

ordinary motive and power," he soliloquised. "I am forced to admit there are some Christians in this world, after all. Some time I'll give this matter more serious attention; at present it is too galling to my pride to accept the terms. Perhaps some time, though I'll consider it."

He scrutinized her face narrowly when presently she joined him, if perchance even now he might find there some indications of indecision. Not that he wished to find her less faithful than he believed her to be, though he would if possible, seek some excuse for their longer delay.

"The ride was a quiet one; both seemed buried in their own thoughts.

"I will call for you in about an hour," he said as he assisted her to alight before the cottage and held the gate open for her to pass through.

Florence went slowly up the walk, thinking of her first visit to this same cottage. Many changes might be noted since then; the fence and steps were both mended, the window-panes were all in their places, while a judicious application of paint contributed its portion to the improved appearance. Besides, the path was neatly bordered on either side by a row of flowers, and each side the door this year's growth of roses was trained, You would scarcely have recognized it as the same place.

Nor was the change apparent only in the exterior. Maggie had seen her coming, and by the time the door was reached it was open for her.

Mrs. Hartford never was—probably never would be—a good housekeeper; the effects of her early training, or more properly, want of training, during which time a love of ease and self had been deeply implanted in a nature like hers, had never been wholly eradicated, though with the occasional help of her youthful visitor, and actuated by the wholesome stimulus administered by her, she was improving wonderfully; and this improvement was noticeable in every part of her house.

Florence paused now for a little chat with her before going up to Nellie's room.

"I was glad to see you and your husband at church on Sunday," she said encouragingly.

"Yes, Miss Walton. Eben is always anxious to go of late, and it seems to do him good too."

"And why not let it do you good as well? There is good for you too, if you'll but open your heart to receive it."

"Perhaps, some time. I've been thinking of it, Miss Walton. I can't help seeing how it helps Eben. Sometimes he has fallen, but he is always raised up again, thanks to you who have been his good angel."

"Thanks rather to God, who has given him the victory. He has had a hard struggle, but I believe he will come off conqueror through Christ who loves him. But, though you may not have the same temptations to struggle against that your husband has, yet you too need a Saviour as much as he."

"I know it, Miss Walton—I know it. I can't just tell you how I feel, but this I do know: if ever I get inside the pearly gate, next to God I shall thank you for it."

Florence pressed the hand extended to her in silence, in joy too deep for utterance, and followed Mrs. Hartford up to the cripple's chamber.

Nellie was feeling better than usual. She had begged to be allowed to sit up in the low rocker by the window, though even there she was quite surrounded by pillows.

"I've been thinking of your first visit to me, Miss Walton," she said when mutual inquiries about the health of each had been exchanged. "Do you remember how doubting I was then?"

"Yes, I remember; you thought, perhaps, God forgot little Nellie sometimes, or, at least, that he did not love her very much. I'm sure you have changed your mind since then?"

"Yes indeed—so much so that I wonder I ever could have said those words. You have taught me to know God and my own heart better since then, and now I see every day some fresh evidence of his love and care for me, though I know I don't deserve any of it. Just see to-day, Miss Walton, how he has made me strong enough to sit here by the window and feel the cool breeze on my face while I look yonder at the bright green fields. Oh, it does seem

to me as though, even if we had no Bible to tell us so, we should know God loved us when we see how beautiful he has made our earth."

Florence looked into the bright, lit face raised to her own with a smile of gladness.

"The world is indeed beautiful, and this afternoon all Nature speaks of love. But do you no longer pine for strong limbs to run over those fields, since God has decreed it otherwise?"

For just one moment a cloud chased the bright sunshine out of the pale face and left a weary shadow there. "Sometimes I do;" and then the shadow passed away, giving place to a holy love and bright light again. "But then I remember all that you and Dr. Lyman have told me. I know now that 'he doth not willingly afflict.'"

Miss Walton did not answer immediately; she felt that she and the crippled child had changed places—that whereas she had once strengthened her wavering, almost dying faith, had fanned it into a pure, steady light, now this same child had taken such rapid strides in the path of holiness that she might with profit sit at her feet as a listener—might learn from her life something of that patient, trusting faith, the exercise of which had been so peculiarly called forth by her almost helpless condition.

