

Sunday Reading.

For the Christian Messenger. Fellowship with Jesus.

As some fair star that speaks of home To wanderers on the sea, And gleaming o'er the dark'ning foam, Points to the heaven free. So Christ be Thou my Guide, Across Life's angry tide.

As friends who love, walk hand in hand, By fair or wintry ways, Sharing each other's cross and pain, Or hymn of grateful praise; So let me share with Thee Thy cross and victory.

Or if for such communion Thou Mayst deem my strength unmeet, With Mary let me share the task Of waiting at Thy feet; Like some meek sheltered dove, Blest by protecting love.

I will not murmur, though my lot In lowliness may be, Or to fame's proud heights I rise, So I am still with Thee; Thou canst the warrior lead Or bind the hearts that bleed.

I thank Thee for the changeless love Which heeds not friend nor foe, But constant is when fame is bright, Or when applause is low; As is Thy constancy, So be my loyalty.

Divine, yet ever human Christ, My Brother and my King, Thy friendship let me ever share, Thy praises ever sing; For Thou dost stoop to me, To raise me up to Thee.

THOMAS JAMES.

Wait and See.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D. 'I never let bairns or fools see my pictures until they are done,' said a Scotch artist to me once—quoting a familiar proverb of his countrymen. We are all but 'bairns' in God's sight, and we sadly play the fool in regard to his providential dealings. As no artist is willing to have a judgment pronounced on painting or statue until the work is completed, so our heavenly Teacher bids us possess our souls in patience. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' We must wait and see. This world is but the preparatory school, in which character is on the easel or under the chisel; exhibition day will come in another world. God's hand lays on dark colors very often; His chisel cuts deep. No trial of our faith is joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward it may work out the eternal weight of glory.

I stood last evening beside the silent form of a lovely daughter of one of my flock; for six months she had been in a chamber of severe suffering. The picture is completed now; one of the last touches was given to it last Sabbath morning, when the dying girl murmured, on her bed of pain, 'Oh I had hoped to spend this Sabbath in heaven.' Why she was lying helpless on that bed while her class had need of her in the Sunday-school—why these parents are doomed to go the rest of the journey without her—is a mystery that they or I cannot solve. What has befallen them has befallen many of us in the past. God only lets us see His providences 'in part,' and then we only see them as through a glass darkly. Why the pleasantest room in our house is turned into an hospital—why that coffin was carried, like a spectre, up our stairway—why the pillow in that little empty crib is unpressed to-day—why that income on which so many mouths depended is given up—why this and that staff was broken, our poor blind aching hearts cannot understand. God keeps his own secrets; all the answer He vouchsafes to us now is 'all things work together for good to them that love Me.' Impatient and rebellious as we may be now we cannot displace God's hand from the canvas; there is no help for us but to wait until the picture is completed. Some of the colours He is laying into our lives are frightfully sombre; but by-and-by, in the revealing light of the last day, they may be only a background on which faith and submissive trust and victorious strength will stand out in hues of golden glory. Let us wait and see. God is His own Interpreter And He will make it plain.

It is not from the assaults of open infidelity, or from the sceptical pages of the Renans, or Strauses, or Spencers, that the hardest strain on our faith cometh. It is from dark and mysterious permis-

sions of Providence that we are oftentimes in danger of making shipwreck of faith. We not only turn towards in the dark, but, like fools, we doubt whether there it will ever again be daylight. At such times it is good to bring in the lamp of that blessed passage of the thirtieth Psalm, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' The original Hebrew is far more forcible; it literally reads: 'In the night time sorrow lodgeth, but at the day-dawn cometh shouting.'

The shouting will be raised by the discovery of what was actually in existence all the time, and that is God's wonderful wisdom and love. I once spent a night on the summit of Mount Right, and the darkness was so dense that I could not see one rod from my window. But when the morning broke the polished mirror of Lake Lucerne spread beneath me, and the icy coronets of the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn glittered in the rosy beams. They had been there all through the night waiting for the unfoldings of the day-spring from on high.

A great deal of our work in the world is night work. Weary with rowing, we even get frightened by the apparition of the Master, and cry out, 'It is a ghost!' until He reveals Himself in the words, 'It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid.' The history of every discovery of new truth, of every enterprise of benevolence, and of every Christian reform, of almost every revival, is the history of long working, waiting, and watching through seasons of discouragement. The history of Palissy the potter is repeated ten thousand times over. The lesson for every missionary, every pastor, every teacher, and every sorely-tried child of God is in these heaven-taught words: 'I wait for the Lord, and in His Word do I hope; my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.'

'We have toiled all night and caught nothing' was the lament of the tired, sleepy, and hungry disciples. But in the early gray of the daybreak they spy the Master on the beach; the net is cast ashore, and cast on the right side of the ship, and lo! it swarms with a shoal that breaks through the meshes! So doth God test His children before He blesses them. Our province is simply to work and to wait, and to watch, and to let God have His way. That dear girl whose funeral service was attended last evening has discovered already that heaven had been hovering around her dying bed for weary weeks and only waiting for her eyes to shut towards this world and open towards the next. The beautiful paraphrase of the dying words of Rutherford might be applied to her—

The sands of time were sinking, The dawn of heaven broke, The summer morn she sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awoke. Dark, dark had been the midnight, But the dayspring was at hand, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

A brother tells us of a member of one of our country churches who has become very cross and snappish of late. Nothing can be done to please him. He will not sing because they use an organ; he will not pray when called on; he has stopped all of his contributions, and actually sits back among the sinners. Quite a bad report, but there is one consoling feature in it. While he is wrong about the singing, the praying, and the giving, we incline to the opinion that he hits the nail on the head in sitting back among the sinners. That is the best place for such a crank. That is right, grand brother, get far back; on the last bench under the gallery, and remain there until you are converted.—Religious Herald.

Sometimes when a steward approaches a money-making and money-loving Christian and asks him for his part of his preacher's pay, he answers, 'I am in debt and can't give much this year.' This is a proposition to make his preacher help pay for the last farm he bought—to enrich himself and his children out of the honest toil of his preacher. Why didn't he make the same answer when his merchant and his physician presented their bills, and refuse to pay, thus compelling them to contribute their part toward the increase of his wealth? He could do so with equal justice and propriety.

Professor Miller compared moderation in the use of strong drink to a plank across a deep chasm. Some may venture across it and succeed, but others thereby induced to attempt it will totter to destruction. Total abstinence is a bridge, safe alike for strong and weak. Make the bridge fashionable and the plank will be deserted. Charles Garrett, when climbing a Welsh mountain left his child below and chose a short but dangerous path. Soon he heard his child cry—'Take the safe path, father! I'm coming after you!' In terror he hurried to the safe path. Should not all parents take the safe path of abstinence so that their children can follow them safely?

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Incidents of Ministerial Life.

A TALE AND SOMETHING MORE.

CHAPTER XX.

(Concluded.)

On the sixth year of Mr. Alethes' pastorate the Lachnai Association met with the church at Taxis. These gatherings are productive of blessings, not more from the public meetings than in social conversation, on the interests of the churches. In the instance under review, the delegates were very inquisitive to know how a small church like that at Taxis could year after year keep hold of an attractive young minister like Mr. Alethes, and get along all the time so happily. In turn, after the letters had been read, the good people there put a few plain questions to the delegates. They could not see that some of the other brethren were not as good, and even smarter than their own pastor, and could not imagine why there was any need that they should be tossed to and fro from one church to another. They said that kind of thing did not agree with the professions made in the letters. Two of these epistles spoke in eloquent and pathetic language of the 'low state of Zion,' through not having pastors, and of the prayers, tears and anxious longings in which they were 'waiting for a good man to visit them,' and yet these same churches, not long before, had pastors suitable enough, which would have continued with them and have become twice as good if they had been made to feel at home with the people.

This plain dealing of the brethren at Taxis startled some of their guests; but as there was a holy purpose in all that was said, it was taken in good feeling, and to some extent bore fruit soon afterwards.

The reading of the Circular letters of this Association were interesting events, partly from the custom of keeping the writers behind the screen as much as possible, till the meetings were over. The subject was chosen by the Association at the last annual meeting, but the writer was selected in private by a committee of two, appointed for the purpose. The letter was read by the clerk. In this method the contents were regarded more as the sentiments of the body, and the writer enjoyed more freedom in the treatment of the theme.

As the Circular Letter, read on the occasion of the meeting at Taxis, was in keeping with the subject connected with our story, in concluding, it is commended to the consideration of the reader:

The Lachnai Association, assembled at Taxis, to the churches of which it is composed, greeting:

Beloved Brethren, In addressing you on the present occasion, we would say, 'Suffer the word of exhortation.' It is not needful in this letter to describe the troubles brought to remembrance in the subject that has been announced. The difficulties of the support of our pastors have wrung the hearts of many among you; both ministers and the people have been pierced through with many sorrows. The good state of the majority of the churches is a theme for congratulation; but, alas, in several the light is burning dimly; indeed, in some cases, the candlestick may be almost said to have been removed out of its place.

Some of our churches are necessarily small and deprived of pastoral labors, but our attention at present is directed to suffering churches where, with common care and kindness, good pastors may have been amply sustained in constancy. To you who are actually doing wrong in this connection, we would say affectionately, Brethren, we beseech you, do not so wickedly. You are received by the church as soon as you are regenerated, that you may be the subjects of her love, forbearance and protection; that your soul may be fed, first with the sincere milk of the Word, and then with the strong meat of Christian doctrine. Will a man tear his mother in pieces? The smallest number of believers banded together as a church are part of Christ's body; and He receives whatever is done to them as though done to Him. This is especially true regarding His ministers.—(Matt. x. 40.) Was not the body of the dear Saviour sufficiently mangled when in the hands of the Roman soldiers? Will you 'crucify the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame?' Look at you own hands: if your fingers are red by these actions, we know not what is to wash them. In the sixth chapter of the Hebrews we read of those whom it is impossible to renew again unto repentance, and such are you if you have gone to these extremes. 'But we are per-

suaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though we thus speak.'—(Heb. vii. 9.)

Some of you have plausible reasons for standing aloof from the cause of Christ; your brethren may have given you grievous offense, and the church perhaps was too weak or too indifferent to take the matter in hand; but your attitude is a delusion of Satan, notwithstanding. It is not your brother's house or his table that you have forsaken, but your Lord's, and as a consequence his minister has been obliged to leave and the cause languishes. God has allowed the devil to test you on the matter of Christian forgiveness: he is sifting you, but hitherto in this matter there is nothing seen but chaff. You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Brethren, we pity you; the cross you are called upon to shoulder is a heavy one; but you will have no peace of mind until you carry it. Remember Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself. He is offering you the other part of the yoke he wore, when he says to you, 'take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' O, dear brother, the time is short. Soon you and your fellow Christian will pass away.

Must you go to the grave-yard for harmony and peace? Struggle manfully. You have a terrible adversary. Do not think merely of your offending brother, but of the tremendous powers of evil attacking you, it may be, through him. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual enemies, the principalities of hell.

The difficulties of the pastorate are often a little nearer home. Some of you do not love your minister. It seems you cannot tell why, but you don't love him. Now, we pray you, before you allow this fact to influence your conduct in the least, be so good as to take the objection to pieces and examine it thoroughly. Ask yourself if there is not something you love better unworthy to be compared with him. If you don't love your pastor, and there be no particular reason in him, what is that thing you do not love, which hinders you in fulfilling your obligation? We would ask you to consider two facts: first, there never was a man who pleased every one, and secondly, the difficulty is as much likely to be in one heart as in the other. Again, dear brother or sister, if you do not like your pastor, and there be a reason, go and tell him, or else forever hold your tongue. Be assured, neither we, your church, or the pastor will condemn your antipathy, if you do not wrong him in any way. Again, we anxiously enquire whether he is actually 'so un-Christlike that you can find nothing to approve. Do you keep your eye mostly on his failings or on his virtues? Your pastor is imperfect, but cannot you love him for Christ's sake.

We desire to say a word to Aaron and Hurr. Dear brethren, our hearts leap for joy at the mention of your names. All that has been achieved by our beloved pastors, is due to a large extent to your thoughtfulness, promptitude, and constancy. From their hearts they thank you. Their wives and their children call you blessed. Many of you labor very much in obscurity, but there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed. You are often misunderstood, and your work is not always appreciated; you are, however, looking for reward in heaven. Trust in God and do right; he shall bring forth your righteousness as the light and your judgment as the noon-day. We have heard of the prayer-meetings, called after your honored names, and how often you have encouraged the servants of God when the enemy oppressed them. Whole churches have been encouraged by your example until trying scenes of pastoral life have changed to sunshine. For more than three thousand years your names have been held in renown; and when those of the greatest warriors and statesmen shall have been forgotten, yours shall be held in perpetual memorial. Moses was the mightiest as well as the meekest of men; but even his hands were heavy; and if it had not been for your timely help the armies of Israel might have been defeated. You are still sensible of your responsibility. You hold a trying position. Be faithful unto death, and you shall receive the crown of life.

With considerable diffidence we turn to address a few words to our beloved brethren, the pastors, who are engaged in these conflicts. Honored brethren, beware lest Satan take advantage over you, for ye are not ignorant of his devices. In differences with the members of your churches, first of all examine faithfully and see whether the trouble be not in your own heart or action. Bear patiently with your poor brother who may be entangled in the snare of the evil one. Beyond all others, you must keep your eye on the main cause of all our church troubles—your adver-

sary the devil. If you are discouraged, rally immediately, or resign and give place to earnest men. You stand upon the high places of the field; be not surprised if the whole artillery of hell be turned upon you. The more likely you are to be a soul-winner and master builder in Christ's church, in proportion you may be harassed by the enemy. Some of our own people tell of 'hiring' pastors, but you will make it appear that our ministers are no mere hiring shepherds, who fly when the wolf cometh; but, clad in the whole armour of God, contend manfully against the wiles of the devil. Brethren, yours is an arduous position if you are very faithful. You know how thoroughly the Word of God crosses the ten thousand evil propensities of human nature. The Word of God is a sword with two edges, and sometimes when you have been striking at a transgression you have hit a person whom you did not mean to hurt. Do not be dismayed with opposition, rather rejoice that you have been sustained so long in the faithful discharge of your duty. It is almost by miracle that God's servants are sustained.

Finally, beloved, may you all be knit together in love, pastors and members, Sabbath School teachers and church officers; all striving together as one for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Lord of Hosts is with you. The God of Jacob is your refuge. Christ is in the midst of his churches holding up his servants as stars in his right hand.

Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Algonquin Legends.

'The Algonquin Legends of New England' is the title of a book recently published by Mr. Charles G. Leland. This work consists of a collection of the myths traditions and folk lore from the Algonquin Division of the North American Indians. This Division embraces the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes of Maine, together with the Micmacs of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In order then that the title may be in harmony with the contents of the book it should read: 'The Algonquin Legends of New England and Canada.'

The author of 'The Gypsies,' has brought to this new and important task, a training for the work in hand, a genuine interest in his subject, and a tender sympathy with those whose lore he would make known to the world. He has understood the thoughts and caught the spirit of these ancient legends, reproducing both with wonderful vividness in a book which is thus fascinating as well as valuable.

It is a wonderful mythology that has existed in our very midst. We have as the central figure of these legends, Glooskap the Divinity, a demigod or hero, who at one time is represented as the exalted and good in a terrible and fierce conflict with Malsum his twin brother the evil principle; at another time he is surrounded by strange giants, towering until his head reaches above the clouds in awful scorn and disdain to contend with the mighty Sorcerer, he lightly touches him with the end of his bow and the victory is won; anon he sails through a great cavern of darkness or performs mighty works throughout the land; now in playful sport he catches whales with a mighty giant, and then again as the beneficent he grants gifts to those who come to him; he transforms the deformed and weak into the beautiful and strong, the wicked and cruel into the good and gentle; until at length the ways of men and beast waxing evil, he makes a rich feast on the shores of Lake Minas, and then entering his great canoe he glides away with voice of song, the sounds of which grow fainter and fainter in the distance, until at last they have wholly died away, and those who are left behind realize that Glooskap has taken his departure from the Acadian land.

After these legends of Glooskap follow the merry tales of Lox, the Wolf-ling, who appears as a spirit of mischief, a series of adventures of Master Rabbit, the legends of the Chenoos, who are terrible monsters of the North with icy hearts, stories of the spirits of Thunder and other tales of wonder and magic. Mr. Leland desires not only to show that these myths and legends have an affinity to those of the Eskimos, and he discovers also many points of wonderful similarity between them and the Eddas and Sagas of the Norsemen. He believes it probable that the Norsemen transmitted

the influence and elements of their mythology to the Eskimo, and these in turn to the Indians.

Among those who have aided in the production of this work, special mention is made of the Rev. Silas T. Rand, of Hantsport. Some idea of the value of his labors, and the extent of his assistance may be learned from the following just but generous acknowledgement: 'It is to the Rev. Silas T. Rand that the credit belongs of having discovered Glooskap, and of having first published in the Dominion monthly several of these northern legends. After I had collected a hundred among the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians, this gentleman, with unexampled kindness lent me a manuscript of eighty-four Micmac tales, making in all nine hundred folio pages. Many were similar to others in my collection, but I have never yet received a duplicate which did not contain something essential to the whole.' Constant reference is made throughout this book to the Rand manuscript of one of the most complete of the Glooskap legends. Mr. Deland writes, 'This tradition is Micmac, and taken almost entirely from Mr. Rand's manuscript. It should be borne in mind that it is not from a single story of this collection, but from a careful analysis and comparison of them all that their entire value is to be ascertained.' The simple and beautiful story of Glooskap bestowing gifts on three seekers, and the most pathetic portions of the Chenoos legends come from this manuscript. The poem on Glooskap, by Rev. A. W. Eaton, is also placed in this work.

This work has another and deep interest to the people of Acadia, as a land already made classic is here enveloped in legends. The following legend, although, perhaps, lacking the grandeur of some others, is selected on account of the new attraction it will add to a region so familiar to your readers.

OF THE GREAT WORKS WHICH GLOOSKAP MADE IN THE LAND.

(Micmac, Passamaquoddy, Penobscot.)

Over all the Land of the Wabanaki there is no place which was not marked by the hand of the Master. And it is to be seen on hills and rivers and great roads, as well as mighty rocks, which were in their day living monsters.

For there is a very wonderful highway from Ovesowla legek (Harwood Point, Fort Cumberland), to Parrsborough, running parallel with the river now called Hebert, and this road is called by Indians On-wokun, the Causeway, but by white men, or the Iglesman, the Bear's Back. For it is said that he meant to visit Partridge Island and Cape Blomidon, but they who were with him had got tired of the sea, and wished to cross over by land. And while they were resting and getting ready for their trip across, the Master, raising his magic power to a great deed to be spoken of forever, went away a little time, and cast up a great and beautiful level ridge, throwing it over bogs and streams; and on this they travelled, rejoicing, and having reached the island, awaited him.

And yet again the Master did a mighty deed. It came to pass in those days that the Beavers had built a dam across from the Utkoguncheek, or Cape Blomidon, to the opposite shore, and thereby made a pond that filled all the valley of Annapolis. Now in those times the Beavers were monstrous beasts, and the Master, though kind of heart, seems to have had but little love for them ever since the day when Qwabbestors, the son of the Great Beaver, tempted Malsum to slay his brother. Now the bones of these Beavers may be found to this day, and many there are on Onnamaghik, and their teeth are six inches across, and there are no such quah-beet to day. And these are the remains of the Beavers who built the dam at Cape Blomidon and forded the Annapolis Valley.

Now Glooskap would have a hunt and do a deed which should equal the great whale-fishing of Kitpooseogunou. So he cut the great dam near the shore, and bade Marten watch, for he said, 'I mistrust that there is a little Beaver hiding hereabouts.' And when the dam was cut from where it joined the shore there was a mighty rush of many waters, so that it swung round to the westward, yet it did not break away from the other shore. Therefore the end of it lodged with a great split therein when the flood had found a free course, and the whoe may be seen there still, even to this day, and may be seen by all of those who pass up the bay; and this point, or Cape Split, is called by the Micmacs Plegun, which, being interpreted, means the opening of a beaver dam.

Then, to frighten the Beaver, Glooskap threw at it a few handfuls of earth, and these, falling somewhat, to the

*Both Mr. Rand and myself have been solemnly assured by Indians who had seen these antediluvian remains, that they are the petrified relics of Glooskap's victims.