

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19, 1878.

An important matter appertaining to the Post Office Department was settled last week—the Spring mail-lettings. This consisted in awarding the mail routes in nine States and all the Territories, accomplished two weeks earlier than usual this year. The number of routes exceeds 1,800, and 25,500 proposals for them were entered and considered.

Genl. O. O. Howard is here, having been summoned all the way from the Pacific coast to be investigated, and having last week gained a complete victory in the Freedmen's Bureau case that has been so long pending against him. The General looks like a weary saddened man. Bowed and grey and bronzed from harshness or exposure and the persecutions of his fellow-men, it is no wonder that his appearance and expression are those of sadness. I heard him speak last week at Howard University to the colored students there, and the scene was most pathetic. When he came upon the platform the applause that greeted him was tremendous and prolonged. But he responded with neither smile nor bow, and soon I saw that he was too much moved to speak. When he could master his voice he said the scene was full of the pathos of sad remembrances to him, taking him back in spirit through the trials and hardships and suffering of the last decade. Fred Douglass spoke a few minutes after Genl. Howard, beginning his address with, "Brothers we ought to love Genl. Howard." They ought. The very best of his life he has given to the colored man's cause.

It is strange that so good a man and so Christian a man should have such enemies as he has. The animosity of one dates back to army jealousies while that of another was born in the church. Genl. Boynton's father was pastor of the Congregational Church here, which Genl. Howard was instrumental in founding, and Boynton, the pastor, and Genl. Howard, disagreeing on the negro question, Genl. Boynton, the son, took it up and began a persecution of Genl. Howard that has never ceased.

Washington is enjoying a novelty—spring weather. Usually, all the spring we know is a week or two of dull, rainy weather, cold and raw, from which we are precipitated into midsummer heat. But the last month has been unmistakably balmy spring, and to-day birds are singing, buds are bursting, and the world hereabouts is happy and glad. Crocuses, hyacinths and dandelions are blossoming in gardens and lawns, while the woods outside the city are full of spring flowers. Everybody who goes to market comes away with a bunch of trailing arbutus, "darlings of the forest," and all earth, indoors and out, seems in tune with the green things growing.

"Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear life's murmur, or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches and lowers, And, grasping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, We are happy now because God so wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green."

And they are green. The tender new leaves of the box and willow have expanded most, but lilacs and maples, and other park shrubbery are fast losing their brown winter look. Many are taking advantage of the bright days for a trip down the Patomac to Mount Vernon, and there the season appeared even more advanced than here. It may be because of so many evergreens about the lawn and garden, holly, magnolia, &c. The magnolias are budded for blossoming there, and so are the roses and other shrubs.

MERRILL.

There never did, and there never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

For the Christian Messenger. From Georgia.

STONE MOUNTAIN, GA., March 14, 1878.

Five or six years ago the people in this country became greatly enthused in Sabbath Schools. In nearly every section of the country, nook and cranny, where a tolerably fair attendance could be secured, a school was organized. The work went on smoothly and delightfully. Old men had occasion to remark, not only privately but publicly, they had never known to follow in such rapid succession such a great decrease in idle Sunday gossip and Sabbath desecration. Preaching became more frequent in places where such schools were organized, hitherto enjoying divine services but seldom. But I am sorry to note that there has within the last year been a very marked decadence in the general attendance of these schools. Many schools now cease altogether to exist, and several once very flourishing, numerically, are poorly attended. But it is the ardent wish of many zealous workers that a reaction may take place this present year.

The Baptists are the leading denomination of this country. Churches are quite numerous. Within an area here of four miles—including this village with its two churches—there are no less than nine regularly established churches, two of which, however, are anti-missionary, familiarly known here as "old sides" and "hard-shells." All these have regular pastoral services. The Rev. J. M. Stillwell, one among the most energetic, self-denying Baptist pastors, who devoted himself unreluctantly to the cause of the Master by preaching and edifying the churches, endeavoring to cement them in love and faith in the gospel, has passed away. He was a man who lived an exemplary life and was beloved by all.

The Anti-Missionary Baptists, a distinct denomination, are becoming less numerous, but there are still many churches through the country. Their membership has, according to their own statistics, gradually decreased for the past forty years within this State. At present, according to my own information, they have within the United States only three denominational papers, the *Signs of the Times*, published in New York; *Zion's Landmarks*, in North Carolina; and the *Primitive Pathway*, in Alabama. They hold no fellowship with Missionary Boards or operations, for Tract Societies, Bible Societies, Temperance Societies, Sunday Schools and Freemasonry.

Those unacquainted with the geography of this section of the country may suppose from its being far south that it is unhealthy, and exposed to miasmatic influences. Such is not the case. Unlike much of the country forming the cotton belt, this part of the State, as Northern Georgia, is high, elevated, intersected with many deep ravines; the water is pure, balmy, and very cool during the summer. Instances of longevity are not infrequent. Mrs. Cola Hicks died last year, not far from here, at the advanced age of one hundred. Mr. John Leach, a few miles north of this, is said to be now one hundred and sixteen years, and strange as it may seem, it is said by his immediate neighbors that he continues to work upon his little farm.

Concerning the resources of the State, the State Geologist, Dr. Little, makes this report to an Atlanta paper:—"It is almost impossible to conceive of a State having greater and more varied resources than Georgia. We have gold equal to California, copper equal to Tennessee, coal equal to Pennsylvania, iron equal to any country, water powers equal to Massachusetts, pasturage equal to Kentucky, soil equal to Iowa, lumber superior to Maine, and a climate better than any of them."

More anon, P. L. HAMPTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

Temperance.

Dear Sir,—

This copy of "Satan's Royal Commission to Tobacco," which I now send you for publication, may be supposed to have been issued first in the Spanish language over 300 years ago. Although the agent began his work among English speaking people at nearly the same time, and has acquired ever-increasing power from that time to the present; yet this document has never, to the

best of my knowledge, found its way into the English Press. Its publication just now ought to open the eyes of Christian workers to the actual designs of the great enemy of souls. How shall we successfully combat the powers of darkness, unless their plans of attack be fully known. What a waste of power, to preach to narcotized, tobacco-drunken saints and sinners. The most pathetic gospel appeals have but little effect, and as soon as convenient thereafter will be quenched in smoke. Well may Satan laugh for joy at the sad picture of professed co-workers with the pure and holy Jesus to save men, even a tobacco-drunken minister, preaching to tobacco-drunken men. Many young men, when I have appealed to them, have testified that smoking after listening to a soul-moving sermon has tended to drive away their anxiety for salvation and leave them as careless as ever. An old minister, in summing up his observations of a fifty years pastorate, on this point says: "That while a large portion of the non-smoking young men that came under his care were hopefully converted, yet, but a small portion of the smoking young men yielded to the claims of Christ." Again, there is abundant evidence that the smoking church members much oftener dishonor their profession of religion by grievous falls than non-smokers. This is just what we would expect, as "evil communications corrupt good manners." Will not the weak-kneed, man-pleasing tendencies of so many of our ministers and Christian workers which is shown by neglecting to earnestly dissuade Christian men from the tobacco-using habit, be interpreted as a sanction of their filthy lust. The royal order from heaven is, "Cry aloud, spare not; shew unto the people their transgressions."

People talk about the Millennium coming; but I will venture to say that there will be no millennium until Christians give up the use of tobacco in all its forms. We are told in Isa. xi. 9 that then "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," but now we learn from the latest estimates that the professing Christians of the United States destroy annually in the use of tobacco \$25,000,000 of the Lord's money. Add to this also that more terrible destruction of physical, mental and spiritual power resulting from its use. At the same time, American Christians spend annually only \$7,000,000 upon all gospel and benevolent purposes. What a sad picture! But perhaps the most discouraging feeling of the case is, that even the Christian people who have not defiled themselves with tobacco, have become used to looking upon the vice with complacency, or they are so appalled in view of the vastness and extent of the evil that they sink back in hopeless despondency. Why thus discouraged? This battle against tobacco is the Lord's. It is for our country, our kindred, and for our church's purity, which means its increased power to save the souls of men who are hastening to perdition. Shall there not be found some true men in each and all of our churches that shall hear the order from the Captain of our salvation and obey it—"Quit you like men! Be strong! for the Lord your God will fight for you" until the devil's agent, Tobacco, shall be banished from every Christian home in America. 'Tis ours to put the battle in array, and using only Christian weapons to fight on until death, then the victory is ours, and God shall have all the glory.

D. ARCHIBALD.

Dundas, P. E. I., March 4th, 1878.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF SATAN TO HIS AGENT, TOBACCO.

To my valued servant, Tobacco,—

GREETING:—By the power vested in me, as king of angels and men, you are hereby commissioned to carry on the work of captivating, especially the young men, with the intent of so perverting their tastes, that they will have a desire awakened for an acquaintance with your older brother and my powerful agent, Prince Alcohol; that by all means their hearts may be hardened against my enemy, JESUS, for I know well your power to silence the pleadings of a disturbed conscience.

2nd. Be of good courage, and make acquaintance with the servants of Jesus. Your skill is perfect to deceive them and blunt their moral sensibilities and soothe them in trouble, so that they will

often rest satisfied with your comfort, and seek not the presence of Jesus. Inasmuch as we cannot wholly separate them from Christ, we must cripple them and keep them in bondage, so that Jesus cannot use them effectively in making war upon my kingdom.

3rd. Do not be dismayed, though Prince Alcohol be driven out from many homes, you will then be more than ever needed as a solace to those who are calling upon Jesus for deliverance from Prince Alcohol. If you succeed in retaining a firm hold of their affections, many of them will be won back to the embrace of Prince Alcohol, and then I will be sure of them in my kingdom.

4th. You will do well to form a close and confidential alliance with Prince Alcohol in order to facilitate the work, that men may become acquainted with you both at once.

I need scarcely bid you adieu. You may be encouraged to earnestly labour, by the fact of my constant presence to lend my counsel as well as my help in gathering in the ever ripening harvest.

SATAN.

For the Christian Messenger.

May's Invasion of March.

How wondrously nature her scenes shifts! What magical changes she works! May's beauty March tempests obscuring, And with March snows May coyly lurks.

Where now are the great mountain snow-drifts, And all the wide landscape of snow? They have yielded to warm southern breezes, And out to the ocean they flow.

To-day all is brightness and beauty, The chick-a-dees song fills the air, The brooks sing their sweetest spring music, And cheerily crows chanticleer.

The cattle are out in the meadows, They are lowing and bleating in tune, And nought but the bare trees remind us 'Tis Winter, and not lovely June.

Alas! that these bright dreams prophetic Are dispelled by the rude northern blast

That at night howls and shrieks round the homestead, And the snow 'gainst the window panes cast.

And thus, midst the conflict of nations, Was the Millennial era foretold, When peace and good will to all people And when justice the Lord shall uphold.

E. S. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mr. Editor,—

Sir,—Deacon W. E. Penn, the Texas evangelist, in nineteen months' labor, lost only eleven days from sickness and other causes. He has preached twice every day, and often as many as four times on Sunday.

Twenty-eight hundred conversions and immersions has been the result of his meetings; and there is no liberalism, compromise, or any other half-gospelism about him either; he does not shun to declare the whole gospel, the whole commission, the whole truth, and his converts, like all those brought to Christ under such preaching, are well grounded and established in the truth, and are honoring Christ in their daily walk and conversation.

Rev. J. M. Perryman, a Presbyterian minister of some note, and Superintendent of a Female Institute in the States, was recently baptized (immersed) by Elder H. F. Buckner, a Baptist Indian missionary. Mr. Perryman is a man of excellent education, and a fine pulpit orator, with great piety and zeal for his Master's cause, he could no longer practice the sprinkling of unconscious infants, for the Christian ordinance of believers' baptism, and so yielded obedience to his Master's command and example.

W. H.

In Memoriam.

DEACON PURDY.

The subject of this memorial died at Clements, Dec. 9th, 1877, aged 74 years. Bro. Purdy was a man of piety and generosity, and having possessed these qualities, was chosen to the deaconship of the Clements Baptist Church, which position he maintained with honor until his death.

He was humble in his walk, active in the church, and firm in his adherence to the doctrines of grace. Of a truth, it may be said of him, he was "not sloth-

ful in business: fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." His benevolence was experienced by many outside of his own church. A welcome was always found at his house for delegates going to and from the anniversaries of our denomination. Those who have enjoyed his genuine hospitality must have marked how unassuming were his efforts, and yet how effectual in making all happy and comfortable. His sickness was short, but borne with Christian resignation. Just before his ransomed spirit fled, he expressed a great desire for the welfare of the cause of God, and urged his family to live for Christ. In the death of Dea. Purdy the church has lost a valuable member, the community an honest and kind citizen, and his family a loving father. May God sustain Sister Purdy and family:—

"The happy spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine."

—Communicated.

MRS. MARY WYMAN.

Suddenly, at Yarmouth, N. S., March 20th. Mrs. Mary Wyman, widow of the late Calvin Wyman, Esq., aged 59 years. The deceased was converted in early life, and with her husband joined the First Baptist Church of Yarmouth in 1840, soon after marriage. Their home being very near the church, for many years, it was always open for the entertainment of ministers, where they found a warm welcome and kind attention. Her whole life has been one of love and care for others, and all who knew her will remember her ready willingness to assist any one in trouble, and her own family more than any one else, knew the utter unselfishness of her nature, always thinking of, and caring for them, concealing her own pain and sadness that they might not be troubled; and to the very last this was her strong characteristic. During her life she passed through much pain, sorrow and loss, yet in it all, her faith and trust in God was unshaken; and never was she heard to utter a repining word. She was seriously ill but two days, of heart disease, and her last words, (before she fell into the sleep from which she awakened in Heaven) as her daughter spoke to her of her illness, were, "God is good, and He knows."

She was the sister of Samuel Brown, Esq., who died just one week previous, and whose funeral she attended.

All connected with her will sadly miss the genial presence and kindly heart, ready feet and willing hands, but their consolation is that she is gone to enjoy the "Rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Our Darlings.

When the morning stars were paling,
At the coming of the day,
And the moonbeams fading silver
O'er the silent forest lay;
Just as morning's rosy fingers
Clasped the hands of dying night,
On our threshold stood an angel
With a brow of radiant light.

And he came where our Theodore
Moaned upon his mother's breast,
And with gently spoken whispers
Calms his anguish into rest;
Then, with soothing, sweet caresses,
Clasped his boyish little hand,
Out into the silent morning,
Bore him to the Better Land.

Naught was left us but the casket
Whence the precious gem had fled,
How our hearts were filled with anguish
When we knew that he was dead!
And with tears of bitter sorrow,
Then, we clothed him for his rest,
Placed white blossoms on his pillow,
Crossed his hands upon his breast.

Out beneath the golden sunlight
We our precious treasure bore;
Placed him there beside the forest,
Where he rests forevermore;
But again our hearts were riven,
And our home made sad and drear,
When the angel claimed another
And we stood beside the bier.

Of our Ella—loved companion
Of her brother gone before,
Happy in life, peaceful in death,
Soon they met to part no more.
Yet the third time Death did enter,
And his icy fingers hold
Upon another youthful form
Till 'twas pale and stiff and cold.

Then to the silent grave we went,
And close by the other two
Laid our Esther in her narrow home
And breathed again adieu.
And though our hearts are sad and lone,
And we miss their tones of mirth,
Three the more we have in Heaven
Three the less to love on earth.