

strong, assured voice calls out, 'Alice, it is I, be not afraid.' Oh, dear Christ, may we ever hear thy voice through earth's dark night and above the roar of her dreariest noises!

"It seems that Dwight had been awakened by some one trying to get into our room from the outside, seeking to break through the wall, which in that place is made of reeds. He got up softly, lighted a lamp, and rushed out upon the intruder, making the unearthly noise in order to frighten the robber. This was the very place where some thieves broke in once before, carrying off a hundred dollars' worth of clothing and 'trade.' I fear it will not be easy to feel very secure in the future when Dwight is away on the other side of the island.

"We have also an occasional trying experience with intemperance. A few Sundays ago a native came to the house who was fairly crazy with drink; he screamed and cried and stormed about in a dreadful way. Since then another came, pulling down one of the posts of the veranda, and then stretched himself upon my lounge. Such things are hard to bear, but I felt reproved when Dwight, seeing my look of horror and disgust, said, gently, 'For Jesus' sake, Alice.'

"July 4th.—We expected nothing to remind us of our nation's holiday, and at breakfast were trying to imagine the sights and sounds of home, when we were startled by the near booming of a gun and cries of 'Ship ahoy!' With shouts of joy we rushed out of doors, and sure enough a little vessel was just rounding the harbor. Presently the captain and his wife were on the shore and coming up the hill, the little lady and I fairly running to meet, forgetting that we were strangers in this far South Sea.

"Pleasant people they proved to be, and oh how glad we were to welcome them to our humble board! They brought a box of crackers and a bushel of potatoes for a present—can you guess how they tasted to us? Oh, so like home—and, best of all, we could now procure some of the most necessary articles for living and 'trade' with the natives—hats, shoes and hose, beef, flour, coffee and sugar, and the little addendas so necessary for life, which will last us until our regular supplies can reach us. Are we not rich?

"But I was already deep in the delights of an imaginary mail-bag, when brought back to realities by the appearance of one letter only, and this from Honolulu. It is almost an aggravation to have these whale-ships come, as our friends at Honolulu dare not trust them with the home mail, as it is never quite certain that they will touch here, and to have our mail carried off and lost for ever is worse than long waiting. But we are laden with papers which bring us news as late as Christmas. Not quite equal to the home 'dailies,' but a treat indeed."

Squire Jack and the Parson.

BEING A SHORT STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS, WITH A CONCLUSION AND A MORAL.

CHAPTER I.

How Squire Jack's Chickens scratched up the Parson's Peas.

Not that Squire Jack was engaged in the poultry business, any more than the other members of the Hickorytown Church. His neighbors, like all good people in country villages, kept chickens, turkeys and geese, and so did he, of course. Nor was Squire Jack peculiar in keeping a flock of moral fowls; for all his neighbors, like all other mortals, did the same. What Squire Jack was personally noted for was, that in his flock of moral fowls, which all his life long had gained their livelihood by scratching among his neighbors' faults and failings, there was one bird, a noble, high-stepping, long-spurred cock, which, singularly to relate, while he let other people's gardens alone, could scratch up the parson's early peas more perseveringly and more effectually than any other cock in the country.

The Hickorytown Church was, as the English would say, "a poor living;" whether because the people were poor, or because they were close-fisted, matters not here to relate. But so it was, that parsons were often changed. And when a new parson had settled in the place, to see Squire Jack's famous long-tailed game cock walk over into the parson's yard, and tear up his early peas, and scratch up his garden and make it

look like the abomination of desolation, and cry cock-a-doodle-doo over it all, was a sight to make all Hickorytown shake its sides with laughter. Squire Jack's bird was a famous fowl, indeed; but he came home to roost one night in a plight so sad, and so bedraggled and so belittled in his own eyes and estimation withal, that he was never thereafter to his dying day, known to mount a fence and crow. How and by what means this sad misadventure befell the poor cock, we shall now proceed to relate; or in other words, we shall tell, firstly, how Squire Jack's chickens tore up the parson's peas; and, secondly, how Squire Jack's chickens came home to roost.

Squire Jack had a hobby, as who has not? and he rode it hard, as who had better right? But alas! one day his horse lay down and—died. Squire Jack's hobby, horse, or as, in another figure, we have termed it, his game cock, was this, to wit: Squire Jack read his Bible; and there were one or two chapters which had a peculiar fascination for him. These were the tenth of St. Matthew and the tenth of St. Luke. Of reading and expounding these especially in the presence of a new parson, he never wearied, as, indeed, he was never defeated in his forcible exposition of them. A selfmade theologian was Squire Jack, and great, indeed, was he in the department of Exegesis; especially in so far as it concerned our Lord's instructions to the apostles as to the manner in which they should go forth into the world and the means by which they should be supported. He was "dead set agin preachers hevin' a sallery. Let 'em work like Paul did, an' earn their own livin'." Some ten years back the Hickorytown Church had been about to buy a parsonage, but Squire Jack threw the whole meeting into helpless confusion by a powerful speech, in which he challenged any man in Hickorytown to give the Scriptural authority, chapter and verse, "fer preachers hevin' personages. He'd like to know whether Peter ever had a parsonage." The "parsonage" was never got.

"No, my friends"—thus would he, time and again, begin his harangue in the village store of winter nights, and in none the lower tone because the parson was by—"No, my friends, I aint agin the preachers. Preachers are all good enough in their place. What I am agin, in this thing of preachers gettin' personages an' wearin' shiny black coats; an' heven' white hands like a woman, an' gettin' from four to six hundred dollars a year. I'd like jest once in my life to see the Scrip- ture authority fer that. Did Paul hev a parsonage? Did Peter have a shiny black coat? Did Thomas or Philip or any of the rest of 'em ever hav any sallery? No, sir! they hed nothin' an' the Lord told 'em they shouldn't take nothin'; not two coats, nor a purse, nor money, nothin' at all, but may be a staff. That's the way they was to go out, with their lives in their hands. an' trust in the Lord to keep 'em. An' now what I want to know an' what I've been askin' every preacher we've hed here in Hickorytown for the last twenty years,—an' we've hed right smart of 'em in that time,—is this: is preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"

It was a telling speech. It was a knockdown argument. It scratched up the parson's peas most effectually, and crowded cock-a-doodle-doo over the whole forlorn garden. Many was the tilt Squire Jack run with the preachers, and always with the same result,—the parson was invariably unhorsed and ingloriously defeated and put to shame in the eyes of all Hickorytown. In vain did the preacher argue that these instructions to the apostles could not reasonably be applied to their successors, nor were necessarily intended to be so applied, on the ground that times and circumstances had so greatly changed since the apostolic period, that it would plainly be impossible to adhere to the strict letter of the text, Squire Jack was proof against the historical argument, and would none of their refined theological lore; he was a plain man, and could understand plain words, and there it was in the Bible, in black and white, and plain as the nose upon your face, and you couldn't and shouldn't get out of it, twist how you might. "Was preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"—that's what he'd like to know! Thus it chanced that, fer full twenty years past, Squire Jack's famous game cock had been scratching up a long succession of parson's peas, with no man to clip his comb or cut his spurs for him.

(Continued next week.)

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Luthardt's Apologetic Discourses.

Translated from the German for the Christian Messenger, by Professor D. M. Welton, Acadia College.

PREFATORY NOTE.

Dear Brother Selden,— I send you herewith for your columns a Translation of the First Discourse of the First Series of Apologetic Discourses of Prof. Luthardt, of the University of Leipzig. If acceptable to you and your readers, I will, as I shall be able from time to time, follow this translation with that of the other discourses, the several subjects of which are: The Problem of Existence, The Personal God, The Creation of the world, Man, Religion, Revelation, The History of Revelation, Christianity in History, and The Person of Jesus Christ. I have thought it might be interesting, especially to my ministerial brethren, to read the utterances of one of the most popular living Divines of Germany on these important topics.

Yours very truly, D. M. WELTON.

FIRST DISCOURSE.

THE CONTRARIETY OF THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE WORLD IN ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT.

I. The discourses, gentlemen, which I am about to deliver in your hearing, have for their object the exhibition of the common, fundamental truths of Christianity, and their vindication in opposition to modern speculation. To the Christian contemplation of the world stands opposed at the present time a non-Christian one; and more and more the whole course of thought in the modern world threatens to follow in a divided stream, which would break the continuity of history, and prove fatal to the future. In such times it is the duty of all defenders of christian truth, who know how much the people are indebted to it and enjoy it, to do all in their power to preserve its coherence and unity.

