

Sunday Reading.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to trust, and yet to ask Guidance still; Take the training or the task As He will; Just to take the loss or gain As He sends it; Just to take the joy or pain As He lends it. He who formed thee for His praise Will not miss the gracious aim; So to-day and all thy days Shall be moulded for the same. Just to leave in His dear hand Little things; All we cannot understand, All that stings; Just to let Him take the care Sorely pressing, Finding all we let Him bear Changed to blessing. This is all I and yet the way Marked by Him who loves thee best, Secret of a happy day, Secret of His promised rest.

Pluck and Prayer.

There wa'n't any use o' fretting, And I told Obadiah so, For ef we couldn't hold on to things, We'd jest got to let 'em go. There were lots of folks that'd suffer Along with the rest of us, An' it didn't seem to be wuth our while To make such a drefful fuss. To be sure, the barn was 'most empty, An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce, An' not much of anything plenty an' But water—an' apple-sass. [cheap But then—as I told Obadiah— It wa'n't any use to groan, For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it; and Was nothing but skin an' bone. [he But, laws! ef you'd only heard him, At any hour of the night, A-prayin' out in that closet there, 'Twould have set you crazy quite. I patched the knees of those trousers With cloth that was noways thin, But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little Of the thorny way we trod, But at least a dozen times a day, He talked it over with God. Down on his knees in that closet The most of his time was passed; For Obadiah knew how to pray Much better than how to fast. But I am that way contrary That of things don't go jest right, I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high An' gittin' ready to fight. An' the giants I slew that winter I a'n't goin' to talk about; An' I didn't even complain to God, Though I think that He found it out. With the point of a cambric needle I druv the wolf from the door, For I knew that we needn't starve to death Or be lazy because we were poor. An' Obadiah he wondered, An' kept me patchin' his knees, An' thought it strange how the meal held out, An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers, "God knows where his gifts decends; An' 't isn't always that faith gets down As far as the finger ends." An' I would not have no one reckon My Obadiah a shirk; For some, you know, have the gift to pray, And others the gift to work. —Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Weekly.

A small four-page paper called the Baptist Beacon published in Washington, kindly sent to us by the author contains an article which will interest many of our readers, written by a native of Nova Scotia, now resident in that city. The writer will accept our thanks for the papers.

Rev. Henry Alline, the Whitefield of Acadia.

A grave carefully tended for a hundred years, with the following inscription on the head stone, may be seen in the cemetery of North Hampton, N. H.: "Rev. Henry Alline, of Falmouth, Nova Scotia, who in the midst of his zealous travels in the cause of Christ, languished on the way and cheerfully resigned his life in this town, February 2, 1784, in the 35th year of his age. He was a burning and a shining light, and was justly esteemed the Apostle of Nova Scotia." His labours as an evangelist in Acadia (now Nova Scotia and a part of New Brunswick) during the nearly

eight years preceding his death, were of a most remarkable character. The secretary of the Nova Scotia Historical Society calls him "the Whitefield of Acadia," and says that his services were of more value to that Province than any one of her sons during the past century.

After the expulsion of the Acadians, numerous families from the New England colonies removed to Acadia and occupied the vacant lands, among whom were the parents of Henry Alline, who went from Rhode Island. His conversion at 26 years of age was, in some respects, similar to that of Saul of Tarsus, and like him young Alline asked what he should do, and when it was indicated he conferred not with flesh and blood, but went earnestly to work. Dissuaded by some of his friends from preaching the gospel without the requisite collegiate and theological education he started for New England to enter upon a course of study, but was providentially detained. Perplexed as to his duty he asked the advice of his brother-in-law (grandfather of the writer of this), who said: "If God called you, you ought to go at once and not wait for any more learning; He is able to give you all the assistance you need." In view of the great number of unconverted in that newly-settled country, he determined to warn them of their danger and preach Christ crucified regardless of the training of the schools. In doing so he encountered great obstacles, even persecutions, not only by the wicked whose sins he denounced, but by ministers of the 'regular order,' (Congregationalists and others,) because he ventured to preach without the prescribed training. Crowds came to hear him whenever he preached some being attracted by his musical voice, like Whitefield's, others because a young man who had been their companion in frolics had become a preacher. His success was wonderful. But his work was of short duration. His severe labors and exposures during the inclement winters brought on disease, but he refused to stop preaching until compelled by the development of consumption. Urged to stop he told his friends: "If I was in consumption I would go and proclaim my Master's name as long as I could ride or stand if it was to the last expiring breath."

