

Correspondence.

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For the Christian Messenger.

The Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Dear Brother Selden—The above is the title of a valuable and interesting work, recently published by Rev. Henry Allen Tupper, D. D., Secretary of the Board. The author, who is an esteemed kinsman of mine, has very kindly sent me a copy of this book.

Though I am now aged, and very infirm, yet, should my life be prolonged a little, and sufficient physical and mental strength be granted me, it is my intention to furnish some brief notices of this work, which, I trust, be acceptable to your readers; and may tend to encourage and stimulate the friends of Foreign Missions.

Yours very truly, C. TUPPER.

No. 1. Brazil.

The Board had for some time contemplated the establishment of a Mission in some part of South America; but the strictness of the Governments in general, with other impediments, had prevented. In Brazil, which is a large country, lying on the Eastern coast, some attempt was made; but the feeble state of health of the Missionary employed caused it to be suspended for a season. Of late, however, circumstances have appeared propitious. Some Baptists, who had removed from different parts of the Southern States to San Paulo, in the empire of Brazil, have been formed into a Church, and have invited and importuned the Board to send a Missionary into that region, and have promised to afford him assistance. The language, which is Portuguese, can be easily learned by any who understand Latin. Though it is in the torrid zone, yet the general height of the land, with other favorable circumstances, tends to moderate the heat; and the air is said to be salubrious. The government is lenient, as no restrictions are laid upon Protestants, excepting that they are not allowed to have "steeple and bells" upon their Meeting Houses. Faithful and zealous men, however, can preach the gospel without these, as well and successfully as with them.

Under these circumstances it is pleasing to learn (from p. 479) that the Brazilian Mission was re-organized in 1879, at Santa Barbara, Province of San Paulo, with Rev. E. H. Quillin as missionary; and that on Lord's Day, Dec. 7th, 1879, the "Station Church" was constituted, with twelve members. This is an auspicious beginning.

Brazil appears to be a very promising field for missionary labor. The people are said not to be in general strongly attached to the State religion, but very favorable to Baptist views, where these are in any measure known by them. Some are reported by one conversant among them, to have remarked, "The Baptists practice as did the Saviour and his apostles; they baptized only believers, and immersed. Who has a right to alter their modes and practices?" Under these circumstances, it may be reasonably hoped that, by the Divine blessing, the labors of our brethren in this field will yield a rich harvest of precious souls brought to Christ.

The following interesting account of the formation of another Baptist Church on the Eastern coast of South America, furnished by Rev. R. H. Graves, of Canton, China, may be fitly appended here. This Church is composed of Chinese immigrants, and is efficiently presided over by Brother Laugh Fook. He is a member of the Canton Baptist Church, who went to Demerara, in 1861. After serving some time as a coolie, some Christian friends bought out his time, and enabled him to devote himself entirely to Christian work. He soon gathered around him a little company of converts, and through God's blessing, this body of believers, has grown to a Church of about 170 members. It appears (p. 14.) to be—as all our Baptist Churches should be—an active mission-

ary Church. One of their number, Brother So Sune, is a self-supporting Missionary in China. These brethren are also generously making arrangements to afford financial aid annually in sustaining a Mission in their native land.

The example of Laugh Fook, shews that, as one sinner destroyeth much good, so the earnest and faithful efforts of one pious person, even in the lower walks of life, in dependence on Divine influence, may be the means of an incalculable amount of good. Let this prompt every believer to put forth earnest efforts for the salvation of others. 1 Cor. xv. 38.

C. TUPPER.

For the Christian Messenger.

From New Brunswick.

ALMA, N. B., Sept. 23th, 1880.

Dear Brother Selden,—

First of all let me express my surprise and gratification at receiving the welcome visits of the Messenger on the same day of publication. I had supposed that having moved so far away, we should have to wait some two or three days; but on the contrary it comes to us only two or three hours later than when we were in Chester, N. S. Thanks to the perfection of postal arrangements.

I was exceedingly pained to see the Obituary of Brother John Duncan, of Ingram's River. I can indorse all that his biographer says, and more too. Under his hospitable roof we have spent many a night, and have invariably received a cordial welcome to the hospitalities of his comfortable home; and we deeply sympathize with his excellent family in the loss they have sustained.

And now it occurs to me that we have a good many Christian friends as well as relatives in Nova Scotia who would like to hear from us, and to save time and labour in writing to them individually, we have just presumption enough to suppose that you, Mr. Editor, will kindly allow us to talk to our friends a little through the medium of your excellent paper. Whether our conjectures are well founded or not remains to be proved. At all events I will venture, with the assurance that my letter will either find its way into the pages of the Messenger, or else into the waste basket.

Passing over the many struggles of mind in connection with leaving the place and parting with many dear friends, where we had been so pleasantly situated for nearly twenty years; and the days and nights of deep anxiety and earnest prayer for guidance as to the future, I will begin by saying that we left Chester in the coach for Halifax on the morning of the 20th July. Our feelings on taking a farewell look upon the place we called home for so many years, can be more easily imagined than described. The broad Basin with its many islands—the beautiful landscape stretching far as the eye could reach—the little quaint old town, and all its surroundings as they rose to our view, perhaps for the last time—all seemed to speak with trumpet tongues, and tell us how uncertain are all things here in this lower world.

We spend one day in Halifax, visiting some of our friends, and doing a little business. The next morning we are all on board of the cars with two hundred miles before us as our day's journey. The extreme heat obliges us to keep the car windows open, and what with the dust and smoke coming unbidden in upon us, we are pretty well smoked and dusted by the time we arrive at Salisbury, N. B., in the evening. And now it is drizzling rain, and we have to seek for lodgings, which we find at the village hotel. But the weather being exceedingly hot and sultry, and the rain falling in torrents on the roof, we spend a rather sleepless night, except the children who, after enjoying a lively day, skipping about the cars, and swinging between the seats, and now worn out with the fatigue of the journey, are far away in the land of dreams, locked in the arms of slumber.

The next morning our movables arrive in the Freight Train, and we see them re-shipped on board the Albert line for Hopewell corner. About noon leave in the same train, and after stopping half an hour in the beautiful village of Hillsboro, we arrive at 4 p.m. at the Riverside station, one mile from Hopewell corner. Here we find a welcome reception, and a good home in

the family of Deacon Thomas Pierson, a grandson of the Rev. Mr. Pierson, one of the Pioneers of these Provinces many years ago. Everything that goodness and kindness can suggest, is done for our happiness and comfort. The next morning it rains, and we have serious fears, that we shall not reach our destination before the Sunday. In the afternoon, however, the weather becomes fine, and we take the coach for Alma, where we arrive about 7 P. M., and according to previous arrangements take lodgings, and are kindly cared for at the residence of Mr. Henry Keirstead. We have travelled 245 miles by rail and 60 by coach, making 305 miles in all, and the Lord has mercifully preserved us from danger or harm by night, and by day, for which we have great reason to be thankful.

Now a word or two about the "situation." Alma is a stirring little village at the mouth of Salmon River, on the shore of the grand old Bay of Fundy, nestling among the mountains by which it is almost entirely surrounded. Almost every day I am reminded of that sublime passage from the pen of the Psalmist Ps. cv. 2; "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, etc."

I have four preaching stations with the prospect of adding another. The distances of travel to those places are three, four, five and seven miles. It is true I have some hills to climb, but the labor of climbing is amply compensated by the beautiful view of the sub-lime scenery all around. The only Baptist Place of Worship on the Alma field (so-called) is in the village.

The two deacons, Brethren Cleaveland and Foster, are both far advanced in life, and need to have their hands strengthened by the appointment of some younger men to that office. This I hope to see at no very distant day. Brother Cleaveland is a son of Rev. Nathan Cleaveland, whose remains lie in the family burying ground in the corner of the Deacon's field. He and Bro. Foster were among the pioneers of the forest in this land. Point Wolf, another preaching station five miles from Alma, is one of the most romantic places on the coast, abounding in natural scenery both sublime and beautiful. There is a large lumbering establishment here, owned by C. R. Clinch, Esq., & Sons, one of whom resides on the premises. If ever a place was made for a particular purpose, this seems to have been designed for the manufacture of lumber. The channel through which the river empties itself into the Bay, seems to have been chiseled out by the Almighty hand. The mill, which is propelled both by water power and steam, is situated in this channel, and at high water, vessels of three or four hundred tons can come and take in their load from the tail of the mill, while on either side mountains tower above the top of the masts. There is no Baptist place of Worship here, but the Methodists have a neat little Meeting-house which they very kindly give us the use of, once every Lord's Day. There are two other stations, one at Hastings Settlement, and another on the Sinclair Mountain, which I supply on week evenings. We live in a neat little cottage near the bridge, through which, almost every day, vessels are going to and fro, carrying lumber from a large establishment owned by an American Company in the State of Maine, superintended by F. O. Talbot, Esq., who is a live man and doing a brisk business this summer.

The state of religion is on the whole rather low, but not without indications of better days to come. Our hope is in the Lord who made heaven and earth. May He grant his blessing on all our efforts for the conversion of souls. My health is very much improved since coming here, and we are all enjoying a good degree of that inestimable blessing.

And now, Mr. Editor, if I am not too great a trespasser upon your space, I just wish to say to our friends one and all, who read this letter, that it is addressed to them individually, and that we shall be happy to receive a line from any or all of them when convenient, and they will find me at Alma, Albert Co., N. B.

Yours very truly, I. J. SKINNER.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has just presented the Jardin des Plantes with a lion, about three years old, and a lioness, a couple of years older, which she has lately made use of as models at her country residence, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne.

For the Christian Messenger.

Gleanings from Summer Holidays.

BY REV. W. H. PORTER.

III.

Jas. 1: 26, 3: 10, 5: 12

Passing a group of young men at Nahant, while waiting for the Boston steamer, the following sentence arrested me: "You can swear, can't you, if you are a church member?" The words were addressed by one of the group to another in a tone of scornful ridicule. And I wondered what might have been the relation in which these two young men had stood to each other. Had they been familiar acquaintances and early friends? Had they attended the same Sabbath School, the same church? Had they passed through the same religious revival, the one having been "taken, the other left?" Had the one who could now "swear he was a church member," ever exhorted the other, publicly or privately, to seek an interest in his Saviour? Had he ever said, like Peter, "Though all should deny thee, yet will not I," or with the poet,

"Witness ye saints who hear me now, If I forsake the Lord."

How much in the past, may have given fuel to that one burning sentence, I know not; but evidently the young man thus addressed, had made a public profession of religion, and the young man thus addressing him, thought that to "swear" was utterly inconsistent for a "church member." To his reprover at least, this young man was not witness for, but a witness against the religion of Jesus. Do we sometimes wonder, from what infidel books our young men imbibed such sceptical notions, concerning the religion, and it may be, the truths of the Bible. Alas! in many instances, those books are the inconsistent lives of professing christians; who instead of being "living epistles" in whom the alluring evidences of christianity are "read," like the believers in Thessalonica, to whom Paul wrote, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord, so that we need not speak anything," are like the Jewish converts at Rome, against whom the Apostles levelled his arrow from Ezekiel, "For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you." Indeed, the wider and more closely one observes, the deeper and more firmly the conviction grows, that the most effective arguments against the religion of Jesus, are the inconsistencies of professing christians, and the publications most conducive to the spread of infidelity, are the unchristian lives of such "church members."

With what intense desire must the Saviour be anticipating the day, when Zion shall "awake" and "put on her strength," and Jerusalem, her "beautiful garments," when "the righteousness thereof shall go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth," and they shall call them the holy city."

But to return. How startling seemed that stunning reprimand. I wondered what might be the effect of it. When the foremost avower of his allegiance to the Saviour, fell to cursing, in denying his Master, even though to evade dangers that seemed appalling, we read that when Peter remembered the words of Jesus, "he went out and wept bitterly." But then no look of melting tenderness was turned on this young erring disciple. The words fell rather as a taunt, and with the tone of ridicule. And then—who knows—perhaps the young man had not the real principle that Peter had, and could not say with Job, "the root of the matter is found in me."

But how different an experience must that cold question have revealed to him, from what he anticipated when "he took his journey into a far country." The very means by which he had endeavored to ingratiate himself with his ungodly companions, had awakened their profoundest contempt for him. The prodigal's experience invariably. "And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country." And he sent him into his fields to feed swine." How sad that so many must taste the bitter apples of Sodom before rejecting them, and will not rest, till they can testify from experience, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

But who was this young man that could "swear, if he was a church member." I do not know. "A wandering star," it may be, seen through "the blackness" by this one ray of lurid light.

This single fact, like the two in the

seven days' reign of Zimri,—he sinned, he killed himself,—may be the only record that is ever given of him. But enough! even though the name should never find its place beside the incident. Must the name be labelled on the armed sentinel standing at the gate of the lava-deluged city of Pompeii, to immortalize him. The name of that "poor widow," perchance, like her pale, sad face, remains veiled by the inspired promises. But while generations live, her memory will survive, while art, and poetry, and eloquence, and religion, will lend their noblest efforts to perpetuate it. Only one of the three Evangelists who record the incident, John, the affectionate, mentions the name of her who poured the costly spikenard on the head of Jesus; yet the Saviour says in each of these Gospels, that "wherever this gospel shall be preached, this that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her." And so, although we may not name him, wherever this stray leaf is read, this that this young man hath done, shall be told for a memorial of him. And is this all? What and if "Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and ever."

And what if to a world more subtle than our physical, the very elements—these winds and waves—are the interpreters of human words and actions; and what if unseen, silent influences, through infinite expanse, re-echo them:

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, further going"

until they meet, and lie imprinted on the book of doom, there to appear "when the books shall be opened, and the dead shall be judged out of those things that are written in the books." How sad, if from that open page, His eye, not as it did on Peter, should look on this young man, and from its burning glance, he should say "go out, and weep bitterly" forever.

The steamer whistled, the passengers were soon on board, and hurrying homeward from the day's excursion. The cool breeze swept bracingly from the ocean, filling the broad sails that were skimming the waters. The clouds were vanishing from the receding and expanding heavens, while the great sun was rapidly coursing the western segment of his endless circuit. How the 19th Psalm chimes on the soul through this wondrous temple, while Prophet answering to Prophet—Micah (7: 18, 19) responding Isaiah (44: 21, 22)—tell of Him who "shall not judge after the hearing of his ears," till through the gathering twilight, sounds the sweet refrain of David's minstrelsy, (Ps. 103: 8-14,) and I wonder if its music touches him, as passing through, the solitude of the city's hurrying throng I silently offer the prayer of Miss Katzman, of Halifax:—

"May He who looked on Peter, Look on this wandering one; Receiving back the prodigal, A healed, forgiven son. The inner light restoring, The truth that makes us free; Until the darkness over, The blind again shall see. And safe within the household Of the ransomed and the blest, The lost sheep, lost no longer, Shall find eternal rest."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Free Baptist Conference.

The Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Free-Baptists of Nova Scotia, was held this year at Caledonia, Queens Co. The opening session took place on the 8th ult.; and the closing meeting on the 14th. The Rev. M. S. Royal was elected President, and Rev. T. H. Siddall, Secretary. In addition to the ministers of the Conference, were a number of delegates,—among the latter, the Rev. Joseph McLeod, editor of the Religious Intelligencer, and corresponding delegate of the Free-Baptists of New Brunswick. Large congregations attended the religious services, and in the business meetings the utmost harmony prevailed. The annual sermon, preached by the Rev. F. Babcock, is said to have been an able discourse. It is clearly evident that the old antagonism against an educated ministry, which the late Ezekiel McLeod did so much to remove, has almost disappeared from the adherents of this earnest and active Christian Church.

The Halifax pastor, the Rev. Benjamin Minard, made a telling speech in favor of a thoroughly educated ministry, and others—Jos. McLeod and Wm. Downey—followed with addresses on the same