

in making an ably-written discourse. But when he comes into his pulpit to give it to his people, where is the impression it should produce? What becomes of his choice words, his well-considered sentences? There they lie upon the page he holds: he proceeds to read them. Why do they fail of any result? It is for want of delivery, of the oratorical art of making mere words "tell." His faithful effort goes for little; he seems to his hearers to be reading something to them, as he is,—not to be speaking to them from the heart.—*August Atlantic.*

For the Christian Messenger.  
Financial Agency.

Dear Editor,—

It is a matter of some difficulty to make out a good programme of operations in connection with the Financial Agency. There are many contingencies to be taken into the account, such as health, weather, etc., which may at any time be such as to materially disarrange the most carefully prepared plans. A general outline, however, may be given.

At a conference held last Wednesday evening with the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors of Acadia College, it was deemed best for me to begin the work of the Agency in Annapolis County. I have, therefore made arrangements to hold public meetings and deliver lectures or addresses on "The Progress and Claims of our Denominational Enterprises," at the following places, and at the dates given:

Lower Granville, Tues., Nov. 1 at 7 P.M.
Granville Ferry, Wed., " 2 "
Annapolis, Thurs., " 3 "
Round Hill, Frid., " 4 "
Bridgetown, Mon., " 7 "
Clarence West, Tues., " 8 "
Port Lorne, Wed., " 9 "
Clarence East, Thurs., " 10 "
Paradise, Frid., " 11 "
Lawrencetown, Sat., " 12 "
Pine Grove, Mon., " 14 "

The gatherings will be held at the Meeting-houses in the localities named, unless otherwise arranged by resident pastors or church officials. Further announcements will be published in due time.

Pastors connected with the churches mentioned will be kind enough to give as much publicity as possible to these notices. They would also favor me greatly by attending as many of the meetings as they conveniently can, so as to afford interest and attractiveness to these gatherings, and thus secure the best possible results.

I shall endeavor to visit the people as far as practicable, and consult with pastors and deacons in relation to systematic effort in raising funds for denominational purposes.

It will not be possible to visit all the smaller churches and outstations along my route, during the present tour at least, and it will be entirely out of the question to attempt to call upon all the families. My aim shall be to set others at work in collecting funds, and to endeavor to introduce good, practicable methods of carrying out the Convention Scheme. Special attention will be given to the claims of Acadia College, and efforts will be made to obtain immediate contributions towards its sustenance.

It is my earnest desire to be favored with the cordial sympathy and the cheerful co-operation of my brethren. We are engaged in the Lord's work. Let our efforts be combined, vigorous, and persevering. The great enterprises in which we, as Baptists, are interested, need our prompt and liberal support. We should not for one moment shrink back from the faithful discharge of the duties we owe to God, to our brethren, and to perishing souls.

W. H. WARREN,  
Financial Agent.  
Bridgetown, Oct. 27, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.  
"Church Fasts."

While Gen. Lee's army was in winter quarters along the Rapidan in 1863, the Young Men's Christian Association of Harris' Mississippi brigade led off in a movement which was followed by a number of other brigades, and deserves to be written in letters of gold on the brightest page of the history of that great struggle. They solemnly resolved to fast one day in every week and give that day's rations to the suffering poor of the city of Richmond. The poor fellows were obliged to fast many days, their rations were at best scant in quantity and inferior in quality, and yet they gave the rations of one day in every week to the suffering poor of the city, for whose defence they were en-

during so many hardships, and so cheerfully imperilling their lives.

Is there not in this noble act of self-denial an example, the spirit of which many of our churches would do well to follow?

In the neighborhood of some churches that have the gospel preached to them once or twice every Sabbath there are little churches that for months never hear a sermon. Will not the well-fed churches send their pastors now and then with the bread of life to their brethren?

In some cases the stations of the church that are ten or twelve miles away are left to be cared for by the Home Mission Board, and all the labour given to central stations. An excuse it is pleaded, "Such and such stations must have one sermon every Sunday." Could not such follow the above-mentioned example, and fast one Sunday in four, that their brethren in the distant station might be fed?

By these remarks we would not be understood as advocating the multiplying of preaching stations. Many churches have so increased their preaching and conference stations as to greatly lessen their congregations and their unity. I speak only of more distant stations. Of the nearer I would say let them be held for prayer meetings and week-night services, but on the Sabbath let all gather at the centres, that the pastor may have the inspiration of a large congregation. As a rule the superiority of the sermon will reward them for the effort of going a little further to hear it.

