

might be poor in, they were rich in sons and daughters. As Elsie scrubbed the kitchen tables, and polished the window panes, her voice clearly and cheerily carolled a familiar tune, and these words came sweetly to the weary mother in her chamber:

"Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

Over and over again, to the accompaniment of her pots and pans, her cake-making and egg-beating, Elsie sang the beautiful hymn. "Is there trouble anywhere?" came floating softly upward, and then the refrain again, with its lesson of taking everything to God in prayer.

Mrs. De Mennie sat up, her face was better. The tooth, with that abruptness characteristic of diseased teeth, had suddenly ceased to hurt in the least, and she hoped it would not begin again that day. She reached for her Bible from the stand, a flush stealing over her cheek, as conscience whispered that she had not studied it in these days of anxious care as she had been used to when everything was smooth and plain before her. Now she opened it to the Sermon on the Mount, and read these words of our Lord: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment. Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" And so on to the end of the sixth chapter of Matthew, closing with the admonition, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

The rent, and Freddie's shoes, and Lucy's grammar and geography, rose one by one, and stalked in procession before Mrs. De Mennie. And Rubine came flying into the room, brown eyes flashing, dimples chasing each other, golden hair all a shining, shimmering tangle, saying, "Ma'ma, the Spencer girls have called to take me to the park. Their governess is going, and I may too, may I not?"

Nothing ever checked the flow of Rubin's spirits. She had dropped a dismayed tear or two over the broken vase yesterday, but in an hour had been as light-hearted as ever, though mother and sisters had chided her for her carelessness. "Go dear," said the mother; "I hope you'll have a lovely time."

Then thoughtful Elsie had appeared to say that all the bread was used, but she had made a corn-cake for luncheon, and perhaps that would do till papa came home.

"We must make it do," said Mrs. De Mennie, "for I have no money in the house."

"I wish we were as well off as other people," said Lucy, lifting a pale face from her French exercises.

But Elsie went down again, singing the same strain. The mother went away to a remote hall room, knelt down, and just poured the whole simple, pitiful story of need and want and discouragement into the ear of the Saviour. When she joined the children again there was a new sense of peace in her heart, though nothing had happened, and nothing was altered for the better, to the outward view.

Meanwhile, her husband had met disappointment everywhere. He had been doing a little commission business for an old friend, and had been informed that there would, hereafter, be no occasion for his services. A tenant gave notice of quitting, and he had been a chief dependance, taking the largest part of the house, which, in an old-fashioned obscure neighbourhood, was rented to several plain families. Mr. De Mennie felt as if things were slipping down hill faster than ever.

"I wish Lizzie would consent to our moving into Allen street ourselves," he said to himself. Yet as he thought of the thronged streets, where tenements elbowed and crowded each other, of the lager beer-saloons on the corners, and the loafers who stood in groups about, the bare armed women, screaming babies and men with pipes in their mouths, who composed the residents of the locality in question, he felt adverse to even making the proposal. Passing along abstractedly, he felt a light touch on his arm, and there beside him was an old friend. Cheery Ned Elmore had been a jaunty, rather daudified fellow at college. Now he was stout and middle-aged, but jaunty and cheery still.

"I hurried to catch you," he said. "Suppose you come with me to the Fulton St. prayer-meeting."

"With you! To a prayer-meeting at noon!" Mr. De Mennie could not restrain his surprise.

"And then go with me to luncheon," returned the other. "It's a long while since I saw you."

Mr. De Mennie was not very much interested in the meeting. The hymns, addresses, and prayers drifted by him, as he sat there, his mind dully going over his own troubles and perplexities. But presently he awakened to a less languid feeling, for Mr. Roberts was on his feet, and praying.

Now Roberts had seen affliction of a very marked sort. When a man is old and feeble, and has buried the last of six strong sons, boys of whom any father might be proud, and that in the space of three years, he is not unlike Job. He may well say, "What is my strength that I should hope, and what is mine end, that I should prolong my life?" Mr. De Mennie thought of his own beautiful flock at home, and then of Roberts' great empty house, and he would not have changed places with him, though the sails of the latter's ships whitened the oceans, and the fortune went on piling itself up while men slept.

