

Fenced in.

"Don't believe in joinin' churches, any way," said Farmer Rye, as he stood leaning on the bar of the meadow lot, talking to his nice Ruthie, who had just come from the woods with her arms and hands full of ferns and mosses, and clematis wreaths.

She had found time at least to speak a word to "Uncle Charlie," whom she dearly loved. There had been earnest prayers before that, you may be sure, that the kindly, upright, honest man might not trust to his purity of life, but find salvation in Christ's finished atonement. And she had said just now:

"Then, uncle dear, why don't you stand out on the Lord's side, and come into his army?"

Uncle Charlie tipped up his old hat from behind, as he was wont to do when annoyed; and leaning his crossed arms on the fence rail, looked quite away from the girl's earnest face, as he continued:

"Pears to me, if a body's got any religion, they ought to be able to stick to it without bein' tethered up like a wild steer."

Ruthie said nothing at first; then, with a golden maple branch pointed over to the corner of the wide lawn in front of the house, which had been newly redeemed from the wilderness and fenced in.

Outside there were briars, and ticks, bogs, and marshy spots, and wandering footpaths and thorny bushes.

Inside was the level stretch of re-deemed greensward, with the graded paths that touched, at curves and angles; or clumps of evergreen and beds of roses blooming yet, though autumn has come.

"Uncle Charlie, what a difference that fence made didn't it? I think that poor little strip of land must be so glad. Now it feels as though it belongs to somebody, and somebody cares for it; so it's just blooming out its gratitude because it has been redeemed, isn't it?"

Uncle Charlie looked down at the earnest little face a moment, and said: "Trot along, dear; most tea-time," and Ruthie came home heavy-hearted.

But a great joy was coming to her with the next communion season, when, in his quaint way, Uncle Charlie said:

"Ruthie, I'm goin' to be 'fenced in' and belong to somebody." And then the cup of blessing came in touched his reverent lips, while little Ruthie was softly giving thanks thewhile.

Led by the Spirit.

A well-known evangelist—a man distinguished for high personal character, but equally distinguished for numerous vagaries of doctrine—holds that he is led by the Spirit in all things. He selects his texts for preaching by the express direction of the Spirit; he "takes no thought what he shall say," and his sermons are wholly the promptings of the Spirit; he is led by the Spirit to ask a contribution for a benevolent purpose from a certain man, etc., etc. We have recently met a number of Christian people who profess the same thing. The delusion seems to be growing.

We say "the delusion," for we think no unprejudiced person can doubt that these people are deluded. It is, of course, possible for a man to be led by the Spirit of God in everything. But "not every spirit is of God," and it is equally possible to mistake one's own desires for the leading of the Spirit. To be led always by the Spirit involves a completeness of self-surrender to the will of God which we believe that few if any men ever attain. At least no one whom we ever have known has seemed to us, even with the most charitable judgement, completely given up to the Spirit's control. Except as to their delusion, every one seemed altogether such an one as ourselves—sometimes led by the Spirit and sometimes not.

As a matter of fact, even those who profess to be led by the Spirit often make great mistakes. A good brother who labored under this curious delusion—he was a Western pastor—went to a member of his flock, saying, "Brother, the Lord told me to come to you and get some wheat." "Brother," was the answer, "either the Lord or you has made a mistake; I sent the last of my wheat to market some time ago." Another evangelist once told in public how he was led by the Spirit in all things. On passing a certain house, he felt an "irresistible desire" to return and converse with its inmates. He did so, supposing this to be the leading of the Spirit, and found that the house had been unoccupied for some time.

How, then, may we know when we are led by the Spirit? There is a touchstone by which the genuineness

of every supposed prompting of the Spirit may be tested—the Word of God. There is no other criterion than this. The utmost care is necessary to "prove the spirits, whether they be good," if we would not be led astray by some will-o'-the-wisp of a supposed Divine call. But he who listens in humility to this voice, who strives in all things first to know what is the mind of Christ, who obeys promptly and cheerfully the will of God so far as he knows it—he need never doubt whether the spirit by which he is led is of God.—*Examiner.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Oregon.

