

"Ah, ha, I comprehend, and you want to get rid of paying it. I can put your case through. I have aided hundreds in the same predicament."

Mrs. Howard, blushing, replied, "You misunderstand me, I am collecting money for our missionaries in India, and called to see if you would aid us in making out the sum due this month?"

Mr. Hayford's brow darkened, and his smile vanished, as he replied, "Indeed, I do not approve of sending money to India. As to heathen, we have at home more than we can well care for. I prefer distributing my money where I know it will be judiciously expended. The heathen are better off as they are, free from the corruptions of civilized society."

So they are, thought Mrs. Howard, as she turned away, if what we send should affect their hearts as riches have your heart, but it is not so, as we have proved. It carries to these dark hearts and desolate homes. I will hasten on my way homeward. Ah, I see Judge H.'s daughter coming, so will go that way that I may meet her.

"What a beautiful day," said Miss H., after bidding Mrs. H. good morning.

"Very. I am trying to make up our money due for missions; can you help me a little, can you spare a dollar?"

"I never gave so much for missions in all my life. Papa does not approve of giving money to the missions. I think twenty five cents is all I can spare, as it will require all I have and more to get up my dress for the party at Dr. Eastman's to-morrow evening. It is to be a brilliant affair." She then handed her the sum named. "I wish I could do more for you, if for no other reason than to save your traveling about, but I think my first duty is to society; doubtless you think me very wicked."

The only reply was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

"I suppose you call society my god, perhaps it is. Any way, I'll have one more good time paying homage to my god society."

Mrs. Howard entered her home warm and weary, and set about preparing dinner, when a gossiping neighbor came in, saying, "Well, I see you've been out on one of your mission towers, an' ain't collected nothin', I'll warrant."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. H., "I have done better than I usually do, although it will be necessary for me to contribute considerable myself to make up the usual amount."

"Now, Miss Howard, I wouldn't do it," replied her neighbour. "You'r alus a givin' and a givin', an' takin care of the minister and the meetin's more'n any buddy else in our church. Now there's Miss Dr. Eastman a gettin' up grand parties and flantin' round with her rich clothes an' pint laces, and I'll venture to stake my best bunnet you didn't get a cent of hern, did ye? an' Judge Hayford sit's up there in the best pew in the church, a starin' the minister in the face, an' his sermon don't have no more impression on him than water on a goose's back, an' his daughter don't pretend to speak to me on the street, an' I've dope the washin' in that family for mor'n six years. Her lace rags would go dirty if it wasn't that I get the money for it. Sometimes when I am there I feel so aggravated with their big feelin's that I rub hard and wash off the trimmin's and buttons. Oh, how tired you look, Mrs. Howard, dew, let me help you. There, dew sit down."

"Thank you, I will a few moments," said Mrs. Howard.

"Now," continued her tonguey neighbor, "I'll give a dollar toward making up that sum, so don't worry. I saved it to buy Hezekiah a coat, but it is growing warmer, an' I guess the old one will dew. I want ter give, so don't say one word agin it. I dew pity them poor heathen women so, I want 'em to have some privileges like I dew; if I dew have to go out washin', taint nothin' to bein' shut up in zenanas, like as them heathen women air, an' can't go out ter the neighbors to hear the news for fear of seein' a man round. There, I must go; I'll bring the money over this afternoon."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. H., and said to herself after she was gone, "Oh, dear, what queer people in this world. I wonder if the money I have collected will do the good that is intended, when it has been given with so diverse motives; but the world is blessed for the sake of the Christian people it contains, so my money will be blessed to a good purpose for the sake of those that did give from pure motives."—Morning Star.

Africa.

The evangelization of Africa is a subject of much interest to Christian people. It is believed that when this is accomplished it will do much to extend British Commerce.

The following letter will be read with interest. The writer Robert Arthington, Esq., of Leeds, has before aided largely the English Baptist Missionary Society in their operations in that dark land.

To the Directors of the Baptist Missionary Society of London.

