

THE LATE DEACON KINSMAN.

Not long since we had a few lines on the departure of this worthy brother. The following letter having reference to him, written by Rev. W. S. McKenzie to a mutual friend in St. John, is forwarded to us for perusal, and if approved, for publication. We wish always to magnify the grace of God in the salvation and sanctification of his people, and therefore give it a place in our columns:—

Dear Brother,—

I am pressed with work, but I must pause a moment to join with you in extolling the grace of God as illustrated in the long, pure, simple and useful life of the now sainted Deacon Kinsman. He was pre-eminently a man of God. He dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. He was, indeed, a mighty spiritual force in the community; not one of those men to draw to himself the attention, admiration and applause of his fellow citizens; not a man ambitious, so far as I could see, to win the distinction for which even real good men sometimes labor. His mind was peculiarly single and simple. When he prayed in public he always impressed me as a man who had long, frequent and intimate converse with God in private prayer, in the closet, where the christian wins victories whose record is not committed to the published annals of human history, but written by the pen of the Almighty in the register of heaven. We shall not know in this life how much the cause of Christ in Saint John, and in the world has been sustained and extended by that man's power with God in prayer. His church, his pastor, and the community have reason to praise the Lord for such a christian man and to deplore his departure.

I always noticed and admired the clearness and strength of his theological sentiments. His views of religious truth were strikingly free from confusion, ardently cherished, firmly held, and forcibly expressed. They were, you know, the old school tenets, and that, I need not say to you, was especially gratifying to me. How eagerly would he drink down a simple gospel sermon. He prayed at the close of such a sermon, how his soul's quickening and elevation under the preaching would be revealed in the utterances of his prayer.

Well, dear brother, there are others, brothers and sisters in all our St. John Baptist Churches, not a few in the old German St., who can hardly be spared from earth. Are the young members coming up to fill such vacancies as are occasioned by the departure of these men and women? I fear they are not. How much responsibility rests upon the pastors, and upon the laborers in our Sunday Schools! They are moulding the next set of christian veterans. The future is in the present.—The fruit is in the seed.

I must arrest this letter. I wish I could sit down with you for a long chat. I have much to say. Well, if we get home with our Father and his children in heaven, we shall have time for converse. Now it is toil and tug—marching, fighting, suffering and sorrowing. Rest, peace, purity, glory pretty soon.

Yours, always,
W. S. MCKENZIE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LIVING.

The safeguards of the citadel of life are as wonderful as its exposures. Life is as great a mystery as death, and many times it is a greater mystery that one lives than it would be had he died. The soldier goes through all the perils of many battles and long campaigns, and then comes home to lose his life in some occupation that everybody thought was perfectly safe. Bruce passed unhurt through all the perils of fever and plague, wild beasts and savages in Abyssinia, storms at sea and simooms of the desert, and then came home to lose his life by a slight misstep at his own door. Speke encountered still greater dangers and hardships searching for the fountains of the Nile; he was for months in the very midst of danger, where savage chieftains, would shoot men for amusement, and he came back to England where by a simple accident while enjoying himself with some of his friends he lost his life. We all trust ourselves to a thousand uncertainties and live. We may take especial care to be perfectly safe and yet die.

I take my seat at night in a car of the swiftest train without asking a question about its safety, and I rush away through the darkness at a fearful speed. Every bolt and timber is tried with the violence and rapidity of the motion. I cannot stop the train. The rains of the fire-winged steed by which I am drawn, are not in my hands, and if they were I should not be able to curb or direct its mysterious and terrible power. To leap to the ground would be certain destruction. I have put my life in the hands of men whose faces I have never seen, and the track over which I am flying with such fearful speed, is shrouded in darkness. They do not know, they do not care who I am, whence I came or how many are interested in my return. I do not know when I am shooting over

some awful abyss, hanging by a flange of a finger's length to the edge of the precipice, or sweeping through narrow defiles with mountains of rock so near that I could touch them with my hand in passing; I only know that I am thundering on through the darkness as if drawn by some angry, fire-breathing monster, whose open mouth devours the distance before me by miles and by leagues. If any object should mistakenly lie upon the track it would make the whole train a shattered wreck in an instant. If a single wheel were to deviate a single hand's breadth from its appointed path, and dread tidings of disaster and death would be carried to distant homes, and many families look in vain for the return of the loved and lost.

