

mixing up medicines from the prescriptions of more skillful and more lucky physicians. When he came he found Mrs. Clack seated disconsolately by the side of the old man, while Dot was on the bed, kissing and fondling him, though he would not stir or take any notice of her. The doctor gazed long and studiously at the feverish, wrinkled face, and felt the burning hand and quickly beating pulse.

"He is half-famished," he said, "and he's down with the fever. And no wonder," he added, glancing round him, and breathing the close, tainted air with an expression of disgust; "and it's dens like these that breed fever. You are his wife, I suppose?" "No! O dear no!" she cried, nervously; "I will not deceive you sir; I am nobody's wife. But I'll do my duty by him as much as if I was. Tell me what I ought to do, and I will do it. Did you say it was fever, doctor?" "This fever, sure enough," he answered, hastening to the door for a breath of fresh air.

"It could not be that suit!" exclaimed Mrs. Clack, clasping her hands, "I have never dealt in fever clothes or small pox clothes, I have not, indeed, sir. But I had a suit of clothes offered to me very cheap only a day or two ago; and he has been wearing them. O doctor! it could not be that suit?"

"Very likely," he replied, "if it was a great bargain; and whoever sold them to you is guilty of murder, for he'll die, poor old fellow. There is not a chaper for him. Half starved to begin with," he muttered to himself, "and breathing air that's full of poison."

In a few hours all the neighbors knew that the blind old fiddler was down with fever, and that he was raving and rambling in his talk, not with any violence, his aged and worn-out frame had not strength enough for that, but with cries, and moans, and loud words, which could easily be overheard on the outside of the coach-house doors. Women and children clustered round listening, in spite of Don, who rushed out from time to time unexpectedly, with as little noise as possible, to drive them away. "It was a dreadful catching fever," they told one another; but none of them seemed afraid of taking it. Some of the oldest neighbors proffered their help to Mrs. Clack; but she would never leave the old man, except when Don was at home to take her place.

The fever was not very long in finishing its work on a frame so feeble as old Lister's. His mind grew somewhat clearer towards the end, though he was almost too far gone to speak.

"Tell me," he said, with his falling voice, seeing no one, and not knowing who was near him; "tell me, any one, where I am going?" "Don was kneeling on the floor beside him, and Dot was lying near him on the mattress, watching him with her wondering childish eyes, while Mrs. Clack sat by him on a low stool, bathing his hot head with vinegar. None of them spoke, though Don looked up eagerly into Mrs. Clack's face.

"I am going," he said mournfully; "where to?"

"Oh, Mrs. Clack," said Don, in a low, appealing voice; "you're a wise woman; couldn't you tell him something about where he's going to?"

"I've forgotten it, Don," she answered sadly; "it's so long since I learned it." "I'm dying like a dog at last," muttered old Lister, turning his blind eyes from side to side, as if vainly striving to see something.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Don, earnestly; "you cannot do that; there are those of us by you that love you, and are very sorry for you. There's Mrs. Clack, and Dot, and me. Isn't there anybody to love him where he is going to, Mrs. Clack?"

"Yes," she said solemnly, "there's God!" "God is where you are going to," said Don, in the old man's ear, "and he loves you."

"And our Lord Jesus Christ," continued Mrs. Clack, slowly, as if she was half afraid of uttering his name.

"And Jesus Christ," repeated Don. "There's me and Dot, and Mrs. Clack here as loves you, and is taking care of you; and there's God and Jesus Christ where you are going to, as loves you, and is taking care of you. That's not dying like a dog!"

A strange and solemn expression passed over the old man's dying face. He looked as if he was listening to some good news long ago forgotten, but now told to him again. His lips moved; but only Don caught the whisper that they uttered:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

From the Christian Helper.

A Letter from Telugu Land.

This morning at 7.30 a. m., I went to the School House Chapel, to conduct the morning devotions held there every morning save that of the Sabbath, when we have a Sabbath School instead. The school teachers, scholars, and all the servants, Christian and heathen, attend these morning services. After the roll call, a hymn is sung, a portion of Scripture is read with some remarks, and then a prayer is offered. The servants then leave. The teachers and all the scholars that can read at all, repeat in turn the verse of Scripture for the day. This morning I asked one of the school girls who failed to repeat the verse, why she did not say the verse? Her answer was: "Ra-ladu, 'Did not come, or it did not come.' The answer was correct according to Telugu idiom. In English the answer would have been: 'I did not learn it.' In Telugu it would be 'It did not come to me.' Thereupon I gave the teachers and scholars a little lecture upon the different states of mind engendered by Christianity and heathenism—Christianity made us honest and straightforward. It taught us to confess our faults and then to amend them. Idolatry, on the other hand, made us untruthful, and ready to put the fault in every other place than the right one, if the confession of it in any way affected us. I called attention to the fact that the verse that 'did not come' had no feet of its own to come, and we knew it. Further, that it was not a true way of stating the matter. Did any of them expect the verse to come and stand before them and say 'here I am, commit me to memory?'"

A great deal of the manners and customs, and modes of thought of a people is wrapped up in the words and idioms of their language. It is the most interesting part of the study of any language to note these things. Care in comparing the changes in meanings of words in the different periods of a nation's history, will always reveal the inmost currents of thought that at the different periods were guiding the national life for good or evil. Had we but eyes to see it, we would find in the words of a language as used by a nation, from age to age, a history of the whole social and moral life of the natives for all that time.

That short expression of that little girl this morning has volumes in it. It is the rarest thing in the world to ever find any one that has done wrong. Fate, the devil, everything animate and inanimate, come in for the blame. The transgressor may feel that he has been a great fool to be made a tool of by the devil, &c., but then if it were his fate, as he may likely think it was, he will not even in the mildest degree charge himself with being anything but a Solon. What could even Solon have done when "Fate" had decided otherwise? The exceptions are so rare, and their excuses even then are so many, that we might truthfully say at once and be done with it, invariably when any one is brought up for any crime, he will say "the devil tempted me and drew me into it." And he will say it in such a way as to give the impression that he is far more an object of pity than of reprobation. "The verse did not come." The verse is very much to blame that it did not come, but there is no hint given that I did anything wrong in not learning it. What could I do? the verse did not come."

It has been said that "India's great want is a conscience." Yes, that is what is wanted. The first time I came to India, on reaching Mellere, I was introduced by Dr. Jewett to one and another of the native Christians. When he introduced Julia, Rev. Kanakiah's wife to me, he remarked, "Here is a Telugu with a conscience."

Had that little girl this morning been speaking a language used by a people having a conscience; had her own moral perceptions been quick, like those of a girl at home, the answer would have been different. It would have faced in an exactly opposite direction. Christianity is unbinding the starveling conscience of this people; is bringing it out of the dark depths of idolatry to once more take its regal seat. Christianity will change the people, and equally therewith it will change their language.

A. V. TOMPSON.
Cottarada, Nov. 25th, 1880.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
From the West.

MORGAN PARK.
No. 1.

In attempting to give some description of this western suburb,—for not yet can it be dignified with the name of town,—we have the gratification of being among the first, if not the first, to introduce it to the notice of the readers of the MESSENGER. Newton, Rochester, Crozer, are familiar to every ear, and readily recognized as important towns, and seats of theological instruction; but when Morgan Park is mentioned, no doubt very many, and most excusably so, will enquire where it is located, and for what it is remarkable. It is, therefore, our bounden duty in the first place to give a formal, or informal, if it may please any the better, to call it, introduction to this new prodigy, which is so rapidly rising into prominence, and demanding wide recognition.

It is situated, as you would no doubt term it, in the far west; but, as locating it after this manner might give offence to some of the good people residing near, who have a great antipathy to being called "western folk," we will drop that designation, and with greater definiteness will represent it as situated about eight miles directly south of the great western metropolis, Chicago, on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad. It is reached from the city by what is called a dummy train. I never knew any trains to be so named in Nova Scotia, perhaps the reason might be because the law of fitness is not always enforced there as elsewhere. It is purely a passenger accommodation train, i. e., it is so accommodating to the traveller, as to stop at every few streets for his disembarkment. It is also practically an assurance train, for you seldom stop so long that you are not sure of ultimately reaching your destination, and you never go so rapidly as to excite your fears of disaster. When I first passed over this road I sought both within and without the car for something especially attractive, something which might make the eyes of an eastern dilettante, something especially noteworthy, and new, and unusual, which might bring to my apprehension some characteristics of western life and customs. But I never tried the experiment, since, for a long distance the back doors of ten or twelve cars were to be seen, ornamented it might be, with some dirty-faced and ragged children, or with a rugged female, broomstick in hand.

Then we passed what were announced to be "Rock Island shops," and which we afterwards learned were the machine and other shops belonging to the company which we were patronizing. Englewood was the next place of seeming importance reached. It is a small sized town, and chiefly remarkable; it would appear, for its being the junction of several lines of railway.

"Normal" was the next stopping place announced by the stentorian voice of our brakeman, and, as by the unexplainable law of association the opposite to that just named came into our head, we looked abroad to behold this normal place before us, hoping to see much which we might contrast with some things just passed, which were to our minds highly abnormal. We soon learned, however, that an institution near at hand was thus designated, and not the place at large, but had the latter been intended, we should not have objected. Our attention was next aroused by the cry, "Washington Heights," and, not having seen an elevation, not to mention a height for many days, we were almost breathless with expectation and eagerness to catch the first sight of that which should remind us perchance of some hallowed spot in the far away land of home. But how deluding are many of the inventions of men, and what better example could be had than that before us? The train stopped. We looked out first upon the right and then upon the left, and then endeavored by raising the window to take in the prospect ahead. Heights we believed there must be, for had not the brakeman said so, and surely a brakeman must tell the truth; and we continued our search. Soon the signal was given,

and away we were again, and not till subsequently did the light begin to dawn upon our darkened understanding. All finally became clear. We were now no longer within the dominions of the beloved Victoria, but among the people who, about a hundred years ago, after hard fighting, gained their independence. And did not George Washington materially aid them in accomplishing that result? And had he not been revered almost as a god, certainly as the hero of heroes, ever since? And had not the grateful people taken every pains to immortalize his name? These reflections, telled in upon me in rapid succession, and the mystery was, at least to my mind, satisfactorily solved.

Here was a place on the broad prairie, which long ages ago when the earth was shapen, was elevated perhaps six feet above the surrounding level. The great Washington was about that height, and what could be more appropriate than to name it Washington's Height. This, in the development of language, had become slightly changed, the s of the first word being removed to that of the second, and the delusive appellation now used became established.

During the remainder of the journey we guarded ourselves against falling into another such difficulty, when Prospect Avenue, Tracey Avenue, etc., were announced, by accepting the oft-repeated suggestion of a former professor—that in some cases it is wiser to accept for granted what is before us than it is to look for proof. In fact, however, the prospect became much more pleasing. The dwellings became more scattered but were of good appearance, many of them being the residences of business men of the city; groves of oak and chestnut might be seen on every hand, while the vast prairie stretched out before us. We have now reached our destination at Morgan Park.

BLUENOSE.
For the Christian Messenger.

Dear Brother,

In the October No. for 1879 of "The Nineteenth Century," a magazine published by George Munro, of New York, there is an article on "Baptism" by the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster. I have read it with pleasure, and thought a few extracts might not be amiss for the MESSENGER.

The question is asked, "What, then, was Baptism in the Apostolic age? It coincided with the greatest religious change which the world had yet witnessed. Multitudes of men and women were seized with one common impulse, and abandoned by the irresistible conviction of a day, an hour, a moment, their former habits, friends, and associates, to be enrolled in a new society under the banner of a new faith. . . . Into this society they passed by an act as natural as it was expressive. The plunge into the bath of purification, long known among the Jewish nation as the symbol of a change of life, was still retained as the pledge of entrance into this new and universal communion,—retained under the sanction of Him, into whose name they were by this solemn rite 'baptized.' In that early age the scene of the transaction was either some deep wayside spring or well, as for the Ethiopian, or some rushing river, as the Jordan, or some vast reservoir, as at Jericho or Jerusalem, whither, as in the baths of Caracalla at Rome, the whole population resorted for swimming or washing." . . . "These are the outer forms, of which, in the western churches, almost every particular is altered, even in the most material points. Immersion has become the exception and not the rule. Adult baptism as well as immersion exists only among the Baptists." "This leads us to the 2nd characteristic of the act of Baptism. Baptism was not only a bath but a plunge,—an entire submersion in the deep water, a leap as into the rolling sea or the rushing river, where for the moment the waves closed over the bather's head, and he emerges again as from a momentary grave."