Presently Nellie spoke again:

"You used to tell me, Miss Walton, when I was impatient and inclined to murmur, that everything God does with his children here is in accordance with some part of his holy will; that I should not have been ill had that not been his purpose concerning me; and that some time—if not now, hereafter—I should see that it is right, as all his ways must be."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, sometimes I think maybe I have found one reason for it."

"Do you? What is it?"

"You came to see me first; didn't you, Miss Walton?"

"Why, yes," was answered in surprise.

"And you came because Dr. Ronselle told you I was sick?"

"Yes, he told me of you."

"Well, Miss Walton, perhaps you would never have known my father and mother if I had not been sick?"

"Perhaps not, dear."

"Well, God wanted you to help them, so he planned a way to bring you to them."

"But, Nellie, he could have brought me to them without making you sick, if that were all."

"But don't you see this was God's way? and his ways are better than ours."

Once more Miss Walton was silent as she gazed into that bright young face. It seemed to her to require a vast amount of love and faith and patience to bear willingly so much of suffering, to see so many of the hopes and pleasures of childhood and girlhood so entirely blasted, in order that good might be done to him that had caused it all. Truly, little Nellie had advanced far on the heavenly road. It seemed to Florence as she looked at her now that she was fast ripening for the kingdom above—how fast they knew not then.

Presently the doctor came in, and Florence arose to go. She paused a moment in the room where Mr. Hartford was painting. He drew the covering over his canvas as he heard her approaching, and turned smilingly to greet her.

"May I not see?" she asked in surprise, for he had always been so anxious that she should examine his work, depending much upon her criticism and encouragement.

"Please not now, Miss Walton. It is an idea of my Nellie's, and she does not want you to see it until it is finished."

"Oh, very well. Have you found a purchaser for this one?" and she turned to examine more closely one which hung upon the wall.

"Not yet, but God has been very good to me, and I doubt not in his own good time he will send one."

Florence turned to look at him. Could this be that drunkard whom she first met?

His temptations—therefore his victories—had been great. As Mrs. Hartford had said, "Sometimes he had fallen"—as who will not when leaning too much upon one's own strength?—and these falls had left their mark upon him. He was prematurely old, his form had lost much of its erect bearing, but now sure confidence and trust shone from his eyes; no one would doubt him now.

For the Christian Messenger. Stanzas,

BY A YOUNG GIRL AWAITING BAPTISM. Buried with my Lord in baptism, And in Him anew to rise; Oh dearest Saviour, can it be I am fitting for the skies. Watch each movement, oh my Saviour, Lest I stumble by the way, Give me strength in hours of trial, Teach me how to watch and pray.

Will thou Jesus be beside me, When I in thy footsteps tread? When to the baptismal waters By my pastor I am led. Will Thou look in love from Heaven, On my sad and sinful heart; Wash me clean and make me holy, And Thine own rich grace impart.

Consecrate me to Thy service, Let me work for Thee below, Take me to a home in Heaven, When I leave this world of woe. Oh let not my footsteps falter, In the paths of truth and right, Help me Saviour in the battle, "The good fight of faith," to fight.

And when dark clouds hover o'er me, In the thickest of the strife, Let Thine arm be round about me, Let me walk with Thee through life. Oh dearest Saviour unto Thee I resign my life and heart; Give me joys of Thy salvation, And true peace and love impart.

ANNE.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Baptism in P. E. Island.

Baptist ministers are sometimes accused of giving undue prominence to the ordinance of immersion.

This of course is a matter that concerns us individually, and therefore, I would like to say, that during the six months I have been evangelising on the Island, my experience contradicts this assertion. I think I can safely say, in every instance where I have given special prominence to Baptism, the way has been prepared for me by Pedobaptists.

Entering a community, I have been requested to preach 'no doctrine,' what that phrase means is more than I can tell, for to my mind no man can preach without specifying certain truths, and enforcing them, and of course the truths expressed from the pulpit compose his creed. Certainly we live in degenerate times, and are surrounded by a wicked and perverse generation, for if you omit this truth in a discourse, you are accused of 'craft,' and your opponents speak of 'traps and snares,' while expressing it, you speedily have champion Lecturers on your track, laden with unmanageable Lexicons, stale refuted sophisms, and any amount of abuse.

By the bye, these Lexicons occasionally have a bad effect on their possessors, for men who can speak enthusiastically of peace on earth and goodwill to men, assume a very martial attitude. When speaking on Baptism, they with clenched fist damage rostrums, and in communities of about 300, boldly challenge the world!

Of course this is a controverted subject, and discussions will arise, but let us discuss, not abuse, and remembering we are out of Rome, and have the privilege of thinking for ourselves, and expressing our convictions publicly, let us be sensible, calm and honest.

Accusing a man of ignorance, proves nothing unless it be our own want of argument and manliness, while to everlastingly talk of Baptists disagreements; is uttering rather a dangerous sentence, for in this matter they do not very seriously disagree, and even if they did, they but imitate their accusers.

Then while we are zealous, let us be candid, and recognizing God as the Father of us all, and each individual as an earnest seeker after truth, let us in the heat of discussion speak in a brotherly manner, and evermore be charitable.

The Bible is a revelation of Jesus Christ, who came to make manifest the mind and purpose of His Father. A part of this Bible was given by inspiration of the Spirit, for 'holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, while the other part was spoken by God's Son.

All Scripture being 'given by inspiration of God,' must necessarily be 'profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction,' and lest we should deem any of God's utterances unimportant and trivial, or on the other hand presume to add to the declarations

of Jehovah, in the closing chapter of the volume, his heavy curse is pronounced against all who add 'to, or take from' the words of this Book. Then the Bible should be taken, and must be taken, as the basis of all theological discussion. The man who refuses to accept the Bible as his rule of faith, and instructor in all things, is unworthy of notice, whether he be called Baptist, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian.

The mind of God on any disputed matter must be taken as final and decisive. The remembrance of this fact will make us careful and honest, and should prevent all harsh feeling, or rash statement, since we all profess to be seeking the mind of our Father on the matter in hand.

"The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." Tradition is but speculation, while revelation is certainty. But to ignore parts of the New Testament, as it has been said we should, cannot be right, since that advice counsels us to ignore the testimony of Him who spoke with authority; and also the last revelation from Heaven.

Speaking of Abrahamic covenants and rites, we must not forget that Christ understood the old economy far better than we do, and He certainly did not identify the Christian Church with the Jewish nation, or command that Baptism should take the place of circumcision.

Let us beware of allowing our inclinations and desires, to supercede facts, and lead us to ignore the certainties of Holy Writ. The New Testament is not redundant, for it contains the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy, and speaks of the Antitype of Jewish ceremony. An argument that proves too much is like a runaway horse, inasmuch as it carries us beyond our destination; and assuredly, substituting Jewish circumcision, for Christian Baptism, places us in an awkward dilemma, as regards the person—Manchild. Time—Eight days. Surrounding—Servants.

Dr. Ditzler a prominent leader in the Methodist denomination, spoke wisely, and doubtless advisedly, when he said in 1876—"The Covenants of the Old Testament, have nothing to do with Infant Baptism," for certainly if "meant for our imitation at all we should regard them as they are" so says Dr. Wardlaw, and so thinks the writer of this article. I have also been charged with substituting the water for the blood, Baptism for Regeneration; my accusers are in more danger of doing this than I am, for Philip's answer to the Ethiopian Eunuch, is my safeguard; a safeguard they manifestly lack.

Water is not the condition, by fulfilment of which we are made partakers of God's blessing, and inheritors of God's Kingdom, but the reception of Christ into the heart, with whom we receive power, right, or privilege, to become the sons of God. In speaking of Mark's version of the Commission recently, I said there were two steps indicated, and in this order they must be considered, and observed, viz: 1st. Believe. 2nd. Be Baptized.

Soon after it was triumphantly asserted: Your proof is not in the Revised Edition—now what about your steps? Oh they are secure enough! the rungs are not out of the ladder yet; for turn to Acts viii. 37. Disputed—then turn to Matt. xxviii. 19. The Commission is not my Bible, or the Bible of the denomination I belong to. We fear no Revision, for a Revised translation of the Bible, including the word in dispute, would favour our position more in the eyes of some, than the present transferred word, which word in its untranslated apparel, is as singular as a China man in London. But suppose they gave us a translation harmonizing with the greater number of respectable, and credible Greek Lexicons, Historians, and Authors, what would the result be?

Every one knows the word Baptise is not translated, but only transferred into the text. Why did not the translators, translate the word as they did in 2 Kings v. 14? Let Dr. Edw. Beecher, a respected Congregationalist, tell. Speaking on the "Import of Baptism," he says, "at the time of the translation of the Bible, a controversy had arisen as regards the import of the word, so that although it was conceded to have an import in the original, yet it was impossible to assign to it in English any meaning without seeming to take sides in the controversy then pending. Accordingly, in order to take neither side, they did not

attempt to give the sense of a term in a significant English word, but merely transferred the word Baptizo, with a slight alteration or termination to our language. The consequence was, that it did not exhibit its original significance to the mind of the English reader, or indeed any significance, except what was derived from its application to designate an external visible rite. In short, it became merely the name of a rite, and had a usage strictly technical, and lost to the ear whatever significance it originally had? Perhaps this is the only reason modern translators have; to say the least, 'tis not a very creditable one.

What is the unpardonable sin?

You will say, What has that to do with the matter in hand? Much—for on this Island, it has been repeatedly asserted, that he who having been Baptised in infancy joins the Baptist Church, commits the sin for which there is no forgiveness. There is nothing new under the sun, but surely this is an original idea, John Locke to the contrary notwithstanding. But unfortunately for those concerned in it—it is an originality, that has no scriptural precept, or principle, to support or countenance it.

To be twice immersed is to commit the unpardonable sin, i. e., the sin against the Holy Ghost!!

I think I see the subtlety of my accuser's statement. Knowing his few drops of water did not constitute an immersion, he with a mental reservation, as dishonourable as false, made the above imposing assertion.

I might have enumerated other charges as ridiculous, and untruthful, as those mentioned; but fearing lest I occupy too much of your space, will sign myself—as I dispise the anonymous, Yours truly,

WALTER B. HINSON. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

For the Christian Messenger. "The Literary Revolution."

A few years since a remarkable decrease in the price of books was effected in France by the labors of M. Levy—an enterprising and enlightened Paris publisher. Through his exertions, the productions of the press were placed in the market at a cost of from a half to a quarter of the usual prices. The change with its accompanying success, was so great that it was regarded as a literary revolution, and was so denominated.

A still greater revolution of the same class has since been inaugurated by a New York publishing Company, styled the "American Book Exchange," even more enterprising and venturesome, if we may use the word, than its Paris prototype. The American Book Exchange proposes to itself two different objects—the publication of valuable works of general interest and admitted excellence, and the furnishing of them at prices far lower than has ever been thought of in the trade. The books issued from the presses of the company rarely cost as much as a quarter of the prices ordinarily charged for them, and some are offered at a tenth part, or even less. But they are none the less attractive as regards paper, type and binding—indeed in all these respects they satisfy the most exacting demands of correct taste.

Among the works published by the A. B. E., are Macaulay's "England," Gibbon's "Rome," Chambers' "English Literature," Kitto's "Cyclopedia," Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ," Cecil's "Natural Histories," Cruden's "Concordance," Plutarch's "Lives," and Smith's "Bible Dictionary." In periodical literature, the company issues a Monthly, styled "The Library Magazine," similar in design to "Appleton's Journal," "Littell's Living Age," and the "Eclectic," but at a far lower price than either, or indeed of any publication of the class in the world. As a sample of the prices of the books which are daily issuing in unexampled numbers from the presses of the A. B. E., may be mentioned Geikie, 1 vol. at 50 cts. Macaulay, 3 vols. \$1.50. Plutarch, 3 vols. \$1.50. Gibbon, 5 vols. \$2.50, and the Library Magazine, 2 vols. at \$1.00.

The exceedingly low price of the publications of the Company is partly owing to the employment of steam in typesetting, by which one man does the work of four or five; and partly to the largeness of the editions proceeding from its