Just here where I am now passing in safety at midnight, a man made a slight misstep in going from one car to another yesterday at noon, and the rushing wheels quickly severed his head from his body.—Yesterday morning I crossed a yawning gulf into which a night train plunged through a broken bridge nine days ago, causing the loss of many lives and untold suffering in a moment. I am to pass before morning along a high embankment down which a car with thirty passengers rolled as a loosened rock rolled down the side of the mountain.

And so, all along the line of travel where I have been and where I am to go, I can count up the many works of disaster and death. And yet I quietly trust my life with the assumption that in my case nothing will break, nothing lie upon the track, no conductor's watch go wrong, no engineer or signalman neglect his duty.

This seems like presumption, and yet how fearful, how similar are the conditions of peril and of safety with which we are surrounded in all the common walks of life. We live every moment in helpless subjection to elements of the most awful and resistless power. The preservation of our lives is dependent upon the nicest balancing of forces which are ever struggling against each other, and which are utterly beyond our control. We shudder when the swift car hurls us along the edge of the precipice, or over the deep gulf in which other travellers have found their grave.

The vast earth hangs upon nothing, sweeping around the sun a thousand times swifter than the fastest railroad train ever flies; it leans true upon the plane of its track or orbit, and if it should deviate from its unenclosed track, every house of the living would become the habitation of the dead!

The current of life is kept in its channel by partitions as thin as paper on which I write. A sudden motion, a single misstep may transfer an immortal being from time to eternity. The spirit is bound to the flesh by chains so easily parted, the organs of life are dependant upon so many circumstances that we would scarcely dare move, speak or breathe were we to see the inner workmanship of the living machine lest we should derange its operation. God's shielding hand has mercifully hidden from our eyes the mysterious energies that are ever aching within us, and He would thus teach us to trust in the wisdom of the providence which we cannot comprehend and to hold ourselves in readiness for the event of the future which we cannot foresee.

It matters little to us that the pathway of life should lie upon the very brink of the abyss of death if we trust for guidance and support to the Hand that is almighty. We need not ask how near we are walking upon the boundaries of the unseen world, if we look for protection to Him whose kingdom is the universe, and whose habitation is eternity.—Selected by J. A. S., *Tvuro, April 27th, 1875.*

A LADY'S RELIGIOUS WORK STOPPED BY A BISHOP.—The Bishop of Exeter has stepped in to stop a religious work which is reported to having been very successful. Miss Butlin, daughter of the Rev. W. W. Butlin, incumbent of Pezoponds, a parish near Cambridge, has been holding a series of religious meetings in the parish church. Her evangelical work has been so successful that persons in the neighbouring towns had resolved to further it by erecting a suitable hall exclusively for the lady's use. Meanwhile, however, the bishop had prohibited her from using the church, and consequently her efforts, which have proved very useful to a considerable section of the population of the surrounding district, are for a time entirely suspended. The public however, are quite determined to render every possible assistance under the present painful circumstances.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

[The following letter was written with the expectation of its appearing last week, but when it came to hand our space was all appropriated.]

THE JOINT LETTER OF THE MISSIONARIES.

MR. EDITOR,—

As the subject of Foreign Missions is about to be discussed at a special Convention to be holden at Amherst on the 12th inst., necessitated in the view of the Board having the subject in charge, in consequence of a letter received and published in the denominational organs, permit me to address your readers briefly on the subject.

I have read the Missionaries' letter with care, and given it the best consideration in my power to bestow:—

It is a document which should be carefully considered. It contains a great many averments of which I see no proof. It deals in expressions of generalities which are capable of a variety of constructions.

A distance, for instance, is given as "ten to fifteen days," and a place reached "with difficulty," and of the people—"No definite information could be gained as to their numbers." Upon this and similar data, they decide that Siam is not to be thought of as a station for our Foreign Mission. They affirm on the authority of many who know the actual state of things "that Karens are constantly emigrating from Siam across to British Burmah." While this may be so, it seems to me the loosest, most unreliable, of all kinds of information. For while this may go on at one place, a counter current may be setting in at another.

It is added that a majority of your Missionaries have studied the Karen language. This would be lost if Siam were chosen, &c. But with the exception of Mrs. Armstrong, (Miss DeWolfe is not, and has not been on the field for two or three years, and may never return,) which or how many of the Missionaries could have made much advance in learning Karen?

