

getting at night to have the lamp put in the window—the beacon-light for the father coming home.

Just at the last, there was a time when all knew that the end was near. That week her father did not go to his work.— There was money enough for all she would ever need in this life, and more. So, motionless, except when he could do something for her comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow, and watched her, save when sometimes his agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he had to rush away from her, out under the desolate sky, where the Winter winds were blowing, and shriek out the madness of his woe to the pitiless heavens. Eunice watched him, too, in her turn, with loving, anxious, searching gaze, but she saw no hope in his face. She knew that he was hardening his heart. There came a night, at length, when he was with her alone. A woman who had come to watch had fallen asleep in the other room. Dan would not wake her he was greedy of every moment in which he could have his girl all to himself. So he sat as usual, looking at her silently, and she as silently gazed back into his face with her great far-seeing blue eyes. At last she said:

“Then I must not wait for you, there father? You won't come?”

He looked at her with a startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that light before. She waited a moment, and then went on.

“I thought you'd want to come, father. I thought you'd see how God meant to draw you to him by taking me first. And I thought I could die easy, feelin' sure of your comin', and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't see God's love; and you won't feel that I'm waitin'.”

Something touched his heart at last—her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined.— He sank sobbing on his knees beside her.

“God pity me!” he gasped; “God forgive me! Wait for me there, lamb—I'll come, surely. I'll walk in his way.”

Does not my story fitly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Her life went out, after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, “I'll come, lamb, surely!”

He buried his girl beside her mother; but to him she is not dead. He believes, simple, literal soul, that God's love has given him one of the many mansions, and that she waits for him there at its window. Her face illumined by a light that will never grow dim or fade away.—From Louise Chandler Moulton's Bed-time Stories.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM REV. W. F. ARMSTRONG.

Tavoy, March, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR,—

In my last I gave you an account of our stay in Scotland. Though late, I wish to say a word or two about

OUR PASSAGE HITHER.

We left Glasgow, as you have been already informed, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 25th. Some few hours brought us down the river. Then came the tug of war. It had been blowing a gale for two or three days and the wind was still high. Very soon there was an almost universal withdrawal from society, and presently from the state-rooms all along the sides of the saloon emanated sounds that are not the most musical in the universe. These were kept up at intervals for three or four days. Sometimes it was a solo, at other times a duet or trio or quartette, and sometimes it was a full chorus of fifteen or sixteen voices. The Irish Sea and St. Georges Channel were quite rough, and the Bay of Biscay, noted like our own Bay of Fundy for its nasty pitching sea, sustained its reputation, certainly. Cape Finisterre was reached, Sunday. That day I am sure not one of us will ever forget. Most of us were able to go on deck for the first time on the voyage. The wind died away, the sea became comparatively smooth and the sun came out beautifully. Bro. Churchill preached us an excellent sermon on, “rest in Jesus.” It was altogether a Sabbath, a day of sweet rest, for us. Then for two or three days we had pleasant steaming along the coasts of Spain and Portugal.— Sometimes as at Cape Roca, near Lisbon we were so near to land that we could see the houses very clearly without the aid of the glass. Wednesday morning we passed the Pillars of Hercules. It seemed to us

that nothing could be grander than Gibraltar as we saw it in the dim twilight of that morning. It is a picture that will ever hang on memory's wall. The first few days

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

were most delightful—the sea like glass, the weather most charming, and land (Africa) scarcely ever out of sight. Sunday brought us to the Island of Malta.— But as these steamers do not call there on their outward trip we were denied the privilege of visiting the scene of Paul's shipwreck. Shortly after passing Malta, a Levanter of considerable strength came up which lasted till we neared the head of the sea. The Bay of Biscay was bad enough—but I think most of us pronounced that part of the Mediterranean a great deal worse. For the sake of fairness, however, I must say that it was not in its usual mood when we passed it. We anchored at Port Said early Saturday morning—ten days from Gibraltar. Very soon the deck was swarming with Turks and Egyptians, jabbering away and offering fruits and trinkets for sale. After breakfast we went ashore. The streets present the strangest pictures imaginable. As we walked through the town we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were not in dream-land. Every nationality under the sun seemed to be represented, and one sees every variety of costume from the latest Paris cut to the dress worn by our first parents before the Fall.—The Westerner travelling eastward gets at Port Said an excellent introduction to some of the sights and modes of life to be met with farther along in his course. In a little while we were steaming through the Canal at the rate of five or six miles an hour. The Canal is nothing more than a deep ditch cut through the sand from Port Said to the head of the gulf of Suez. There is nothing to be seen along the banks but a dreary wilderness stretching away on all sides to the horizon. Here and there however, the dull monotony of sand seems to be broken by lakes of water, beautifully glistening in the sun light. Shortly after we entered the Canal we were admiring some of those lakes in the distance when the captain broke the secret and informed us that what we were admiring so much was after all, not water, but

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

Can it be, we thought. If that is not water exclaimed some fourteen or fifteen excited individuals all at once, then we have never seen water. To make ourselves sure the gentlemen of the party climbed up into the rigging. As we ascended lake after lake disappeared, first the nearest, then gradually those that were further off. And if we could have got up further the most remote ones, I have no doubt, would have disappeared in the same way. We came down the rigging perfectly convinced. I can imagine the poor worn traveller in these deserts going for days without water, as they very often have to do, and then plucking up courage as he spies in the distance a lake; inviting the thirsty, and then sinking down to die as he finds the lake on his approach vanish into thin air. We began to moralize. Life has its mirage, as well as the desert, to have the mirage disappear and to see things as they are we must get up higher. We saw droves of camels feeding in the desert. We went ashore one of the two nights we spent in the Canal and gathered some of their food to carry off with us and keep as a souvenir of the desert. It is a coarse shrub one-and-a-half or two feet high, growing in little clumps here and there in the desert. When ashore we also walked a mile or two to the Canal that brings water from the Nile to supply Ismaelia, a town about midway on the Suez Canal, and also to supply the town of Suez at the southern end of the Canal. We all had thus an opportunity of drinking of the “sacred waters of the Nile,” and we embraced it. Somewhere along the canal (the exact place is not known) we crossed the route taken in the flight into Egypt. That same day we crossed the place of the passage of the Israelites through the sea. Just below Suez is usually pointed out as the place. Whether it is that or some one of the other places, contended for by other writers, we are utterly unable to say. That evening at public worship the Bible account of the crossing was read. We all felt that we were

SCENES THAT WERE MORE THAN CLASSIC,

that were sacred. We saw very distinctly the trees that grow by the wells of Moses. That is one of the few spots mentioned in the narrative that can be identified. We were very sorry that night closing deprived us of the sight of Sinai.

Shortly after entering the Gulf of Suez we met a large steamer with her deck crowded with Mahomedans returning from Mecca. We thought, Oh that they possessed the precious treasure we were carrying with us—how changed would be their lot. We pitied from our hearts these poor people laboring so under the spell of falsehood.

The Red Sea, although pretty hot was not nearly so hot as we feared it would be. The sea does not make a very great show on the map—it is nevertheless of considerable size—it took us a full week to steam through it.

After leaving the Red Sea we had head winds all the way, as it was the North East monsoon. There was nothing in the Arabian Sea worthy of note save that once in a while a whale would come along-side puffing like a steam engine, or a school of porpoises would play all round the ship, jumping out of the water some times five or six feet, or a school (or flock, I hardly know which word to use) of flying fish, getting tired of swimming would take a spell of flying much to our satisfaction. The evenings here, as well as in the Mediterranean and Red Seas gave us beautiful displays of phosphorus. Those phosphorescent waves as they rolled along displaying their golden crests were simply beautiful. And the sparks as they leaped from the dark waters held our admiring gaze for hours at a time—a long sea voyage has its inconveniences, but there are pleasures connected with it too.

OFF CEYLON.

We were all glad to reach Point DeGalle. We did not land, however, as these steamers do not call on their outward trip. We passed within a mile of the point—near enough to allow us to inhale the “spicy breezes,” that “blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle.”

A week more brings us to Rangoon.— But I must say a word or two about how we spent our time on the voyage. I have already told you how some of the time was spent. We were not idle by any means. We did considerable reading, and carried on some studies that we hope will tell upon our life work. And of course we had excellent opportunities for laboring with our fellow passengers, and the officers and crew of the ship. We had service every evening—sometimes in the saloon, sometimes on deck. Sundays we had preaching twice—in the morning aft, and in the evening forward among the men. We were not permitted to see any conversions, but we did see some minds being stirred up to think about these great concerns as never before. Seed was sown that we hope will bring forth fruit to the honor of the Master's name, and the glory of His grace.

ARRIVAL IN BURMAH.

We anchored in the river opposite the city of Rangoon at noon on Monday, January 12th. We were met by several of the Missionaries and taken to their homes where we were very kindly cared for. Letters of greeting and welcome were received from different mission stations. Nova Scotia letters, a rich treat, were also awaiting us here.

We soon learned that the Tavoy steamer would not be in for eight or ten days, and that it would probably be a fortnight before she would be ready to sail for Tavoy. This time was spent in getting our luggage ashore and through the custom house—and in making the acquaintance of the Rangoon Missionaries and their work, especially the College and the Theological Seminary.— When the Tavoy steamer came our company was enlarged by the arrival of Miss Norris (now known by another name.)— After a few days we all, accompanied by six Karen young men, graduates from the Seminary, who are to be our teachers in the language and our helpers in the mission came to Tavoy per steamer “Ananda.” Since our arrival here we have been very busy in completing the alterations in the house and in getting settled.

There are many other things I wish to say, but must leave these for future communications.

Brethren, we have undertaken a great work. May God enable us to carry it on. Yours in the good cause,

W. F. ARMSTRONG.

For the Christian Messenger.

GEORGIA CORRESPONDENCE.

STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, } April 23rd, 1874.

There were opinions entertained and publicly expressed by many Southerners before manumission of the late slaves, that the negro removed from the influence of the white man and left to take care of himself

—to provide for himself and the wants of his own household—would gradually and certainly collapse into a state of Semi-barbarism, would be lazy, thriftless, and be a burden to the country in which he was placed. Perhaps such opinions were fostered and expressed more from a feeling of self interest in the negro, as a slave, his valuation in dollars, and an abnormal hatred of him in his humble, abject condition, than from any correctly drawn idea of his true intellectual status. The result, however, of the late internecine war between the States in elevating him from his low wretched condition of slavery to citizenship and moral manhood has offered an opportunity, to some extent, of demonstrating the correctness of those hitherto expressed opinions. Directly after his manumission, every impediment to his mental and moral development was thrown in the way by many Southern whites. The man or woman who would undertake, from pure missionary motives, to instruct those poor ignorant people, unable to read the Word of Life, was ridiculed, benighted and often slandered; was accused of favoring “nigger equality,” “social equality” and all other things to meet the contempt of the whites. But the work of education had to have a commencement, and what is more, the whites had to be educated out of their prejudices.

About nine years have now elapsed since the liberation of the slaves from the yoke of bondage, and only about six since they have been virtually free—citizens. What has been the result? Let us see. Considering all their disadvantageous surroundings, their impoverished state when set free, without lands, horses, cattle or money and only poorly clad, and the destitute condition of the country in consequence of the war, nothing like rapid strides in intellectual development among the masses, however favorable their capacity, could be expected. They must commence *ab initio* with no other resources than strong muscles and willing minds. Through the aid and instrumentality of Northern Societies much has been done, chiefly in cities and towns, to ameliorate their condition. The advancement some, in those favored places, have made in learning has been wonderful. A few have applied themselves to the profession of law and have in some instances become very creditable lawyers; others to the ministry, and have become very good speakers. Several young men, where the advantages have been afforded, have qualified themselves for teaching to go out among their race; but the number so qualified will not near meet the demand in the great field. The whites are now fast overcoming their former prejudices, and are lending their aid in some of the States to educate their former slaves; and some feasible efforts are now being set on foot for the education of young ministers in Theological Institutions. This is all proper and right. Whatever may be the destiny of the colored race in the Southern States, one thing is sure, they have evinced a susceptibility of becoming educated, refined and polished in manners; and if they are to remain here as citizens, as all events and reason itself teach that they will, it will be to the interest of the whites to bestow some attention to their mental culture.— In South Carolina they are the ruling element, and the next Governor of that State the former “Hot spur of the whole South”—will no doubt be a colored man. Several are becoming owners of real estate, and are managing their farms with some success.

