

Bessie came in, and taking one of the big chairs opposite the deacon watched him fill a plate with all sorts of good things.

"Do you eat your dinner as well as your breakfast all alone?" she asked at last. "Haven't you any little girls nor boys—not one?"

"Not one."

"If I had known that," she went on, looking at him wistfully, "I would have brought my breakfast in a pail and eaten it with you."

"Suppose you try this," said the deacon, handing her the plate he had filled. Bessie wasn't hungry, but she thought it would be impolite to refuse, so she took it, and she and the deacon ate their breakfast together, she at the head of the table and he at the foot.

"I am very sorry you are all alone," began Bessie after a moment's silence. "Wouldn't you like a little girl like me?"

"And what good do little girls like you do?" asked the deacon.

"Oh! none at all," said Bessie; "only if you had one she could love you lots."

"So she could," said the deacon, with something of a sigh, and after that he let Bessie do all the talking until the old housekeeper came to the door and said the horse was waiting at the gate. Then what do you suppose the deacon said? Nothing less than this: "Well, Bessie, how would you like to take another ride home with me?"

"Oh, I'd like it lots," said Bessie, jumping up and clapping her hands. "And this time you invite me, I don't invite you."

"Certainly," said the deacon, "I invite you;" and out they went, and Bessie scrambled up once more into the buggy.

They had a merry ride home, for the deacon's hat blew off, and he had to chase it along the road. Bessie laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, and even the deacon smiled when he was once more seated by her side.

When they drove up to the door of the cottage Mrs. Bly met them.

She thanked the deacon for bringing Bessie home, and then turning to her little girl, who had jumped down after giving the deacon a kiss for thanks, asked if she had apologized prettily.

"There," said Bessie, "I thought I had forgotten something."

"You don't mean to say that you forgot to tell him what you went up there for?" cried her mother. "Why Bessie, what could he have thought of you?" "I'm sorry, mama," said Bessie, sorrowfully, "but never mind. I will go up again to-morrow; I like to apologize."

That Bessie did not do, but wonderful to relate, the deacon came to see her. In fact she and the deacon became such friends that the neighbors ceased to wonder at seeing "cross old Mr. Fox" driving about with one of the school children seated by his side. Only Aunt Jemima could not forget Bessie's first ride, and would always shake her head when she saw them together and say, "Well, well! To think it should all have turned out so beautifully."—*Christian Union.*

Too Certain.

"Father, I am tired of reading the Bible. I have read it so often that I know everything in it."

"Everything my son? Do you think you could not find one chapter that would contain something you have never yet noticed?"

"Yes, father, I think so. I am sure I know all that is in the historical parts of the Bible."

"Well, let me try you. When were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and a supply left when they had done eating?"

"Why, father, surely I remember Christ's feeding several thousand persons, at two different times with a few loaves and fishes."

"Very well; those were two instances. Now tell me a third."

"There is no other in the Bible."

"You are perfectly sure of that, are you? Suppose you reflect a little before you answer again."

"Yes, father, I have thought, and I am certain there is no other miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Well my son, open your Bible at the fourth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings."

"The Fourth Book of Kings? Father there is no such book."

"Hand me the Bible. What does this title say?"

"It is 'The Second Book of Kings, commonly called the Fourth Book of Kings.'"

"Well, there is one thing learned by the boy that knew the Bible so well. Now turn to the Fourth chapter, and read from the forty-second verse."

"Here it is, sir; 'And there came a man from Baalshalish, and brought the man of God—'"

"Who was that man of God?"

"I must look. It was the prophet Elisha."

"Now proceed."

"And brought the man of God bread of the first fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husks thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servant said: What, should I set this before a hundred men? He said again, Give the people that they may eat; for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and leave thereof. So he set it before them and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."

"That will do for this time, my son. I have never wished to make the reading of the Scriptures tedious by requiring you to read them continually without giving you other books to read. But I want to convince you how mistaken young people are apt to be in their ideas of their own knowledge. There are thousands of children—yes, and of men and women too—who would read with great interest many passages of the Bible, if they found them in a fresh and beautiful volume, which they believed to contain nothing but what is published for the first time. Remember this and let me advise you to read the four books of Kings, and to make a list of all the passages you will find there, which, like the one you have just read, are as new to you as if you had never heard nor read them."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1878.

Washington might as well be called a city of entertainments, as a city of distances. There is no evening but there is "something to go to." Just now the amusements are gotten up by home talent, but are none the less noteworthy for that. One of the best lectures of the season was that delivered by Mrs. Lippincott—better known as "Grace Greenwood"—the other evening on "The Heroic in Common Life." All through the winter season our amateur artists lend their aid very freely to benevolent institutions, church festivals and other charities, and now, when the gayeties of the year are past, "benefits" for these amateurs are given, and these are now in order. This week we have also had four nights of "Authors' Carnival," which has been given here for the last three years. This consists of a representation of some of the principal scenes and persons of famous writers, such as Dickens, Burns, Whittier, Jules Verne and others. Booths are arranged all around the hall, of which the various churches take charge, the whole thing being for the benefit of the Woman's Christian Association.

Dickens' funny characters, Sam Weller, The Fat Boy, Artful Dodger, The Micawbers, &c., made good characters in the comic line. Whittier's snow-bound Quaker home, forms a peaceful scene; a merry-making band of Roman peasantry, furnishes beauty enough. Rip Van Winkle and Aladdin's Cave are wonderful, while various other well-represented scenes are displayed.

At one end of the hall is a little booth fitted up as an artist's studio, and Vinnie Ream, the world-renowned little sculptress, sits modelling from the life. She furnishes a pretty picture, sitting there in a long-sleeved apron and head tied up in a veil—turban fashion—and no one knows it better than herself. A basket of flowers hang from the ceiling of her booth, two or three tame ring-doves of her own perch about her, and a black servant fans her continually as she works. Her subject is Lieut. Hoxie said to be her betrothed.

The Doorkeeper business occupied Congress the latter part of the week, and will come up again. Polk has lost his political head, and the pro-

peat is now that General Field, of Georgia, will occupy his position. Butler wants Genl. Shields for the office, but as the House has a Democratic majority their candidate has the best prospects.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger.

"I cannot die a Universalist!"

These were the words of a dying man who had lived in sin, but who had taken refuge in the error of Universalism as a quietus for conscience. I was about leaving a sphere of gospel labour for a time, and paying a few good-bye visits previous to going. A Mr. — lived in the community, upon whom I occasionally called, who now wished me to spend an hour or two with him in talk, over a cup of tea. He had long opposed the gospel of God's grace, and had actively influenced many minds in the same direction. He had read extensively "Unitarian" and "Universalist" works, and was well posted in all the sophisticated reasonings of these schools; indeed he prided himself in being an expert in controversy against what he was pleased to term, "the darkened theology," viz., "Evangelical truths," touching original sin, man's deep responsibility, God's sovereignty, and the grace and fullness of the gospel in its adaptation to meet man's deepest need as a sinner, in the person and sufferings of Jesus the Saviour. We had frequently conversed on the glorious theme of "redemption;" also on the fearful results attending the neglect or rejection of God's salvation. This was the subject matter of our last conversation. He was by no means convinced, respectfully declining all deductions from God's revealed Word relevant to the final doom of the unjust. When about to leave, after prayer, I said in substance:—My friend, though I have long known you as an opponent of truth, yet I have ever found you respectful to myself personally; and now we part—it may be for the last time. I am about to cross the ocean, and may be taken; for many are swallowed up in the great deep. You are an elderly man, and may soon be summoned into the eternal world. Let me say to you kindly, and in all faithfulness, you stand in an awfully solemn position at this moment, and if called suddenly, you have no foundation for your precious soul—you must be everlastingly lost. If, however, you should be brought to a sick and death bed, having time to reflect, soberly and seriously, on your life and doctrines, you will then (perhaps too late, however, though God forbid it should be so) find out that you have been deluded by the great enemy of souls, and by the willing concurrence of your own evil and deceitful heart in listening approvingly to Satan's lie, and repelling God's truth from your heart and conscience. "But," I remarked with some emphasis, "believe me, you will not be able to die a Universalist! Conscience will one day speak for God and truth, depend upon it." He thanked me smilingly, and rejoined, "Nothing will change me from my views: they are fixed and well grounded; they will remain with me, aye, and be my fortress, too, to the last. I am not afraid to prove them, sir, be assured." Thus we parted. Two years later I was again in the vicinity, and visited the widow of the above, who had died several months previously, having suffered greatly—both physically and mentally—ere he departed. His widow, with many tears, reminded me of my last conversation with her departed husband, and referred to the closing scenes of the dying man. "Oh, sir," she said, "you told him truly, that he would find he could not die a Universalist. The last three weeks of his life were the most dreadful you ever saw any one suffer; his bodily pains were great; but he suffered in mind much more. In his terribly anguished state of mind he would frequently refer to you, and to the last statement of yours, and would groan out with bitter wailing, 'Mr. K. was right. I cannot die with this delusion. It is, indeed, true. There is a hell—a dreadful hell—and I begin to realize its torments already; but what are all these—dreadful as they are—to the awful reality that is just before me?' Again, his remorse was deep, that he had sought out and, alas, influenced others to their destruction—mentioning the names of some who had died either as drunkards, or were lost at