Having disposed of Siam they proceed to discuss Telooquo land as a station.

They don't think it would suit—let, because "a long period of suspense would have to be endured preparatory" &c. Why so? What facts have they to justify the assertion? But anticipating that this might be questioned, as it certainly is questionable—they inform us that the country is already occupied by the Missions of two Baptist Societies, besides those of the American Lutherans, the Church of England, and the London Missionary Society, and the Presbyterians.

This deserves more than a passing notice,—"The country is already occupied!"

Is it? A word or two about the dimensions of this country. It stretches along the Gulf of Bengal from Pulicat, thirty miles north of Madras, up the coast northwardly to Obicacalo, 530 miles—thence Northwesterly 460 miles—thence South 600 miles, and thence East 200 miles to Pulicat—a country, says the Rev. W. W. Campbell—see *Baptist Monthly Magazine*, October 1874, p. 357—"larger than the Eastern and Middle States together, and nearly twice as densely populated."

The number of inhabitants, he says, by the last census, is given at EIGHTEEN MILLIONS, and as yet but five or six thousand christianized. Burmah, including both British and Foreign has but 5,000,000.

Speaking of the stations occupied, Mr. Campbell says the American Lutherans have a Mission at Grintoor, 70 miles Northeast of Ongole, the Church of England one, or two further to the Northeast, and the London Missionary Society a station at Visagapatam near the North East of the Telooquo country, their work extending only about 50 to 100 miles inland." He adds, "thus you see that the great portion of the Telooquo country to the West, North, and Northwest of Ongole, lies in darkness."

With these facts thus verified I fear that the Missionaries have not had access to the most reliable sources for their authority. And when they add, "From all we can learn, the Telooquo country is an extremely expensive one," &c., I certainly have no means at present of judging, much less of controverting their statement. But our Board can easily ascertain from the Canadian Board, and no doubt will be prepared with proper information to submit to the Convention on that point.

The Missionaries, I assume, are the employees of the Board, having under the

Convention, charge of the Mission. And while all proper regard and respect should be paid to their arguments and wishes, yet if we are to have a successful Mission, it must be one which will commend itself not merely to their wishes or conveniences, but to the will of the great majority of the denomination here. If we have to plant a mission, let it be done in view of the conversion eventually of tens and hundreds of thousands, ay, of the millions of these benighted heathen, who seem to be ready and bidding for the arrival of Missionaries.

Delay! What delay? If I mistake not, a telegraphic message can be sent direct to Rangoon,* and it necessary, an order could be given and received in a few hours, which it promptly obeyed, would immediately result in the Missionaries being en route to Godavery, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, on the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal.

But let us have no mistake made now, even if it do take time.

PASCAL.

May 3, 1875.

*A telegraphic message of ten words may be sent to Rangoon for \$10.50, and from hence to England at 50 cents per word.

For the Christian Messenger.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,—

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the East, was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 21st inst. Knowing the interest our sisters at home have in Missions, I venture to send you a brief account of the proceedings.

About three hundred were present, seven returned Missionaries, and one Missionary elect, who has now left for her chosen field of labour. The summing up of each lady Missionary's work was given, shewing what had been accomplished by them during the year in raising women from their degradation in heathen lands. Reports were also received from the different State Secretaries, which told the interest taken in Mission work, by the sisters in the churches. Many new societies have been formed. Amount of money received during the year \$29,820.65, expenditure \$27,7000. Mrs. Cushing, returned Missionary to the Shans, Toungoo, gave us a most thrilling address, telling a few of the trials and joys of Missionary life.

She related some very touching incidents concerning their trips to the jungles. I cannot forbear to mention two. On one occasion they had been talking all day to those who had gathered around. After the crowd had dispersed, two brothers, old men, remained, and said, "We want to enquire more particularly about this new religion. We have been on a pilgrimage all our lives, trying to find peace and pardon for our sins, now if you have any good news for us we want it." They talked with them until morning, told them the whole story from Genesis to Revelation. When they had finished the exclamation from the brothers was, "That's just what we want; we believe, now if you'll teach us a little prayer, we will pray it as long as we live, and die praying and trusting."