But the example of these self-denying soldiers can be followed even further. Cannot those churches that have the preached word all the year send their pastors for a few weeks to those churches that are destitute? In the present scarcity of ministerial laborers, to say nothing of the low state of the funds, such contributions to the Home Mission work are much needed. We are glad to report that the Cheggogin Church, Yarmouth Co. have enthusiastically sent forth their devoted pastor for a few weeks' labour among the destitute. We shall be pleased to hear of other churches willing to do the same, and to direct their pastors to needy fields.

A. COHOON, Cor. Sec'y.  
Hebron, Yar. Co., Oct. 27, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. EDITOR,—

Dear Sir:—In perusing brother Bleakney's sermon on the death of three little children, "Kings County"—"Is it well with the child," and she answered, "It is well," it struck me that he did not stick closely to his text in his endeavour to establish the eternal happiness of infants. The text says nothing of infants—the Shunamite's child must have been some years of age, by the circumstance of Elisha covering the child with his body, and likewise, he complains to his father "My head, my head." I do not wish to insinuate that infants are not taken to Heaven after death—many children give gracious evidences of a change of heart, perhaps it was so with the child in question.

Yours &c.

WHAT SAITH THE WORD?  
Guysboro', N. S., Oct. 25, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.

Missionary Correspondence.

We have received the following Post-card from the Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, our new missionary:

LONDON, ENG., Oct. 10, 1881.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

We reached London safely on the 9th, after a long but pleasant passage. We sail for Madras on Oct. 20th, or thereabout, by one of the Ducal Line steamers. Are all in excellent health. Yours in Christian love.

J. R. HUTCHINSON.

The following came from London by the same mail as the above:

The Road to Telugu Land.

THE START.

Never did the sun rise brighter than on the morning of Sept. 16th. His cheering beams are radiant with promise of a glorious day, and all unconsciously the mind sweeps forward into the future and finds it as bright as the present. But years will elapse ere our eyes will again behold the morning light slanting through the old elms, and glinting on the ripples of that never-to-be-forgotten brook just below the house. Friends come in and help beguile the waiting

hours (for all packing is long since done) with pleasant chat. Then the coach rolls up to the door, a last look is taken at the old, familiar rooms, good byes are said, and we rumble away over the shady bridge, past the little white church, through fields as cleanly shaven as any celibate of Rome, fields of green and fields of gold, past hummocks looking for all the world like graves with stumps for monuments.

The railway station with its hurry and bustle, and last farewells of friends, is soon left behind. Now we have fairly turned our backs upon home, and go forth into the world of unknown futurity, of unending, yet pleasing toil. Nine long hours on the rushing train, more dear friends and tearful farewells, scenes as varied as the faces about us, early autumn tints telling of crisp, frosty nights on the mountains, traces of summer still lingering in sheltered nooks, hill and dale, meadow and forest, lake and river, tumbling waterfalls glinting in the slanting sunbeams, placid pools lying deep in shade, country towns and straggling villages, sunset purpling all these and thousands of other unenumerated items that go to make up this delightful world, dusk with fading shadows and fleeting fancies, dark—still on and on through the now dim landscape, until with a scream of delight the engine whirls us into the numberless lights of the city, and the warm welcomes of waiting friends.

A few pleasant days are spent in St. John, days of hurried preparation for our long journey. Here comes the news of the President's death, with the accompanying manifestations of grief. The blow, though not unexpected, is overwhelming. Everywhere, even in our own Canada, the half-masted flags and tolling bells tell of the universal sorrow,— "the land mourneth,"—so when on Wednesday morning we leave St. John by rail, and cross the border into Maine, we are not unprepared for a nation's grief. Public buildings, private residences, whole streets festooned with the drapery of death. Bunting bordered with black, drooping limp and motionless, (for the very day is lifeless), utters with mute tongue, "Dead!" Newspapers in mourning; newsboys crying in subdued tones portraits of the dead; dead faces in oils, in photographs, in ordinary prints, draped in black, staring at you from thousands of windows and conspicuous places. Monday Garfield is to be buried; the same day will find us on the deep. Tuesday our thoughts shall have left America and reached forward in eager expectancy to Old England; the same day Garfield will be forgotten by all save a few, while the vulgar mind, true to its instincts, will turn to the dawning future. But this gigantic funeral procession, with its slow-moving national hearse, its world-wide death chant, its weeping millions and rivers of tears, will never be obliterated by the rude hand of time from the mind of those whose mournful privilege it is to witness it for the first time.