Editor Christian Messenger:—

DEAR BROTHER,—I feel deeply interested in the Baptist cause in Nova Scotia, having spent five years of my life at Cape Canso—years never to be forgotten, for it was then I trust that I was born into the kingdom of God, and can therefore claim Canso as my spiritual birth-place. Pleasant memories cluster around those five happy years spent with a kind and sociable people—not selfish in their own interests, but desirous that the cause of Christ should prosper and souls be saved—so you see it is no wonder that I feel interested in your Province. The following winter after I went to Canso, God, in answer to many prayers, greatly blessed that people. Rev. A. W. Bars was then pastor of the Baptist Church. Special services were appointed. The meetings became very interesting. Those whose voices had not been heard for a long time, again put on the armor of Christ, and there was singing and rejoicing in the courts of our God. The writer was one of the first that felt the influence of the Holy Spirit working on his heart. The struggle was hard, but thanks be to God, Christ came off victorious, and I trust a soul was saved. Two years ago, the 8th of next February, my wife and I bade good-bye to Canso, our destination being Astoria, Oregon. Cape Canso and Astoria are located on the two extreme points (or nearly so) on this continent, as will be seen by looking on the map. One never forgets the first trip across the Rocky Mountains, through canyons, under the mountains, in the tunnels, on the prairies where may be seen the buffalo, elk, prairie-dogs, and numerous kinds of wild game. Yet after a while all of this sight-seeing becomes monotonous, and passengers are glad when they get to their destination. On our arrival in San Francisco I thought we would spend a few days in the queen city of the Pacific coast. It is wonderful how that in so short a time such a beautiful city has been built. It can boast of having one of the finest hotels in the world, and is well named the Palace Hotel. It covers one whole block, and is certainly a very fine structure. After enjoying ourselves for a few days in this beautiful city, we took passage on the steamer "Ajax," and made the run to Astoria in three days, a distance of six hundred miles. On our arrival I was quite surprised to find no Baptist Church in a town with a population of three thousand. We had not been here very long before we began to find now and then a Baptist, who, like ourselves, had but lately come here. After talking the matter over as to the propriety of organizing a church, we concluded to extend an invitation to the Rev. Mr. Jones, pastor of the Baptist church at Salem, Oregon, the capital of the State, to visit us. He was only too glad to come and assist us in a time of need. After his arrival a church meeting was called, and a unanimous vote was given that we should organize ourselves into a church, to be called the First Baptist Church of Astoria. The organization took place the following June, after our arrival in March. The following Sabbath, in connection with the church, a Sabbath School was organized. We feel very proud of this department of Christian labor in connection with the church, and well may we be, for it is a very fine, and I think one of the most interesting, schools I have ever labored with. At our organization we did not feel as though we were able to support a pastor, but continued to hold our services from Sabbath to Sabbath through the summer and winter, with an occasional addition to the church. The next spring, not quite a year after the organization, the Rev. Mr. Burchett, then pastor of the Baptist church at Marysville, California, paid us a visit, seeking a climate where himself and wife could enjoy better health.

He came to us well recommended by the Rev. Mr. Baker, general missionary for this coast. After preaching for us twice, a meeting of the church was called. All the members expressed themselves highly pleased with both efforts. It was voted by all present that we extend to Mr. Burchett a call to become the pastor of the Baptist church. Here let me remark that we have never regretted this step on the part of the church, for in Mr. Burchett we have a prize. He is a fine scholar, and a very eloquent and effective speaker; but more than all this, his life is wrapped up in the cause of Christ. Success is his, for God will surely bless a life whose highest ambition is the glory of God. After having secured a pastor, we went to work building a church. We found the public very generous and willing to assist us in building a house to hold services in. I am happy to say that we now have a neat and pretty house, which will seat 225 persons, have it nearly all furnished, and, the best of all, nearly paid for. It cost \$2,000, and we only owe \$400 on it, which will soon be paid. We solicit through the Messenger the prayers of God's people that in the special services which we are about to hold, the stately steppings of the Lord may be seen in our midst, souls be born and numbers added to the church—such as shall be eternally saved.

Yours in Christ,
C. M. HUXFORD.
Astoria, Oregon, Nov. 19.

For the Christian Messenger.

Relief for the Starving.

Mr. Editor,—

The sympathy and zeal of a child, and the judicious course adopted by his parents, as evinced by the following letter, seem to me to render the publication of it desirable. The \$2 contributed by "little Owen P. Condon," are promptly forwarded to be transmitted to India.

