

chimpanzee, a few blackened timbers, and a little curl of smoke, were all that was left of the cottage. The two silver candlesticks, the oval mirror, all were gone, only the canary-bird, fortunately left at the minister's, and nothing for Miss Plumtree but to take shelter under the same kindly roof until she could have time to think what must be done next. The ensuing day was Sunday, and when the pastor's wife knocked at Miss Plumtree's door, she found her bonneted and cloaked, the illumination in full play, and Miss Plumtree only waiting for the second bell. 'I'm sure I ought to go,' she said with a smile, which the minister's wife declared more beautiful than ever, 'for I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for saving the things in my satchel! So kindly ordered!'

So she went, and when the day had passed peacefully by, and the short December twilight was gathering, she slipped away to her own room for her little season belonging to the hour. What strange things were happening all the time! And how strange it was that the cottage had been burned, just as the old homestead was to be sold for Will's debts, and he had gone away without her being able to ask him if he would forgive all, and share with her. Poor dear Will! But there was always something left, and as soon as Monday came she must think what was to be done. Just then the minister tapped apologetically at the door.

'Come in,' said Miss Plumtree, and he opened it in a trice and looked in.

'Miss Plumtree,' he said, 'there is some one asking for you—some one—' and the good man hesitated and blew his nose, then laughed a little and began again. 'Some one that I think you used to know—I ought not to be positive, but perhaps—'

The pastor stopped again, and a figure standing between the hall lamp and Miss Plumtree's room threw a shadow on the curtain. She had said once she should know a shadow; this time she did know it, and sprang towards the reality.

'Philip! Then you heard after all!'

One week from that day friends once more escorted Miss Plumtree to the door of her olden home, but this time as a blushing bride, introduced by her husband to the house he had purchased as her wedding gift. Once more she turned and illuminated everything with her smile.

'I don't know what I should have done,' she said, if it hadn't been for Philip, for really there were only a few things in the satchel after all, and I shouldn't have thought it right to stay at the minister's very long.'

THE MENNONITES

are not a sect founded by the revered man whose name they bear. They are descended from the Waldenses, who in the latter part of the twelfth century fled from persecution into Flanders and the provinces of Holland and Zealand. In 1537 Menno Simon, a Romish priest who had joined them from force of conviction through the study of the New Testament, became their leader and pastor and labored with such wise and self-sacrificing zeal that the Dutch "Anabaptists," as they were formerly called, gradually became known as Mennonites. Their church government is very simple and independent, conformed to the Scripture example, as they understand it. They demand a profession of faith and evidence of conversion as pre-requisites to church-membership. In so far as they have ceased to insist on immersion as the only true baptism, they have departed from their early practice and the explicit teaching of Menno. Like the Quakers they are distinguished for their opposition to war.—When the attempt of Frederick the Great of Prussia to exact military service from them led them to emigrate from their territories, Catharine II. of Russia, anxious to secure such a body of citizens, offered them each 120 acres of land in Southern Russia, together with liberty of worship and perpetual exemption from military service.—By an edict of 1871, these special privileges are revoked, ten years being granted those unwilling to submit to all the laws in which to leave the country.

After that time, every citizen, without reference to religious convictions, will be required to perform seven years of army service. This is the explanation of the present movement of the Mennonites. It is to the dishonor of Russia that petty obstacles are placed in the way of their departure. It is very difficult for them to obtain passports; and as the land they hold was not given them in fee simple, they must, on leaving the country, abandon their farms

and gardens, which will reduce many of them from affluence to poverty. A deputation sent by them to this country has just returned from a tour of inspection in the West, and sailed last week for Hamburg. They will report favorably to their friends, and during the coming year numerous companies may be looked for to take up their abode with us.

The companies referred to in another column, are both from the Crimea, constituting the majority of thirty families who settled there. These were full owners of the land they occupied, and hence were able to dispose of it; but, after they had done so, the tyranny of the Russian officials obliged them to wait six months for passports, during which time they were forced to live on their capital. They will proceed to Elkhart, Ind., and there decide upon their subsequent movements. This exodus is to Russia both a discredit and a material loss. Any country might be glad to receive an influx of citizens so remarkable for good order, industry, and thrift.—To us as Baptists the movement is peculiarly interesting. It is significant that at this very time, those more peculiarly our brethren in faith are suffering cruel persecution in the country from which the Mennonites are departing.—*National Baptist.*

Missionary Intelligence.

A CITY WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY.

Our young brother, Mr. H. G. de St. Dalmas, has recently paid a visit to the city of Brindaban, famed throughout India for its worship of Krishna. He has kindly favoured us with the following account of the impression it made upon him. Soon he hopes to be able actively to engage in the work of preaching, to the heathen who worship in these temples, the glory of the only true and living God. At present he is diligently engaged in acquiring the Hindi tongue, through the medium of which the minds and hearts of the people can be reached;—

"On the 16th of May I went with Mr. Williams to Brindaban, a small town about six miles from Muttra, and a sacred spot in Hindu mythology in connection with the history of Krishna. Any one who pays a visit to Brindaban will be able to understand what it is to see a city wholly given to idolatry, for the town is full of heathen temples. It is not at all an uncommon thing to see old temples almost in ruins; and one might easily think, as well as wish, that these old temples would last till Hinduism is extinct; and do well enough for its declining days, if one were to see only some of the large cities which have been long under European influence and centres of missionary effort, where the idea is that the mass of the people, though they still practise their religion, do so with but little heart and faith. Indeed, this was very much my own impression till I came into this district, which is still the stronghold of Hinduism; but I had no idea of the real strength of the system, and its hold upon the people until I went to Brindaban, a town of over 20,000 inhabitants, and literally full of temples, modern as well as ancient. Some of the temples have become venerable with age, and are now stupendous heaps of ruins. These have no sooner become unfit sanctuaries for their gods than other temples have been built to carry on the worship, and several large and handsome temples are at this very time in course of erection. Some of these new ones, founded by rich merchants or rajahs of native states, are most magnificent.—The cost of the largest was nearly half-a-million sterling (45 laks of rupees); another cost 25 laks, and the annual outlay in religious services and almsgiving at these two temples is 57,000 and 22,000 rupees respectively, and others are not far behind. Large sums are given as votive offerings by the pilgrims, who come from all parts.

"Besides all these gorgeous temples nearly every house has its own oratory or shrine, in which the idol is kept, so that there are in effect more than a thousand heathen temples in that comparatively small town, and it would be hard to find a person who is not religious. The people appear to believe in their lifeless gods, for they spare no cost to pay them that adoration which they deem their due.

THE IDOLS.

"The idols are concealed in the temples in a sort of Holy of Holies, and the stranger who attempts to enter or even approach the temple is politely stopped, lest he should desecrate the holy place. It is literally 'So far and no farther.' I got a distant sight of the idol in one temple, where

a company of musicians, seated on the floor in front of the deity, were regaling it with music and song, whilst overhead a punkah was fanning the image lest it should suffer any inconvenience from the heat; and I was told that the punkah is kept swinging night and day during the hot weather, to cool—a lifeless block of stone. Krishna (Juggernath) is the Thakur (God) of this city; to his worship nearly every house is consecrated, whilst there is not a single temple for the service of the only living and true God, to them unknown; and it is seldom that any voice is lifted up to tell the people of the more excellent way. Mr. Williams soon attracted a large congregation of attentive listeners in one of the principal streets. Even the women stood to hear the strange news, as well as one of the chief sages of the city.

THE TEMPLES.

"I spent two full hours in looking over the temples. The old ones are massive buildings of red sandstone, and scarcely yet three centuries have passed over them. Some are elegantly designed, and very richly decorated. The Gobind Deva is said to be the most impressive religious edifice that Hindu art has ever produced, at least in Upper India.

"The modern temples are remarkable for their great size and lavish style, immense sums of money having been spent on them. One is built of white marble, and surmounted with marble statues, the portico being supported by lofty spiral pillars each of one block of white marble. On the head of one of these sacred statues I noticed an old monkey calmly take his seat. These monkeys seem to have a good time of it, being also objects of worship, and allowed to do just as they please.

"It would be easy to fill pages with a description of these things; but my only object and apology for writing, as one new to India is that our friends at home may learn, as I myself and others have to learn when we come face to face with these things, that Hindooism is not yet quite such a weak and effete system as we are so ready and willing to believe, and that while it may be true that in some parts of this great harvest-field the first fruits are being gathered in with rejoicing, there is yet much land to be possessed, which the ploughshare has not yet furrowed, and where the soil needs long preparation for the reception of the good seed of the Gospel; but, alas! where are the sowers and the reapers?"—*London Missionary Herald.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ORDINATION AT RAWDON.

In compliance with the request of the Rawdon Baptist Church, a number of brethren met in the Baptist Meeting House in South Rawdon, on Friday, the 29th ult., to consider the propriety of ordaining Bro. J. H. Robbins to the work of the christian ministry.

Rev. D. M. Welton was chosen Moderator, and Rev. A. Cohoon, Clerk. Prayer by Rev. R. R. Philip.

The following churches were represented:—

Rawdon.—Deacons William Dimock and William Phalen, Brethren Ben. Weir, Joshua Knowles, James McAnvan, Thomas Knowles, and James McLearn.

Ellershouse.—Deacons Samuel Miller, and Martin Hollis, Brethren Jacob Miller, and J. Murphy.

Newport.—Rev. D. McDonald, Deacons Joseph Dimock, and S. B. Dimock, Brethren Joseph Walley, and Robert Ritchie.

Windsor.—Rev. D. M. Welton, Brethren Mark Curry, Henry Redden, and John O. Redden.

Maitland.—Rev. R. R. Philip, and Brother D. McCurdy.

Invited to sit in Council:—Rev. A. Cohoon, Wilmot; J. R. Skinner, (Lic.) Berwick; Deacons Levi Dimock and William Casey, Brethren James Robertson and Charles Burgess, Newport; Robie Miller, Ellershouse; and G. J. Creed, Granville Street, Halifax.

At the request of the Moderator, Bro. J. Knowles then stated why the Council had been called, and why Bro. Robbins' ordination was desired.

The candidate, on being called, gave a very clear and interesting account of his christian experience and call to the ministry, and also a very satisfactory statement of his views of christian doctrine and church polity.

A number of questions having been put and answered, it was unanimously voted to proceed with the ordination.

The following programme was then agreed upon for the afternoon services:—Sermon by Rev. D. M. Welton; questions by Rev. A. Cohoon; ordaining prayer, Rev. A. Cohoon; hand of fellowship and charge to the candidate by Rev. D. McDonald; charge to the church by Rev. R. R. Philip.

After prayer by Rev. D. McDonald, Council adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock, p. m.

Met in the afternoon according to adjournment. The sermon from Ephesians vi. 19, was deeply interesting and instructive. Services closed with benediction by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Robbins.

Together with the Rawdon Church, Bro. Robbins assumes the pastoral care of the Ellershouse Church, which has been gathered mainly by his instrumentality.

A. COHOON,
Clerk of the Council.

Sept. 1st, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES W. CLEVELAND.

On Sabbath evening, after a brief illness, James W. Cleveland departed this mortal life at Mass Town, August 24th, in the 67th year of his age, leaving two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. He was brought to love Jesus at an early period in life, and exemplified all through life, the life of Christ. In his last illness, which was comparatively short—only a few weeks confined to the house—much of his time was spent in prayer. With a memory richly stored with the precious truths of God's holy book, the utterances of his last days flowed like a song of praise, full of all the inspiring promises that truth contains. He was for many years a member of the Baptist Church; and with perfect resignation and unclouded faith he fell asleep in the sweet assurance of the unchanging love of Christ and the efficacy of His atoning blood.

"Behold the bed of death,
The pale and mortal clay,
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark 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."

G. C. STEVENS.

MRS. AZUBAH TUPPER.