Again says the Dean: "We now pass to the changes in the form itself. For the first 13 centuries the almost universal practice of Baptism was that of which we read in the New Testament, and which is the very meaning of the word 'baptize,'—that those who were baptized were plunged, submerged, im-

mersed into the water. That practice is still, as we have seen, continued in Eastern Churches. In the Western Church it still lingers amongst Roman Catholics in the solitary instance of the cathedral of Milan, amongst Protestants in the austere sect of the Baptists. It lasted long into the Middle Ages. Even the Icelanders, who at first shrank from the water of their freezing lakes, were reconciled when they found that they could use the warm waters of the Geysers. And the cold climate of Russia has not been found an obstacle to its continuance throughout that vast Empire. Even in the Church of England it is still observed in theory, Elizabeth and Edward the Sixth were both immersed. The rubric in the Public Baptism for Infants enjoin that, unless for special cases, they are to be dipped. But in practice it gave way since the beginning of the 17th century. . . . "Another change is not so complete, but is perhaps more important. In the Apostolic age, and in the three centuries which followed, it is evident that, as a general rule, those who came to baptism came in full age, of their own deliberate choice. We find a few cases of the baptism of children; in the 3rd century we find one case of the baptism of infants. Even amongst Christian householders the instances of Chrysostom, Gregory, Nazianzen, Basil, Ephrem of Edessa, Augustine, Ambrose, are decisive proofs that it was not only obligatory but not usual. They had Christian parents, and yet they were not baptized till they reached maturity. Gradually, however, the practice spread, and after the 5th century the whole Christian world, East and West, Catholic and Protestant Episcopal and Presbyterian, (with the single exception of the sect of the Baptists before mentioned), have baptized children in infancy, whereas, in the early ages, adult baptism was the rule, and infant baptism the exception; in later times infant baptism is the rule, and adult baptism the exception."

Comment is needless. When such giants as the Dean of Westminster writes thus, why will pigmies deny?
Yours, &c.,
H.
Melvern Square, Feb. 4, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.

The P. E. Island Baptist Sabbath School Convention

held its Fourth Annual Session at Alexandria on Saturday and Monday, Jan. 8th and 10th, 1881.

officers for current year.

President.—W. B. Howatt, Tryon.

Vice-President.—Wm. McLeod, Dundas.

Secretaries.—N. J. McDonald, Montague; A. D. Matheson, Dundas.

Treasurer.—Warren L. Wellner, Charlottetown.

The following schools reported to the Convention: Alexandria, Charlottetown, Clyde River, Dundas, Eldon, Tryon, Uigg, West River, (nine schools), by letter and delegates; East Point, Lower Freetown, and Upper Westmorland, (three schools), by letter only.

STATISTICS OF SCHOOLS REPORTED.

Total number of schools reported... 12

Total delegates, divided as follows:

3 Pastors, 5 Superintendents, and 9 brethren..... 17

Membership..... 720

Average..... 466

Teachers..... 51

Papers distributed..... 4657

Books in libraries..... 1140

Number received into the churches from schools..... 7

Expended for benevolent objects \$ 29 25

running expenses. 138 35

Monies sent to Convention..... 7 00

Names of papers distributed: Baptist Teacher; Youth's Visitor; Lesson Quarterly, intermediate and advanced; Our Little Ones; The Young Reaper; Children's Picture Lessons; Temperance Banner; Christian Helper.

Six schools continue all the year, while six close during winter.

Largest school reported..... 165

Smallest school reported..... 26

The Convention held six sessions, three each day. Each session was devoted to the discussion of some special subject, according to programme of Committee on Arrangements.

1st Session.—Devotional exercises; election of officers; reading letters; receiving reports.

2nd Session.—Subject, "Is it practicable to continue the Sabbath School in country localities during the winter months?" Opened by Rev. C. C. Burgess; spoken to by twelve brethren, when the following resolution was unanimously passed: