

THIS IS MY BELOVED.

BY REV. W. H. PORTER.

Eager and blind, the world would know  
What charms in our Beloved we find;  
What beauties in His features glow,  
What matchless grace of form or mind,  
What music in His voice we hear,  
That He, than others, is most dear.  
We've seen the landscape bloom afresh  
Leaping from death's relaxing hand;  
We've seen them clad in varied dress,  
From vernal bud to wintry band;  
The fields aglow with flowers bright,  
The meadows decked in living green;  
The stars dance through the azure night,  
The moon float through the lifts of shoes;  
The morning scatter pearls of light,  
And tinge with gold the eastern sky;  
And earth so charm the admiring eye,  
But not the fairest flowers that grow,  
Nor scenes of land, or sea, or sky,  
Nor evening tints, nor morning's glow,  
With "Sharon's lovely rose can" vie,  
The bow may span the clouded arch,  
Pencilled with bright, enamelled hues;  
The sun 'mid fields of ether march,  
Sparkle earth's myriad diamond dews—  
These may inspire the raptured ken,  
These may arouse the soul in part,  
But O for balm to soothe the heart  
His beauties who has thrilled the heart!  
Nature's are tame, including, though,  
All charms, to ear, touch, taste and eye,  
To "My beloved," whom to know,  
Is life, love, bliss, that never die.  
The stary worlds that gleaming press,  
And round their dazzling centres run,  
Are but the outer, meaner dress  
Of Him whose glance lights up the sun.  
He speaks, and the worlds from chaos dance,  
While beauty trails the glittering sky;  
Lightnings are shadows of His glance,  
And suns the curtains of His eye.  
Ye mountains stop, nor stay His speed,  
Who cometh leaping o'er your height,  
Swifter than in winged bird or steed,  
Or viewless, air, or arrow light.  
His breath the hoary fields of snow  
Dissolves to myriad murmuring rills;  
His steps, like dancing sunbeams glow,  
As He comes skipping o'er the hills.  
The fairest blossom has some speck,  
Nor faultless leaf or faultless tree;  
The sun itself reveals a fleck,  
And shadows flit o'er sunniest seas;  
But "white and ruddy," spotlessly,  
And altogether lovely He.  
The flowers we've nourished bloom and fade,  
And friends we've loved with ashes blend,  
Fadefless the "lily of the glade,"  
Deathless our ever-living Friend,  
The sweetest strains the ear can greet  
And like hoarse waves upon the sho e,  
Compared with Him, whose "lips most  
sweet,"  
Wake the soul's music evermore.

THE WINTER IN ENGLAND.

Rev. I. E. Bill writes the Visitor:

"The frost of Christmas this year has been quite in advance of the usual temperature of England at this season of the year. For weeks past quite a body of snow has mantled the ground, and the rivers and ponds are sufficiently frozen to admit of skating on a limited scale. Last night was one of the wildest of the season. The indications of frost on our bedroom windows were quite equal in severity to any seen in our own country, with very few exceptions, in December. In fact we had no expectations of meeting with such cold weather in England. The great dampness of the atmosphere seems to intensify the cold, and to impart to it a severity which is not felt in the Provinces. Occasionally persons are reported as having suffered death by frost; but this is generally the result of exposure and drink.

**Multiplication of Ministers.**—We see it reported in the papers that 460 candidates for holy orders were ordained on the 20th inst., we presume by the Archbishop of York. This, probably, is the ordination for the year, so far as his diocese is concerned. Already there are 20,000 clergymen connected with the Church of England and still the number is multiplying. This does not look much like *disestablishment*."

THE FONT AND BASIN.

Dr. Cote tells us, in his interesting work on ancient baptisteries, that the fonts which were clearly meant for immersion have now, in some cases, small basins connected with them, at which the children are sprinkled. It seems, from the following, which we take from an Episcopal paper, that something like this obtains in England. Bishop Wordsworth's testimony as to the form of the rite is of value. He says:  
"In the portion of his charge delivered at Retford, Bishop Wordsworth dwelt especially, as we learn from the *Times*, on baptism and the Lord's Supper. He was in favor of baptism being publicly administered during divine services, and said he had observed with pain in some of the parish churches a basin had been placed for use

inside the font. This was irreverent and illegal. The church contemplated that infants should be immersed in baptism as significant of the burial of the old man, and if a child could not endure this, then the water should be poured on it. If baptism had been always administered in public congregations it was more than probable that erroneous notions as to the beginning of their Christian faith would not have sprung up, to the great detriment of Christian faith and practice.

**HISTORICAL.**—Prof. Norman Fox, in the *National Baptist*, recalls a testimony from antiquity

Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, walking one day near the seashore, saw a group of boys playing baptism. One of the number, a sober little fellow, led the rest, one by one, down into the sea, and gravely repeating the stately syllables of the ancient Greek formula, he immersed them in the water. The Bishop, having called the boys to him, was so struck by the sedateness and gravity of the young administrator that he took him under his charge. This boy became the great Athanasius, renowned as the defender of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. There may be nothing very important in this story, but one thing is shown in it—the boys of the early days of the church knew that baptism was immersion.

IMMERSION IN BAPTISM.

The following taken from the History of the Eastern Church, by Dean Stanley, is forwarded to us by a friend. It has, we think already appeared in our columns, some time ago, but it is worth repeating:

"There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters; and that, for at least four centuries, any other form was either unknown, or regarded, unless in the case of dangerous illness, as an exceptional, almost a monstrous case. To this form the Eastern Church still rigidly adheres, and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it, that of the Byzantine Empire, absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin Church, on the other hand, doubtless in deference to the requirements of a northern climate, to the change of manners, to the convenience of custom, has wholly altered the mode, preferring, as it would fairly say, mercy to sacrifice; and (with the two exceptions of the Cathedral of Milan, and the sect of the Baptists) a few drops of water are now the Western substitute for the threefold plunge into the rushing rivers, or the wide baptisteries of the East."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A BOSTON LETTER.

The old landmarks of Boston and places of historic interest are fast disappearing. The Brattle Street Church has gone, and the Old South is already given up as a Post Office, and its doom is quite certain. Both of these societies are building grand churches in the West End. Passing down Brattle Street you see two inscriptions on a building devoted to business: "On this spot Franklin was born." Our young nation has not yet learned the value of relics, and takes no pains to preserve what in the old country would be carefully maintained and exhibited to visitors with pride and reverence. Money and business crowd out all that stand in their way, whether it be the Church haunted with the long silent voices of patriots and heroes, or the humble house where are embalmed memories of a great man.  
There has been a vast improvement in the thoroughfares of Boston within a few years, the extension of Washington Street being one of the most marked. This extension simplifies the labyrinthine maze of that portion, and makes a direct route from the Eastern and Lowell depots into the heart of the city.

Three churches formerly located in the midst of business and travel are erecting new and splendid edifices on the Back Bay lands, now called West End. Old South and Brattle Street before mentioned, and Trinity, Rev. Phillips Brooks' church, Brattle Street, is nearly completed, and is conspicuous to visitors from Providence, approaching the station. Its square campanile is still disfigured by a staging erected for the purpose of placing in position the statues of the twelve Apostles, three on each side, which are to adorn this fine tower.

New Old South is just rising from its foundations and the chapel of Trinity is

nearly completed. It is of very peculiar style, with an odd-looking stairway outside, giving entrance to the second story.

Near to Trinity, is the new Museum of the Arts—of fanciful design—being of red and yellow brick, with terra cotta ornamentation. At present the effect is somewhat unsatisfactory, but it will be safe to suspend judgement till the architectural design is fully accomplished. One is well repaid by a stroll in this part of Boston, where are grouped so many fine public buildings, for in addition to those already mentioned, there is the school of Technology and the Museum of Natural History, besides other fine churches.

Boston builds well, these splendid buildings and the new warehouses in the burnt district attest the truth of this, and is also illustrated in the new Home for Young Women on Warren street, recently dedicated. The Women's Christian Association nearly ten years ago established a Home for Young Women, dependent on their own exertions. The demand for rooms was greater than their old house could supply, and hence the present undertaking. Their efforts have resulted in a fine brick house substantially built, finished in ash, with every convenience needful for health and comfort. The first floor or basement is devoted to dining room and kitchen—where ample provision is made for the one hundred and fifty boarders. The next floor contains the office, parlors, sitting room, library and reception room, with some sleeping apartments. The chambers numbering one hundred, are neatly furnished in ash, and are without carpets, but supplied by a large rug before each bed. A closet for every room promotes tidiness and the whole establishment has an air of cheer and comfort. The board, including room and gas, and some washing, is from four dollars to five and a half per week. Added to the items before mentioned is the privilege of a warm and well lighted sewing room, library, piano, and a home atmosphere not to be found in ordinary boarding houses, thus carrying out the aim of Woman's Christian Associations all over our land.

The delicate and often difficult mission of lending a helping hand to the young women who congregate in large cities, endeavoring to earn a living, has been taken up by the ladies of Boston, in a truly Christian spirit, and has resulted in this beautiful and enduring Home.

The Montpensier pictures in the Boston Athenaeum are attracting much attention—and are worthy of a visit if only to obtain an idea of foreign paintings, and of the style and rich coloring of the old Masters. The Madonna, by Murillo, is the gem of the collection, and has the place of honor. To give an idea of the value set upon this picture, we were told that it is insured for one hundred thousand dollars, though it is of course something that money cannot replace.

R. E.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR YEAR BOOK FOR 1874.

It has come to my knowledge that several parties have not received the copies of the Year Book to which they are entitled. Such failures, following upon the unfortunate delay in the publication of the work, must necessarily cause much dissatisfaction; and in order to clear myself, as far as possible, from blame, I now offer a plain statement of facts.

For some time after the Convention, my ordinary engagements left me no time to attend to the duties devolving upon me as Secretary, except as regards the necessary correspondence. Just as I was beginning to transcribe and arrange the materials for the Year Book, two unavoidable hindrances occurred,—first certain professional work unexpectedly consigned to me,—and secondly, sickness in my family. Throughout the month of October, my chief employment was the preparation of the Year Book, and correspondence in connection with it,—in which much delay was occasioned by the want of the Minutes of three of the Associations. (The N. S. Eastern Association Minutes were not received till Nov. 4, and those of the N. B. Western Association not at all, except the manuscript statistical tables, in a very imperfect state.) On the 30th of October nearly all of the manuscript was placed in the printer's hands; on the 14th of December the last page of the proof was received and corrected; and on the 24th of December the book was finished by the binder. The making up and mailing of the parcels was completed on the 30th of December, under the direction of the pub-

lishers, in accordance with a list supplied by myself.

A certain number of copies being reserved for the Convention and for a number of persons in prominent positions, the remainder were distributed to the churches, in the proportion of one copy to about sixteen members more or less. For whatever mistakes have been made in making up and addressing the parcels, and for failures in delivery through the mails, the Committee is not responsible.

Inquiries respecting the matter may be addressed to Messrs. Barnes & Co., St. John, N. B., or to

H. C. CREED,  
Secretary.

Fredericton, N. B., January 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM REV. D. McKEEN.

ATHOL, Jan'y 30, 1875.

"I have been laid aside from my much loved work over three months and have preached but little during that time.

With quite a household this has been some drawback to me, but while I have endured much pain we have all been comfortable otherwise I have found it hard to obey the doctors and rest in quietness, free from exposure.

But I must learn from a Higher Authority not only to be active in labor, but passive in suffering.

Amidst the discouragements of the time we have been cheered by a donation from our old friends at Parrsboro amounting to over 36 dollars mostly in cash.

This is the more note-worthy as I was not engaged with them, and have not preached there since about the first of September. It was purely an act of sympathy and is "Fruit that abounds to their account." Such an act revives ones feelings after having been laid aside as something useless. Although I have a little regret that I may not always have husbanded my strength wisely, I have none that I have laid myself upon the altar of Christ to proclaim the glorious gospel.

I am now better, and hope soon to resume the duties of my calling, but it will have to be with care for some time to come.

Yours fraternally,  
D. McKEEN.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines composed on the death of GEORGE E. NALLY, who was killed October 20th, 1874, at Middleton, Annapolis Co., by a collision with the engine:

Thou art gone our precious darling,  
But thy parents love thee still,  
Never in our hearts another,  
The beloved place can fill.

Yet each friend thy warm heart cherished,  
We shall prize a hundred fold,  
Till they too, like thee have perished,  
And our hearts are still and cold.

When we think of thee at meal-time,  
And we see the vacant chair,  
And around the family altar,  
Much we miss thy presence there.

And we miss thee in the evening,  
When we gather round the hearth,  
For thy voice was ever pleasant,  
Always full of joy and mirth.

Oh it seemed so hard and cruel,  
For to die in such a way,  
Killed without a moment's warning,  
Nor could say to us good by.

Ever since God gave thee to us,  
Over twenty years ago,  
Never have we had such trouble,  
As this last sudden blow.