Azubah, my dear and faithful wife, died at Scots Bay the 21st inst., aged 68 years, 9 months, and 20 days. She was the youngest daughter of Henry Baker, of Nietaux, who died in 1811. Her mother had died six and a half years before, when she was but a fortnight old. I made her acquaintance in the autumn of 1816, and we were married in April, 1822. For more than fifty-one years, through joy and sorrow, she has been to me a trusty and loving companion, wise and prudent, one answering, as nearly as circumstances and human infirmity could, to the description given of a virtuous wife in the last chapter of Proverbs. I fully believe she was converted to God when not more than ten or twelve years of age, she never could tell just when the change took place. We both made a profession of religion in the beginning of the great revival in the Annapolis Valley in 1828-9. Her memory was then stored with Scripture; if she heard a passage misquoted she could almost invariably put it right without opening the Bible, and there were few of Watts's psalms or hymns if she heard a line repeated, that she could not give the remainder of the verse, if not the whole hymn. It will be remembered this was before the time of Sabbath Schools, and the people with whom she grew up were not then religious. She joined the first Baptist Church in Aylesford in May, 1829, and was a member of the 5th Cornwallis Church when she died. Persons at Scots Bay and elsewhere will long remember the clear, calm, and distinct testimony she always gave in public for religion, so long as her infirmities permitted her to attend conference and social meetings, and when she could no longer attend herself she always seemed anxious that I should attend all such meetings, and that on no account should I be absent from the Sabbath School, in which she ever manifested great interest. I do not remember an instance in the twenty-five years since I engaged in the temperance work, that she ever complained of the sacrifice of time or money for that purpose; and whether it were Grand Division, County Lodge, Convention, Division, Lodge, or Band of

Hope, she always expected me to attend it, unless prevented by sickness or something else beside her will or pleasure. She had suffered severely for twenty-six years from chronic disease of the liver. Seventeen years past another disease, no doubt brought on by that, has prevented her from remaining in meeting, or in company, or lying in bed more than twenty-five minutes at one time. Under all this she bore up with astonishing fortitude and cheerfulness. Her last sickness commenced about five weeks before her death. With a few intervals of respite her sufferings increased to the last, when they were dreadful to witness. No murmur escaped her lips.—A few times she was heard to pray, "Dear Jesus! let this agony end! O, let me die! let me die!"

"Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee,
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.

"And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain,
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again?"

Yours truly,

WILLIAM A. TUPPER.

Scots Bay, Aug. 28th, 1873.

MARY LOUISA ARMSTRONG.

The following letter, addressed to Rev. E. M. Saunders, will enable the friends of the writer to sympathize with our brother, Rev. George Armstrong, in the sad bereavement he and his family were recently called to endure:

BRIDGETOWN, AUG. 13TH, 1873.

REV. E. M. SAUNDERS, A. M.

Dear Brother,—Death has again smitten my family, and we are called to mourn; but not without hope and comfort. As already noticed in the *Christian Messenger* my daughter Mary Louisa died on the 19th of July, aged twenty-four years. Some ten or twelve years ago she was converted, confessed Christ, was baptized and united with the Baptist Church at Bridgetown. She lived a devoted christian life. She loved the gospel, and was firm and constant in adhering to the principles she professed. This dear child bore protracted affliction with patience and resignation to the will of God, and left an example worthy of imitation. As it became evident to herself that the disease,—*consumption*—was rapidly progressing, and that her stay here must be short, she felt deep and pressing anxiety to be thoroughly prepared to meet her end with composure and safety. She frequently breathed out the petition:—

"Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day!
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!"

Louisa was fully convinced that acceptance with God on the ground of man's personal obedience to the divine law is impossible;—and that—by the atonement of Christ alone and in the righteousness obtained through faith in Him, can a sinner be justified before God and obtain eternal life. She felt there must be pardon and regeneration in order to peace, purity and felicity. She looked therefore to Christ for salvation, and her desire for the benefits of his redemption was often poured forth in the expressive and beautiful language of the seraphic Toplady:—

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure!"

And deep and precious was her experience of the power and love of Christ. Her confidence in Him as her Friend and Saviour became strong and established. Of Him she testified with deep and grateful emotion;—"The Lord is my Shepherd;—I shall not want."—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;—for Thou art with me,—Thy rod and staff they comfort me." Such indeed was the case,—"The Lord" was "with her," and gave support, courage and victory. Her end was peaceful and blessed. To God belongs the praise forever. Louisa was intelligent, kind and conscientious;—quiet yet firm, timid yet courageous, fearing death in the sufferings it brings, yet triumphant over all through the presence and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. She is of course greatly missed in our family circle, among friends, and in the church of which she was a steadfast and worthy member. But in our affliction we have hope and consolation. Eternal gain is hers. And with her and those who have gone from us to "the better Land" we expect to unite ere long among the ransomed hosts in everlasting love and praise to God and the Lamb. Rev. J. C. Bleakney, of Lower Granville, preached a solemn discourse on the occasion from Phil.