

TEMPERANCE.

A Drunkard at a Prayer-Meeting.

I send you the following incident, which I recently witnessed in one of the noonday prayer-meetings in Philadelphia.

The meeting had been in progress half an hour, when a gentleman apparently about thirty years of age, rose in the rear part of the hall, and spoke substantially as follows:

I beg the privilege of making a statement sufficiently humiliating to myself and to any of my friends who may hear it. It is this—that I am a guilty, miserable drunkard! I am almost a total stranger here, and you may wonder that I should make such a confession to strangers.

My sole reason for doing so is the hope that some of you may be able to help me in my struggle with my mightiest foe—that, of course, is my appetite for liquor. I am not a beggar. I ask not for charity. I have money enough and to spare. True, I have lavished thousands, tens of thousands—I may safely say a hundred thousand dollars, at least—upon dissipation, revelry, and the vices invariably associated therewith.

I am the son of wealthy, refined and highly respectable parents, who have spared no effort or expense to make me worthy of such a family circle. I am a college graduate, and, without boasting, I may claim to have intellect and education enough for almost any post of responsibility in the business world.

But, I am a drunkard! and that tells the story of my uselessness, misery and debasement. And yet I have not been driven from my father's door, as long since, I have deserved to be. Years ago, for very shame, and goaded by a consciousness of self-degradation, I voluntarily left the dear old homestead, resolved never more to return and disgrace its beloved inmates with my drunken presence.

They have not cut me off and left me to rags and starvation. As I have already hinted, my pecuniary wants are all sufficiently supplied. I have not a word of complaint to utter against the dear ones at home. I am voluntarily the prodigal—the degraded wanderer I am—and deserve sympathy from no one. Do not understand that I have made no efforts to reform. I have made most solemn resolutions. I have taken pledges of entire abstinence. I have entered into covenants with myself and others.

In short tried every method that friends have suggested. For six months I kept such a pledge. I then began to feel that I was a free man; but in a moment of temptation I fell—fell lower than ever—and thus I learned that I was still the bond slave of the same most ruthless tyrant. And such I am to-day. Oh, friends! is there no way of escape? Scarcely had he taken his seat when another gentleman, in another part of the hall, sprang to his feet, and placing himself right in front of the poor fellow, and seemingly forgetful that any but themselves were present, addressed him as follows:

And down he knelt, by his side, and poured out a most fervent and affecting prayer on his behalf. There were tears and fervent "Amens" from all sides. But what was, or will ultimately appear as the result of this, to me, most interesting incident, eternity only will unfold. A. D. —Newark, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

The Khedive has named Colonel Gordon, Governor-General of the Soudan, in addition to the Equatorial Provinces, with the fullest powers. His rule will extend from the first cataract to the Equator. Every hope may be entertained of the extinction of slavery by Colonel Gordon.

The historical matters of Scripture, both narrative and prophecy, constitute as it were the bones of its system; whereas the spiritual matters are as its muscles, bloodvessels and nerves. As the bones are necessary to the human system, so Scripture must have its historical matters. The expositor who nullifies the historical groundwork of Scripture for the sake of finding only spiritual truth everywhere, brings death on all correct interpretation.—F. A. Bengel.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A contemporary suggests that to our prayers for the increase of the ministry may well be added prayer for the improvement of the ministry, and also prayer for a greater regard for the ministry, that they may be more highly esteemed in love for their work's sake.

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

The committee appointed to examine the question of primary education in France have decided that it should be wholly at the cost of the State.

Salisbury Cathedral has an imposing and pleasing external appearance. The tower is 400 feet high, and is seen from all around. In it are tombs of ancient knights, bishops and noblemen. In one chapel we saw a curious style of ornamentation. All around the chapel (which is circular) are representations from Genesis, from chaos to the breaking of the tables by Moses! Many of these are most grotesque; for instance, one represents Cain killing Abel (who is standing erect with his back towards his murderer) whilst he (Cain) is striking at Abel's head with a huge hoe. Again Joseph is represented as going down head first into the pit (his brothers lowering him by a rope tied to his heels—only Joseph's heels are shown). These give an idea of the rude, grotesque representations seen in these interesting old places.

The following lines on Salisbury Cathedral show another interesting feature in it:

As many days as in one year there be, So many windows in this church we see; As many marble pillars here appear As there are hours throughout the fleeting year; As many gates as moons one year does view— Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.

It is extraordinary that they have so arranged all these numbers. Yet it seems to have been common in these by-gone days to seek to attain such grotesque results.