What was the man saying? He had forgotten to use the "we" peculiar to public prayer, and had fallen into the first person, as if only he and God were present.

"I cannot doubt thy goodness, Lord. Nothing can ever make me feel that thou art unkind. Nothing can take from me the feeling of thy love and tenderness and care." When the brief meeting was at an end, promptly as the hour struck one, Mr. De Mennie and his friend resorted to a neighbouring eating-house, where they sat down to a comfortable meal. There Mr. Elmore explained that in the last few months he had become a Christian, and had entered on a life of love and trust, as simple as that of a child beside his father's knee. There was a little more talk, and then a question or two drew from Mr. De Mennie the confession that his lack of business was wearing upon him, that his resources were nearly exhausted, and that he was growing more disheartened daily.

Sometimes there is great strength for us in the pressure of a friendly hand. Sometimes the mere telling of a trouble in a sympathetic ear lessens it. So it was with our friend. When he parted from Mr. Elmore, and went homeward, his step was freer, and his hopes were brighter than they had been for days.

Why? He had taken a lesson in looking out of self and up to God. He had adopted the words of Mr. Roberts, with an instinctive feeling of their perfect simplicity and sincerity. As he wended his way up town he thought of the words of a hymn he had heard Elsie singing, for Elsie was the home song-bird:

"I can never doubt his goodness,
I must ever trust his love;
By a cord that cannot sever,
I am bound to my home above.
And so, upon my journey,
Henceforth I will walk by faith,
Till I come to fuller vision,
On the other side of death."

There generally comes to people in trouble a time when they touch bottom. It was so that day with the De Mennies. That Saturday, poor as they were, the husband and wife rested consciously on the divine promises. The next day was the Sabbath, and the whole family went to church and to Sunday-school, ate the plainest of dinners thankfully, and as a household worshiped God. And on Monday morning affairs began to brighten. An old uncle, whose very existence had been almost forgotten, sent a check for some hundreds of dollars to his niece Elizabeth, and through Ned Elmore, Mr. De Mennie secured a situation in a bank.

INTERIOR.

CONVENIENTLY.—A lady went into one of the largest stores in Boston, where there are a number of young girls who act as saleswomen, and asked to look at a boy's hat. Not being quite sure what size she needed, she said, after looking at several, "I will look at a number six and five-eighths, if you can find one conveniently," thinking the girl might have to search through a large pile of them, and regretting the trouble it was causing.

The face of the young girl brightened as she said, with real gratitude, but with a pathetic tone, "No one ever says to us, 'if you can find one conveniently.'" Alas, that we forget to be polite. We say he or she is hired to wait on customers, and we do not say thank you, or act as though we appreciated anything done for us. That person makes many friends who goes through life with a smile and a kind word.—*Congregationalist.*

The Gospel in Heathen Lands.

SKETCH OF MRS. INGALLS AND HER WORK.

We have already given notices of the visit of Dr. S. F. Smith to Burmah. The letter No. 6 from which extracts are given below, has a number of sketches vividly drawn by the same hand, which every reader must admire, independent of their being connected with gospel work in Burmah:

I must give the readers of the *Watchman* an account of a rare visit to the home of Mrs. Ingalls, at Thongzai. This lady is so well known to many in America, and, once known, so impossible to be forgotten, that I need not introduce her or describe her. Those who have not known her will, I hope, learn to know her by my description of her works. She is, however, it is my privilege to say, an excellent missionary, cheerful, buoyant, prompt, witty and influential, known by every one here, Christian and heathen, and respected and welcomed by every one, a perfect queen in all the region where she lives, and so much in love with her work that she seems to do it all as a delight and a joy. Long may she live to sway such an influence and to win crowns for Jesus Christ. Her associate, Miss Evans, is an admirable missionary, and though in broken health and anticipating an early visit to America, esteems the work she is engaged in so precious that she said to me, if she did not hope to return to Burmah, and labor still more vigorously in the cause, she would rather stay now, enfeebled as she is, and work on, and die. This is true missionary consecration.