The run to Boston and New York is so rapid, the impressions so imperfect, the scenes so familiar to many, that I shall not attempt to depict them here. In New York one day is too short a time for sight-seeing. A hasty run down town to the company's office in quaint little Bowling Green, and the purchase of a number of books and necessary articles, leave only time to get ourselves and luggage on board the steamer *Utopia*. Arrived at P. 46, where the Anchor Line steamers for London lie, everything is in the greatest possible confusion apparently. Huge bales of merchandise, pyramids of canned meats and cheeses,—enough to load an ordinary sized vessel,—yet await shipment. The din of the steam-winch, and the heavy thud of boxes as they came aboard, mingled with the shouts of men, and the lowing of a number of fat cattle in an adjacent shed, all give premonitory warning that "nature's soft nurse" will not abide with us to-night.

Shortly after dark we go on deck to watch the lights of the city and harbor. Beautiful they are in the gathering gloom. But our attention is soon directed and held by another light glimmering on the horizon. We think with dread of a storm, but hope that it may come before we leave our moorings. A faint flickering is only seen at first from the dark pile of clouds. A few drops of rain fall; then the lightning comes in sheets glowing from cloud-peak to cloud-peak. Gradually it becomes more vivid, until from the ordinary jagged flash the fluid descends in a constant stream of fire, like molten iron from a gigantic furnace. But slowly it fades; the clouds let the stars peep through; and we retire to our staterooms with high hopes of the morrow.

J. R. H.

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., November 2, 1881.

A REMARKABLE DEPARTURE.

The following item of intelligence is taken from the *St. John Visitor*:

NOTICE.—An adjourned meeting of the Board of Directors of the N. B. Baptist Education Society will be held in the parlour of the Leinster Street church, Saint John, on Thursday evening, 26th instant, at 8 o'clock.

All ordained Baptist ministers in New Brunswick are members of this Board, and are cordially invited to be present.

The payment of one dollar annually constitutes any one a member of the Society. Certificates of membership are issued upon receipt of the fee.

J. MARCH,

Secretary.

Saint John, N. B., Oct. 24th, 1881.

Another *St. John* paper, in addition to the above, says:

"Reports on the new Educational Institute, which is to be erected in St. John, will be received."

Our New Brunswick brethren have, as it appears, an "Education Society." This body has a "Board of Directors." An "Educational Institute" is to be founded. "All ordained Baptist ministers in New Brunswick are members of this Board of Directors." The lowest figure stated—and that is evident—for the new enterprise is thirty thousand dollars, (\$30,000.00). A benevolent lady offers to give three of the thirty thousand.

THE OLD COVENANT.

The Baptists of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island are organized for educational work. They are solemnly pledged to each other. Nova Scotia gave up her Education Society to perfect the Convention organization. They are also pledged in Foreign and Home Mission work.

Suppose the Prince Edward Island brethren should organize for Home, and the Nova Scotia brethren for Foreign Mission work! On the Island a Home Mission Society is formed, and a Board of Directors appointed; meetings are called, and work begun. In Nova Scotia a Foreign Mission Society is organized, a Board of Directors chosen, and operations commenced. A capital sum of thirty thousand dollars is called for to make the start. The Convention meets. Where are the Foreign Missions, the Home Missions, and the Horton Collegiate Institutions? What has become of the old compact, solemnly made and embodied in the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces,—a compact to carry on unitedly Home and Foreign Missions, and the Institutions at Horton?

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE HORTON INSTITUTIONS.

The debt for buildings is about twenty-eight thousand dollars, (\$28,000.00). For current expenses there is, we are informed, a further debt of about four thousand dollars, (\$4,000.00). The estimated deficit of the passing year is one thousand five hundred dollars, (\$1,500). A professor is needed for the Natural Science chair. A chair of Physics is a necessity. Apparatus for both these departments is essential to the efficiency of the College. One thousand dollars, at least, should be expended for that purpose.

By grouping these items it will be seen that the Wolfville Schools are in great need of help—large and immediate help.

THE RACE.

Now, as never before, there is vigorous competition in the Department of the Higher Education. Bursaries are scattered liberally from Dalhousie.—Sackville College has of late made commendable and successful efforts in the matter of endowment. Nova Scotia gives largely, although the Wesleyan College is in New Brunswick. The Methodists keep faith with each other in Educational work. Union is strength. Good faith is right, and good policy too.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

The Yarmouth Convention, in August last, requested the Finance Committee to take on their shoulders the entire responsibility of lifting the Horton Institutions out of debt, of fostering them to a state of efficiency equal to the demands of the times, and of raising funds for Home and Foreign Missions. The College Board and the two Mission Boards were relieved. The Rev. G. E. Day, for Nova Scotia, John March, Esq., for New Brunswick, and the Rev. D. G. McDonald, for P. E. Island—the Finance Committee—agreed to take upon themselves this heavy duty. All eyes were turned to this Committee. These brethren had a right to expect the prayers, the sympathies, and the

hearty co-operation of the entire denomination represented in the Convention. The denomination expected this Committee to go forward courageously with their heavy work.

TWO MONTHS' HISTORY.

The enthusiasm felt at the last Convention has necessarily abated in some degree. Nothing has been done in actual work on the field in these two months; but, according to the newspaper reports, the New Brunswick member of the Finance Committee has been actively, yea, officially, engaged in organizing the Baptists in New Brunswick for the new departure in the matter of a St. John Institute.

WHITHER DO WE GO?

The Rev. W. H. Warren is, we learn, put into the field for two months. Where will he go? Say to New Brunswick; but New Brunswick will say, we are raising thirty thousand dollars, (\$30,000.00), for an Academy for our own Province; we cannot help. Suppose Rev. Mr. Warren begins in Nova Scotia. The people will say, "Brother Warren, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, and Nova Scotia contracted those debts at Horton in partnership. In partnership the Baptists of all the Provinces have, for these many years past, been co-operating in the work of Higher Education, and in Missions. Has New Brunswick withdrawn? Must Nova Scotia and P. E. Island pay the Professors to be appointed, buy apparatus, pay the current-expense debt, and pay the \$28,000 building fund debt, and raise the needed additional endowment? Has New Brunswick been united with us in contracting debts, in assuming heavy responsibilities, and in planning a great educational enterprise for the future, and now does New Brunswick withdraw without explanation, and throw these crushing responsibilities on us?"

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The Finance Committee chiefly and practically, but, in a measure, the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors must be held accountable for an explanation of these matters. Between two bodies—able bodies—the Rev. Mr. Warren has been put into the field. Have these two bodies agreed to release New Brunswick at this critical time from any responsibility in delivering Acadia College from debt and the matter of further endowment? Has the Board of Governors made any bargain of this kind with the sister Province? The people will naturally ask the Agent for light. There is much zeal for Acadia College, but it is an intelligent zeal. If New Brunswick has withdrawn we want to know it. If not, we expect her to do her part at all times, and now especially.

We, in common with friends of the Higher Education in all the Provinces, want information. Who will rise and explain? The situation, so far as education is concerned, looks ominous. Let the explanation come now, full, explicit, and satisfactory. If it is not done it does not require the wisdom of a prophet to predict complications of the most distressing and disastrous character.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Land Act appears to be winning its way into the favor of the tenant farmers in Ireland. We learn that hundreds marched into Tuam on Wednesday last, to secure the readjustment of their rents. Cheers were given for the Land Act. The Land Courts are disposing of the cases as fast as possible. There are already 7,500 cases before the Courts. It is probable that Parnell will be sentenced to 14 days privation of visits for having written a letter published in the *Freeman's Journal*. The officers of the prison are in a state of apprehension that a sworn inquiry will be held touching the letter.

An effort was made in the City Council at Dublin to confer the freedom of the City on Parnell and Dillon, but was negated by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

The Land League operations have received a check. The *United Ireland*—the organ of that body—appeared on Thursday last without any editorial on current events, but having the space usually occupied by that subject left blank, surrounded by broad black mourning lines, having within said space, only the words, "Freedom of the press in Ireland in 1881," and in an adjoining column the following:

"The blanks in the editorial column every peasant in his fountain hut, and every friend of freedom in the world over will know how to translate. It will be a perpetual reminder that, let bayo-