HER MAJESTY'S FUN.—Her Majesty has a pleasant wit when she chooses. On landing at Portsmouth a few days since to come to town for the opening of Parliament, she found that smart young beau, Sir Hastings Doyle, the general commanding the general commanding the district, waiting in the bitterest cold weather to receive her. "Sir Hastings," said the Queen kindly, "it is far too bad a day for you to be out." "Madam," replied he, "it is the duty of your generals to die in your service." "Yes," retorted the Queen, smiling, but not in that way." Sir Hastings has worn a comforter ever since.—Vanity Fair.

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sidney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

"Benjamin!" shouted Mrs. Toodles to her husband, who was going out the gate, "bring me up five cents' worth of snuff, when you come."

"Snuff? Mrs. Toodles, snuff?" he ejaculated, as he paused with his hand on the latch. "No, no, Mrs. Toodles; the times are too hard to admit of such extravagance; you must tinkle your nose with a straw when you want to sneeze."

It is said that a Boston clergyman, probably Rev. Philips Brooks, received the following Christmas presents: three sets of sleeve buttons, twenty-six pairs of slippers, thirty-one elegantly bound books, and majolica and ceramic gems sufficient to start a museum.

To keep moths out of old clothing it is recommended to give the clothing to the poor.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Milton, Queens Co., after the Rains.

Mr. Editor,— The heavy rain storms have swollen the river here many feet, and caused considerable damage, carrying away flumes and dams, and about fifty or sixty feet of the upper bridge; besides entering cellars, barns, and piggeries, floating the wooden sidewalk out of its place, and other frolics; and I fear by the sound of the rain to-night that its work is not yet over. It is many years since it was so high before, and the water falling over the dam at Milton, and there boiling, and seething, and hissing, and leaping, and bounding away to the sea, is a sight which once seen is not likely soon to be forgotten. A sea captain passing by this evening, who had been at sea for nearly two years, and visited many lands, remarked that he had not seen anything to equal it in all his travels. Southey's description of "How the water comes down at Lodore," may with equal faithfulness describe how it comes down at Milton. I append it that you and your readers may see what a grand sight we enjoy every day.

"Here it comes sparkling, And there it lies darkling, Here smoking and frothing, Its tumult and wrath in, It hastens along, conflicting and strong; Now striking and raging, As if a war wagging, Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and flinging, Showering and springing, Eddying and whisking, Spouting and frisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around Collecting, disjecting, With endless rebound; Smiting and fighting, A sight to delight in, Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and parting, And threading and spreading, And whizzing and hissing, And dripping and skipping, And whitening and brightening, And hitting and splitting, And shining and twining, And rattling and battling, And shaking and quaking, And pouring and roaring, And waving and raving, And tossing and crossing, And flowing and growing, And running and stunning, And hurrying and skurrying, And glittering and flittering, And gathering and feathering, And dinning and spinning, And foaming and roaming, And dropping and hopping, And working and jerking, And guggling and struggling, And heaving and cleaving, And thundering and floundering, And falling and brawling and sprawling.

And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, And sounding and bounding and rounding, And bubbling and troubling and doubling, Dividing and gliding and stiding, And grumbling and rumberling and stumbling, And clattering and battering and shattering, And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming, And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping, And curling and whirling and purling and turling, Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting, Delaying and straying and playing and straying, Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, Recoiling, tumbling, and toiling and boiling,

And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping, And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing, And so never ending but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending; All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, And this way the water comes down at Lodore," and at Milton. J. B.

We read in the Bible thirteenth chapter of I Samuel, nineteenth verse, that "there was no Smith found throughout all Israel."

For the Christian Messenger. A Correction.

Dear Editor,— A certain hymn has been going the round of the papers, entitled "He knows," said to be the last composed by Mr. Bliss, and which was not quite finished when he met with his death in the sad accident at Ashtabula. On reading the said hymn it seemed somewhat familiar. I have since found that it was recited at a Sunday School Concert held here Sept. 13, 1875. A few days ago the young lady who recited it lent me her album in which it is written, the date when copied being April 30, 1873. I think she told me she copied it from the Messenger. It consists of seven verses, while that of Mr. Bliss contains four. It is certain that Mr. B. would not have credited himself with the above hymn had he lived to publish it. It is more than probable he was simply altering it to his own taste, with a view of adapting it to music.

I will give three verses copied from the album, and then those attributed to Mr. Bliss, alternately.

Album. Title, "NOT KNOWING." "I know not what will befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes; And o'er each step in my pathway, He makes new scenes to rise; And every joy he sends me, Comes as a sweet and glad surprise."

Bliss. Title, "HE KNOWS." "I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils my eyes; And o'er each step on my onward way, He makes new scenes arise; And every joy he sends me comes A sweet and glad surprise."