sea." He desired his books to be brought (quite a number) and burned in his presence, saying, "I wish the memory of all that I have said to others could be burnt out of their minds even as these evil books are being burnt;" and would exclaim at intervals, "Can such a wretch as I be saved? We must draw the veil over much that transpired during nights and days of darkness and anguish of soul with the fearful anticipation of 'coming woe!' Suffice it to say, he seemed to realize the awful fact that 'he was a lost sinner, going down speedily to the certain doom he had so long rejected in his belief,' but now verified vividly in all the depths of an agonized soul's consciousness—hovering already, as it were, over the dark, dark abyss of endless perdition. He was intreated by Christian friends to look even yet to Jesus, the Almighty Saviour of the lost sinner! Often, very often, the expression would break forth as from the depths of anguish and doubt, 'Can such a wretch, such a sinner as I be saved?' Finally, He who called from the heights of heaven to the persecuting 'Saul of Tarsus,' and bade the sinner live, revealed Himself to this poor man also as the Almighty Redeemer, and willing to save him from death and hell. From this point his mind became more calm, and under the gracious influence of divine teaching, he could say with the poet:—

"I see, or think I see
It glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair."

He now grasped with mental tenacity the truths he once contemned, and sought by all means to destroy by influence and example. It is believed he really became "a new man," "old things passed away, all things became new" to him. But now with what regret he looked upon his past life; what sorrow for sin; yea, sins of ordinary nature. What remorse, yea, agony of of remorse, he sometimes experienced from the terrible fact that "he had misled other precious souls who had already passed away before him." He sent for others still living whom he had led astray, and begged of them as a dying man, "to give up all he had ever taught them as delusions and lies of Satan;" and spoke to them of his hope of forgiveness, and pardon through the precious blood of Christ. Thus he spent the last few days of his life; and it is hoped and believed by Christians that he finally died in the full faith of the gospel of Christ, but as he expressed it, "as a brand plucked from the eternal burnings."