Another instance was that of a converted girl. So eager was she that all should know the "Old, old story," she went forth carrying a bundle of tracts, and a pint to drink from. After this she came back, having travelled over one thousand miles. Said she, "I gave my tracts to every one that could read, and read them to those who could not, and told them all of this good religion. Sometimes they beat me, and drove me away, but I didn't care for that. I slept under trees all night where the wild beasts looked down at me, and came and smelt me, but the Lord didn't let one of them hurt me, and here I am."

Now mamma you are going back to America, where the good disciples live, won't you tell them to send us more gospel quick, for they are dying, oh so many, and they don't know anything about it."

Mrs. Bailey (Miss Adams) gave us a very interesting sketch of the Burmans of Henthada among whom she had been labouring, and of the different expediences resorted to in order to reach those people. This can only be done by sitting down with them in their filth, and by simple illustrations convince them of the truth of the Gospel.

She says: On approaching one of the Pagodas one day, the most mournful cries met her ear, and drawing nearer she saw fifty or sixty of their most intelligent men, prostrate upon the ground, crying, "O most excellent God, save me, pity me, that I may pass into some happy being when I die." Knowing to go to them at

that time would only create anger, she passed on with a sad heart.

"There is a Happy Land," and "Jesus loves me," floated out upon the air. A company of little children are gathered under a plantain tree, and mothers and fathers gather around to hear the sweet songs. As it is written "a little child shall lead them." Where have they learned these songs? In our schools.

At the close a collection was taken as a "Thank Offering" amounting to \$76 00.

Other items I might mention, but lest I might weary you and your readers I will only add that we all came away feeling ready to do more in the future to advance the glorious work, that the two cents a week should be doubled, and trebled, as the Lord doth prosper.

L. A. S.

Newton Centre, April 27th.

REV. J. P. BEEL'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

[Many of our readers, in common with ourselves, who have formed more or less acquaintance with our brother Beel exceedingly regret to learn that he has come to the decision to return to England. We were hoping that here, where able ministers and men of an excellent spirit like himself are so much needed, in many places, he would remain and send for his family to come out to him, and so help on the cause of Christ here. We must not, however, call in question the wisdom of his decision, but we trust that he may have the blessing of the Master accompanying him in all his labors.]

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger:

DEAR SIR.—It is just twelve months since that I landed at Halifax, along with brethren Brown and Clark, to take up my abode in Nova Scotia, intending in the course of time to have removed my family from England to join me here. Under the direction and auspices of the Baptist Home Mission Board, I was located at Guysborough to make my way amongst the brethren in that place and neighbourhood, a task which I have not found difficult to do, and to preach the gospel of salvation to every one. It is not necessary for me to detail my labors, they are elsewhere recorded, yet the friends of Jesus Christ, and especially the directors and supporters of the Home Missionary Society will be interested in reading the appended letters. As I have said, it was my expectation to have brought over my family this spring; in the good providence of God, circumstances have so altered in favor of my eldest sons, who are only youths, and now occupy situations with good prospects, that it is more difficult for me to remove them now than it was a year ago, and I have solely on that account resolved upon returning to England. I shall ever remember with pleasure the uniform kindness which I have received on all hands, but especially the affection of the dear people with whom it has been my happy lot to reside, will remain fresh in my memory as long as life shall last; and although it affords me the utmost pleasure to anticipate the meeting with those who are dearest, and others whom I had never expected to see again upon the earth, it is with feelings of painful sorrow that I have to bid farewell to those who have endeared themselves to me in Nova Scotia.

Yours &c.,
J. P. BEEL.

Guysborough, N. S., 27th April, 1875.

Rev. J. P. Beel.

DEAR BROTHER,—We, the undersigned, Deacons of the Guysborough and Manchester Baptist Church, on behalf of ourselves and the church, feel that we cannot permit you to depart from us without expressing to you our most affectionate regards, as well as the kind christian love we entertain towards you.

During the year that you have been with us, you have labored most indefatigably in word and doctrine, and the good seed you have sown, we trust will spring up and bear an abundant harvest to the praise and glory of God's grace.

We regret very much that you have decided to leave us; we were in great hopes that you would feel it to be your duty to take up your permanent residence with us, but we must submit to the disappointment.

Our prayer is that you will be safely preserved across the mighty deep, and be permitted to return in good health to your native land, and to the bosom of your dear family.

SAMUEL PYLE,
ALBERT WHITMAN,
CHRISTOPHER JOST,
HERBERT R. CUNNINGHAM,
Clerk.