

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. More about the Massachusetts Baptist State Anniversaries.

It is not every one that can prepare an Obituary report. He needs to be a genial, charitable soul, warm as a father's. We have such an one in Dr. Bowers of Clinton. He is a beloved John in the Mass. Churches. Well, said a Brother to us when the report had been read, "Let me die in Massachusetts, and let me be a member of this Conference, and let Dr. Bowers write my obituary." The report contained beautiful things, kind, true, too, and brotherly. Up rose the bishop of Pittsfield, and inquired, why such things could not have been said of those good departed brethren while they were living, and why such things are not more frequently said of the living now. Surely many of the living now, must merit the praise of the churches for their excellent work, and yet often we hear nothing of it till they are gone from us. It was a pertinent suggestion. Why save all the comforting cheering words of appreciation till the hard-working, devoted pastor has finished his earthly mission, and gone to give account of it. There was a brother in New Testament times "whose praise was in the gospel throughout all the churches." Do we not believe that he did better and greater work because of his good large reputation? Was he not a much more useful companion of Paul and co-laborer in gathering the contributions of the churches for the poor saints, because of the favor he stood in among the churches, and must he not have been happier in his work, than if none of his praises had been passed around among the churches? When the pastor is full harnessed, and tugging at his load manfully, determined that by the grace of God it shall come up hill, is the time to cheer him on. That is the time for brethren to say appreciating things, not after the story of Betsy and the Bear, however. We know what it is to hear brethren, at the close of a sermon on which we have laid out all our power, come and shake our hand and speak of being stirred, and moved to try a better life; we know what it is to hear the sermon ring like a church bell all through the evening prayer meeting. Then we said to ourselves, "We will go down deeper and up higher, if possible, in the sermon for next Sunday." We know too what it is to preach more than one sermon, and hear nothing from it. We hate soft-soap, except in the laundry, but we like a little honey on light warm biscuit. Don't insult pastors by flattery. They can detect the counterfeit at once, but give them your commendation warm and earnest, when their labor will bear it; and no man is worthy of the ministry of the Lord Jesus, he is a drone in the hive, and the sooner the church bees sting him to death, the better, if his work will not often bear the hearty approval of the pew. The bishop of Pittsfield was right and wise in his suggestion.

But in the evening of the 26th of October the

NORTHERN BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY, held its annual meeting. Dr. H. M. King, of the Dudley Street Church, Boston Highlands, is president. We remember a few years ago, when Dr. McKenzie belonged to you, he said that when he came to Boston, he made his way to Clarendon Street, to hear Dr. Gordon. His choice was excellent, for Dr. G. is a typical minister in almost all respects. But it would pay sometimes to pass by Tremont Temple, and Clarendon Street, and Warren Avenue, and others, to visit Dudley Street, and hear another of the model preachers we have in Boston. Newton has more than once tried to lure Dr. King from the pastorate to the professor's chair, but has not succeeded. No doubt Dr. King would fill the niche at Newton very gracefully, but the pastoral office and the pulpit are second to none other for usefulness; and it is very fitting that such a royal preacher, and such a finely polished cultured gentleman should stand at the head of the Educational Society. Students for the ministry have ever before them, in him, the president of the Society, which like a mother nourishes them in College and Seminary days, a

fine example to which to attain, and a noble specimen of what a broad thorough education may produce.

This society showed receipts for the year of \$6,914.27. Fifty-two students were aided from these funds, 46 at Newton, 2 at Brown, and 4 at Colby. It is from this society that men from Nova Scotia have received help, or in most cases it would have been quite impossible for so many of them to remain at Newton, and take the full course. The society indulges in no niggardly policy. National lines do not limit its benevolence. Though receiving no help from Nova Scotia, its contributions are made as freely to Nova Scotia men, as to any others. It is sufficient that young men at Newton, give good evidence of having been called to the ministry, and are industrious and worthy, for this mother society to help them from its Treasury.

But just now the good ship is sailing near some reefs, and the managers tell us of the necessity of changing the ship's course a few points. A large proportion of the students who entered Newton this fall, have not had a thorough college training. This is cause for regret, and the Faculty at Newton, and the Board of Education sense it, as a thermometer, the heat and cold. Why do they regret it? We are sure we have the reason; and it is no disparagement to those good men, often great and eloquent, who have not had such a training, yet have done or are doing efficient work for our Master. But think of preaching to 50 graduates of our New England High Schools or Colleges from Sunday to Sunday, who are sprinkled into the pews over the house, and of not being the equal or the superior of them in culture, and the equipments of knowledge. How long could a preacher stand before such an audience of clear sharpened intellects, unless his own was like them in the learning of the schools? We know of a church where, in the Monthly Concerts, for more than a year past, the young ladies, graduates of High Schools, have given essays on missionary subjects. The reading of them has taken 15 or 20 minutes, and the style and research shown, would do credit to the sermons of city pulpits. We heard one on "The Freedmen," the evening of the first Sunday of this month, and we thought, the preacher to such young people, if he would hold their respect, and be able to lead them on still farther, could not succeed with less than a College and Theological Seminary training as thorough as possible, and then too he must daily patronize his study. The training of High Schools, if not of Colleges, the young people of New England are having now. The preacher must be in advance of them all, or fail to mould their lives as he wants to. Besides our ministry must be trained to meet the lettered and unlettered scepticism of our age. The preacher must serve an apprenticeship to acquire this skill, as surely as a young man must serve an apprenticeship to make a fine steam engine. Our hands must become expert slingers, to be able to smite the Philistines square in the forehead; and in the majority of cases that skill is gained only in the mental gymnastics of the schools for higher learning. It is a pity that any brother should call the generous, trained Professor in the Theological Department of Acadia to account for omitting perhaps to say the good things in his heart, concerning those excellent, often eloquent ministers who have not taken a College course, while he was arguing and pleading powerfully for Higher Education in students for the ministry in Nova Scotia.

At any rate, our Education Society here has felt that greater stimulus must be given young men looking to the ministry to acquire the largest, best discipline our Universities and Colleges afford. Accordingly it has been determined to give twice the aid to those men who purpose to take a full course in the College, and in the Seminary, or only half as much to men who intend to pursue only a partial course.

Another article of reform will awaken some interest in some of your readers. No student is to receive aid if he uses tobacco.

Following the Secretary's report ADDRESSES were made, that kept the large audience in the best of humor, and in sympathy with the cherished objects of the society. First, in very graceful manner, the

President introduced Rev. Geo. E. Horr, of Worcester, to the audience, and gave us reason to expect a "feast of reason and flow of soul." Our expectations were excited, and we hoped the promise of the moderator would not fail, and it did not. Rev. Mr. Horr was the moving spirit of that great enterprise carried on with such large enthusiasm in the North Orange Baptist Church in New Jersey. Think of it, a single Baptist Church raising many hundreds of dollars, in all many thousands in the past ten or twelve years for the higher education of young men for the ministry. That church has found one of the two great elements of denominational growth and power. Some other churches have caught the other of Sunday School work. But that grand church of whom the beloved son of Dr. Adoniran Judson is the popular pastor, is leading all others in this land in ministerial education. Their conception of the needs and work of the ministry is sublime, and more befitting than any other we know of, our high calling of God. In listening to Mr. Horr we were hearing the inspiring spirit of that movement. His address was a treat, and the president's promise was handsomely honored.

Again he ventured upon a second large promise in introducing Rev. J. M. English, of Gloucester. We knew this man in College and Seminary, a tall large presence, commanding, forcible in manner and word, and genial in society. The burden of his address was the protection the churches should throw around the Education Society, in licensing only worthy men who have brains as well as hearts, and who are acquiring the proper intellectual training—men prone to intellectual industry. He told the story of a minister of another denomination, who invited him a short time ago to go down to the wharf about 9 o'clock one forenoon, to see a dead whale. He excused himself as politely as he could, for he had no time in the forenoon to go to see dead whales. He must be in his study. Just after that he went to Newton, upon invitation, to address the students, and speaking of habits of study, he told the story of the minister who spent his forenoon looking at a dead whale. It took the student into a storm of applause, for, a few days before, some of them had spent their forenoon in going to see the dead whale. The point was so well taken that it may be an antidote to the lazy habits of some ministers in places outside of the old commonwealth of Massachusetts. Let the minister devote the morning from 8 or 9 o'clock, to 1 or 2 in the afternoon, sacredly to study—5 hours a day—not less, and the pulpit will be as a shining light to all the parish and community. In this address the President's promise was again made good.

But he ventured a third time, in a promise as rich as before, to introduce

REV. O. P. GIFFORD, of Warren Avenue, Boston. So often has this speaker delighted his audiences that every ear was attent, and from first to last the address was a charm, full of wit and grace and power. We wish we could do justice to the personnel of this morning star in the ministry of Boston. He is small of stature, and about 25 years of age, perhaps. The great light-colored slouch hat that comes down far on his head, nearly covering his eyes, and overshadowing him completely, makes him look on the street like a clerk of a coal office, perhaps with a salary of about 8 dollars a week. He is the picture of nonchalance, easy, off-hand, almost hidden under his slouch hat. Some apprentice or clerk, you might think him—nothing more. But when his hat and overcoat are off, you see a finely shaped head, deep overhanging eye-brows, and eyes that sparkle in every motion. He is perfectly at home in the parlor, or on the platform. From his first words, he showed himself to be a very prince on the platform, and himself so unconscious withal of his mastery in public address. There is perfect naturalness in his manner—not many gestures, and those always adding force to his utterances. Wit sparkled, humor flowed, argument was drawn along like the stereopticon pictures of famous sights and scenes of the Old World, with which the eloquent Mr. Stoddard is now delighting Boston audiences. Among the many good things we heard from him were such as these—

the student for the ministry should

be taught something besides theology. He should be taught the bearings of scientific speculations upon Revelation; and how to estimate them at their proper worth. Then too he should learn polite manners in our best families, and something of medicine, and something of law, and something of business life. His training should embrace practical life as well as theoretical, so that when the student comes from his school training to enter upon his life-work as pastor and preacher, he will not be raw and green, but a man everywhere in his parish. Prof. Park, of Andover, is reported to have said that "ministers as a class know less about business and practical life, than any other class of men." Let the stain upon the reputation of the ministry be wiped out; and as to the Education Society coming behind any others as fourth in rank, as one of the speakers unwittingly remarked, Foreign Missions first, then Home Missions, then State Convention for feeble churches, then Education Society, "Yes," said Mr. Gifford, "comes behind them, but in what sense—in the sense that the Irishman comes behind the wheelbarrow to drive it along." So think we, all of us.

Now, Mr. Editor, if your readers have not had a superfluity of "meat soup," we will go on next to compound some more from the Anniversary of the next society, the State Convention of Massachusetts.

Yours truly, POTAGE AU GRAS. November 20th, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger. From Rev. J. F. Kempton.

PARRSBORO, Nov. 4th, 1880.

Dear Brother Selden,—

We are just leaving Parrsborough for Freeport, and we do so under a load of kindnesses, heaped upon us by our people, all along this coast, from Apple River to Parrsborough Village. Among the latest acts of kindness, were two Donation Visits—surprises—given, one by the friends at Diligent River, a few weeks since, resulting in a handsome gift to me and family—the other, on the eve of the 4th inst., at the Parsonage in Parrsborough. The people came in to spend the evening, deliver a parting address, and leave a substantial token of their respect and love. May God reward them.

Resignation by Rev. J. F. Kempton of the Pastorate of the Parrsborough Baptist Church.

Dear brethren; after a prayerful study of the whole subject for more than a year, during which time the conviction has been strengthening, I have come to the full conclusion that duty bids me tender to you my resignation of the of the Pastoral charge of this church—a charge which you so kindly entrusted to me four years ago.

So now, I do, most cordially, yet, decidedly, offer to you my resignation of all pastoral oversight of the Parrsboro' Baptist Church; and at the same time do most kindly urge the church to accept the same without delay.

