

father and little Dot? While she was surrounded with all this comfort and kindness, perhaps they were starving with cold and hunger, if they were not already at rest in their graves. The comfort was unbearable to her; she fancied she would have been almost happier, wanderingfoot sore and hungry about the streets. The first time she saw Abbott she must tell him all, and bear any consequences that might arise from her confession.

Abbott came up to see her that evening. As soon as she heard his tap at the door she rose and stood trembling before him, in her poor tattered clothing, and with her white and sickly face meeting him with a look of trouble and affliction. He had only seen her once before, for after he had thrown her back by his conversation he had not been admitted to visit her a second time at the hospital. He had never beheld a more pitiable creature, for her long illness and the great anguish of her soul had marked her face with an expression of profound suffering.

"Sit down," he said gently; "you're not fit to be standing."

"I've something to say to you," she stammered; "something I ought to tell you, for I don't deserve what you are doing for me."

"Let us sit down and talk it over," he answered, drawing the only other chair to the opposite side of the narrow hearth. "Tell me anything you wish."

"I was very miserable," Hagar said, clinching her thin hands together, "and lost all heart. My husband was dead, and there was my blind father and my two little children, all looking to me for everything. I'd done the best I could, I couldn't get a living for us all; and my poor father would never hear a word of going into the workhouse. We'd seen better days, you know, and he couldn't bring his mind to it—no, if we were all starved to death. He kept on saying he'd die like a dog first, and so I grew quite desperate."

"Did you ask God to help you? Did you try to cast your care upon him?" said Abbott, as she paused, afraid and ashamed of saying more.

"I never thought of him," she answered. "I never thought of him when we were well off and happy, and it's hard to remember him when you haven't a morsel, and two little children and an old man all crying to you from hunger. I'd forgotten God, and he forgot me. If he hadn't forsaken me then, he must have forsaken me now."

"Men forsake us," said Abbott, "but God never."

"Ay! you don't know," continued Hagar, with dry lips and in a forced voice; "I took my old blind father and my little, little Dot—only this high—into Kensington Gardens, and I forsok them! I'd no roof to shelter them, and no bread to give them, and I grew tired to death, and I forsok them both!"

"Poor mother!" cried Abbott. "Oh, if I'd only been there!"

He felt as he had often felt before when he heard some tale of misery—that he had been there he must have saved them. They were silent for a minute or two, Hagar gazing with dry, tearless eyes into the fire, not daring to look into his face, which was full of grief and pity and sympathy for her sore distress.

"I don't deserve to be here," she cried, glancing round the little room; "I ought to be out in the cold night, and under the dark, wet trees, as I left them. But I did go back to find them, only it was too late. I climbed up into the Gardens after the gates were closed, and walked about all night up and down, calling. And then I was knocked down, and my baby killed. I'm left quite alone now; that is God's judgment on me."

"You would not do it again," he said.

"I'd rather die a hundred times," she sobbed; "there's many and many a thing worse than dying. I never knew misery like this. To have your own heart crying out against you all the while, and to wonder where they are, and to think what dreadful things may come upon them, and me not to know—that is misery."

"If you'd only speak to our Lord Jesus Christ and tell him all about it," said Abbott in a low and troubled voice. "Just speak as if you could see him and ask him to forgive you, and if he thinks best, to let you find them again

—you'd feel your misery lighter, I'm sure. 'Come unto me,' he says, 'all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And you are weary and heavy laden. He feels for you and is troubled for you, just as I am, only a hundred times more. There's nothing like going to Him."

"I don't know what to say," she answered; "I never said any prayer but 'Our Father!' and not that often. Will you speak to him for me?"

"Now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "if anything would comfort me, it is that. You are a good man, and God will listen to you. Perhaps He will listen to me some time but I can't feel as if He would hear me now. You pray to Him for me, so that I can join in."

They knelt, reverently. "Dear Lord," said Abbott, "we know thou art always present, even in these London streets, seeing every sin and every trouble in them. Thou art a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, oh, Lord. When this poor woman forsook her father and her little child, it was done in Thy sight; Thou wert standing and Thou hadst had them in sight ever since. They cannot be lost or hidden from Thee. Oh, Lord, forgive the poor mother's sin. She is in great trouble! I never saw any one in so much trouble;—Don't let her feel herself forsaken by God; that is an awful thing, dear Lord! She is very weary and heavy laden; oh give her rest. Forgive her, and comfort her, and in some good time let her find her father and child again. Amen."

"Do you think He will bring them back to me?" asked Hagar, after they had risen from their knees.

"I can't tell," answered Abbott; "if it is best for you and for them, He will. But none of us can know what God thinks best."

"Oh!" she cried, "I shall believe He has forgiven me, and hasn't forsaken me, only if he brings them back to me."

"Now you judge God to be like yourself," he said gravely; "because you forsook them you think He will forsake you. But His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Your love was worn out by your misery, but His love can never be worn out."

He said no more, but bade her good-night, and left her in her quiet room, Hagar, exhausted, yet too excited for sleep, sat watching the fire till the last spark was dead, pondering in her heart what she must do to gain some news of her lost ones, if possible, and repeating to herself from time to time the words, "God's love can never be worn out."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Dedication at Acadian Mines.

Dear Messenger,—

Bro. Miles has favored your readers with a brief account of the above. Will you allow me to add a few words? The house is a neat building, with sharp roof. There is a fixture of some sort that takes the place of a steeple, indicating by its upward reach that it is a place where God is worshipped.

It has an end gallery, and a room on the left as you enter for the pastor's use, etc. Folding doors reach from this across the house, separating the space beneath the gallery from the main audience room. As these can be opened or shut at pleasure, they prove an excellent arrangement. The house is seated with settees and chairs. The seats, as they should be in all our churches, are free.

Great praise is due to the little church for their enterprising spirit in carrying the building to completion in the short space of four months. They are but a handful—three or four brothers, and twelve or fifteen sisters, and not possessed of much worldly substance. What they have accomplished is the wonder of all who know not the secret,—faith in God, and willingness to work for him. Some of our churches are dying out for want of determination to live. They hold the truth so feebly, and their money so tenaciously, that they can see the cause of God declining without an effort to arrest the backward movement. Churches that have not backbone enough to stand erect, nor zeal sufficient to prompt to work and sacrifice for God and truth, do not deserve to live; they are scarcely

worth assisting. Those friends from abroad who have contributed to this enterprise, may have the satisfaction of knowing that their benevolence has been both well directed and well applied.

The dedicatory services were of a most interesting character. Bro. Martell's sermon in the morning was a clear and forcible presentation of the doctrine of the New Testament church,—its ordinances and their mutual relation. As I did not hear it, I can only speak from report. The writer addressed an attentive audience in the afternoon. Dr. Clay preached in the evening from Isaiah lxvi. 1, 2, from which he eloquently demonstrated the being of a God, and showed that the heart of the contrite is his dwelling place on earth. The next evening the Dr. delivered a lecture for the benefit of the church, on the physical, intellectual, and moral improvement of the working man, of which we have heard a good account. About \$47 were realized toward the building fund.

We trust that Bro. Miles will soon have the satisfaction of seeing his labors blessed in the addition of "living stones" to the spiritual temple by the great Master Builder. M. P. F.

For the Christian Messenger.

Exegetical.

And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat on the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth: and all the fowls were filled with their flesh." Rev. xix. 21.

We are to understand that it is principles, rather than human beings, that are to be slain. In vs. 20. of this chapter, John saw the beast and the false prophet taken and cast alive into a lake of fire. Beast and false prophet, doubtless, represent two great anti-Christian powers, or systems of false religion. These two systems are to be destroyed at the commencement, or during the last great triumph of the gospel. When these are overthrown, then the gospel will have free course in all lands. Then the marriage of the Lamb may be expected (vs. vii.), and the marriage supper will be prepared (vs. 9). Verses 11-13 doubtless represent Jesus Christ going forth in His power to conquer the nations. In the 14th verse the armies of Heaven, too, are seen upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, clean and white, and they are following their great leader, Jesus. These are the true children of God. The fine linen is their righteousness. See vs. 8. The horses under them denote the purity of their faith and principles. They are called the armies which were in heaven. The phrase 'heaven' in this passage may be used to mean the scriptural kingdom of Christ in this world, of which kingdom all the subjects are soldiers. Their armour is of God's own make, and is described in Eph. vi. 14-18. And it is very noticeable that the wonderful personage who is leading those armies has a sharp sword going out of his mouth, that with it he should smite the nations. This sword represents the Word of God, which is sharper than any two edged sword, see Heb. iv. 12. He was also, to rule with a rod of iron. This represents the inexorable law of God's justice; which while it secures the eternal salvation of all who believe in Christ, at the same time, decrees, and executes eternal punishment upon all who reject Christ, see vs. 15. In the 17th verse, John saw an angel standing in the Sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God. That ye may eat the flesh of kings, of captains, of mighty men, of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, etc. This angel represents the gospel ministry. Christ is called the Sun of righteousness, Mal. iv. 2, and the Light of the world, John i. 9, and all men called of God to preach the gospel, are really standing in Christ, see John xv. 4. In this passage, fowls denote the true children of God. Compare Isa. lx. 8, where the prophet enquires, Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? The idea is, there shall be a mighty turning to God among all the nations of the earth at that time. Then, too, all the true children of God who, hitherto, had been scattered among various denominations; will now become only one vast body: all believing, speaking, and acting

with one accord, being perfectly joined together in the same judgement, of one heart and soul. Then the prayer of Jesus will have been answered: "That they all may be one as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." John xvii. 21. "The Supper of the great God." The materials for this supper are mentioned in verse 18; the metaphor in this verse, doubtless, represents the last great triumph of the gospel over all systems of false religion, and over every opposing power throughout the whole world; when all the wealth, learning and honours of the world shall be at the disposal of the people of God. Compare Isa. chapter lx. especially verse 16, "Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breasts of kings." The idea is, righteousness, peace, and joy will then be the lot of all God's children. As saith the apostle: The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Rom. xiv. 17. This xix chap., (like most of the book of Revelation) is highly metaphorical, and cannot be taken in a literal sense. The events recorded in it seem to correspond with the predictions found in the lx chapter of Isaiah. It may help us to understand Rev. xix. 18 to examine John vi. from verse 47 to 59 where Jesus assures the Jews that, "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood ye have no life in you," i. e., appropriate by faith the salvation wrought out by the life and death of Jesus; or, they would remain in a state of condemnation. "And the remnant were slain" Observe here the beast and false prophet are not said to be slain, but taken alive. That is the two great systems or powers represented by these metaphors, will remain unchanged; they will continue to hate and persecute the people of God, until they lose their power, and are made to reap their reward in hell. When these powers are destroyed, all other opposers will be brought by the gospel, (for the sword going out of his mouth, represents the Word of God) to submit to Christ. Their opposition will be slain; and they with all their wealth and honours will be at the disposal of the people of God. See Rev. xxi. 24-26 and I Cor. iii. 21, 22. Compare Psalm ii. 8, and Isa. liii. 12.

R. S. MORTON, Millville, Feb. 1st, 1881.

For the Christian Messenger.

In Memoriam.

DEACON J. R. REID.

Died on Monday, January 31st, of inflammation of the lungs, Deacon J. R. Reid, in the 40th year of his age. The deceased was for many years afflicted with asthma, and though he had been gradually failing for some time, we fondly hoped he would be spared to us a few years longer, but on the 31st Jan., after four days of suffering, borne with christian resignation, he gently fell asleep in Jesus. He felt from the first that he would not recover, and had "a desire to depart," knowing that while death gained advantage over his body his soul would thereby be introduced to visions of enrapturing glory, and to society the most blessed and desirable. He could say with the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," etc.

Our departed brother was a truly good man, and persons who knew him and knew what religion is must have been convinced that he had it. He exemplified the power of the gospel in his life. He was a consistent christian. He sought to carry out what he professed and loved. He was steadfast in his adherence to truth, and maintained throughout an unblemished character.

As a member and officer of the church in this place he was greatly beloved and respected. He seems to have been a man of no unholy jealousy, ambition, or guile; he was willing to unite with his brethren whether he were put first or last.

He was faithful and attentive to the duties of religion, and, except when prevented by physical weakness, was a constant attendant in the house of God.

He was benevolent,—for many years he has contributed considerably more than "a tenth" of his income to benevolent objects. He was, in fact, an uncommon man;

though weak, physically, he had more than ordinary talent, decision, firmness, and energy, and these he consecrated largely to the service of Christ.

We have sustained a heavy loss in his removal, but our loss is his gain,—he is now, we doubt not, in the presence of God, delighting in his Saviour, having fullness of joy and singing his praises with the love and triumph of a ransomed and glorified spirit.

"Dear as thou art and justly dear, We will not weep for thee; One thought shall check the starting tear; It is, that thou art free."

J. J. A. Oxford, N. S., Feb. 17, 1881.

MRS. HARRIET DODGE,

Widow of the late John Dodge, of Middleton, Annapolis Co., died Feb. 2, aged 84 years. Sister D. and her husband were baptized at Nictaux, about 52 years ago, by Rev. I. E. Bill. She was a lover of the sanctuary. Though for some years unable to join in the public service of God, she yet maintained a deep interest in that service, always inquiring about the meetings and other interests of the church. She always esteemed the ministers of the Word very highly for their work's sake, and many servants of the Lord have occasion to cherish her memory for special tokens of that esteem. After her death some papers were found written by her in 1842-43. From these we learn something of the exercises of her mind in earlier years. Referring to her convictions on account of sin when about nineteen years of age, she writes:

"During this time I lived in a place of much mirth and dancing, and oftentimes met with my associates expecting much pleasure, but, alas! it was not there for me." * * * "My chief aim and cry was, O that I could be a christian! O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come over at His mercy seat.

"Year after year thus rolled around, And not one gleam of hope was found, Many were the doubts, Many were the fears, Many were the prayers, Many were the tears."

The death of a little child in 1827 was the means of directing her to the Word of God, and there she found Jesus her Saviour, and was able to rejoice in Him with much joy. On the conversion of three of her children she writes:

"O the unspeakable goodness of God! O, the riches of his grace, the length and breadth and depth whereof are past finding out. Glory and honor alone are due to His Almighty name. How glorious to behold the banner of God advancing. How it rejoices my heart to anticipate the glorious day when neighbour shall not say to neighbour, know ye the Lord, but all shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest."

There are "words of instruction" to her children. To those "who have professed the religion of Jesus" she writes:

"Follow not after the vanities of this present age, neither ever be ashamed of the cross of Christ. It is the christian's glory. It is the power of God unto salvation. Love the people of God and cultivate an acquaintance with them. * * * Love the house and public worship of God, that you may say with David, 'My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.' * * * Go not with unhalloved lips into His sanctuary, but let your heart and voice join in the Saviour's praise. Keep the Lord's Day holy. * * * Be not fond of visiting on this holy day, but rather of retirement.

"May the blessing of God rest upon you. May He pour plentifully into your hearts the riches of His grace. May you grow up as the Cedars of Lebanon, trees of righteousness of the Lord's own planting. * * * May your will be sweetly swallowed up in God's will. May you be sincere penitents, true converts, and sound believers. May you be dead to the world and all things in it, and your life hid with Christ in God."

Recounting God's mercies she writes: "Every day experience reproaches unbelief, and brings me some new evidence of thy faithfulness. * * * No moment of my life has been destitute of thy care. Thou hast been often found unsought.

"Forever thy dear, charming name Shall dwell upon my tongue, And Jesus and salvation be The theme of every song."

How precious the memory of such a mother! Our heart, says, Thank God for the pious mothers! The legacy of such prayers, such admonitions and soul breathings is better than gold.

The piety of Sister D. was in deed as well as word. She ministered of her means to the needy, and her contributions to the Lord's cause was a part of her delight. A part of her dying be-