

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. James Bain Morrow.

BY REV. D. A. STEELE.

A memorial volume, commemorative of the virtues of this good man, has lately been published by the Methodist Book Rooms of Toronto and Halifax. The Rev. A. W. Nicholson, late editor of the Wesleyan, is the compiler of these Memoirs, and lovingly and gracefully, like a Christian brother, he has performed his duty. The work is written in a pleasant style. A poorly-constructed sentence occurs occasionally, as for example, page 41: "It has been a copious source of sanctified eloquence to the world, however, the Methodist Band Meeting." This will do well enough for an off-hand address, but is hardly excusable on the sober page of biography.

Mr. Morrow was converted early in life, and gave himself freely to the service of his Master. He found time to study. His literary acquirements were good, being a French scholar, able to converse fluently in that language, as also in Spanish, and being better acquainted with the Book of Books than some whose business it is to understand and to teach its histories and precepts. He found time to preach nearly every Lord's Day, and what is more, found time for painstaking preparation. He seems to have preferred the Poor House auditorium, and he "carried more than his Bible thither. His large winter coat had ample pockets for the poor." "Another favorite place of service was the colored people's places of worship. There were two of these in the city in whose pulpits he often preached." Full of charity for other denominations—always on the best of terms with them—one Sunday morning finds him teaching Dr. Grant's Bible Class at St. Matthew's,—he yet "always considered the claims of his own church first; he would not leave a prayer or class meeting at home to patronize the very best occasion among strangers." We cannot help loving such a man. I remember upon one occasion having to differ in some measure with Mr. Morrow and many others at a great gathering of the Y. M. C. A. in Amherst, and well do I remember also his way of putting things, his large-heartedness, his fine Christian bearing, his dignified demeanor.

At the early age of forty-nine he died suddenly while absent at the London-derry Iron Mines. He had been a diseased man for some time, though no one suspected it. "He was not, for God took him."

And yet, on our side of the question of his early death, we cannot help thinking that it was premature. Too steady a strain on the energies, too great demands on his sympathies in connection with the cholera-ship England, and with the terrible catastrophe of the Atlantic steamship, too many meetings, secular and religious, too much work, shortened the life of this great-hearted servant of Jesus Christ. One brain cannot perform the functions of merchant, general agent of steamships, president of religious societies, class leader, Sunday School teacher, and preacher of the gospel, that is, not for long. The head, or the heart, or the nerves must give way, and knowing the limitations of human power, we must be content to do what we can. If a man have a gift for exhortation let him use it. It will be a joy to him, and he may be better fitted for his ordinary occupation. If a Christian have the faculty of imparting instruction in the Sunday School, let him be content with that service. We know the difficulty of finding men to do all these things, we know the temptation to push the gifted brother into all the departments of modern Christian activity; he must be Superintendent of the Sunday School, teach a Bible Class, be a member of half-a-dozen committees, and lead the meeting in the absence of the pastor. It seems to us that the proper way is to allot the diversities of labor to different men. But it may be said we have not the men. Then make them! You never will have them while you allow two or three brethren to do everything. Let the pastor see to it that the "diversities of gifts" are developed. Let one man teach, another be Superintendent, another lead the meeting. Put your young men on committees, and break them in

to work for Christ, and remember that very few men have much strength to spare outside of their own church. A good deal is said in this Memoir about Mr. Morrow's connection with the Y. M. C. A. No doubt this Society has done a good work, but the suggestion will force itself home, that it costs too dear after all. The legitimate way is the best. Perhaps the Lord may say to us, "Who hath required this at your hands?" Our meaning is, that the work done by this organization should be done by the churches, every member of the church having his appropriate sphere assigned him. In this way, we believe, the burdens of Christian labor would be equalized, and our best men spared for a much longer term of Christian service.