Dear Sirs and Christian Brethren,—I believe the time is come when we should make every necessary preparation to carry out the original purpose of the Congo Mission to place a steamer on the Congo River, where we can sail north-eastward into the heart of Africa for many hundred miles uninterruptedly, and bring the glad tidings of the everlasting Gospel to thousands of human beings who are ignorant of the way of life and immortality. I have read with deep interest and joy how the Gospel is winning its way at St. Salvador, and we know that nothing can overthrow what God establishes in accordance with His own will and our prayers.

I believe He will give to His own chosen ones there the words of eternal life, and that they will receive them and be saved.

I have, therefore, now to offer your society a thousand pounds towards the purchase of a steamer of the best make and capacity, every way suitable for the purpose, and its conveyance, and launch on the river at Stanley Pool, and three thousand pounds to be carefully invested—the interest only to be used for the perpetual maintenance of such steamer on the Congo and its affluents, until Christ and His salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first cataract of the equatorial cataracts of the Congo—beyond the mouths of the Aruvimi and Mburu Rivers. And on the understanding also that you will establish as early as possible two mission stations, one at the mouth of the Nkutu River, and the other at the mouth of the Ikelemba, and endeavour to evangelize the tribes on the south (left) bank of the Congo, and on the banks of the southern affluents of the Congo, as high up on their streams, southward, as practicable, from Stanley Pool to a point beyond the mouth of the Mburu River, and that by way of the Mburu River partially, and on a parallel about one degree north latitude, you will endeavour to open a route direct east, from the north (right) bank of the Congo to join an extension of the London Missionary Society's Tan ganyika Mission to the Albert Nyanza, you ascending to the highest navigable point of the Mburu, and they meeting you half way—coming westward from the Albert Lake, and so opening a direct route.

Here the watershed is probably of low elevation.

I am desirous that the dialects spoken throughout this whole region should be carefully noted and classified, and a comparison made with the London Missionary Society's collections; and a selection made of the most suitable typical dialects for translation, so as to economize literary labour and expedite translations of Holy Scripture, the languages being for the most part members of the Great Bantu family of languages. It would seem best perhaps to give the populations as their first portion of Holy Writ Luke's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, and may the banks of the Congo, studded with churches of Christ, soon themselves present living epistles, known and read of all men.

I trust the Lord will give us, if we faithfully pray therefore, every needed missionary and artizan missionary. I hope the brethren and sisters connected with the Baptist Missionary Society will at times pray earnestly for God's constant blessing on this work, and that they will never cease to remember to do so, as a sacred and blessed duty whilst they live.

Yours most truly, in Him who died for us, and who is our peace.

(Signed) ROBERT ARTHINGTON.

Leeds, May 26, 1880.

The Bible, diamond-like, casts its lustre in every direction. Torch-like the more it is shaken, the more it shines. Herb-like, the more it is pressed, the sweeter its fragrance.

The Color Question.

When the question of election of a colored Bishop, was before the General Conference of the M. E. Church, for discussion, the Rev. Dr. Wheeler, of the Pittsburgh Advocate, made the following points in his argument opposing such election:

1. The Conference had already decided that the church needed only four new bishops, and had already elected and ordained that number.

2. The demand for a colored bishop was based on a wrong principle. It drew the color line by asking that a colored man be elected to the Episcopacy simply because of his color.

3. The Conference could not be forced to elect a colored man. It might pass a resolution favoring the election of a colored man; but the delegates, if they chose, would still vote for a white man.

4. The colored men insisted that the proposed bishop of their race should go all over the work, just the same as the other bishops; so that it was folly to urge the election of a colored bishop, as Dr. Smart had done, on the ground that he could be given exclusive charge over the colored work.

5. The colored race has no claims upon the church in this matter, the obligation being, not upon the church to honor them, but upon them to honor and love the church, in view of what it had done for them.

6. The election of a colored bishop would injure the white work of the South, which ought to be fostered and encouraged.

Baptist College in Paris.

