

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Notes from the Third Baptist Church.

In last week's issue a few words were promised to encourage mothers in connection with the mention of the young man's baptism in Bedford Basin.

The facts can be stated in a few words and yet they contain lessons for every Christian.

A fortnight previously a mother whose load seemed greater than she could bear, arose and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Pray for my son, he has left his home and is going to the States, I should feel content if I only knew he was a Christian.'

The work of the Lord is progressing, four others are received for baptism.

Trusting in God we have resolved to sign the contract, and the work is commenced for the new church. I will write again next week more fully upon this subject.

For the Christian Messenger. From Lower California.

A FEW NOTES BY THE WAY. A STORM AND WATERSPOUT—FINE OUTLOOK FOR CROPS—FEED IN THE VALLEY—THOUSANDS OF SHEEP, CATTLE AND HORSES FOR ARIZONA GOLD FIELDS, AND MORE THAN 40 CAMELS EN ROUTE FOR THE SAME DESTINATION—LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, A NOVA SCOTIAN FAMILY—125 COWS AND HORSES FOR THE LAND OF PROMISE, DRIVEN BY THE GREAT DROUGHT FROM THE UPPER COUNTRY—A NEW TOWN IN THE PASS, BUT NO SUNDAY YET IMPORTED—HALLS AND CO'S FLUME—RAILROAD, &c., &c.

DEAR SIR,—As I am spending a couple of weeks in this valley and having a few moments at command, I send you these stray notes which you can commit to the waste basket or any other direction you please.

This valley is located about one hundred miles from Los Angeles, between two lofty mountains, viz., San Jacinto, (pronounced San Hosinto) on the right, and Old Gray Back on the left, both snow capped; opposite, looking at each other with rigid eyes, and down on a scene of warmth and beauty, that one would think would excite them to the melting mood.

mountain ranges extend for hundreds of miles—in fact all the way from Oregon to Mexico, Panama, and I know not how much farther, but think I saw the same range in Central America. It almost invariably snows on the mountains when it rains in the vallies. Now old Sol showed his genial face, radiant with warmth and good cheer. This rain, I regret to say, was but local, for, throughout the Pacific slope generally it has been withheld, both the former and latter rains, and as a natural consequence a great drought follows, such as has not been experienced for very many years.

men formed a circle on the grass and in the centre was Jack Bullet. His hands were tied behind him and from his eyes he sent murderous glances, "I wish I had knifed some of ye!" None of the men replied, some were pale, others nervous, and none seemed to relish the business in hand, which was the hanging of Jack Bullet. Shortly a man put in an appearance whom the boys called Elder Graves, and standing with one hand on the prisoner's shoulder he began: "Jack Bullet this is a solemn warning to us all. Here is the rope there is the limb and we are gathered to hang you. You came to Joe White's Dream—camp called by that name,—weeks ago, poor, hungry and ill. We fed you and nursed you and when you were well enough to work a full claim was staked off for you. How have you repaid us, Jack Bullet? You have stolen dust from the men, brought discord among us, incited rows and riots and last night you were detected when about to murder your partner and steal his five hundred dollars. We try to be white in this camp and try to use all men right but we cannot turn you away to prey upon some other party. The men are a-going to hang you."

For the Christian Messenger. The Baptismal Question. Dear Brother,— A friend has just placed in my hand a copy of the Wesleyan of the 28th ult., and in it I find a communication, purporting to come from the pen of a young Methodist minister, signing his name R. W. Smith. I am sorry to learn that the writer has been exceedingly disturbed by means of the closing sentences of a letter, written by myself, to the Christian Messenger of the 28th March last. I did not intend to give anyone pain or to use language that would be "openly insulting;" but was only giving expression to my own convictions of what would be the result of a more careful study of the New Testament on Christian Baptism; and venturing to express a desire that the Lord would hasten the time when the people would regard that book as the only perfectly reliable authority on the subject.

"May the good Lord have mercy upon the myriads who have gone, and the myriads who still go to their graves with their hopes for heaven founded on a bible, the teachings of which they have not studied with sufficient care to lead them to see and acknowledge Immersion as the only Christian Baptism." This prayer is fervent but rather misty. Does the brother believe that the day of God's grace extends beyond the grave? The language quoted looks that way. Does the brother really believe that our "Hopes for heaven are founded upon a Bible?" I had been led to believe that Christ crucified—the God and author of the Bible, rather than the Book itself, was the only foundation for the Christian's hope. "None other foundation can any man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus."