

one end to Jack's collar, pointed to the tub, while Sydney, at the same time, called and whistled to the dog.

The intelligent animal at once sprang into the water and swam out toward the tub, while Mr. Smith paid out the rope from the shore, and Sydney encouraged the dog with shouts of "Here Jack! Here, Jack! Good dog!—good fellow!" and the like.

Selected Lines,

In memory of Mr. Charles Grant, who died at Hammond's Plains, March 23rd, 1878.

Weep not for him! he dwelleth now Where tears and farewells are unknown; He walks in shining courts of light, His eyes behold the eternal throne.

The lingering pains of death are past, His weary days and nights are o'er, No wasting pain, no fell disease, Can reach him on that happy shore.

Slowly the silver cord was loosed, Slowly his calm life ebbed away, While on his cheek the hectic bloom Of death grew brighter day by day.

He watched the winter days go by, Saw the bright spring-tide's sunset glow, But from the hearts that loved him most The whisper came that he must go.

His waiting spirit caught the sound, The veil of earth dropped from his sight, And through the unclosed gates of death He saw the pearly gates of light.

With joy he hailed the mystic change And laid the robe of flesh aside; Calmly he met the boatman sent To bear him o'er death's viewless tide.

One parting look—one last adieu— A feeble fluttering breath—and then, The eyes that often looked on us Closed ne'er on earth to wake again.

Weep not for him! though ne'er again Will he upon time's threshold stand; His feet have gained a better shore, His home is in the sinless land.

No sorrow there can mar his joy, No night succeed the glowing day, No sickness there, or touch of pain, Again shall waste his life away.

Weep not for him! star-crowned he walks Beside the crystal sea of light, He bears the victory palm of heaven, And wears the saintly robe of light.

His gaze sweeps o'er unshadowed plains And boundless fields of living green; There he beholds the face of God Without a dimming veil between.

KEREN H. THOMAS.

In the following narrative, which recently appeared in the Religious Herald, there is a hint worthy of the widest circulation. We pass it along:

"In one of our staid and conservative churches, a short time ago, a sudden impulse was given to the weekly prayer meeting by the quiet, but vigorous and wise efficiency of a member whose example many others might very profitably follow.

"The prayer-meeting became, and had long been neglected by those brethren in the church to whom it especially belongs to make this of all others a live meeting. The neighboring churches were in much better trim in this particular, and the delinquents of the church were not unfrequently attracted to these live meetings to the neglect of their own. At length one of the members, more faulty than others in this very particular, raised the question with another brother who is an honored worker, whether it might not be well to look for a minister who could give more zest to the meetings, and compete more successfully with their neighbors in this line.

"The working brother said nothing, but did what was far better. He dropped a note to some thirty or forty of the members who were not as helpful at these meetings as they might be, urged the duty of co-operation, invited all to be present at the next meeting, quietly gathered a body of singers, and at the next prayer-meeting everybody was surprised and delighted. The room was full. The singing was grand. The minister was inspired. All were delighted. So much for working, instead of croaking. Every meeting since has been of like power. Let others go and do likewise."

TEARLESS MADNESS.—One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amidst the insane, observes the British Medical Journal. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholia, or the excitement of mania, as in the utter apathy of dementia. If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is either a patient commencing to recover, or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic, who is scarcely truly insane; while actually insane patients appear to have lost the power of weeping; it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears. Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the plaint of the sane woman contrasts with the dry-eyed appeal of the lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feelings which when pent up lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amidst all the misery of the insane, they can find no relief in tears. Poets, time out of mind, have noted the absence of tears when the accession of grief is very great. The excess of Donna Julia's grief is finely depicted when she says, "Mine eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears."

DEBILATED WITH THANKS.—The following is a copy of a letter sent by a minister in England to his brother minister in reply to a kind invitation to a tea-meeting:—

"Dear Brother,—Thank you for your invitation to your tea meeting; am sorry I cannot accept. The truth is I cannot afford it. If I come it will cost me 1s. for railway, and if a wet night 3d. more for 'bus, ticket for tea 1s., and if a collection another 1s. Now, during the tea-meeting season this winter I have resolved not to risk more than 5s. a week. On the week of your meeting I have already made two engagements; at one I shall not hear, I feel certain, anything about payment of expenses; at the other it will be offered in a way I can hardly accept without loss of self-respect. I thought it best to be candid, and so have told you the truth. Hoping you will have a good meeting, I am, yours fraternally,

ABOUT SNEEZING.—As a rule, a sneeze is the warning nature gives that some part of the body is exposed to a cooler temperature than the other parts, and the sneezer is "catching cold." Next to the warning, what is the use of the sneeze? It throws open the pores of the whole body, and induces a gentle perspiration; in a word, it throws off the cold. A child rarely sneezes more than twice—perspiration is readily induced in youth; an old man, on the contrary, sneezes half a dozen to a dozen times, with a loudly explosive 'catchogue.' It is harder to set him perspiring. When one is sitting by an open window, and finds himself sneezing, nature tells him he is taking cold. He should get up instantly, walk about, and take a full tumbler of cold water to keep up the gentle perspiration that the sneeze set in motion. If he does this, he will not be telling, an hour after, that he has a "cold in the head," or chest, or lungs.

HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.—The Rev. William Arnot obtained his elementary education in a way that made him deserve all it brought him in after years when he stood at the head of the pulpit in Scotland. In his autobiography he tells us that while employed in digging with several other persons, there was a short time for resting at the end of each furrow. He carried a small Latin grammar in his pocket, and while stopping for a few moments he would "run down a tense," which he would con over, together with his preceding lessons, during the progress of the next furrow. In this way he filled his mind with information, laid the foundation of his classical studies, and greatly assisted in increasing the retentiveness of his memory.

A curious question has arisen as to Lord Rosebury's marriage. The Solicitors' Journal points out that if, after the marriage at the Registrar's, they were described in the parish register of the Episcopal Church, where the marriage was repeated, as bachelor and spinster, there is a false entry. A nobleman was indicted in 1850 for having, on a similar re-marriage with a lady, described himself as a widower and his wife a widow. But the judge said it was difficult to say that it was "wilfully and corruptly," and the jury found a verdict of "not guilty."

A woman took her little one in her arms to hear a famous preacher. The loud voice from the platform awoke the child and made it cry, and its mother got up and was leaving the hall, when the minister stopped her by saying: "My good woman, don't go away. The baby doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that, sir, I leave," she replied, with a perfect unconsciousness of sarcasm. "It's you disturb the baby."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1878.

Easter Sunday and the Monday following were charming days and thoroughly enjoyed by young and old. The Catholic and Episcopal churches far outnumber all the others in this city, and of course a specialty is made in them of the Easter Service. The churches were elaborately decorated; many florists having lent their best energies for the whole year toward the production of Easter lilies. No pains or cost is spared for the procuring of these particular flowers at Easter time, for no others will take their place. A church of either of the two denominations mentioned would feel disgraced to let Easter Sunday go without lilies. Nor is this confined to those churches alone. I doubt if a single church of any pretensions at all, could be found here on Sunday week but held, at least, its pulpit vase of lilies. Even in the staid Congregational (the only one of its creed in the District) was seen a tall slender vase, filled with callas and their splendid leaves, the vase and stand that held it being twined about with light-veined English ivy.

But Monday was the children's day, given over to egg-rolling. Every urchin counted his scores of bright-colored eggs, and the White House grounds, thrown open for the occasion, were thronged from morning till night with the rollers. Small boys declare that the Capitol grounds afford the best place for this annual sport, and vow future vengeance upon the legislators who made the law prohibiting its use some two years ago.

Base-ball and boating amusements have begun in our midst. The programme presented by both these is of the best, and they will doubtless afford much pleasure to those interested in the game and to lovers of aquatic sports.

A very apt sermon was preached last Sunday in one of our city churches on the subject, "How shall we bury our dead?" I say it was apt, for custom and fashion are demanding so much in this direction of late, and are becoming so arbitrary regarding it, that it is high time both pulpit and press cried out against it for the sake of the living. The dead, for whom all the show and parade now customary at burials is made, are in no way helped or benefitted thereby, and beyond doubt the living who are left oftentimes to suffer much because of expenses incurred for stylish burials of friends. I recall an instance—a little child of poor parents. An expensive casket and robe and flowers were procured, a long line of hired hacks were in attendance, and the bereaved father and mother had scarcely decent clothing to wear to the funeral. The debt incurred for that ceremony so harassed and wore upon the father that he actually hurried himself to his grave as a result.

The mock-funeral of Victor Emanuel, as it was celebrated here, was a wicked thing, viewing it from our standpoint. Thousands of dollars were expended—even a rich and costly casket and pall were secured, and floral decorations enough paid for to have fed hundreds of hungry mouths for weeks. I cannot think but the Lord above would be better pleased at seeing money spent for the feeding and clothing of his hungry and naked living poor than in throwing it away to make a show for those who need nothing farther here.

To most minds the idea of burning the remains of a loved one is revolting in the extreme; and yet, it cannot be denied that, cremation or burial, the process of consumption is precisely the same, the one simply being speedy and simple, the other, gradual and disgusting in detail.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger. A Sabbath Evening Thought.

TIME. No seasons for praying, When Sabbaths are o'er; No time of soul-winning When Time is no more. What a change, when we stand On Eternity's shore; For life's but beginning When Time is no more.

S. N. B. Church, Halifax, April 28, 1878.

For the Christian Messenger. Our Paris Letter.

No. 3.

(From our Am. Correspondent there.)

THE GREAT DAY APPROACHING—EXHIBIT OF TIFFANY & CO.—THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND—HORSE-MARINES ON DUTY—THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT THE EXPOSITION—A BIG BALLOON—SOMETHING ABOUT OUR "HONORARY" COMMISSIONERS, ETC.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, April 14, 1878.

Another fortnight, and the grand Exposition will open. But it will be far from ready, and visitors for the first week or two will have to pick their way carefully among packing cases, shelving, canvas screens covering incomplete or unfinished sections, and bric a brac of all kinds. Somehow or other, these grand international exhibitions never are ready on time; Paris was not ready in 1867, Vienna was not ready in 1873, and Philadelphia was not ready in 1876. In 1867, the Emperor walked through two rows of "consignments" and declared the Exhibition open, long before the workmen were able to make the same declaration in regard to most of the packing cases. Marshall McMahon, no doubt, will do much the same thing this time; and I would advise those who contemplate visiting the grand show not to start earlier than June, as it will be the middle of that month, judging from present appearances, before all the departments will be complete and ready for inspection.

In the United States section, the men are working day and night, and we will be tolerably far advanced on the opening day. The costly exhibit of Tiffany & Co., of New York, has arrived, and is placed in position, guarded by four of the fifteen marines who were sent out by the government to guard the United States section; one of the rules being that the different nations have to watch their goods at their own expense, with general assistance, of course, from the local French authorities. It is curious to see soldiers from all parts of the world in the palace on the Champ de Mars, stationed on duty in front of the sections allotted to their respective countries; no less than eighteen men of the "line" standing guard, day and night, over the case which contains the crown-jewels of England, in the British section.

The arrangements for lighting the Palace of the Trocadero, as well as the Place de l'Opera, Avenue du Trocadero, and the Bridge of Jena with the electric light are rapidly progressing, and it is expected that the machines will be in operation by the middle of May. The principal railway stations will all be supplied with this light before the close of the exhibition, and the proprietors of some of the larger retail stores are making arrangements to light their establishments by electricity, compared with which gas is as tallow dips compared to gas.