Dear reader, we live in an age of intense mental activity. Men, mighty men in intellect are found in all the departments of life—yea, religious life—who are daring to arraign the Almighty Jehovah and His actions in all ages at their bar of enquiry; opposing their wisdom (!) to the WISDOM OF GOD! their thoughts (!) to HEAVEN'S TRUTHS! Yea, the old serpent, the devil, as ever, is most active through men, his but too ready agents; at times denying his own existence, yet steadily and perseveringly instilling the poison of pride in the human heart; ever, alas, willing to believe the lie, "Ye shall be as Gods." "Four fifths," we are told by a truly Christian man, himself well known in the ranks of science and literature, "of the most able men in scientific enquiry in England have rejected the God of the Bible," and therefore are plainly infidel. Thus "their wisdom is their folly;" their ideal a certain sliding scale to endless perdition. Other dangerous phases of belief or misbelief there are abroad, and becoming more apparent daily, not less objectionable, for they are far more subtle, viz., religionized disaffection from the truth as it is in Jesus,—in other words, religiously making God a liar, by the denial, open and flagrant denial, or distortion of the plain, solemn, and most definite statements and teachings of God's Christ, "THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE!" The poor man of whom we have written had fallen into one snare, viz., "Universalism," others teach another snare and delusion, viz., "Annihilationism"; both errors utterly opposed to, and subversive of, the teaching of the Great Teacher, who, whilst "He would have all men to be saved," nevertheless forewarns men of rejecting Him in His truth, and bringing upon themselves a fearful doom. How deeply solemn are the

words of inspiration touching such teachers, and the recipients of error!

"That day" is indeed approaching with fearful rapidity when "there shall come a falling away, and that man of sin be revealed the son of perdition." Read 2 Thess. ii. 1-12. How fearful the sequel in the last two verses: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they should believe a [the] lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." Poor unsaved sinner who may read this paper, where will you appear or be found in that day? In the ranks of the scoffers, or the indifferent, or worldly—a trinity of evil workers, all uniting, alas! in their legion combination against God and His Christ? Or amongst THE SAVED OF THE LORD, redeemed unto God by the precious blood and sacrifice of the TRUE LAMB—JESUS CHRIST?

Pray remember, your little space of time is swiftly passing away! The word to you while you read this is, "Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation." "We beseech you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

"Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee—
The harvest is passing—the summer will end."

S. F. KENDALL.

Sydney, C. B.

For the Christian Messenger

A Letter of Condolence,

TO MRS. RANDALL, WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES RANDALL.

Dear Madam:—

We, the members of "The Dutcher Reformed Club," (No. 1,) deem it to be both dutiful and respectful on our part to offer to yourself and your family our sincere condolence in the severe bereavement which you have sustained by the loss of your excellent husband, the Rev. Charles Randall.

The cause of Temperance, which our deceased friend labored to promote during so many years, was not always so acceptable nor so flourishing as it is at present. In its earlier stages it not unfrequently had to encounter ridicule, reproach, and even opposition. Yet, regardless of fear or favor, he and a few others were ever found among its most zealous and consistent advocates. Strenuously they laboured to set forth the enormous danger arising from the use of intoxicating drinks; how detrimental they must prove to the highest interests of the country, tending, as they did, to subvert every condition of life, and to retard the moral, intellectual, and religious progress of our fellow men. And, although our friend was unable, of late, owing to the infirmities of age, to take part in meetings connected with the Temperance movement, we are persuaded that it afforded him the utmost gratification to observe the firm hold which its principles had at length taken of the public mind; the intense interest that had been aroused among all classes, not only on this Continent, but also in the mother country, as well as in other lands. Nor can we doubt that no small measure of the success that has accrued to the Temperance cause of late among us may be traced to the benevolent and untiring exertions of those good men, who were, as we have said, among its earliest and most conspicuous friends. By constantly drawing public attention to this subject, a silent and certain influence made itself felt. Patiently and deeply they laid the foundation, and thus prepared the way for the introduction of that kindred Association that has been, by the blessing of Almighty God, largely instrumental in arresting the fast-flowing streams of an evil which had so intricately entwined itself into many of our social, and even some of our religious customs, but which has blighted so many fond hopes, and overwhelmed so many hearts with the bitterest grief and sorrow. And we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our own convictions which is shared by many others, that among the many veteran promoters of total abstinence in this County, none was more revered, and more esteemed than the lamented deceased. Conscious we are, dear Madam, that no words of ours can alleviate the deprivation under which you suffer; but it may yet be some solace to sur-