Soon after their liberation they formed themselves into churches separate to themselves which they were encouraged to do by the whites. These churches have been mostly supplied by ministers of their own color—holding their regular meetings at stated times. Of course many of these ministers have labored under great difficulties, being unable to read their Bibles and expound the word with clearness. It has been my privilege to listen to several sermons, and although delivered with a stammering tongue interlarded with some odd sayings, I have been much edified and felt that it was good to be there.

The Baptist is the denomination into which the colored people are mostly inclined to flock. Their constituted churches have formed themselves into several Associations in this State. These Associations appear in spirit to be thoroughly missionary. I feel much inclined to extract the report “On Missions” offered by Rev. G. B. Austin, and adopted by the New Hope Association, which speaks clearly of the needs of the colored in the South:

“The cause of Missions among our people at present, is of great and vital impor-

tance. There are hundreds and thousands anxious for the Gospel of Christ, and can't get it. We therefore recommend that the pastor of each church preach a missionary sermon each year, and take up a collection for the aid of the mission cause, that the Gospel of Christ may be preached to every creature. We feel that the time has come when we should give our time, prayers, and help to this great and important work.— Deacons and ministers should encourage their members to contribute for the cause.”

It will be perceived that these people are thoroughly mindful of their own spiritual wants. I am sure a more pleasant field for missionary labor cannot be found. They are docile and tractable. This much I can speak from actual experience, having taught in one to two schools shortly after the war. A desire for knowledge is always accompanied by the ability to acquire it when the facilities are afforded.

P. L. HAMPTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Mr. Editor,—

I beg to remind the members of this body, wherever they may be dwelling, that another Anniversary of Acadia College is approaching, and that their presence is both desired and required on that occasion.

The Associated Alumni has been in existence now for a number of years, and has made fair progress, both in the matter of numbers, and in interest and efficiency as an auxiliary Society; but the members of the Executive Committee are of opinion that very great strides in the way of progress and interest might be made and still nobody be any the worse.

The object of the Alumni is to cultivate and perpetuate a feeling of loyalty and attachment on the part of its members to the Institution at which they received their education. It seeks to get them together once a year at Wolfville, and celebrate a reunion, when the associations of the past may be called up, and plans for the future be suggested. It aims to cultivate an *esprit-de-corps*, among its members, and keep alive a general sentiment of love and affection for their *Alma Mater*.

During the past few years, it has seemed that this prime object of the Alumni has been lost sight of, and it has degenerated into a mere practical institution, where the matter of the endowment fund, and the advancement of the Baptist Denomination are to be discussed. I feel sure that this is by no means a desirable departure from our original aim. Its manifest result is to drive away all members of the Alumni who have no especial sympathy with the denomination, *per se*, and take away from the meetings of the Society that warm and generous enthusiasm which ought to characterize a pleasant social reunion.

The Executive Committee have held several meetings in Halifax during the year for the transaction of such business as the circumstances required, and it has been the general sentiment of the committee that our annual gathering should be marked more by a hearty social character. The usual dinner will take place, and it is expected that the sentiments and speeches on that occasion will partake more of the spirit of a kindly re-union among old classmates and “fellows” of the College, than of a business meeting to “device means” or to raise the endowment. With this assurance I hope that those of our number who are not in full accord with the Denomination will feel it not less a duty and pleasure to meet with their old friends of College days on this basis.

I would especially urge as many members as possible to come together on that occasion. It not only tends to stimulate and give greater zest to the proceedings, but our funds are greatly in need of their subscriptions. We have to assume each year great liabilities, and we thus require larger revenues. Any of the members in this or the Sister Provinces who are unable to attend, will greatly oblige the Alumni, and greatly add to their glory by enclosing the sum of \$2.00 to the address of the Secretary, Halifax, N. S.

Some of the donors of the College Prizes have withdrawn their offerings. This affords fine opportunities for VOLUNTEERS. Benevolent gentlemen who are desirous of taking the vacant places of any of those who have hitherto enjoyed the honor of this work will be cordially welcomed to the situation.

Due notice will be given through the Messenger, of the time for the various meetings of the Alumni, during Anniver-