Every path thy feet have trodden,  
To our hearts is hallowed ground,  
And we feel our spirits sadden,  
At each memento found.

Every book thy eye glanced over,  
Every page which thou hast read,  
Seems to us more dear than ever,  
Now that thou art with the dead.

And thy picture now seems dearer,  
And thy precious lock of hair,  
With so many other keepsakes,  
Which we now in memory bear.

And the Bible now seems dearer,  
And the place of secret prayer,  
Heaven itself to us seems nearer,  
We will meet thee darling there.

Oh! if it be ours to meet thee,  
In that joyful world above,  
With what joy our souls shall greet thee,  
In that home of light and love.

Home of love where Jesus reigneth,  
Light of the eternal day,  
There will banish all that paineth,  
All our tears be swept away.

L. O. NALLY,  
Aylesford, Kings Co., N. S.

Religious Intelligence.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The union meetings of the churches are still being continued, with increasing interest and the manifestation of spiritual power. A number have expressed a new-found hope in the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, and are prepared to follow him in his ordinance. This week the services are arranged as follows: Tuesday, in Brussels street; Wednesday, in Leinster street; Thursday in German Street; and on Friday, the several churches hold their conferences, at which time candidates will be received for baptism and church membership.

BELLSLE.—We are pleased to learn that the Second Springfield Church, is enjoying the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Rev. W. A. Corey has baptized eleven since the work began, and others are still presenting themselves for acceptance by the church—the membership of which is much revived.

ROTHESAY.—The work of grace still continues with us, and is evidently deepening in our midst. On Sabbath, Jan. 24th, four willing converts put on Christ by baptism. Others are expected to follow soon. Our meetings still continue with increasing interest. Brethren, pray for us.—R. MITCHELL.

HILLSBORO', A. C.—You will be glad to inform your readers that the expected revival in Brother Corey's Church, Hillsboro', has grown into a glorious fact. At the latest reliable accounts, one had been immersed, and five more received for this blessed rite.

Spirit of God continue thy visitation of mercy, and delay not thy coming to churches living in the cold regions of worldliness, formality, and practical infidelity.—C.—Visitor

ST. CATHERINES, ONTARIO.

The Canadian Baptist gives an account of the re-opening of the St. Catherines Baptist Church on the 11th of January. It is described as follows:

"The addition is 60 feet long, and the width from wing to wing is 66 feet. The total length of the Church is now 100 feet. In the wings are placed large and commodious galleries, which, unlike most galleries, are well lighted. The platform is very large, and carpeted with handsome Brussels carpet. Instead of the heavy cumbersome pulpit, there is a neat and chaste reading desk, which gives the speaker more freedom of action. The Baptistery, underneath the platform, is one of the most complete we have seen in Canada. By a single piece of mechanism it is always kept full of fresh water. Many of the seats in the Church are being beautifully fitted up, and present rather a gay appearance. In the rear of the Church is the pastor's room, which is to be suitably furnished by the ladies of the Church, who are to have a tea-meeting to raise funds for that purpose on Monday evening next. The Church originally was seated for 3000; but now contains over 700. The basement has been enlarged to the same extent as the main building. The large Sunday-school room will now hold 400 children. There is also a splendid infant's class room, Bible class room, and librarian's room.

In the morning the Rev. A. H. Munro, of Toronto, preached an eloquent sermon from 1 Peter i. 13.

Mr. Munro addressed the Sabbath School the afternoon on "God's Fences." The address was listened to with marked attention by the school.

In the evening, the rev. gentleman preaching from John ix. 25.

The collections at both services amounted to \$114.

The ladies of the above church gave a tea-meeting on Monday evening in behalf of the building fund. The attendance was very large numbering nearly 500. During the evening the pastor, Rev. C. Perren was presented with an address and a purse containing \$90.

BAPTISM OF A METHODIST MINISTER.—On the evening of Sabbath the 10th inst., it was my privilege to baptize, in the Baptist chapel, Wallaceburg, the Episcopal Methodist minister of that village. Ever since his conversion, three years ago, his mind has been exercised on the subject of Baptism. Although he had no friend or relative belonging to the Baptist denomination, and all his sympathies naturally led in the opposite direction, yet after a prayerful investigation of the subject, he determined at all hazards to follow his blessed Saviour. The Baptist chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the occasion will not soon be forgotten. Our brother is a young man, an excellent preacher, and in the meantime will supply the Wallaceburg Baptist pulpit.—J. L. C.—16