Starting for New England he landed on the eastern part of what is now the State of Maine, preaching as he journeyed. Arriving at the house of Rev. Mr. McClure, in New Hampton, January 22nd, he remained until he died, February 2, 1784. The last entry in his journal say: "My bodily illness was so great that I was scarcely an hour free from pain excepting when asleep, but blessed be God, He was the supporter and comforter of my mind." In a letter to the father of the deceased Mr. McClure wrote: "He appears to have been a burning and a shining light in Nova Scotia and elsewhere, and many souls rejoiced in his light, and his Christian virtues—zeal, fortitude, faith, hope, patience and resignation—shone bright as the lamp of life burnt down into the socket." He was not a regular Baptist; for the first church organized by him, he says, "was gathered both of Baptists and Congregationalists; for we did not think that such small non-essentials as different opinions about water baptism were sufficient to break any fellowship, and to obstruct building together among the true citizens of Zion." (This was 108 years ago, he it remembered.) He was, however, really the founder of the Baptist churches in Nova Scotia, which denomination has now, according to the census, more houses of worship than any other. Most of the Baptist preachers of the past generation in that Province—men of unusual qualification for the pastoral office—were in their early youth disciples of Henry Alline. One of them, Father Harding, was pastor of the church in Horton (in which Acadia College is situated) for about 60 years, and I have often heard him say that he was converted when only eight years old, under Mr. Alline's powerful preaching.

A century sermon was preached in Falmouth, N. S., where Mr. Alline lived and entered upon his ministry February 3, 1884, by Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor of the Baptist church, on which occasion the following hymn was sung:

Although Mr. Alline was not a great poet, yet a volume of his hymns was published, and used in many churches long after his death. The Nova Scotia Historical Society has been trying to obtain one of the two copies extant. This hymn was sung at the death-bed and funeral of the great-grandmother of one of the members of the First Baptist Church, Washington.

E. Y.

HYMN COMPOSED AND SUNG AT THE DEATH-BED OF MRS. BENJAMIN CLEVELAND, IN HORTON, NOVA SCOTIA, IN 1783, BY REV. HENRY ALLINE. IT WAS ALSO SUNG AT HER FUNERAL.

Mount, my soul, on wings triumphant, Jesus bids thee dauntless rise; One sweet ray of life immortal Conquers death and never dies; Oh, my Jesus! Oh, my Jesus! Bear my soul above the skies.

Let me feel the pleasing rapture Rising in immortal birth; I shall have no grave to enter, Never feel expiring breath: Life eternal, life eternal, Swallows up the grave and death.

Fear and grief, and empty story, While I feel that Jesus reigns; Raptures of immortal glory, Loos all the sense of pains: Draw the curtain, draw the curtain, Let me tread the blissful plains.

While in time my soul doth enter Realms of everlasting day, Thus to God my life I'd centre Till my soul was stole away; Live forever, live forever, In my soul, oh, God, my stay.

Oh, pleasing scene! I can but wonder While I, on Jehovah gaze; Shall I, oh thought! partake the splendor Of his most meridian blaze! Lost in glory, lost in glory, Forever join angelic lays.

Angelology.

In the same paper as that from which we extract the above we find an article from the pen of Rev. Dr. S. P. Hill. It is dated August 29, 1884. The fact of the writer having died on the 19th of the following month (September,) gives much of interest to the thoughts expressed. We copy the following from the article:—

"I desire to say a few words upon what, for want of a simpler term, may be called Angelology, and indicate the way for a better discussion of the subject, by abler pens. Much has been said of late upon the sciences of Ethnology and Anthropology, and of so much importance have they been deemed that a separate department has been lately endowed in the Smithsonian Institution for their more ample study. As an officer in this department, we are glad to see that one of our brethren (if his valuable services can be spared from the college) has been appointed; and we hope he will exert a Christian influence against what we consider a dangerous tendency of the times, towards scepticism and infidelity in these and similar pursuits. We are by no means opposed to science when it is in harmony with nature and revelation, but recognize very distinctly the difference between this true science and those "oppositions of science," falsely so-called; and we shudder to think of the perversion of scriptural truth to those degrading and destructive intellectual vices, so common at the present day of Darwinism, etc., which threaten the whole foundations, not only of the Mosaic cosmogony, but of all the prophets and all the Scriptures, including the Psalms, and in all the things concerning our redemption, tracing the origin of mankind, instead of that of "a little lower than the angels," to the lowest possible forms of animalism, a most degrading and disgusting idea. Let science shed all the light it legitimately can upon every field of nature, but let it beware how it lays unholy hands upon God's best book of Revelation. "The men whom nature's work can charm with God Himself holds converse," and the works of God are most sagaciously and devoutly read by believers in His word: like Newton, Boyle, Milton, Mathew, Hale, Pascal and men of that description of learning, forming in the firmament of letters the most brilliant galaxy of true genius, where are seen to shine with the purest of splendors, the rays of Divine truth.