A railroad extends from Rangoon to Prome, about 160 miles. We left Rangoon in the early morning, and arrived at Thongzai at eleven A. M. We were met at the station by one of Mrs. Ingalls' native preachers and several helpers, to aid in our landing and finding our way to her house. Determined as she was that we should see as much as possible of Burman life, she had sent an ox-cart with two bullocks to convey us to her home. How could she help providing this rare conveyance? For Thongzai has no other chariot, for its own citizens or for strangers. After jolting half a mile, we found Mrs. Ingalls, wreathed in smiles and bubbling over with looks and words of welcome, and a long train of her disciples in their bright attire, assembled to take part in the festive occasion. Passing through gateway and stile, amid luxuriant tropical vegetation, including a splendid ipomoea in full bloom, we reach the hospitable home.

THE OLD MEMBERS.

Even before we had time to breakfast, the disciples began to come in, to take us by the hand and to express their welcome. First and chief was an old lady, of venerable mien and benignant countenance, long a disciple, modest, dignified and attractive. In early life, she had been a maid of honor in the king's palace, and in the first Burman war, she had become interested in the missionaries. It was from her hand that Ann H. Judson was fed and cared for, in the cruel days when her husband was chained in the prison at Ava. Then came a preacher, who had been a priest for twenty years, and had now become a king and priest unto God. We had hoped to meet here the widow of Ko Thabhyoo, the first Karen convert, whose home is in the jungle not far distant. They had sent for her to come. But she was suffering from fever, and could not. We saw, however, the grandson of the man whose name stands first on the list of this favored people. He is a Christian, like his grandfather, and a living advocate of the gospel.

THE YOUNG WOMEN.

At a late hour, the younger female disciples came to be presented. They were gay in their bright native dresses, every one with a silk sash over her neck and a single red rose in her hair. Two of them brought each a large bouquet of similar roses, which they put into the hands of the visitors from America. Some of these young people had been recently baptized. Some were from Christian, others from heathen families; but every countenance beamed with intelligence and joy. I was curious to know whether these young people frittered away life in idleness, or whether they did anything to make the world better and richer and happier, as a Christian should. I asked Mrs. Ingalls to tell me how they spent their time. Beginning at one extremity of the

semicircle, as they sat around us, and ending with the opposite, she asked them in succession how they spent their time. I found that every one was leading an honorable and busy life, a blessing to her family and to society. Some wore cloth; others bought or gathered vegetables and flowers, and sold them at a profit at the bazaar. Others were still at school, preparing themselves to teach their own people the rudiments of knowledge and to make known to them the way of life.

VISITING PRIEST.

While we sat enjoying this rare scene, a priest in his yellow robe was discovered, passing the house. Though he was wholly unknown to Mrs. Ingalls, she at once beckoned to him to come in. He readily accepted the invitation, and ascended the veranda. He proved to be a man from Leppadan, whose mother had just died, and he was on a begging tour, to procure for her an ornamental coffin, according to the custom of the people. He took his seat and was found to be accessible on the subject of religion, and it may be hoped the interview was not in vain. By request of Mrs. Ingalls, I put into his hand a Burman tract on "the better way," at the same time obtaining from him a promise that he would read and consider it.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
History of the Baptists in the Maritime Provinces.

Dear Editor,—

Your readers are probably all aware that there is shortly to be issued from the press, a volume entitled, "Fifty Years with the Baptist Ministers and Churches of the Maritime Provinces of Canada," by the Rev. I. E. Bill.

Every Baptist interested in the progress of the denomination in these Provinces, must have often felt the want which Mr. Bill, in this volume, has aimed to supply. Our history has never yet been put together in such a shape as to be within the reach of our people generally. Now and then, it is true, some writer has published a series of newspaper articles, or a pamphlet, or perhaps a small book, presenting some part of that history, as brought out in the life of one of the fathers in the ministry, or in the records of a particular church. And many years ago, the letters of "MENNO," published in the *Christian Messenger*, gave the readers of that day a sketch of our denominational history of which it is enough to say that Dr. Cramp was the author, and the republication of which has more than once been called for.

But now we are to have, in one octavo volume, from the pen of one who, himself has filled no insignificant place ("quorum magna pars") in the affairs of which he writes,—such a collection of historical and biographical matter as will form a very valuable addition to our libraries.

Having been engaged by the author to revise his manuscript and prepare it for the press, I have become very fully acquainted with its contents, and have derived so much information and so much pleasure from the perusal, that I feel disposed to recommend everybody to purchase and read the book.

From the title, it might be supposed that the half century, during which the author has been actively engaged in ministerial and denominational labour, forms the whole period covered by this history; but such is not the case. It goes back to the days of Henry Alline and "the Fathers," from eighty to a hundred years ago. Unlike many historians in which there is a sameness of style and method throughout, a prominent feature of this book is the pleasing variety of its contents. It includes not only historical narratives proper, but biographies, sketches of character, extracts from journals, letters, records of public gatherings, outlines of speeches, obituary notices, and tables of statistics, and these in changeful succession throughout.

As the author says in his preface, it has been his aim, not so much to write a connected history, as to present the fact as unfolded by the men who made the history. Nearly one half of the book is occupied with biographical sketches and personal narratives, and almost as much more with records of

the Convention, of the several Associations, and of individual churches.

It is in the biographical sketches, such as those of Edward Manning, Theodore Harding, William Chipman and others, and in such portions as the chapter entitled, "The Educational Policy of the Baptists fought out," that the author's power is most fully shown. It is here, especially, that his long experience, his intimate acquaintance with the persons of whom he writes, and his insight into human character have come to his aid. Here, too, are frequent examples of that felicity and fervor of expression which characterize Mr. Bill's language when warmed by his theme. While the general style is free, flowing and agreeable, there are many passages of remarkable vigor and eloquence.

But apart from the merits of style, the reader may pass many a pleasant half-hour with this volume. He may be carried in fancy back to the olden times when the population was sparse, and roads were few,—when the country was under the rule of Church and State,—when godly people were sneered at as "new-lights," and to be a Baptist was to be peculiar. With David Nutter, he may make a missionary tour around the shores of Nova Scotia, with David Crandall, he may journey through the woods and along the rivers of New Brunswick, or with David George, the coloured apostle, he may traverse land and sea, doing pioneer work for the Master. If rapid movements, striking incidents and unwonted experiences possess any interest for us, we shall be interested in these sketches.

And then, those who desire to acquaint themselves with the origin and progress of our various denominational organizations, with the history of our missions at home and abroad, or the growth of our educational institutions, will find the facts for the most part embodied in this work; and a copious index will enable them to trace out any particular topic on which information is sought.

In conclusion, I would only add, that the portraits contained in the book, for the most part faithful reproductions of excellent photographs, enhance its value not a little.

Yours very truly,
HERBERT C. CREED.

Fredericton, May 20th, 1881.

Having been favored with the perusal of the advance sheets of Rev. I. E. Bill's "Fifty Years with the Baptist Ministers and Churches of the Maritime Provinces," I heartily endorse what Mr. Creed has written above respecting the value and interest of the work. The sketches of the Fathers are alone worth the price of the book. One might search far to find, for instance, a sketch of mental and spiritual characteristics, drawn with rapid pencil-strokes, more masterly than the contrasts between Father Edward Manning and Father Theodore Harding, contained in the biography of the latter. I have been greatly struck with the singular, I might say, wonderful history of the Baptists, as unfolded in this goodly volume, and with the varied character and magnitude of the enterprises undertaken by them—enterprises everyone of which, I find, had a place in the great minds and large hearts of the Fathers. The younger men of the denomination, especially, will be greatly instructed and animated by the perusal of this History.

The venerable author is entitled to the thanks of the denomination which he has so long and so ably served, for this invaluable record of a hundred years of our history in the Maritime Provinces, with upwards of fifty years of which he has been personally connected. I feel sure the book will have a large and quick sale.

THEODORE H. RANK,
Fredericton, May, 20th, 1881.

WOLFVILLE, May 23rd, 1881.

Dear Sir,—

I have recently been favored with the perusal of the advance sheets of Rev. I. E. Bill's forthcoming work, "Fifty Years among the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces," and have somewhat to write concerning it.

1. The book itself will be a handsome one of about 800 pages. We cannot yet judge of the style of binding, but the typographical execution is of a very high order. The print is large, clear and distinct, and it is a refreshment indeed, to turn with weary purblind