Yours truly,
C. TUPPER.
UNION SQUARE, CORNWALLIS,
November 28th.

MR. TUPPER,—

Dear Sir,—Our little boy, aged five years, heard us read of those who are starving in India, and was so very anxious to send something to get them some bread, that his papa told him if he would pick up apples, he would give him some money to send them. So he went to work as happy as possible, and has obtained two dollars, which I will enclose to you for that purpose. Of course he received very good wages for the time he worked. We thought it would be better for him to make an effort to get it himself than to have it given him, and he seems to enjoy giving it very much; and we hope he may always be willing to help those who need help. We try to instil that principle into his little heart while he is young. Hoping you may receive many more and larger amounts for the poor in India, in whose welfare you take so much interest.

I remain yours, with respect,
M. D. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4, 1877.

The following items, relative to Confederate war prices during the last years of the war, are interesting to note. In the Spring of 1865 a barrel of flour sold in Richmond for \$1,200, a pound of bacon \$15, and the price of sugar was \$75 per pound. Turkeys sold at \$25 per pound, butter \$50 per pound, eggs \$30 per dozen, and apples \$5 a piece, while other necessaries of life were dear in proportion. It seems scarcely possible that such a state of affairs existed only 12 years ago. We think the colored race has almost stood still since its emancipation; but when we come to consider how the war found and left it we cannot fail of seeing wonderful advancement. I have been interested in ascertaining about the standing of this matter in the District of Columbia, and have been amazed that so large a number of those beings, who were indeed but little above the brute only a decade ago, should have made such progress. I am astonished to hear numbers converse intelligently, giving evidence of taste, refinement, education and intellectual culture. Howard University educates and prepares negroes for the ministry, and every year sends into the South preachers and workers among their own people. The colored schools are all taught by colored teachers who have been prepared for their

work at a Normal School, established shortly after the war in this city for the purpose. A need is greatly felt now for more of these schools here. Those now established are full, and hundreds of children pass their time in the streets who would be in school were there any accommodation for them. A widespread interest now exists throughout the country concerning the destiny of this race of people. Many deep thinkers contend that it is doomed to extinction, taking that ground from the fact of the undue mortality among them and the steady decrease in their percentage. The Liberian Emigration movement still goes on in the South, though discouragements are thrown before it at every step. The last objection presented to the blacks is that they cannot live in the climate of Liberia after dwelling in America for more than a century. But they are still agitating the movement, and hundreds of thousands have already joined the emigration bands.

Our Indian summer took its leave with the advent of Thanksgiving Day, which dawned upon us with a cold and dismal rain, seeming more like a day of mourning than one of rejoicing. Our city has not worn a very merry aspect of late. The Huron disaster spread a dismal pall over many a home here, and the whole town felt the effects, for the officers of the unfortunate vessel were all well known here. One of the singular things now brought to light in connection with this accident is the following: Last March, while the Huron was lying in the harbor of Port Royal, S. C., Lieut. Fletcher, her Executive Officer, left the vessel on a twenty-four hours leave of absence, and, failing to return at the expiration of that time, the ship sailed for another port without him. Upon Fletcher's return, he reported to Com. Clitz, "Senior naval officer present," and told him that some time previous he had had a presentiment that if he finished the cruise (two years) he would perish by shipwreck, and that, failing in his efforts to get detached, he had purposely absented himself till the Huron should have sailed. For this offense he was placed under arrest and tried by Court Martial at the Navy Yard in this city last August, his only defense being that he was so possessed of the idea mentioned, so haunted with it in fact, that it was impossible for him to go. For my own part I am not superstitious enough to believe in premonitions of this sort, but the case in question is a matter of record on file at the Navy Department, and no doubt Mr. Fletcher is fully convinced that his warning has proven to be a true one by the wreck off Kitty Hawk.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letters from Acadia's Friends.

Mr. Editor,—

The throb of pain that attended the announcement of our loss was succeeded by the thrill of pleasure on hearing the result of Thursday's meeting in Wolfville. Every Baptist in the Maritime Provinces should feel this the occasion for prompt and earnest effort; and from what we hear on every hand there will be a liberal response to the appeal.

While the body at large thus comes to the rescue, showing the hold "Old Acadia" had upon their hearts, there is one class who especially at the present should feel prepared to make vigorous and self-sacrificing effort. I refer to those who have lived beneath the shade, and have had thrown around them the sheltering arms of the "Child of Providence." I write to make a few suggestions. In brief: Let the Faculty dispatch to some member of each matriculated class a list of the members of that class with place of residence, and let that member correspond with every other and act as treasurer for the whole. By this there will be a healthy stimulus applied, a proper rivalry excited, and members removed from us reached, who fain would have reawakened memories of by-gone days, and join once more old comrades in a united effort to put "Acadia to the fore."

The thirty and more matriculated classes joining in one combined effort, stirred by the mighty reminiscences of the past, and awake to the vital importance of the issue can do powerful service in the restoration of what we have lost. Even in a social view, will not such a reunion repay all we may

expend? An extension of this idea might devote the sum raised by each class to some particular section of work that tangible record might remain of what it had accomplished. I leave all this to the discretion of those who can, if they will, set in motion a powerful agency in the re-establishment of our institutions.

Yours in haste,
McV., '68.

Dear Brother,—

Though not a graduate of long-to-be-remembered Acadia College, I have spent time enough under the shadow of her wings to know something of her true value as a great shelter from the withering blight of ignorance, vice and superstition.

The name of Acadia is graven on many hearts who have never received any direct benefit from her, but who have shared in the glorious results which have been the out-growth of her influence upon others. These may be, and doubtless are sighing over the fallen. But it remains for others to weep more bitterly, namely, those who have spent long and pleasant months within her walls, forcing their way up the ladder of intellectual culture to the chambers of independent thought.

Her superior training has been felt and appreciated all over our land as her sons have stepped forth into the arena of life to prove themselves men capable and worthy of holding the reins of government, of developing the intellectual power of our country and of wielding the sword of Divine Truth with success against sin and vice.

Even the great American Republic with all its institutions of learning and other advantages for mental culture are ready to admit that some of their noblest men are the sons of Acadia.

While I weep over the remains of the intellectual mother of many a noble youth, I look forward with bright anticipations to the time when the daughter of the deceased shall arise in greater beauty, and with all the virtues of the departed.

C. W. W. B.
Crozer Theological Seminary.

For the Christian Messenger

Dedication of the Baptist Vestry in New Glasgow, N. S.

Our Vestry was set apart for the worship of God last Sabbath, December 9th. There were in attendance Rev. J. Bleakney of Hantsport, Rev. D. W. Dimock from Truro, Bro. William Cunningham of Barney's River, persons from Westville and other mines, brethren and friends of New Glasgow, forming good congregations. At 10 o'clock a prayer meeting was led by the writer to ask God's blessing on the occasion.

THE DEDICATION SERVICES.

commenced at 11 A. M. Invocation by Rev. J. C. Bleakney. Singing, "God in His earthly temple lays." Reading the Scriptures by the pastor from 1 Kings viii. 8. Dedication prayer by Rev. D. W. C. Dimock. Singing "Behold the sure foundation Stone." Sermon by Rev. J. C. Bleakney from Mat. xvi. 18. The church, its foundation and perpetuity. Prayer by the pastor, Singing "How honored is the place." Benediction by Elder Dimock. At 3 P. M. Bro. Dimock preached unfolding beautifully, "As the truth is in Jesus," Eph. iv. xxi. Bro. Bleakney preached at 6 1/2 o'clock P. M., from 2 Cor. v. xx. At the close of the morning service, the usual collection was taken for the support of the gospel.

After the evening service, a contribution was made as a Thankoffering towards rebuilding Acadia College amounting to \$10.05, a very large contribution considering the circumstances of our people. On meeting Bro. Saunders in Yarmouth, a year ago, I said to him, we are on the same errand, you to get money to endow Acadia College, I to endow it with a living church, which will, in all future time, increasingly support the college, by sympathy and money and prayer. Here we have the first fruit of such a harvest.

Elder Dimock returned home on Monday, Elder Bleakney remained till Wednesday morning, preaching on Monday and Tuesday evenings, with much acceptance to good congregations. We expect to continue our meeting afternoons and evenings throughout the week. As our cause in all this region, for more than half a century, has been