The gamins of Paris are looking forward in great glee to the balloon ascents that are to form one of the features of the Exposition. The balloon, which will be the largest in the world, is now in course of manufacture at the Tuileries, where one hundred and sixty sewing girls are engaged in putting the pieces of which it is made together. The car will hold fifty passengers, and has a restaurant and bar attached. A wire rope, some eight hundred feet in length, will be secured in the bottom of the car and operated by a windlass, so that the balloon with its living cargo will always be under control—provided the rope does not break. It will take about four minutes, under favorable circumstances, for the balloon to ascend till the end of rope is reached, and about eight to wind it down again, the windlass being operated by a small steam engine. A ride in the balloon will cost two francs, and admittance to the enclosure wherefrom the ascent takes place one franc. The chances of an accident by the rope giving way are freely discussed, and would form, doubtless, an acceptable sensational side show to the satiated Parisians.

One of the most amusing features of the appointment, by the United States President, of one hundred and fifty "honorary" commissioners is the delusion under which some of these gentlemen labor regarding their prerogatives. Some forty or fifty of them have arrived already, and are causing Mr. McCormick, the Commissioner Gene-

ral, more trouble than all other things combined. In the first place, they insist on free passes, which the French Government will not grant; secondly, they want choice seats at the opening ceremonies; thirdly, they want invitations to the grand banquet which will be given by the City of Paris on the opening day; and lastly, they want introductions to President MacMahon. Neither of these things are feasible, and the "Honorary" are dissatisfied in consequence. England, with an exhibit more than six times as large as that of the United States, has only three honorary Commissioners; Germany has seven, Russia has three, and no nation has more than ten, with the exception of the United States, which has one hundred and fifty, or about as many as all the other nations which participate in the Exposition put together. The Parisians think it absurd, and, in my opinion, they are not far from the truth. The theatres, now in full blast, are reaping a rich harvest; especially those whose specialty is Opera Bouffe.

In my next, I shall endeavor to give some idea of the arrangement of the Exposition—a difficult task owing to the unfinished condition of everything, and the fact that there are two separate and distinct exposition buildings and grounds, the palace of the Trocadero and the palace of the Champ de Mars, divided by the river Seine and united by the bridge of Jena. The view from the terrace back of the Trocadero is simply superb, and will form the favorite promenade for visitors to the Exhibition.

LOUIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Baptism.

Dear Editor,—

I had prepared the first instalment of a review of Rev. J. Lathern's work, "Baptisma," and was about forwarding it to you when I saw by a communication from Rev. J. L. in the Wesleyan of April 27th that he intends bringing out a larger work, "Which," he says, "in argument and exegesis may be deemed more worthy of the subject." Mr. L. apologises for "Baptisma" as being "the hasty production of a single week," by which we may suppose him to mean that he would have done better if he had had more time; we may therefore expect that the forthcoming volume will be the best he can do; we shall therefore look with considerable interest for its appearance.

In Mr. L.'s communication he says, "The testimony of fallible men to which the theory of immersion is frequently driven for support, is a poor refuge, a frail foundation on which to build for an enduring structure." After that we shall expect Mr. L.'s arguments for infant sprinkling will be gathered from some other source than fallible men, viz., the Bible itself. It will be refreshing to see the arguments for that practice drawn entirely from Scripture. We as Baptists are perfectly satisfied and anxious that the arguments or controversy be conducted on Scripture grounds. Mr. L. says it is not his "present purpose to be drawn aside into the swirling waters of immersionist newspaper controversy." This he has to please himself about, but if he is satisfied that infant sprinkling, or adult either, be of Divine origin, and a Christian duty, he ought to contend for it with all his might, and all the more that infant sprinkling is so much on the decline.

I hope, for the sake of Baptists, that in the forthcoming volume Mr. L. will not omit that suggestive note at the bottom of page 40 in "Baptisma," which, for the sake of my brethren, I will transcribe:—"Clamour for external rite is associated with and constitutes a distinctive feature of some of the least reputable of all religious organizations. In the rhapsody and rhodomontade of Mormonite preachers, listened to from motives of curiosity in other days, there was little of polygamy, of the land of promise, or of any other peculiarity of Mormonism; but a most strenuous and vociferous contention for immersion. Mormonite converts, perverts, were exultingly led down into the liquid grave." There, Baptists! read that and take warning, and thank the worthy brother who has thus pointed out to you the dangers into which you are drifting. There is also another note which I would hope Mr. L. will omit for his own