

a large hole, where a little fire is always kept to counteract the dampness.

"Thursday.—Before time for the proposed evening meeting, Mrs. Hart and I prepared for the luxury of a bath by using the Pacific as a wash-bowl, under the shadow of a great rock. We are accustomed to daily plunges when at home, but were unprepared for the sharp coral bottom, which at this point pierced our feet, making us glad enough to pick our perilous way back. Before we could change our bathing-dresses darkness and rain came down; and thoroughly exhausted when we reached our shelter, we were obliged to sink upon our blankets, with nettings only for screens, while our husbands dealt out the word of life to the famishing who came crowding into every available spot. I forgot to tell you that we supped on cold yam and pickles, with the sauce of thankfulness, after which we led the singing from behind our curtains. We failed to rest much that night, as the house was warm and smoky, and a young scion of the family named after the apostle to the Gentiles kept up a continuous melo-dramatic music!

"This morning we attended the dedication of the new house that the Uajai desired to 'give to God.' After the Christian services were over, according to the customs of the people a feast transpired. The principal delicacy of the occasion is roast dog, which appears entire with the hair on, and is passed about in kiams, or long baskets made of leaves. It is needless to say that [we did not partake of this part of the feast, but contented ourselves with the sugarcane. This afternoon our canoes are making their way up the winding river to another point of interest. Every day of our journeying the scenery grows more beautiful and the people more interesting.

"Saturday.—A company met us at the water's edge last night to escort us to our stopping-place, about three miles up the mountain-side. Their warm welcome, and the eagerness with which they wait on us and make us comfortable, does the heart good, especially when contrasted with their former disposition. Our way was up the mountain-side through a dense forest. No one can form any idea of a tropical forest who has not seen one. The endless variety of the luxuriant growth surpasses any imagination. But the road was almost impassable. On every level spot was standing water, all the path slippery with mud and tangled with undergrowth; so that, although the eye was charmed, the feet grew very weary, and we were wet and exhausted. Occasionally a brawny native picked me up and carried me over the worst places. But failing utterly at last, our gentlemen improvised a carriage, and we were soon riding in state. You never could guess that it was on the half of a leaf. There is a forest leaf here that grows twelve feet long, out of which they make long baskets—braiding the leaflets together—in which they carry food and other burdens from place to place. Mrs. Hart and her little ones were already riding in one, and in almost less time than I have been telling you the natives had made one for me. With overcoat and water-proof spread over, it made a beautiful couch, and borne on the shoulders of men, where my hands could reach and pick the beauties above my head, I had a most delightful ride.

"The house of our host was situated on the edge of a precipice, looking hundreds of feet down into a broad valley intersected by streams of water and patches of cloud like mists, while the grand old mountains, those sentinels of God, loomed up in the distance. We are now returning from a visit to a beautiful little island that has never been visited before, but where we heard the people were praying. It is wonderful how the winds and birds of the air seem to carry the good seed. How joyfully we were received! These dark-minded ones, 'feeling' after God, are such a contrast to the natives who refuse the light offered them. Some of their faces are so changed and softened that it seems like a reflection from the golden city.

"Saturday, P. M.—After a wearisome night, Mrs. Hart and I determined on a sea-bath. Our faithful Nicholas carried us out over the rocks into a canoe, when two native women rowed us out to a retired place, and left us to ourselves. The water was shallow, and how charmed

we were with the many-colored corals, sparkling in the sun like diamonds. This afternoon we were on our way back to 'Jekoiti,' to spend the Lord's Day with the Uajai. Feeling weary, and longing for the privacy and comforts of a home, we are reminded that 'we have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' Oh, if Christians at home could realize the blessed compensations that flow in to us while leading these dark souls up to light, more would certainly come over to share not only our toils and crosses, but our bliss and glory.

"Monday.—To reach the Uajai's we climbed up a very steep hill which resembled a long and winding stairway. The Uajai came out to meet us—an act of condescension unheard of hitherto in the annals of Ponape. After we had been introduced to the royal house and the ten wives, a train of servants appeared, bearing upon their shoulders long baskets of food which they laid at our feet. A house also was set apart for our use, and in every way possible manifestations of their love and delight at our coming were shown us. To appreciate this, one must needs know how contrary their former spirit—how indifferent, selfish, and hostile toward the missionary and his teachings. We have all been very busy in teaching since the meetings of yesterday. So many are eager to learn that we would gladly multiply ourselves, and cry out, 'Come over and help us.' Oh for a heavenly flame to infuse itself into dear hearts at home, who, absorbed in business, house-keeping cares, and social follies, know not what they lose! Ah! the deliciousness of living for God and Ponape! Come, dear ones, come and try it.