Seldom indeed in former times has the christian mind had so much of clearness and strength as at the present. One has only to consider the earnestness of Theological labor, or to compare the sermons of the present, or the great practical activity and the offering-crowned services of foreign and domestic missions, with those of the past, to perceive that the christian mind is a power. But the non-christian mind is also a power as never before. Prior to this we have had indeed times of the sharpest denial of Christianity. Voltaire controlled the culture of his time. He expected that in a few decades of years it would be all over with Christianity. Such expectation no intelligent person can entertain at the present time. And still the non-christian mind is mightier at the present time than formerly. For two reasons. Formerly ecclesiastical custom served as a dam against unchristian opposition, and saved Christianity throughout the times of unbelief. But before the current of modern time these dams of the fast forms of tradition have all given way. Formerly, again, the attacks made against Christianity were capricious: now they are systematic. The French mind is somewhat impetuous and tumultuous, but it is not so dangerous as the German. When Renan writes a life of Jesus, it is, as all admit, ingenious and piquant, but it is a romance. It is an interesting romance. The romance is a favorite of our time; and what can be more interesting than a romance whose hero is Jesus Christ, an amiable revolutionist, a visionary enthusiast and fanatic, surrounded by women who love his person more than his work, by adherents who press him to play the part of a worker of miracles? But what does it amount to? In a few years the book is forgotten, while the heavy artillery which David Strauss, about thirty-five years ago, and those of his way of thinking since, have turned against the faith of the church, has caused much greater confusion in the camp of believers than that French skirmisher wrought. Since the attacks of the French mind in the days of Voltaire, the denial of Christianity has developed into a school—the philosophical school of the German mind, and has taken the shape of a system which, in its method of contemplating the world, earnestly seeks to put itself in the place of Christianity.

And after this fashion of contemplating the world has thrown off its philosophical garb, it adopts the common manner of thinking of the time, not only of the educated classes, but also, though in a rougher and coarser form, of the uneducated, allying itself also with other tendencies of the time.

It is the duty of every one to become clear concerning these great contrasts seen in the contemplation of the world, in order intelligently to take his attitude to the same.

Nothing is more reprehensible than deciding against a thing in ignorance of it. And yet in the sphere of religious things nothing is more common. In everything else one is expected to know the acts of a process in order to be able to pronounce judgment thereon. Christianity has been put on trial and judgment been given; but how many of those who are so ready with their judgment know the acts? The Bible and the writings of the church are the principal documents. Of all questions the religious one is the most stirring of the time; it is moreover the deepest, and the one most closely affecting ourselves. It is not right in such a question to base our judgment upon mere authority, and to learn its character through others. And it is not right to remain indifferent. In no question is indifference so unpermissible and so little worthy of a man as in that of the great religious antitheses.

Nowhere, moreover, is it so impossible to stand independent of parties and occupy middle or neutral ground. For the question here is of a kind to forbid it. In other things it may often be proper to seek truth in the mean: here there must be either—or. One man says there is a God; another says there is no God; shall now a third person say the truth lies in the mean? There are no greater antitheses than those of the christian and non-christian contemplation of the world. Goethe says in his Western Oriental Divan—and the saying has often been repeated since: the one real and deepest question in the history of the world and man, to which all others are subordinate, is the conflict of unbelief and faith. The principles involved in the advocacy of its different sides are quite diverse. Each individual must occupy a precise relation to one of them. The principle, however, to which he subscribes, is decisive for the whole man and his entire life. "Everything depends upon the principle on which a man stands, for according to this his whole conduct, theoretically as well as practically, must be shaped."

Let us then set forth this great antithesis in its historical development, that we may learn what the question really is touching the great conflict in which we at present stand and are all participating.

For the Christian Messenger.

Early Education.

Dear Editor,—

Your correspondent, writing under the *Nom de plume* "Old Man," introduced a very important subject: "Early Education." Not many ascribe to it the importance it demands. Many that admit its merits, shear it of things essential to its real value. Nothing is of more value than its moral character; a quality by many ignored. No one denies the importance of its secular features, but unless these are based on some foundation that will lead to their being used for the glory of God, they may become instruments, or means of evil, in proportion to their abundance. The more highly a man is educated, the more capable he is, of either good or evil. Put the cultivated powers of a man under a bias for good, and you add greatly to his power for doing good, and hence the importance of educating a child morally as well as intellectually.

There is however a danger of making a sad mistake in the attempt to educate children morally. They are taught to fear God rather than to love Him. The fruits of such instruction follow them through life. It is hard to remove that slavish fear, for a fear founded in love. All through life, the Divine Being is looked upon as a being having hard harsh feelings, without kindness, dreaded, and feared, but not loved, without any approachableness. Such is in part the mistake, in some of its effects. Educate the child to love God, because God is love, and the child will think of God

as a being of love, and and feel a pleasure in thoughts of pleasing him through life, and of going to him after this life is over. There is manifested in the works, and character of God, looked at when and where we will, enough to shew that God is love, and that he is such to us.

Now, let children be educated to think of God as a loving Father, and it will grieve them to disobey him. It will be their happiness to please him; and soon you may get them to see the higher motive; to do this, because it is right, whether it gives them pleasure or pain. The following quotation from Southey is in point. "Intellectual attainments and habits are no security for good conduct, unless they are supported by religious principles; without religion, the highest endowment of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous; if he be ill-disposed only more unhappy."

A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

For Christian the Messenger.

Acadia College Agency.

Mr. Editor,—

Since last communicating to you I have made the tour of Bridgewater, New Germany, and contiguous places, and have met with as ready a response to the claims of Acadia, as could have been expected in view of all the circumstances. It seems to me that if times were now as they were five or six years ago, we could obtain thousands for our institutions as readily as we now obtain hundreds. In many cases the dollar contributions acknowledged below represent more self-denial and devotion to the cause than hundreds by many other contributors. In due time all that we aim at will be abundantly accomplished for our institutions of learning.

I obtained in BRIDGEWATER. Mrs. R. P. Trefey.....\$ 5 00 B. W. C. Manning, paid..... 5 00 R. A. Newcomb..... 5 00 James Grinton..... 2 00 Alex. Nelson, paid..... 2 00 Isaac Durland..... 5 00 Robbins Corning..... 2 00 Mrs. C. W. Foster, paid..... 1 00 Miss E. L. Burkett, paid..... 2 00 E. D. Davidson & Sons, paid..... 10 00 B. N. Porter, paid..... 2 00 Mrs. Olivia Tupper, paid..... 1 00 D. Benjamin, paid..... 4 00 Collection Sab..... 2 86 \$48 86

NEW GERMANY. A. E. Durland, paid.....\$ 2 00 Miss M. Durland, paid..... 1 00 Benj. Rhodes..... 2 00 George Bars, paid..... 2 00 Wm. R. Bars, paid..... 4 00 Caleb Langille, paid..... 4 00 David Lantz, paid..... 4 00 Mrs. D. Lantz, paid..... 1 00 Twining Taylor..... 1 00 J. S. DeLong..... 2 00 Joel Spidel..... 1 00 David Spidel..... 5 00 Henry Webber..... 1 00 Albert DeLong..... 3 00 Edward Draw, paid..... 1 00 Daniel Lohnes..... 10 00 Mrs. D. Lohnes, paid..... 1 00 Samuel T. Moore..... 4 00 Mrs. S. T. Moore, paid..... 1 00 Wm. Woodworth..... 4 00 James Trites..... 1 00 John G. Gates..... 2 00 Jacob Boliva, paid..... 1 00 Wm. Kaulback..... 1 00 Ered Woodworth..... 4 00 Wm. Wagner, paid..... 1 00 Wm. Wagner, Jr., paid..... 1 00 Caleb Dory..... 2 00 Peregrin Snider..... 1 00 Elias Crouse, paid..... 0 50 Cornelius Rodenhieser..... 0 50 N. E. S. Mader, paid..... 5 00 Stephen Wagner..... 1 00 J. A. Wagner, paid..... 0 50 Lewis Winot..... 2 00 Zenas Winot..... 1 00 Truly, R. D. PORTER. Milton, Queens Co., May 8th, 1879.

For the Christian Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1879.

This is the lovely season of the year in Washington—the season of excursions to Mount Vernon, Harper's Ferry, and other historical points. The tardiness of its arrival rather enhances its loveliness and makes it more pleasurable. Besides that, it gives us a gratifying promise of abundant fruit and other crops. Any early season is apt to receive many drawbacks from late frosts, destroying the fruit germs and giving a disagreeable set back to everything. But this year all dangers were passed by the lingering of winter "in the lap of spring."