

For the Christian Messenger.
Dayspring in the Spanish Mountains.
 BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

CHAPTER III.
 In the interest of the work being accomplished in the shepherd's cottage Carlos did not forget that there were others besides his own dearest friends to whom he might be a means of spiritual blessing. Carefully and wisely, he, by degrees, introduced his book to the notice of several of his acquaintances down in the village at the foot of the mountain, until much interest was excited in the hearts of those to whom he spoke, and they eagerly asked for "more of the good words." Many of these persons could not read, and among those who could, Carlos did not like to venture on lending the book, lest once out of his own possession, it might be lost, or perhaps, purloined by some one who might possibly prove treacherous. So he read to one and another, as he had opportunity, but this plan was hampered with difficulties for all parties; yet they had no place where they could safely gather to hear the Word of God in company with each other.

Carlos had been relating his story of of work and perplexity to the family on the mountain one evening, when Darano exclaimed, with his free heartiness, born of the hills and sunshine:

"Bring them up here, if they want to hear the Bible, *amigo*; a walk in the pleasant moonlight is no great task when a man is in earnest. We live quiet here, and we may have many a reading before the *padre* finds it out; and if he does, why I am a mountain-born son of old Spain. I fear neither priest nor layman, and I know many a secret cave among the rocks where we may carry on our meetings, if any one disturbs us here. So tell your neighbors to come and join our evening talks as often as they like; and God bless those who seek after the truth of his Son."

Thus it came pass that a regular gathering for worship, and study of God's Word took place every evening at the shepherd's cottage. Soon the assembly became so numerous that only room for standing could be found in the little kitchen. Carlos, the *arriero*, was, by common consent, tacitly considered in the light of a leader on all religious subjects; and although nothing was further from his thoughts when he made his first cautious attempts to speak a word in the name of his Master, yet he at length found himself assuredly doing the work of a regular evangelist as if he had been set apart for the office by fifty bishops or half a score of committees in full conclave. The "still, small voice" had called him to the work, which was growing to his hand as he faithfully and prayerfully pursued it. What the Lord gave him he gladly dispensed to those within his reach, and joyfully watched the fruits of his labor in the earnest faith in Jesus only, which sprang up in the hearts of so many of those to whom he witnessed for Christ.

In inviting individuals to these reunions, Carlos exercised much discretion, in order to avoid the secret of the meetings being betrayed to any who might be disposed to interrupt. Nevertheless, as a Judas was found among the twelve disciples, so there was one traitor who glided with serpent wiliness into the mountain-gatherings. This enemy, thinking to carry favor into certain quarters, told the priest's house-keeper all about the new state of matters upon the mountains; and Juana was not long in passing the news on to Padre Derecho of how the devil was busy sowing the tares of heresy among the good Catholic wheat in the neighborhood. The good *padre* was sitting in his easy chair, with the strange book in his hand when Juana related the dreadful tale with a countenance full of horror. He paused a moment, and then murmured as if to himself:

"Yes, I must do it; I will; I can no longer keep silence;" then lifting his head, he inquired from whom Juana had received her information.

"Manuel Lorberdo, the goatherd, told me this morning," replied Juana, instantly. "Will the *padre* speak himself with Manuel, and learn the names of all who go to these Satan's meetings?" and Juana crossed herself devoutly.

"Yes, I will see him," answered the

padre. "Find him out, and bid him come to me this evening."

The little company had assembled as usual that evening, and Carlos was in the midst of reading to his eager listeners when the cottage door was softly opened, and the form of Padre Derecho appeared standing on the threshold. Several of the worshippers would have gladly stolen away unobserved, but the priest stood just in the wrong place for the accomplishment of their wishes and they had to wait in awe-struck expectation of what was to come next. Carlos, intent on his book, did not perceive the addition to his audience, until the sensation pervading the assembly communicated itself to him with that magnetism which frequently conveys feeling from one to another in a crowd. He looked up and his eyes, directed by the anxious but furtive glances of the others, soon espied the dark form framed in the doorway. He paused in doubt as to what he ought to do, when Padre Derecho made a step forward and spoke:

"My children," he said in a voice which trembled with much emotion, "I see you regard me as an enemy, nor do I wonder at your doing so. As I have already interrupted my good Carlos, I crave his further forbearance while I tell you what has lately been passing in my mind. As you all know, I have been ill; but you do not know that I have long been really recovered, but my miserable cowardice—yes, my children, I confess it—has kept me still at home, when I ought to have been among you doing what Carlos is doing to-night. When I began to recover, I crept feebly one day into an old lumber-room in my house in search of something to amuse me among the piles of old books lying there among the dust of years. Idly turning over the heaps, I came upon a Spanish Bible, and I remembered it as one belonging to a brother of mine who brought it home years ago from a trip to England, where it was given him by an English friend. My brother died, believing in its teachings, and I kept the affair quiet, for I loved him; and now I took the book to my own room, intending to keep it for the sake of the dead brother, but not caring to read it. However having nothing to do, I carelessly turned over a few pages. One verse after another caught my eye and fixed my attention until I became absorbed in the book I had slighted. Enough to tell you that I saw myself condemned in every page. I believed, but had not courage to confess. Feeling it impossible to teach you again the old falsehoods, I compromised matters with my conscience by remaining inactive until to day, when information was first brought me of your meetings here, with Carlos your instructor. Shamed by his brave stand for the truth of Jesus Christ, I came this evening to follow his worthy example by confessing my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only one to whom we dare trust for salvation. Carlos, my friend, my brother, continue your work here, but not alone. God forbid that I should hinder what you have so well begun; yet many sick and infirm in the village yonder cannot climb the mountain-path to join you here. Bid them gather at my house in the village, and I who have led them astray will now teach them the Bible."

A solemn awe fell on the assembly. Lupe's hand clasped that of Carlos with a pressure of delight, while the sobs of many proved how deeply they were moved.

"One thing more I would add," said Padre Derecho, after a pause. "You need to be at no pains henceforth to conceal your meetings. Political disturbances do not touch us much here among the mountains; we hear of them from afar; yet one thing you will rejoice with me to learn; it is that General Prim has just proclaimed liberty of conscience in Spain!"

Not long after this, Carlos took to his home his long-loved mountain-bird, and together they went on, doing the work of their Lord, and among their friends, none is more heartily welcomed than Pastor Derecho. The worldly, ease-loving priest was transformed into the earnest, toiling pastor, who humbly thanked God that, among his beloved Andalusian mountains "the Dayspring from on high" had visited them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Fatal Accident to a Nova Scotian.

Dear Brother,—

Your readers will be pained to hear of the sudden death of H. E. Melloney, late of Sydney, C. B., which occurred at Melrose, April 26th. Mr. M. left Sydney a few months ago, and resided temporarily at Waterville, Me., and at Salem, Mass. About two weeks before his death he and his family moved to Melrose, expecting to make that town his home, at least for a time. On the morning of the 26th, he met his son Clarence at the station coming home from Colby University for a short vacation. After breakfast he left his house in his usual happy manner to take the train to a neighboring town on business. He was a little late, and by the time he had purchased his ticket the cars were moving from the station. In attempting to get on a car he missed the step and fell between the car and the platform. In trying to rise, he was struck on the head either by the axle or after-steps of the car, and almost instantly killed. The train was immediately stopped and he taken out, but he only made some such exclamation as "oh," twice, and expired.

On the 28th, his remains were laid away in their last resting place in Salem. Services were conducted at his late residence by Rev. N. B. Thompson, Pastor of the Baptist Church. Rev. E. C. Spinney of Newton spoke of his acquaintance with Bro. M., in Cape Breton, and the useful christian life he had lived. The remains were then taken by train to Salem and services held in the First Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. R. C. Mills, D. D., the pastor. The last rites were performed by the Odd Fellows of which order Bro. M. was a member.

His death will be a source of sorrow to many. He leaves an aged mother, brothers and sisters in Cape Breton, and a wife, two sons and a little daughter in this country.

Although only a few weeks in Melrose Bro. M. was loved and prized by all who knew him. He lost no time in waiting to be acquainted with the church before he could engage in his Master's work, but immediately took his stand as a witness for Christ. One of the deacons remarked to the writer, "The first time he met with us he threw out his flag." The pastor and church were made glad by so valuable an addition to the number of workers for Christ, although he had not formally united with them. But his work was ended and the Lord called his servant home. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for there is a future to the man of peace."

H. MORROW.

Newton Centre, Mass., April 28, 1876.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Baptist Church at Margaree, C. B.

No. 3.

Dear Editor,—

While the Home Missionary Board was located at Halifax, our wants were better understood. Here, we are in North Inverness, at the extreme east end of the Province, the Board at Yarmouth in the extreme west. The Mission-house built seven or eight years since now begins to have the appearance of decay. The three lower rooms were plastered two years ago, expecting to get a good man to take immediate possession. Our church was shingled and painted anew of late. There are fifteen or sixteen copies of the *Christian Messenger* coming here weekly. Over one third of the inhabitants believe that saving faith ought to precede the observance of Christian ordinances, unless the great commission given to the founder of our faith be reversed—first baptism then faith; also that baptism must be observed by such, whose conscience approve of it, an act of obedience, not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience before God; also that infant baptism, so called, with its train of evils will finally fall with the hierarchy which gave faith to baptismal regeneration. The foregoing brief sketch will enable the impartial and reflecting reader to see that the faithful labours of the heralds of the cross were not spent in vain at N. E. Margaree. There are at present scores of young men and women living

without God and without hope in the world, according to all human appearance. Unless there is a change soon a Baptist church at Margaree will form a chapter in the history of the past. Brethren pray for us, that the little one may yet become a thousand and the small one a strong nation. O may the Lord hasten it.

A CHURCH MEMBER.

For the Christian Messenger.

Ordination at River John, Pictou County.

Dear Editor,—

In accordance with the request of the members of the River John Baptist church, a Council was convened at the Oak Church, River John, on Wednesday 19th, ult., to consider the propriety of ordaining Bro. E. T. Carbonell, as pastor of the R. J. Baptist Church.

The Council was organized by the choice of Rev. D. Freeman as moderator and Bro. Nelson Sutherland as Secretary.

Prayer having been offered by the Rev. D. W. Crandall, the following delegates from the churches reported themselves:—

New Glasgow.—Rev. D. Freeman.

Pugwash.—Rev. D. W. Crandall, Bro. E. Munro, Lic.

Folly Lake.—Deacon Irving.

Hopewell.—Bro. Allen Murry.

River John.—Bros. Nelson Sutherland, John Henderson, and Robert Allen.

The candidate by request of the moderator, gave a brief outline of his Christian experience, call to the ministry and views of doctrine and church order. All of which was deemed highly satisfactory by the Council.

After a statement from the church, it was moved by Rev. D. W. Crandall, and seconded by Deacon Irving, and carried unanimously that the Council proceed with the ordination of Bro. Carbonell. On motion the council adjourned to meet at the Town Hall at 7 P. M. when the following programme was carried out in the presence of as large a congregation as could get into the Hall:

Rev. D. W. Crandall to preach the ordination sermon.

Rev. D. Freeman to examine the candidate on Christian Doctrine.

Rev. D. Freeman to offer the ordaining prayer.

Rev. D. W. Crandall, to give the charge to the church.

Rev. D. Freeman to give the charge to the candidate.

Rev. A. B. McKay to offer the closing prayer and pronounce the Benediction.

By order of the council.

NELSON SUTHERLAND, Sec.

In Memoriam.

MRS. SARAH SHAW,
 widow of the late Isiah Shaw, of Berwick, Cornwallis. Born April 5th, 1804. Died April 5th, 1876.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE.

"Tenderly, lovingly, lay her to rest;
 While the sunbeams gleam from the
 rose-lined west,
 Plant the soft moss-flowers over her
 breast."

Leave her in peace with the Father, her
 God!
 He knoweth the way that His dear
 child trod.
 Plant the soft moss-flowers over the
 sod."

The black-edged messenger is handed me. I break the seal and read: "Mother is in heaven. Calmly and peacefully at setting sun she went to the bright realms above. She suffered much; but her confidence in God her Saviour never faltered. Not the smallest cloud dimmed the prospect. She often remarked that all was bright and glorious—that she could not be mistaken." Another letter says: "The day before your mother died, I went in to see her. The same bright lustre was in her eyes. She calmly said, 'Do you think I shall die soon?' I replied 'Probably.' She answered, 'Only waiting.' At her request I prayed. She remarked, 'Prayer is good.' As I took her hand and kissed her good-bye she whispered, 'Heaven.' Such die as they live, near to Jesus." Again I read from another pen: "Wednesday, I saw a change—that she could not be long with us. Few in number we watched around her dying pillow. And so gently came the death angel, that we might almost fancy we heard the rustling of their wings as they bore her unfettered spirit to the courts

above. Frequently she murmured names of loved ones. Some long since passed away—others absent. A little before she left us, I said, 'Mother, you will soon be home!' 'Oh yes, I hope so.' Again she lay quiet, without suffering, apparently unconscious. I said, 'Mother dear, do you know me?' She pressed my hand closely, trying again and again to kiss it. At sunset she left us." "On the day following as I gazed on her lovely face, and saw the sweet smile that still lingered, caught, it may be from a view of Jesus, I could but rejoice that she was safe at home where she so much longed to be. Not long before she told us of a sweet dream. In sleep she stood beside a river and Jesus held her hand. And as she sought to gaze upon him, a thin veil hid his features: but He said, 'Never fear.' 'I will still hold your hand.' 'Soon you will have crossed the River, and then you will see me clearly.' Rev. I. Wallace stood with us beside the precious casket, where two years ago we gathered with him around our father's loved remains. At church he spoke to many loving mourning ones, from Rom. xiv. 8. Again I read, 'Our sainted mother is forever at home! Blessed, thrice blessed thought! I never felt so quietly, calmly happy, as since this news reached me. My mother is so near—so blessed! Heaven seems but a little way off. And so real—so like a home with father and mother there with Jesus. I seem to see father's smile of welcome.' 'What a legacy our precious mother has left us! I need her spirit—her love to Jesus and devotion to His service—her trust—her faith, her patience—her cheerful self-denying labors of love, so constant—so abundant. * * *

"Aye! on my Bible's open page there streams
 A glory as the clouds were rift to heaven
 me seems;
 I hear a voice—'Write, blessed are the
 dead
 Who die in the Lord.' 'Amen,' the
 Spirit said,
 Before the Lamb they bow.

"And they rest not," rest not, nor night
 nor day,
 Nor weary, but continually do say
 "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, art Thou."
 And by the great white throne their
 faces bow.
 Veiled from that Glory best.

And they haste not, in all their high
 employ
 In calm illimitable depths of joy,
 Infinities encompassing their souls,
 They know no time—the eternal anthem
 rolls,
 And they haste not nor rest.

I mind you now, dear friends who've
 often read
 The blessed record of the blessed dead,
 Lest, to your busy loves and duties
 given,
 Ye do forget that we have saints in
 heaven,
 And what they're doing there.

I mind you how beside the jasper sea,
 Bathed in the throne-girt rainbow light
 there be
 With our beloved, a host of great saints,
 tall,
 Abram, Moses, Miriam, Daniel, Paul,
 And ours—such friendship
 share."

[Christian Visitor please copy.]

ABRAHAM THOMAS.

was the son of the late Walter Thomas of precious memory. He spent the most of his life in Annapolis County, and died at Milford. He was converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. T. Delong and baptized by Rev. James Parker about 24 years ago. He united with the Kempt Baptist Church, Queen's County, and was ordained deacon of the church at Maitland by the Rev. A. W. Barss who was pastor of the Church at that time. This office in the Church of Christ he continued to fill till his death.

Some years ago he made a settlement in Milford where he engaged in lumbering work with profit to himself and advantage to the community. He was benevolent and hospitable. His house was a home for ministers of the gospel. He was a man of prayer and hence a man of worth to the world. What a loss! "Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king; but the whole universe should lament the loss of a man of prayer." Thus he lived serving the interests of Christ's cause and Church till September last when a distressing disease fastened itself on him which terminated in his death on the 7th of February, in the 53rd year of his age. His sufferings were severe