Now there is an order of intelligence superior to that of man, called in the Scriptures angels. Our information is confined respecting them to but one, and that a Divine source, whence we draw all our Divine intelligence. And such information respecting them is very necessarily now limited, but we

are told enough of them as to be made to wish to know more. At the sublime close of creation we are told, "The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This was the glorious part which they took in that momentous event. At different intervals during different dispensations, they bore a distinguished agency and ministry, till in that most momentous and interesting of all events, they sung their highest strains of congratulations to man, on the advent of the Messiah into our world. During His life upon the earth they ministered to Him in every way, and when He left us they bore Him, attended by their selected retinues, back to His native skies. Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to administer to them who shall be heirs of salvation? Many are the relations of the most endearing kind which they sustain to us. If we are not allowed to look too closely into subjects at present beyond our comprehension, we may at least glance at some of the more salient points and topics of a subject so nearly connected with our themes of astonishment.

The nature and history of man has, we think, personal relations with the proper study of angels, and therefore with the purpose of hoping to provoke more attention to those brighter fields, where stronger lights will eventually be shed, especially upon that of such sublime and consoling investigations, we submit these points and hints for others, rather than enlarge upon them ourselves.

S. P. H.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 29, 1884.

For the Christian Messenger.

How Parents may Help or Hinder Sunday School work.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ESSAY BY MR. JOHN NALDER, READ AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION AT SUMMERVILLE, HANTS CO., ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1884.

It is taken for granted from the facts of parents sending their children to the Sunday School that they are in some way interested in the work, or at least look with some degree of favor on it. Our object is to show how they may help or hinder the work.

In order to help in this work, it is necessary that there should be a thorough realization of its importance. No one will deny that it is important to give our children a good secular education. We have our Common Schools, High Schools, Colleges, &c. With what pride we watch the progress made by our young people as they go step by step through all the different grades, from the primary to the advanced classes. And how anxiously do we look for the examinations to know the result of the term's work, or when the boy goes to college, and after some years of hard work and study he graduates with honours, how proud we are. We feel he is now fit to take his place in the world. Thus we recognize the importance of a good secular education. Of how much more importance is it that our children should receive a good religious education. A child may have a splendid education, and yet without a personal knowledge of God and His Word, we say it is not complete. Give it this and you have a perfect training for the mind of the pupil. Paul, in speaking of Timothy, said, "that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." We would prefer to see a child with the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning wisdom, than with great scholarly attainments.

Parents may help.—1st. By prayer. All Christian work without God's blessing is in vain, and in no department is the necessity felt more than here. The Sunday School aims to mould the young mind, and to instil into it the grand truths as taught in the Bible. We recognize that youth is the time when impressions are easily and lastingly made. How much then is prayer needed that the teachers may be helped and guided in this grand work. The Apostle Paul could say, "Brethren, pray for us." How much more shall the Teacher say, "Parents, remember us in your prayers;" but not only can parents help in their prayers for the teachers, but in their prayers for the scholars.

2nd. By reviewing the lesson when the children come from school. Let them tell you all they remember; fill up what has been forgotten, and show that you are interested.

3rd. By coming with your children to the school you are thus showing your interest in the work. The prevalent idea is that the Sunday School is only for children. This of course is wrong, and if the children see that you are not too old to study God's word, it will stimulate them to do likewise; but they are not the only ones that will be helped and encouraged—the Teachers will also. A few months ago the writer was present at an examination of one of our public schools; it was very interesting; he heard several of the children regretting that so few of the parents were there. The same can be said of our Sabbath Schools. How seldom the parents go! Let me ask any who may be here to go once and see if you will not enjoy it, and want to go again.

4th. By helping the children in the study of the lesson. It is a matter of deep regret that the children do not study the lesson during the week, so that when the teacher meets them in the class on Sabbath and asks some questions, they will be prepared to answer them.

5th. By seeing that the children are dressed and ready in time. Children coming late to the Sabbath School miss the opening exercises, or part of them, and frequently disturb the school, besides setting a bad example.

7th. By letting the children be as regular as possible in their attendance. Children who are irregular in their attendance at Day school make but little progress. The same can be said of the Sabbath School. They miss a few Sabbaths and lose their interest in the lessons. It is astonishing what a little thing will sometimes keep them away. "They don't feel well," or it is a little wet, &c.

7th. By providing the children with means to contribute to the school funds. This is very important, as no school can be carried on without money. Papers have to be bought, the library has to be replenished, and home and foreign missions have their claims. Children cannot be taught too soon the duty and privilege of cheerfully giving. It is hardly necessary to show how parents may hinder the work. It is by just doing the reverse of what we have stated, and by not helping the scholar in the study of the lesson; by not caring if the scholar is ready in time and by never providing means for the collection, thinking such is not necessary.

A Word to Parents.

