two organizations, and instead, to create a new and larger one, which shall be co-extensive with the entire province.

I have been looking, anxiously looking all along, since the project was publicly mooted, for the reasons, which would justify such an upheaval, such a revolution, such a reconstruction. I had hoped that some of those who advocate this great change, would have publicly given to the denomination, through the denominational organ some of the more potent arguments, why they take their present stand, and would have furnished the general reader the arguments; which ought to weigh with Baptists and induce them to reject the present platforms, and for them, substitute another of larger dimensions.

I have lived long enough in this world, to be convinced that all changes are not improvements, and as none of the advocates of this contemplated change, have submitted, so far as I am aware any array of arguments in support of their views, I shall endeavour, as early as the discharge of my public duties will admit, I will endeavour to submit a few of the many reasons why I think it would not be wise to speculate upon such a scheme as has been foreshadowed under the designation of a "Home Missionary Union," as a substitute for our old Home Missionary Societies.

I may merely add before closing this my first letter of the series, that on a full fair examination of all the reasons that can be adduced *pro and con*, it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Baptists of Nova Scotia, that more good will result, more money be collected, more gospel labor be expended, and that more judiciously on the Home field,—more converts be made, more sinners reached, more souls saved by means of one large organization than by two smaller ones, let the change come, the sooner the better.

If however the probabilities can be shown to be otherwise—if it can be made satisfactorily to appear that from early times when churches were planted in every portion of Asia Minor, in Macedonia, in Greece, in Rome and elsewhere, wherever the Apostles could obtain a favorable hearing for the Gospel, the sowing of small and

zealous organizations seem to have been preferred, and proved to be successful, it seems to me that it lays the foundation at least for an argument, applicable to the present subject.

Then my reading of Baptist history from the earliest dates to the present, has tended to produce the conviction, that, unless possibly in view of a Foreign Mission, or denominational Educational Institutions, Baptist interests are safer, and are better promoted, under the auspices of a greater number of small independent organizations than under some lofty high-sounding pretentious scheme, aiming more or less, at a kind of qualified universality.

Yet my conclusions may be erroneous. I do not wish however to be understood in this, that a given number of Baptist Churches may not by delegates meet and adopt measures tending greatly to advance the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Such has been demonstrated to be the case and it is hoped may long continue to be the result of Associational gatherings. But these, even, when they become large, become unwieldy, and require to be divided. Such is the policy too, respecting Baptist Churches, and I much mistake, if I am not able to make it appear that there is nothing to be gained by a system of centralization in reference to Home Missionary operations. But this I leave as a subject for further and future communication.

J. McULLY.

Brunswick Place, 17th Feb. 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

17TH FEBRUARY, 1873.

Dear Sir,—

Will you please give the following notice in the *Christian Messenger*.

The new Baptist Church at Annapolis Royal will be a credit to the friends of the good cause in that quarter, and an ornament to the town.

The outside work is now nearly finished inside lathed and ready for plastering. About \$17.00 have already been expended of which about \$13.00 has been subscribed and paid. The estimated cost is about \$3,000. The committee expect to have it completed by next summer and are now making an effort to collect funds in aid of the same. The Rev. L. B. Gates is now on a tour through Digby, Yarmouth, Queens and Halifax Counties, making collections, soliciting aid, and we trust the friends will all do the liberal thing towards this work.

It is not very creditable to our denomination that the oldest town in British North America should have remained to this day without any house of worship, while all other denominations have been so long a time represented by neat churches.

By request of the Building Committee.

L. HALL,
T. S. WHITMAN,
C. F. SNOW.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY ANN MAHAN.

Daughter of the late Joseph Mahan, died at Great Village, on the 13th of Sept. 1872, aged thirty three years. Her illness which lasted for several months, was borne with true christian patience. She was baptized by the late Rev. J. E. Balcom, and became a member of the church at Great Village in 1862. She was a consistent and loving member till death set her free, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. She had a bright hope for the future, and was confident, that to die would be gain, that it would indeed be going home.

MRS. DRUCILLA PARK.

Wife of Capt. J. F. Park, departed this mortal life at Port Medway, January 1st, as the year dawned, in the 43rd year of her age, leaving three daughters and her afflicted husband to mourn the loss of their best friend. She was brought to love Jesus at an early period in life, and exemplified all through life, the life of Christ. Death to her had no terror as her Saviour kept her in the enjoyment of the sweet peace of the Gospel of God. And as she approached her end, it was regarded as a heavenly messenger calling her to rest from the toils and sufferings of a sinful world, saying:

Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

—Com. by Rev. AUGUSTUS SHIELDS.

MAHATABLE WETMORE.

Died at Brookfield, Yarmouth, on Tuesday the 11th Feb., 1873, Mahatable, the beloved wife of Mr. Timothy Wetmore, aged 65