A. "O restful, blissful ignorance. 'Tis better not to know; It keeps me quiet in those arms, Which will not let me go, And hushes my soul to rest On the bosom which loves me so."

B. "O blissful lack of wisdom, 'Tis better not to know; He holds me with his own right hand, And will not let me go. And lulls my troubled soul to rest, In him who loves me so."

A. "So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might; I would rather walk on in the dark with God Than go alone in the light.

B. "So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might, I'd rather walk in the dark with God, Than go alone in the light; I'd rather walk by faith with him, Than go alone by sight."

The second verse of Mr. Bliss's differs entirely from the other, with the exception of the first line, which in his reads: "One step I see before me." In the other "I see not a step before me." Milton.

For the Christian Messenger. A Glimpse of the Past.

Mr. Editor,— I just now hold in my hand a copy of the Minutes of the Nova Scotia Baptist Association, held at Clements, N. S., June 23rd and 24th, 1828. It has been carefully preserved, with many other relics of the past, by my mother. It is a very modest little pamphlet of only 14 pages, and shows that the denomination at that time could boast of only 19 ordained ministers, 3 licentiates, and 20 churches, with a membership of 1454, the whole Province included. By referring to the Baptist Year-Book of 1876, I find the number of ordained ministers to be 97, and 28 licentiates, 183 churches, with a membership of 21,731, thus giving us some idea of the progress of the denomination within the last half century.

But I think the Circular Letter to the Churches, contained in those old Minutes, is worthy the notice of all Church members. It was written by Elder Edward Manning, who, although dead, his precious memory still lives.

I cannot let the opportunity pass without making special mention of at least one clause of that long epistle. Although written more than fifty years ago, it speaks very plainly to Church members of the present day, and can be relied on as good counsel.

"Another evil we would warn you against is the forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is. Be sure to attend all the prayer-meetings instituted by the

Church, whether weekly or monthly, &c., and not as spectators, but as prayerful characters. Be strictly conscientious in attending the Conference or Church meetings. When any absent themselves through worldly-mindedness or indifference, there is a seat vacant that no one else can fill—there is a wound given to the brethren that no one else can heal—there is a stumbling-block cast in the way of God's people, that none but the delinquent can take up—there is a detraction from the declarative Glory of God, that none else can restore.

We beseech you, dear brethren, to be very careful to sanctify the Sabbath; indulge not in sloth on the morning of this holy day; be much in secret meditation and prayer; pray much for the Church, for the minister, and for a world lying in wickedness. If ye have much love for the Church ye will pray much for its prosperity; if ye have much love for your minister ye will pray frequently and fervently for his success in the Gospel, and feel much affection towards him, which would prevent you from adding grief to his sorrow, and would also prevent you from laying stumbling-blocks in the way of poor perishing sinners; and having such a disposition, you would warmly pray for their salvation. We often feel disturbed with coolness and a shyness towards our friends, but too often it is because our hearts are not right with God. We cannot feel hard against the worst character in the world if we bear him on our hearts at a Throne of Grace. We may detest the crime, but a praying heart will pity the criminal.

Thanking you very kindly for space, I remain, Your constant reader, W. D. Falmouth, April 2nd, 1877.

In Memoriam.

MRS. CATHERINE MORESIDE. "If I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." In accordance with this promise, death—to the believer "a messenger of peace"—again visited the home of Mr. Daniel Moreside, North River, P. E. I., on the 4th day of February last, calling to the better "home of the soul" his beloved wife Catherine, after a lingering illness, borne with much resignation to the Divine Will.

Our departed sister was the second daughter of the late Deacon McKinlay. She was 53 years of age, the last 25 of which were spent in consistent fellowship with the baptised Church worshipping near her home.

On visiting her a few days previously to her departure, the writer had another and a sure testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, whose promise is "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Among the many words spoken by her on that occasion, indicative of the calmness of her mind and the joy of her heart, were the following. "It is my desire that you should attend my funeral, and there sing my favorite hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus!'" (Bliss and Sanky's collection). Thus, you see, "we sorrow not like others who have no hope."

O, precious Gospel, that has robbed Death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. O, blessed Jesus, who has "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," whose own voice scattered, forever, the gloom from every believer's grave, as he stood near the grave of Lazarus and said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Happy those who have heard, heeded and obeyed; for them "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." —Charlotteon, March, 1877.

CAPT. DAVID DICKSON.

Of St. Mary's, in the County of Guysborough, departed this life on March 21st, in the 70th year of his age. Our brother was born at Jordan River, in the County of Shelburne, and came with his parents to St. Mary's when but a child. He followed the sea from his boyhood. He was a man of good judgment, of a liberal disposition, and tender hearted wishal. It seemed to do him good to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, which he has done at home and