"And now we are on our way home, after a trip of seventy-five miles around the island, and many miles inland up the rivers that intersect it. As we set set our feet on shore and are welcomed by some of our home flock, Dwight says, 'Thank God that we have been permitted to see the sproutings for eternity's harvest on this late barbarous island, Ponape.' 'Amen!' responded three other voices, though we are tired and worn, and so glad to rest a little while under the shadow of home."

A Mystery in the South.

The following is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Graves, the editor of the Tennessee Baptist who took it down from the lips of the family whom it concerns. It goes far beyond anything said of Alice Cox at Amherst, and of course will not be believed, but regarded as a pack of lies by a great many of our readers, and yet the writer is a man of good standing and undoubted integrity:—

"We have never written or credited much of the wonderful in the domain of Demonism, but we received a narration of facts from the lips of several eye witnesses in connection with it, which we think should be known, since they concern us of this age. We spent the first day in Stockton with Bro. and Sister Hook, in which these occurrences took place, and noted down the statements from their own lips. This is one of the very first families in the point of wealth, intelligence, moral and religious standing in the city of Stockton, as Dr. Hendrickson, of Jackson, will testify, and whatever may be thought of the circumstances, the facts cannot be questioned:—

The phenomena seemed to have immediate connection with a little niece of Sister H.'s, some fifteen years old. They commenced in the house of a neighbor, Mr. Murphy, across the street. This niece was spending some nights with the daughter of Mr. M., about the same age, and shortly after they retired a quantity of muddy water was thrown upon them, a gallon or more at a time. No window was open, or access to the bed-room from without. This was done repeatedly the same night, and different nights, at Mr. M.'s. This phenomenon followed the girl back to Bro. Hook's, and night after night she was drenched with muddy water, filling the folds of the bed clothes. The bed-room opened into the family sleeping room, with no outward access possible, and there was certainly no one in the family who would, if they could, have done this. This persecution followed the girl for some time. 2. The second manifestation was an unseen force that jerked the clothes off the bed again and again the same night, and night after night.

3. Throwing things.—These manifestations were "too numerous to mention"—a few must suffice. Mr. Hook's loaded gun was hurled from its place in the corner of the bed-room and behind the door, across the sitting room and fell by the door, going into the dining-room, and that without exploding. It would have required the strength of a strong man to have done this. Various articles

in the room would at times be thrown hither and thither with violence, and dashed to pieces before the eyes of the family. Two beautiful mantel ornaments in plaster, the Madonna and child being one—that were securely fastened to the wall, were swept from their places and dashed against the edge of the opposite door frame. It often happened to Mrs. Hook, in setting the table for a meal, that the dish she had just placed on the table, the moment she turned, would be dashed upon the floor. These manifestations would not be of daily occurrence, but there would be days and nights when things were "lively." On one of these days Sister Hook had placed all the plates, etc., for dinner upon the table; she requested Mr. Hook to stand by the table and not take his eyes from the dishes until she returned to set the table; but something caused him to turn his eyes away for only a moment, and all were swept in a flash upon the floor and broken. When this happened no one was in the room but Mr. H. and his wife. The girl would always be singularly affected when these occurrences were transpiring—perhaps in another room, standing at the window, in an "abstracted, half-conscious state." During the summer, the safe in which bread, cakes and meats, cooked and uncooked, etc., were kept, stood under a shade tree near the dining-room door, and upon this occasion was unusually well filled. Mrs. H. sent the girl to the safe to bring her some article, and so soon as she opened the safe door, one article after another came flying out, until the safe was emptied. This happened under the eye of Mrs. H., for she saw the girl open the door, and as the first dish came she stood in a fit of abstraction, without moving hand or foot, Mrs. H., shouting to her "to close the door" and stop the work, but in vain. These manifestations were going on when the late Eld. Knapp was holding a meeting in Stockton, and he heard of it and visited the family, not believing that "the Devil would dare to molest him." While conversing with Mrs. Hook, a heavy spittoon by the fire-place on the opposite side of the room came whizzing towards him and dashed itself against the wall, just missing his head! He left the house that day, having seen enough to convince him that it was the work of a Demon, if the Master of Evil had no hand in it, as his autobiography will show.

Manifestations like unto these continued during the most of a year, seen by many, until this girl was sent to a remote part of the State, when they ceased. While there was evident relation between these manifestations and the presence of this girl in the house, and her peculiar state of mind, yet it is certain that she had no agency in moving the things, any more than in the pouring of the water, and what adds to the strangeness of the water baths, it was in a season of the year when there was no water on the surface of the ground, and muddy water nowhere to be found short of the bay.

The result of all this was a blessing to two families. Up to this time both Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hook were avowed disbelievers in the Bible, in evil spirits and a future hell, but they were both convinced that these things were the work of an evil spirit or spirits, and, as Mr. H. told us, "believing them to be evil spirits, I was compelled to believe that they had a place somewhere, and to that place I did not wish to go." Both these men, in a few months, made creditable profession of Christianity, and Mr. H. has been a pious and substantial member of the Baptist church for many years. Sister H. firmly believes God permitted the Evil One to do all this to convince these men that there is a personal Devil and such a place as hell. Was not this a veritable demoniacal possession? Sister H. stated that the girl was entirely changed from the day she came under the influence of this malignant spirit. From a kind, loving, docile, "biddable," truth telling child, she became the very opposite, until unsupportable. These are facts that cannot be doubted by any one knowing the witnesses.

Correspondence.

For Christian the Messenger. United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1879.

A good deal of talk has been indulged relative to several bills introduced this session by Southern members asking for aid to certain enterprises intended to promote commercial interests. The more important of these are the Brazil Mail Steamship subsidy bill, and two railroad bills.

In addition to these measures the only interesting measures introduced are those of the greenbackers involving agitation of the financial question. These contemplate a gradual retirement of the National Bank circulation and a substitution of greenbacks; inflation of the currency; free coinage of silver equal with gold; large appropriations for aiding the laboring people in the form of internal improvements, &c. Long dis-

cussions will come up on some of them, and I don't see how Congress can get away for two months.

The Republicans are the first in the political field for the campaign. At their canvas the other day they appointed their Congressional campaign committee, who will go to work right away, serving up their debates to suit their constituents.

Among politicians as a rule there is no rest, even on Sunday. The churches on Easter Sunday were fully attended and the decorations exceeded all past experience. Washington, in spite of its reputation as a wicked city, is a city of churches, and its bad name comes from the transient population chiefly—the lobbyists and strikers, who come here to make money through Congress and to spend it in dissipation. I am glad to be able to record that in the character of our visitors Washington rejoices in a marked improvement of late, and the average Congressman is much better than a few years ago, less given to his cups and more to his duties and the cultivation of social and religious improvement. I am not among those who mourn for the past as an age of intellectual giants. In the first place, that sentiment is in good part a myth. We have just as able men in Congress as we ever had, and the average are much abler; that is where we get deceived in our estimate of the "giants." The Websters, Clays and Calhouns had an average of small timber to contend with, and loomed up grandly above it. The giants of to-day have to rise above an average of very able men, and therefore do not stand out as conspicuously as then. As Washingtonians, however, we rejoice chiefly in the fact that the average is improved morally more than intellectually, for the Capital is improved morally more essentially by this fact than by all the brains that could be imported into it.

The Sec'y of the Navy has effectually set at rest the scare about the yellow fever appearing on board the U. S. Steamer Plymouth. It seems that that steamer had not been properly frozen out and fumigated. That story was concocted in order to defeat the bill before Congress appropriating money to build a refrigerating vessel to disinfect incoming vessels at exposed points.

The National Board of Health have recommended the construction of the Refrigerating Ship, stating that, "The results can hardly fail to be of considerable scientific value."

All impartial investigators show that the work is even more satisfactory than was anticipated.

M. M. W.

For the Christian Messenger. Acadia College Agency.

MILTON, QUEENS CO., April 25th, 1879.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

You requested me to report occasionally to the Messenger my work for Acadia College. Others besides yourself may wish for me to do so. My work, in part, is such that it is not reportable except to the Treasurer and the Committee under whose direction I labor.

Besides collecting subscriptions previously taken, &c., I have obtained a number of new subscriptions, of which the friends of the cause may be pleased to be informed.

In judging the results of this branch of my work, the "times," the season of the year, and local circumstances, should not be overlooked. Especially as regards Liverpool and Milton, justice will not be done the good people of these places, nor the agent, if these considerations are not taken into the account. My own impression is that our friends in this locality never did better, according to their means for doing, even when they contributed their thousands to Acadia, than they are doing now toward the re-building.

But the figures I give do not represent in full the results of my work here, nor the interest or liberality of the people in this place, or in some other places, in behalf of Acadia in its present necessity. I have received, besides, verbal pledges and conditional pledges, the amount of which I hold to be little less valuable than the subscriptions here given. To the members of other religious denominations besides our own, so many of whom have generously contributed, our cordial thanks are due.

The following is the entire list of new subscriptions to the Building Fund of Acadia College, taken since the first of March.

Table listing subscriptions from various locations: Canard, Billtown, West Cornwallis, Kentville, Aylesford, Milton, Liverpool, Lockeport, Osborne, Jordan River, Shelburne. Includes names and amounts.