See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks. Thoroughness is the corner stone of success. There is no place in the world now for smatterers, who know a little and only a little of everything under the sun. There is always an honorable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner. Show the child, from the experience of others that little or no progress is made by spasmodic and intermittent effort. The world is now so advanced and competition so keen that genius must ally itself with patient, persistent work, and with the deftness which comes only from continuous practice. The young are prone to dream of what they will do in the future. The history of others proves that they will never do much, unless they are doing their present work thoroughly. They do not realize this, and mere arbitrary assertion of the fact usually makes but slight impression. Biographies of successful men, whether read from the libraries or furnished from your memory of neighbors, establish the truth in their minds, and such biographies should be freely read by children.—REV. E. P. ROZ.

A young lady, Baptist missionary in Coahuila, Mexico, was recently invited by the Governor of the State to dance, and having conscientious scruples, declined. Some inquiry followed concerning the Baptists and their principles. The results were that the Governor became interested in the mission, and then followed a gift of property to the mission valued at \$140,000.

Fifteen years ago there were no Sunday-schools in Denmark; but now there are about two hundred, with five hundred teachers, and twenty-one thousand one hundred scholars.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. To the Rockies and back.

V. THE SARATOGA OF THE WEST.

Mountain-girt Manitou is on the parallel of the city of Washington and the southern part of sunny Italy. It is seventy-five miles south of Denver, and is overshadowed by the Peak, which recalls the venturesome days of '49. Approaching it by train over the Denver and Rio Grande railway, you are at its edge before you see it. It is made up chiefly of liversies, lapidaries, white tents, comfortable cottages, and spacious hotels. The harvest time of the inhabitants is when the weather is hottest in other States. Every one is then astir for gain. Shady retreats and inviting lounging places, afford all the coolness desired even when the sun has greatest power. Sulphur, soda, and iron springs, peaks, canyons, caves, falls, and rocky parks are the magnets to the tourist. The Cave of the Winds, up Williams Canyon, is full of interest to those curiously and scientifically disposed. You follow your guide through scores of rooms along serpentine paths in the heart of the mountain. At Rainbow Falls, in winding Ute Pass, the sound of waters is musical, and the retreat is among the coolest of the cool. The Garden of the Gods, four miles away, contains rocks, fantastic and gigantic. Mighty convulsions have been there in past ages. Glen Eyrie, a mile farther off, has in it a romantic summer resort, and General Palmer has at great expense made the place a most attractive one. At Cheyenne (Shy Ann) Canyon, reached by passing through dead and dingy Colorado city, (where no city is) and pretty and wide-streeted Colorado Springs (where no springs are), the water goes leaping down a colossal stony stairway of seven steps. On getting to the top of these "Seven Falls" a commanding view is obtained of the great plains stretching eastward.

The climate of Manitou is nothing less than charming in September. During these three weeks not a single day has had a single cloudy hour. Every body has a good appetite here, and so the hotels have to have long prices to make anything. It is a royal place to sleep. The nights are of an agreeable temperature, and there are none of Horace's small culices to worry and annoy.

SIGHTS FROM A RUSTIC SEAT.

The first walk taken of an afternoon up Engleman's Canyon to the Ute Iron Spring forms a genuine delight. Anything to mar the general look of gladness all about is only occasional. Take a seat along the footpath and note what passes under your eye in a short time. White tents are here and there and yonder in cozy places. See in that nearest one a lady at the side of a cot where she watches a pale faced child, "nursing her back to life or down to death." On the road below go equestrians returning from resorts hard by or in the distance. Carriages, from which roll up ripples of laughter, move in both directions. Pedestrians pass with bottles hanging heavily at their sides, for they are filled with mineral water; others are going the opposite way with bottles hanging lightly. Little children fit about care-free and happy. There go eight little girls, sweet-voiced and sweet-faced, riding burros, and the appearance they present is picturesque. A brook, the united tears of the weeping peaks, flows noiselessly between the footpath and the carriage road. On a rock by the stream sits a sentimental young lady with a gilt edged book. A few steps farther down is another lady with a book-worm, judging from his anaemic look. Amateur botanists and geologists are coming in spoil-laden. They hasten down the hillsides, and emerging from unexpected places startle you. But here comes a cavalcade that draws attention from everything else. It is the returning

PIKE'S PEAKERS.

There are twenty-two, with the guide, and nine of the number are ladies. They have ascended and descended on ponies along the narrow, sinuous, steep, rocky, cliff edged, and sometimes dangerous trail. They are weary, dusty, hungry, subdued, and each one at least six dollars poorer than in the morning. Yet some of them are the richer for the magnificent view which they have had. The Pike's Peak fever rages here throughout the summer season, and few escape it. "Have you been to the Peak?" Is a question continually heard at tables, on piazzas, in the streets and at the Springs. As old Pike rears itself away above its fellows, so it is the most prominent among all subjects of conversation and inquiry. And it asserts the same importance in the ubiquitous autograph album. The trip