Mr. Nicholson improves his opportunity, and writes keenly concerning the merchants who live only for themselves, "the incarnation of fat dividends," "the shrivelled mummies of the counting house," and calls upon them to look at such a man as James B. Morrow, at the head of one of the largest commercial establishments, busy night and day, full of care, burdened with responsibility, finding time to pray, time to write about others, time to attend all sorts of Christian and philanthropic meetings, and having a heart full of sympathy for the distressed. This is a book which will do any body good. It is a fine stimulant to the Christian, showing him what a work he might do for his Master, and what a selfish life he may be living. It is one of the books which ought to be placed in the hands of every young Nova Scotian. We hope that it may run through many editions, and expect to hear that it has been republished in the United States and in the old country. Amherst, Nov. 4, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger. British American Book and Tract Society.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger.

Sir,—I am about making a trip to Cape Breton in the interest of the above Society, and I beg that you will do me the favor to lay before your readers the following facts connected with the work of the Society since its formation. It was founded in Halifax in 1867. It owed its origin to the energetic labors of its first Secretary, Rev. A. McBean. He having been connected with the American Tract Society in its colportage department, was deeply impressed with the fitness of that scheme to meet the wants of the Maritime Provinces. Since its formation the work has extended from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick, P. E. Island, and Newfoundland, with the following remarkable results.

The total distribution of religious books and periodicals by sale through colporteurs and from the Depository up to the close of last year, amounted to \$275,895. If these books were laden on trucks, each carrying a ton, a procession of half a mile in length would be formed. The estimated weight is more than 100 tons. The work is divided into two parts. There is first the sale of books conducted upon business principles, the accruing profits being applicable to the charitable part of the work. Next we had the Colportage work which is intended to reach the destitute in scattered districts, remote from book stores. Previous to 1881 eighty-seven men have been engaged, whose united services have equalled the labors of one man for 124 years. Books sold \$122,151; books given to the needy \$8,767; family visits made, 310,000, and at 129,000 of these visits prayer was offered or religious conversation held.

More than 1,300 professedly Protestant families have been found without even a copy of the Word of God, and supplied, often gratuitously. In all the Society has circulated 175,000 copies of the Scriptures, and in this way has performed most effectively the work of a Bible society.

I spent the month of October in New Brunswick, with the most gratifying results. Everywhere I was received with the greatest kindness, and such was the interest taken in the work of Colportage, prosecuted under the auspices of our Society, that subscriptions and donations were made amounting to \$550. Encouraged by this liberality we are about commissioning a Colporteur to labor in the counties of Charlotte and St. John, N. B., and another for service

in the eastern part of Nova Scotia. I hope for equal liberality from Cape Breton. I know there are many calls. There is never a year, scarcely a month or a week, without them. Remember that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," as Dean Swift once remarked in a charity sermon which he was requested to make brief, "Brethren if you think the security is good, down with your dust." The successful management of the work in the past is the best guarantee for the future. A donation of \$350 is required to sustain a Colporteur for a year.

Hoping that all your readers will generously aid the work which is doing so much for the glory of God in the salvation of our fellow-countrymen.

I remain, Yours faithfully, A. N. ARCHIBALD, Secretary. 133 Granville St., Halifax, Nov. 5, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger. From the West.

Not the far west, oh no! Chicago repudiates the idea of being numbered among western cities. Western has come to signify more than mere direction, quality is also associated with the term.

The march of civilization is westward we are told, therefore as we look toward the setting of the sun we in imagination picture a land inferior to our own in all the multiplicity of elements which combine to make up national culture, or civilization. Doing this had become universal. There is, therefore, ever a readiness among growing communities in these parts to shake off the term of reproach. They take as much pride in saying, the place I live in can no longer be called western in its customs, in its life, as did the ancients in saying, I am a Roman citizen.

Chicago now ranks, not only in corn and pork, but also in manufactures, in the variety of its business activities, in its facilities for mental improvement, and in its great men, among the first of American cities. Western, in its qualitative sense is no longer applicable to it.

MORGAN PARK,

The readers of the Messenger are aware, is located in the immediate vicinity of this great metropolis. That it is the seat of a Theological Seminary rapidly coming into repute is also a fact with which doubtless you are familiar.

With its Professors you may be less acquainted. The name of J. R. Boise, to students of Greek classic, must have ever been known; while that of W. R. Harper, as a Hebraist, has doubtless reached you. The class by correspondence which he organized last year has met with great approval, and now numbers nearly 400, embracing some of the first pastors and teachers on the continent. Dr. Northrup, the President, it is rumored, will soon publish his Theology, which it is believed will place him in the very first rank of American Theologians—a position he has long held in the opinions of those by whom he is known. The chair of History was made vacant at the close of last year by the resignation of Dr. Morgan, but is again filled by the appointment of Dr. Hulbert, formerly pastor of the fourth church in the city, in his place.

The number of students in attendance this year is considerably greater than last, all the departments are now running smoothly, and hard study is with every one the order of the day.

There has been much change the last year among the

CHURCHES OF THE CITY,

Changes, some of which bid fair to greatly augment the Baptist prosperity and influence. You have been made familiar with the action on the part of the Michigan Avenue church last spring. Heavily in debt, with their houses destroyed by fire, they determined to disband. This made way for the organization of a new church. Councils were held, and it was finally decided that Dr. Lorrimer should leave the First Church and accept a call from the new organization known as "The Immanuel Church." \$50,000 were required to make over the old church. This, through the influence of Dr. Lorrimer, was soon pledged and work was begun early in the summer. Last week the Sabbath School of the new church was organized with the

eminent Sabbath School worker, B. F. Jacobs, at its head. The house is now fast nearing completion, and will be ready for occupancy at an early day.

Another very important change has been made recently. The name of J. F. Burhoe, a native of P. E. Island, is doubtless known to many of the readers of the Messenger. He has been pastor of the "University Place Church" for some time past. That church has been struggling with many difficulties for a long time. The proximity of the First Church seriously affected it, while a debt of some proportions still further tended to hamper its progress. That church is now no more. It has been decided with great unanimity to change the location, and name as well. A Congregational Church about half a mile distant has been purchased, the sum to be paid, some \$15,000, has been raised, and what was but a little ago the crippled and enfeebled University Place Church suddenly develops into "The Memorial" church, free from debt and with a situation pleasant and well adapted for work.

The outlook for the Baptist cause on the South side is therefore very encouraging. On the West side there is not so much change. Dr. Lawrence, Pastor of the Second Church, stands high in the esteem of the people, and draws large congregations. The Centennial and Western Avenue Churches are but little heard from.

The Fourth Church has sustained a great loss in the removal of their pastor, Dr. Hulbert, who, as we before mentioned has accepted the Chair of History in the Seminary. They have not yet settled a pastor.

Sincerely yours, BLUENOSE.

For the Christian Messenger. Missionary Correspondence.

We exceedingly regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, our Missionaries at Bobbili, and of the death of their son Willie noticed in our last.

The following extracts from a private letter of Bro. Churchill to one of our pastors will be read with interest. His letter is dated, Chicacole, Sept. 3rd, 1881. He writes—

"You will wonder what I am doing here at Chicacole. A few weeks since I got word from Brother Sandford that papers from the Board had arrived, constituting him their agent to hold property for them and also a Power of Attorney from Brother Armstrong authorizing me to hand over the Chicacole property." After making preliminary arrangements, we started a few days later for here by bandy where the necessary transfer must be made. The first night on the road I had an attack of acute indigestion. After an hour or more of great distress relief came by vomiting. Next evening another attack came on accompanied with fever, and I had a wretched night jolting along in the bandy. We arrived here Saturday morning, and found Miss Hammond well. That evening I had another severe attack of distress and fever and the same on Sunday. Brother Sanford preached on Sunday evening while I had to go to bed. We had planned to make a short tour on the field, and were to start on Monday evening. Finding I would not be able to go for some days, Bro. Sanford started on Tuesday evening, I hoped to do so three days later and meet him at Kimerly, but here I am yet, slowly getting better. Yesterday morning I received a letter from Mrs. C. saying that she had been very sick with fever. I presume it is nervous fever brought on by the sudden shock caused by the unexpected death of a woman in whom she has taken a good deal of interest. Word came one morning that she was sick and on hurrying to the house, Mrs. C. found her dead with her infant lying on the ground beside her. Mrs. C. had spent much time in trying to lead this woman to Christ, with I fear very little encouragement, and her sudden death was a great shock. I shall try to preach to-morrow if I can hold myself up long enough. I had been so well for a long time that it is hard to lay by now. I ought to be at Bobbili. There is so much to be done.

Again under date of Bobbili, Sept. 10th, he writes as follows: "I am again at home. Brother Sandford returned on Sunday morning, just after midnight. He had a very disagreeable time, owing to rains and bad roads. He went only to one place, where one of the native preachers, Bhagavan Beyrah, and the widow of the one who died, live. The river between that place and Kimerly was so high that he could not get across, and so he decided to return to Chicacole. We had a meeting at the Mission house on Sunday evening, quite a large number present. I spoke for a short time in an informal way. Monday afternoon I started for home. Pushing on I reached Palkondan, 26 miles from Chicacole before sunrise next morning. Leaving again at 3 P. M., we got to Virgottam, on the bank of a small river at 9 P. M., drove down into the stream expecting no trouble, but I soon found my mistake. The water was nearly up to the bullocks' backs, and rushing very swiftly. When half way across the bullocks stopped, and would not start. The water came into the bandy, wetting straw, bed, and books, and I began to think we should all go down stream together. But cook, native preacher and bandy man got out into the stream to push and I beat the bullocks, and we at last got across. We reached the main river before daylight, where we had to wait for men to set us across in boats. They did not come until after sunrise, so we lost an hour. The boats are large trees dug out with some bamboos lashed to the sides. We crossed and pushed on to Parvatipoonau, having made 27 miles during the night. Leaving there at 4 P. M., I reached home at 11. Found both children sick with fever and Mrs. C. not well.

Under date of Monday, 12th Sept., he writes thus of their deep affliction:—"How little I anticipated when writing the foregoing, the great sorrow that was hanging over our home. Our Willie was taken from us on Saturday night at eleven. Both children were taken with fever on Monday at the same time. On Wednesday and Friday the attack recurred, Willie's growing more severe. We did not expect any on Saturday, and until 4 P. M. Willie was playing about, bright and full of life as usual. About 5 I heard him crying and Mrs. Churchill called me. We did what we could but he grew worse till 8, when he became delirious. Spasms succeeded, and at eleven he died peacefully after sufferings terrible to see. Words cannot express our sorrow. He was a fine boy of more than usual intelligence, and had very superior musical abilities with a very sweet voice. How sweetly he sang with us at worship the morning of the day he died—"Forever with the Lord, Amen, so let it be." He had a religious nature, and I believe a real faith in Christ, though a childish one. I had felt that with his disposition and the direction in which he seemed to be developing he would become an efficient laborer in the Lord's work. Being alone we feel more deeply our loss. I had to work all the forenoon yesterday, (Sunday) getting the coffin ready. We buried him in the evening in a corner of the Compound, near the house. A native Christian who spoke English well read a few verses and prayed in the house in English, and our native preacher read and prayed in Telooogo at the grave, while the other spoke to the people for a short time in Telooogo. There was a large number present, but they behaved and listened well."

He closes the letter from which we have quoted so freely by writing under date of Sept. 14th: "Yesterday I was in bed nearly all day. Had a return of indigestion. I feel much better to-day, though poorly. How much I have changed in a month. I was so well and strong. With care however I hope to be well in a few days."

The above written with all the freedom of private converse, gives a vivid picture of the labors and sorrows which make the "shady side" of our Missionaries' lives, and may well awake our sympathies and prayers. We learn through private sources that Mrs. Sanford's health is such as to give serious concern. May God give us faith to meet the possible storms of the future with equanimity and confidence.

Jenny Lind has just received what is declared to be the highest royal honour ever conferred upon a woman in Sweden, Oscar II, has bestowed upon her the *Litteris et Artibus* medal, set in diamonds, with the privilege of wearing it on all occasions around her neck, fastened to a blue ribbon of the Order of Seraphim.