The formation of a Baptist Theological College in France for training young men for the Christian ministry in that land cannot but be regarded with feelings of the deepest interest. Half a century ago it would have been difficult to have found in that country a single person holding our views, much less a Baptist church. The progress of our denomination on the Continent of Europe in recent years has been very great. As in the early Church, the truth has found its first acceptance amongst the poor and uncultured classes. In the spirit of religious enquiry which seems to have come over the people everywhere, leading to a breaking off of the fetters of priestism, it could not but be that some would be led to the Word of God, and to reform their opinions simply on the teaching they found there. A discovery of the fallacy of baptismal regeneration would be sure to lead to an enquiry into the primitive mode of administering the ordinance. Hence the advance of our denomination where Gospel light has been recognized. The want of trained men as pastors has been felt, and with a sense of want has come an effort for supply.

About two years ago, in Paris, two young men felt themselves called by God to preach the Gospel, and sought for some instruction. This led to a meeting of Baptist pastors and a conviction that the time for action had come. A letter was addressed to the Executive Committee of the Baptist Missionary Union at Boston for counsel and assistance, and an appeal was forwarded to the Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D. D., of Chicago, who had been temporarily taking a professor's chair at Regent's-park College, the conclusion of which was, "You know our needs, dear brother; we know the deep and living interest you take in our work; we turn to you and say what the Macedonian in olden time said to the Apostle Paul, 'Come over and help us.'"

Dr. Mitchell consented. With such a man at the helm, we cannot but feel the greatest confidence in the future course of the undertaking. His erudition and ability will secure good education, and his general character and consecration to the work must have a most beneficial influence on the young men entrusted to his care. We hail his appointment as a very hopeful sign. The Rev. Dr. Murdock, secretary of the American Missionary Society referred to, visited Paris. The result of a prolonged interview with the pastors there was, the organization of a society for furthering the object desired.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse or swear.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Valedictory.

CHESTER, July 18th, 1880.

To REV. I. J. SKINNER:

Dear Brother,—As you are about to take your departure from us, and perform Christian labor elsewhere, we the undersigned Deacons of the Baptist Church at Chester, on behalf of ourselves and the Church, feel that we cannot permit you to leave us without expressing to you our affectionate regards, and the kind Christian love we entertain towards you.

During your stay with us which has been nearly twenty years, you have witnessed many changes, scenes of happiness and sorrow. Many you have known who profited by your ministrations, and with whom you have enjoyed sweet intercourse, have been called from earth to the "better land." The swift messenger has visited your own household and taken from you two dear children, who we trust now mingle with the "blood washed throng."

The Church under your preaching and instrumentality has at times been greatly blessed as many have come out from the world and taken up the cross of the Master. The parochial work has been toilsome, and, together with the anxiety and labor involved in the erection of our new place of worship, have made it doubly so. We know that you have spent the best and most vigorous part of your life amongst us, and spent it to the honor and glory of God; and when you have not been directly engaged in church duties, as many when they look back can testify, that you have spent time and labor in developing in them a musical taste and talent which if it had not been for your instructions as a teacher of music, must have lain dormant. Remembering your illness when death seemed imminent we were witnesses of your unshaken faith and trust in Him "who doeth all things well."

In going from us you are leaving many warm and sympathizing friends who will always hold you in grateful remembrance.

May you ever have that strong and abiding faith in Christ, which is the Christian's prop, and even when shadows fall thickly around be enabled to say in the language of the poet.

The clouds hang heavy round my way  
I cannot see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me.

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His  
While all is dim;  
To close my weary aching eyes  
And follow Him.

Through many a thorny path he leads  
My tired feet;  
Through many a path of tears I go,  
But it is sweet.

To know that he is close to me,  
My God, my guide,  
He leadeth me and so I walk,  
Quite satisfied.

Our heartfelt wish and prayer is that you and sister Skinner, and your dear children, may enjoy health and happiness in your new home, and when the trials of this life are over, that you may hear the plaudit, "Well done," receive "the White Robe," "The abundant entrance," "The fulness of joy."

DAVID HUME.  
DANIEL J. ETTER.  
JOSEPH BEZANSON.  
GEO. E. DEWITT, Clerk.

