

Temperance.

HOW BAR-ROOM LIQUORS ARE MADE.

There may be seen daily on Chesnut street, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly endeavouring to outglitter the magnificent solitaire on his fingers. In a German University he learned chemistry, and not even Leibig knew it better. His occupation is the mixing and the adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them represents the name of genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out to him. To raw liquors this imparts a degree of smoothness and oleaginousness that gives to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is most matured. An astringent called catechu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass in stand is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are conveyed to the vest pocket, and a pound of white vitriol is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of Cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid poison, are always kept in store. The mixer buys these things in various quarters. They are staples of the art.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO STATISTICS.

Some people talk a great deal about ministers and the cost of keeping them, paying their house rent, table expenses and other items of salary. Did such croakers ever think that it cost \$35,000,000 to pay the salary of American lawyers; that \$12,000,000 are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and \$10,000,000 to keep the dog in the midst of us alive, while only \$6,000,000 are spent annually to keep the thousands of preachers in the United States? These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. What one thing exerts such a mighty influence in keeping the republic from falling to pieces and the nation from becoming like Sodom and Gomorrah, as the bible and Ministers? Skeptic-Croaker—tell us.

The gratification of our depraved appetite costs a far larger sum than would support all our poor-houses, feed and clothe our poor, fill the treasuries of our great Christian missionary societies and carry on all our schemes of education. It is a little thing, seemingly, but the aggregate is fearful to contemplate.

WHAT TOBACCO MONEY DID.

A man had two sons and two daughters, and when Christmas came they expected a Christmas-box; but had often been disappointed. As Christmas came, their father was vexed to see them dull, while their companions were cheerful and rejoicing over their Christmas treats. Without saying anything to any one he bought a money-box, and put as much into it every day as he used to spend for tobacco.

Next Christmas Eve he said: "Now, boys and girls, to-morrow morning you shall have a Christmas-box, and your mother too." The children were overjoyed, and wanted to know what they and their mother were to have; but this was a secret till after breakfast.

They had a short night, and in the morning got up very early. They were so anxious about their Christmas-box, that they ate but little breakfast, and watched very earnestly to see their father finish his. Then the biggest boy got the Book and read about the birth of Christ, and they all united in the morning prayer.

From the top shelf in the cupboard their father took a money-box, and, when he shook it, they all jumped for joy. The next thing was to count the money, and it was fifty shillings all but fourpence halfpenny. Three halfpence a day was what he used to pay for his half ounce of tobacco; and he often doubled it on Sunday.

The next thing was to divide it; after which they made up their minds that their mother should lay it out in clothes for herself and them; which she did.

When the things were laid on the table, in came a neighbour, who looked astonished and more so when the father, reaching the money-box said: "I put all these in here," pointing to the opening in the top, "and they all came out at the bottom. I left off smoking last Christmas, and I've put all the tobacco-money in this box, and my wife has laid it out in Christmas-boxes."

A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before going to be married, pray three times."

THE PILGRIMAGE OF SORROWFUL.

By ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT. Edited by Mrs Hunt-Morgan.

CHAPTER III.

The words uttered by Everlasting-Love caused Sorrowful to shed tears of hope while supported and led by him, she entered the road that leads to the City of Refuge. But she had not proceeded far, when she began to consider her wounds, which pained her afeesh, and she feared the Lord Jesus would never receive so worthless a creature, beginning to think whether the words of Qualification might not be true. But just then, looking back, she saw the same person who had demolished her house in Formality, coming after her with a drawn sword, which he appeared ready to plunge into her. Now this person was one who loved the King, and could not bear to see Him dishonored. Whenever he saw any stricken with the disease of sin, he would immediately plunge his sword into their hearts, unless especially forbidden by the King; for his name was Justice, and he knew not how to show mercy. Now, seeing Sorrowful so sorely afflicted with this complaint, he knew she must have wilfully aggravated the disease by feeding on unwholesome food, and observing unhealthy customs, such as the true subjects of the King never take or observe; for those who had never rebelled against the King, continually fed on royal dainties, and were always healthy,—perfectly whole. Justice therefore was greatly incensed against Sorrowful, who cried out most piteously when she beheld his approach, and looking towards the City of Refuge, (not daring to cast a second look on her terrific pursuer), as though she would at one plunge have leaped into it, she frantically hurried onwards; for she now knew that she could be safe nowhere else. She thought that after all, her efforts to reach the City would prove vain, for she feared that Justice would overtake her, long before she could enter the gates. But Everlasting-Love had said no more than the truth, when he had told her that the Lord Jesus was waiting for her. He saw her coming, while she was yet a great way off, and hastened forth to deliver her from the destruction that was following hard after her.

He arrived just in time, for Justice had overtaken her, and had lifted the sword to strike a terrible blow; but the Rescuer rushed between, and caught the sword in His own body. At the same time, Grace, who had accompanied His steps, covered Sorrowful with the "best robe," which the Prince had woven with his own hands expressly for her.

The Lord then drew out the sword, and the blood flowed in abundance; while Justice then received back his sword which he immediately sheathed, smiled, and declared himself better satisfied, and that he considered the honor of his King better vindicated, than would have been the case, had his anger been wreaked on Sorrowful; for he well knew that in her unhealthy state, she never could have sustained what could have given him satisfaction. But the Lord, the Prince, being without infirmity and without blemish, more powerful also than any other, both to do and to endure, was well able to bear whatever sufferings were due to Sorrowful. Justice further declared that he should love Mercy henceforth for the sake of the Prince. He even smiled on Sorrowful and declared that she was all fair in his eyes.

And now, leaning on Grace and Everlasting-Love, she entered the City of Refuge with the Lord the Prince; and as she passed the gate, Everlasting-Love exclaimed:

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Now had Sorrowful a balm for every wound. But what language can express the feelings of her heart! Speech for a time failed her; she could only look at her Prince, and weep. When at length she was able to utter her gratitude and praise, her full heart burst into song; and the following is part of what she said:

"O my dear Lord, what shall I say? I never can Thy love repay! For I was lost and dead in sin, When first Conviction entered in. Then, then I took him for a foe, And wished him from my sight to go. I hated him, I hated Thee; Thy law was grievous unto me. Well pleased that I could pleasure take In that which makes my heart now ache, I loved the ways of him who was Dire foe unto Thy righteous cause, Against Conviction long I strove, And neither wished nor sought Thy love. I knew Thee not, nor wished to know

The path that led from sin and woe. To Pleasure eagerly I went, On mirth and folly fully bent, Hoping that I no more should feel Conviction's dreaded, wounding steel. But nothing there could satisfy: I felt condemned, and doomed to die. 'Twas all in love Conviction came, To fill my soul with grief and shame. O why, dear Lord, such love to me, When I despised and hated Thee? O why should I be saved and blest, And in Thy precious love find rest? Why was I bidden enter here, And on Thee cast each doubt and fear? Why save me from Self-Righteousness, And clothe me in a bridal dress? Why send a storm to turn my feet From blasphemy's most horrid seat? O why did Love to me repeat Language so wonderfully sweet?—'A Saviour, yet a God most just,' Well worthy of the sinner's trust! 'Twas only, Lord, because Thy love To me eternally did move. That love secure, unchangeable Rescues my soul from guilt and hell. 'Twas love that made thy gracious feet Hasten my sinful soul to meet. 'Twas love that brought me here to taste The dainties spread by thy free grace. Let me rejoice in thee, my friend, And love thee to my journey's end. Friend! Yes, my soul, that word is true, Thy friend, thy God, thy brother, too!

After Sorrowful had spent some time in contemplating the wonders of "redeeming grace and bleeding love," she turned her thoughts to her former ignorance, rebellion, pride, and folly; and burst forth in strains of lamentation and self-abasement. She dwelt so much on what she had been, that she did not continue to enjoy her present deliverance as many other pilgrims had done. Grace and Everlasting-Love exhorted her to look more at what her prince had done for her, than at what she had done in rebellion against Him.

Sorrowful. O what did my dear Lord suffer for me! My sins were the cause of it all! My transgressions filled his soul with agony, and pierced Him through with many sorrows. O how vile I have been!

Everlasting-Love. But He has forgiven thee all thy transgressions; He has blotted out as a thick cloud all thine iniquities; therefore thou shouldst be glad and rejoice in Him, for He has done great things for thee!

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE MICMAC MISSION.

Mr. Editor,—

For the information of those who are interested in the welfare of the Indians of these Provinces, I will ask for a small space in your columns, to say, that I have never ceased laboring in their behalf, and never intend to. My ecclesiastical relations have been modified, and our method of obtaining funds has been changed, but the Missionary work has been continued. Revising and transcribing, and superintending the printing of the New Testament in Micmac, publishing a Reading Book, and preparing a dictionary of the language, has been my principal occupation for more than a year, and has kept me pretty busy. Last Monday the last sheets of the New Testament were struck off. Matthew, John, and Acts, were published some time ago, the B. & F. Bible Society bearing the expense. Genesis, Exodus, and the Psalms, were also published. In a heavy fire which occurred in Granville Street, nearly twenty years ago, nearly all the copies of Genesis, Matthew, and John, were destroyed. Under the auspices of the B. & F. B. S. a few and revised edition of Matthew and John was published in 1871. The cost of printing the remaining portions of the New Testament, now completed, is met by private contributions for this express object. The work has been done at the office of the Nova Scotia Printing Company, Halifax. It is in the common Roman Alphabet with accents.

Our Reading Book is in both languages; that is, in Micmac and English; all the Indian words being translated. It is intended to assist the Indians in learning to read, and in learning English; and to assist the white people in teaching them, and to aid both parties in obtaining a knowledge of both languages. The book consists of 108 pages. It contains the Micmac Numerals, the Indian names of the beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, trees, shrubs, and plants of these Provinces, with an extended vocabulary of other words, and connected conversation! A list of the Indian names of places is also given, with their meanings. Many Indians have learned to read within the last ten years, and many more are desirous to learn, and to have their children taught. This Reading

Book is for their special benefit. Among them it must of course for the most part be circulated gratuitously. But a limited number—only fifteen hundred copies, have been printed. Five hundred have been bound up, together with the Gospel of St. Matthew at the end; a few extra copies of the Gospel being on hand. Should any of your readers desire to obtain a copy, they can do so by sending to my address fifty cents, and a three cent stamp, if they choose, to pay the Postage, and I will forward one by Mail.

As it is not intended either for money or for fame, and as only a very limited number can be put on sale, I shall not place it in the Book stores, nor "advertize" it in the Newspapers. But if any of the papers choose to notice it, and wish to receive in return a copy of the work, I will be most happy to send it to them.

I may add that the subjects of Ethnology and Philology are attracting a good deal of attention among the learned everywhere just now. I am every now and then receiving letters from Professors and others, asking for information respecting the Micmac, their Language, Legends, &c. Last winter I received from Ontario a circular from a Committee of an American Archeological Society, a world's Convention of which was to be held in Nancy, a city of France, in July last, and for which I was requested to prepare a paper. I forwarded a copy of our reading Book, with a short dissertation on the Agglutinate and Poly-synthetic character of the Micmac. I have not learned the fate of my contribution.

I have sent copies of the Reading Book to several literary friends, to Dr. Dawson of McGill College among others, and they have spoken very kindly and flattering of its merits.

SILAS T. RAND.

Hantsport, N. S. August 23, 1875.

P. S. It may not be amiss to add that the work of the Micmac Mission, is conducted, and has been for more than ten years, upon the principle of having no fixed salary, and making no personal application for pecuniary aid, and publishing no names of donors; but receiving thankfully whatever at any time the Lord may put it into the hearts of any to give for this purpose. Such donations do come in abundantly, and always in good time. I shall be now happy to receive further aid in the same way towards meeting the expenses of printing and binding our Reading Book, or for the general purposes of the Mission.

S. T. R.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JOHN DAVIS.

John Davis was born at Liverpool, England, Nov. 8, 1803. He was a son of the Rev. Richard Davis, an excellent Baptist minister, who enjoyed the unusual privilege of having four of his sons engage in the work of the ministry, viz., Ebenezer, Joseph, John, and Thomas. Ebenezer died in 1870; Joseph is labouring at Romford, Essex; Thomas has retired from active employment, and is dwelling among his children somewhere in the State of New Jersey, the death of John is now recorded.

After his conversion he gave himself to the Lord's service, and pursued preparatory studies at Horton College, Bradford, then under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Steadman. His course was highly respectable, and foreshadowed a life of usefulness. On the 13th of January, 1829 he was ordained, at Portsea, Hants, and became pastor of the church in that place. He ministered successively to several other churches, the last of which was Port Mahon, Sheffield. The immediate fruits of his labours did not always appear, yet he was much encouraged by learning that others reaped harvests the seed of which was sown by him. The Rev. T. Pulsford, Senr., who succeeded him at Sheffield, baptized 150 persons at that place, most of whom had been indoctrinated, if not converted under the faithful ministry of Mr. Davis.

In 1845 he came to America, and became pastor of a church in New Jersey, transferring his services afterwards to another church in the same State. Then he accepted an agency for the American and Foreign Bible Society, during which he first visited these Provinces, and was led to form an acquaintance with the brethren at Yarmouth, who invited him to the pastorate after the retirement of Mr. Burton. This was in the Spring of 1853. A short period of ministry at St. George, N. B., followed, and in 1858 he entered on his last pastoral charge, at Charlottetown, P. E. I., where he spent the closing years of his life. The churches at North River and St. Peter's Road shared in the benefits

of his ministrations, and all the Baptist churches on the island owe much to him, under the Divine blessing, for constant watch-care and valuable assistance. About two years ago he resigned his office, under pressure of the infirmities of age, and was succeeded by the Rev. W. B. Haynes.

Our brother's fatal illness was lingering and painful, but was sustained with pious resignation and strong faith in the promises of God. Through physical weakness his mind gave way at times to transient aberrations; yet even then he thought and spoke much of the loving-kindness of the Lord. Sometimes he imagined that he was again standing in the pulpit and addressing the people, and discoursed from some precious text in the most appropriate and beautiful manner. The last text he was heard speaking from was Rev. xxi. 1.—"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth"—an attendant describes his utterances at that time as most eloquent and touching. Thus the closing hours were spent in the indulgence of the hope that he would soon "study theology in the Saviour's face."

On Saturday the 14th ult., he gently departed; and on the Monday following his remains were deposited in the "house appointed for all living." Ministering brethren of our own and other denominations, and many friends of all classes, were present on the occasion. Rev. J. McLeod (Presbyterian), delivered a very appropriate address in the meeting-house; and, in the absence of the pastor, through indisposition, the Rev. D. Fitzgerald (Episcopalian), officiated at the grave.

Brother Davis was a remarkably well-informed Christian. He gave to the gospel his mind and his heart. He revelled in the intellectualities of the evangelical scheme, while, as in the very presence of the Saviour, he loved and adored. He sympathized with truth rather than with feeling, although the emotional in his religion was not wanting in power and depth. His preaching was eminently instructive. By sermons thoroughly thought out he taught his hearers to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" God's word. His discourses were clear, powerful, and comprehensive. He could untie hard knots, straighten crookednesses, and "dissolve doubts." He loved "all the counsel of God," and sought a place in his theology for every revealed truth, however difficult it might be, in some cases, to reconcile and combine them. He could say with Paul, "I believe God," and he could wait for further light.

He was an enthusiastic friend of liberty—liberty of conscience—liberty of trade, and intercourse among the nations—constitutional liberty—the freedom of the press—the freedom of the slave. He would "loose the bands of wickedness—undo the heavy burdens—let the oppressed go free—and break every yoke." (Isa. lviii. 6.)

It is not needful to speak of him in other relations. He was a Baptist pastor, loving and practising righteousness, and teaching people so. There is no higher style of man. God preserve the succession!

J. M. C.

August 27th, 1875.

THE LIFE-WORK AND DEATH OF MRS. BARTLETT.

The following, taken from the London Baptist, will deeply interest christians in many countries, who have read of Mrs. Bartlett, and her extensive and valuable labors at the Metropolitan Tabernacle:—

The death of Mrs. Bartlett, is an event which demands more than a cursory notice. The deceased lady was one of Mr. Spurgeon's most valued helpers, and indeed she was one of those wonderful Christian workers whose removal brings mourning to a whole church, leaving a gap which the Master alone can again fill up. Having a special mission, she pursued it with hearty enthusiasm, and her success appears to have been worthy of her faith. She also worked perseveringly in spite of bodily infirmity, which she knew might at any moment suddenly cut short her career. In short, she was one of those self-denying heroines whose memory the Church delights to keep in everlasting remembrance.

Mrs. Bartlett, who was sixty-eight years of age when she died, was converted in childhood, and early gave promise of future usefulness. As a child-teacher in the Sabbath-school, she is said to have been instrumental in the salvation of souls, and from these early converts she was accustomed to receive letters in after-life. Then even in youth that spirit of holy enterprise in Christian work by which she became so signally distinguished, manifested in many ways. Not content with gathering the young around her in the Sabbath class, she turned her attention to the work of itinerating among the villages in the neighbourhood of her home. Not only the peasantry, but the farmers and their families, encountered the brave maiden in the common house-