This action would have been taken sooner, only for the fact that a movement has been in operation to lift a mortgage that has heretofore encumbered the parsonage property; and I feared that my taking this step might interfere with its accomplishment.

My reason for this act is not that we are tired of Parrsboro, or its people; for so far is this from being true that both myself and family regret exceedingly, leaving your pleasant village, and its kind people. Our separation is accompanied with a painful experience which we have never suffered in leaving any other locality—and be assured that the Parrsborough Church and people will ever have our warmest regard, and most earnest prayers for their highest good.

Nor is it for lack of a comfortable pecuniary support that we separate; for compared with other churches and considering the financial status of this church and congregation, you have contributed liberally, both for the Pastor's support and other benevolent objects of the denomination.

Nor is it that the outlook for the future of the church is at all discouraging; for never, before, was it so promising. God has blessed you both temporally and spiritually. He has added to

your numbers of such as shall be saved; and has enabled you to purchase and pay for a valuable parsonage property, in addition to a beautiful organ—and all this beside the support of your Pastor, and the ordinary benevolent objects of the Lord's work. And, now, when I think of you, located in the midst of a central and thriving village—and remember that you are free from debt and also from serious divisions; that you have God's purposes and promises all in your favor, I cannot but feel sure that your future is exceedingly hopeful. May God enable you, my dear brethren, to see your opportunity and nobly improve it.

My chief reason for taking this step to-day is the great amount of physical labor and exposure to which I am constantly subjected. A field of fifty miles in extent; embracing 10 or 12 preaching stations, is more than any one man can work successfully, without endangering health and life. Regard for my own health—duty to my family—and duty to the cause of Christ on all the field of operation, are involved in this view of the case. One can neither do justice to himself, his family, nor the churches for whose welfare he labors.

Beside all this, just at the present, another field, compact, important and needy, presents itself as anxious to secure my services—one in which, humanly speaking, I may hope to be quite as useful and less exposed than could be expected by remaining in this locality.

Having said this much, my brethren, with the kindest of feelings, I now commit you to God and to the word of His grace. May the blessing of the Triune and Eternal, rest upon you all and forever.

Parrsboro', Oct. 30, 1880.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO REV. J. F. KEMPTON.

Dear Brother,—

It is with feelings of deep regret that we receive and accept your resignation, tendered to us to-day. During the four years that you have labored among us, you have become endeared to us as a pastor and citizen; and we shall greatly miss your words of counsel and cheer, each given when most required.

The sick have often been comforted and cheered by your presence and counsel; and have been enabled, through your prayers and conversations, to behold the entrance to a bright and glorious home beyond the bed of pain and death. Your labor and unflinching zeal in this department of Christian work will never be forgotten; but will become fresher when you meet those whom you have led to Christ on the shining shore.

You have faithfully preached to us the gospel of Christ; and have sowed the seed with an unsparring hand; and we rejoice to know that you have been permitted to gather many into the church who will shine as stars in the crown of our Redeemer. And though we have not seen as large a number as we could desire, yet we can listen to the words of Jesus, saying;—"What is that to thee? follow thou me."

"Thou canst not toil in vain."

The seed sown in tears will, doubtless, be gathered in joy. Our hearts are sad when we know that you will go no more in and out among us—no more break unto us the bread of life. Truly, it is when deprived of a blessing we learn rightly to appreciate it.

Your aim has been to elevate the Christian standard and make us better men and women—to promote harmony and brotherly love, which now exist in the church.

Our prayer is that God may bless both you and your family; and long spare you to labor in His vineyard; and that you may be the instrument of leading many to embrace Christ as their Saviour; and that at life's close you may hear the voice of the Master saying—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed, In behalf of the Church, E. SPENCER, Clerk.

Parrsboro', Oct. 30, 1880.

[Brother Kempton explains in the following note the delay in our receiving the above.—Ed. C. M.]

FREEPORT, Nov. 22nd, 1880.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

By some mistake the enclosed communications have been delayed in offices, and finally returned. You may think proper, however, to give them a place in your paper, though late; since it was the request of the church that they should be published in the Messenger.

Yours very truly, J. F. KEMPTON.