REPLY:

Dear Brethren and Friends,—

In attempting a reply to your kind address on the eve of my departure from among you, reminiscences of the past come rushing like a whirlwind through my mind, stirring in my inmost heart the deepest emotions.

After the enjoyment of an uninterrupted Pastorate of nearly twenty years, during which time we as a church have been blessed with many seasons of refreshing from on high, and have been favoured with a good degree of harmony and Christian fellowship, the retrospect affords me much heartfelt joy. Under these circumstances it is but reasonable to expect that strong attachments should have been formed which would be deep and lasting, and although the connection as pastor and people is now in the providence of God severed, yet those feelings of brotherly Christian

regard, I trust will never cease. And in our separation, I shall still love to think of those Brethren and Sisters who have stood with me and by me through all the changes that have come to us during the long years that are past.

True it is, that shadows have often dimmed the sunshine of life, both with us and with you. While it has been a mournful satisfaction to me to sympathize with you in afflictions, and distresses, we, as a family, have at times been called to drain out the dregs of the bitter cup; nor can we ever forget the kindness of those dear friends, both of our own and other denominations who have given us genuine sympathy and timely aid in those dark hours of sorrow.

It is likewise true that the best portion of my life and labors has been given to you, still, while I feel that it has been the will of the Master, I do not regret it, and if I have been in any degree instrumental in advancing the cause of the Redeemer among you, I am satisfied. And although, to meet the claims of the different sections of this extensive field of labor, has often taxed my powers of endurance to their utmost capacity, yet the sacrifice has been cheerfully made for the glory of God, and the good of his church.

For whatever of prosperity we have enjoyed, to God be all the praise. And for our mistakes and failures, we hope to be forgiven through the merits of Him whose blood cleanses from all sin.

Your kind wishes for the present and future welfare of Mrs. Skinner and our family are duly appreciated and cordially reciprocated.

May the God of all grace abundantly bless you and your future pastor, and give to his labors the seal of His approval, and may it be ours one and all, when the toils and troubles of this life are over, to meet by and bye in the "Home over there," where no parting tears are shed, and where no farewell words are spoken, but where life will be one unceasing song of praise.

Yours very truly,  
I. J. SKINNER.

Our Loved Ones.

Rev. S. McC. Black sends the following note, with the notice and verses appended. With the note the reader will be able more fully to appreciate the stanzas, and sympathize with the afflicted family.

BERWICK, July 13th, 1880.

Dear Bro. Selden,—  
The enclosed notice of deaths with accompanying verses were put into my hands a few days ago, with the request that I would forward them to you for publication in the Messenger.

The circumstances of the case are peculiarly sad. Bro. Sanford, of whom you may have heard, is a deaf mute, so also is his wife. They have both been educated at institutions for the deaf and dumb, and are much esteemed in the community as intelligent christian people. Their children, of whom there were four, have not inherited the deafness of their parents and were all bright intelligent children. In May the family was attacked with diphtheria, and the two eldest fell victims to its power.

Our friends do not "sorrow without hope," but their loss is a very sad one. Such afflictions are heavy enough in any case, but it seems peculiarly so in theirs, as they had come to depend so much upon their daughters to entertain their friends and to act as interpreters in business matters, &c.

You will of course act according to your own judgment in regard to inserting the verses or any part of them.

Yours very truly,  
S. McC. BLACK.

On the 27th May, at Weston, Cornwallis, of diphtheria, Albenia M., aged 13 years; and Emma L., aged 11 years, children of William S. and Emma J. Sanford.

Side by side they're sweetly sleeping,  
Little loved ones early blest,  
Free from care and pain and sorrow,  
Oh rejoice they are at rest.

Our dear Emma's little footfall,  
Never will be heard again,  
And her voice like bird notes singing,  
Now we listen for in vain;  
Her bright eyes like angels beaming,  
Never more will meet our own,  
Oh her absence makes most dreary,  
Our once cheerful happy home.

And the other darling sleeper,  
For a little longer given,  
Like a sunbeam sent to cheer us,  
Quickly taken back to heaven.