

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

SHALL WE BE LIKE "THEM?"

Sisters, of our sister provinces, a wide field for labour is opening before you. Have you read of the "Temperance Crusade?" That is well. Have you thought of, and prayed earnestly for its prosperity? That is well. Have thrilling accounts from the few, who having the spirit of the Master, go about doing good in this glorious cause, touched your hearts, and brought tears to your eyes, and filled you with a burning desire to give answer, with our voices to the Macedonian-like cry, "help us?" Ah, then, that is better, far better. Grand, glorious, temperance theme. O, for a tongue, or pen of fire. A world of thought. An inspired, clear understanding to discuss it well. And, to add, if only one note, to its glad happy song of freedom and good cheer. A new thing under the sun is this "Temperance Crusade." But, no mad scheme, nor vain dream of dreamers is it, as some, doubting seem inclined to think. We hail with joy, this enterprise, and see in it but a response, tender and full of promise, from the Great Father himself to the oft-repeated appeal, made by sorrowful, empty lives, desolate homes, broken hearts, bruised spirits and innocent sufferers. A response which has found an echo in the hearts of a few of God's weak children. And who shall say but that it is their's to accomplish a work which even our innumerable long standing temperance societies have failed to perform? We know that God does sometimes make use of small means in order to accomplish vast designs. Shall we, sisters, in this favoured land of ours, sit all the day idle? Is their nothing for us to do? Are their no pale, weary faces uplifted anxiously to us, for sympathy? No little hands, outstretched pleadingly? Who will do our work, if not we ourselves? Shall we leave all the glory of this good work, to our sisters across the water? May it not be our's, with them, to share the burden as well as the glory of their undertaking? And with Christ at the helm, an ever-present help, shall it not be given to us too, to guide the tempted and fallen, into ports of peace, cities of refuge, paths of sobriety and homes of comfort? Wives, whose hearts are torn and bleeding with anguish, because a dark sin has crept into your homes, making life a worthless thing. Before you a work is laid. Mothers, whose pillows are nightly wet with bitter tears, because of a wayward child, and whose sad heart-felt cries to heaven for him, break upon the stillness of the midnight hour, something else is given you to do. Sisters, whose cheeks at times are mantled with the burning blush of shame, because of the follies of a darling, sinful brother; to you, it is given to be that brother's keeper. Before you all is spread a great work—What influence so tender, so sure as your's might be? Hail, then to the "Crusaders!" We cannot but hope that a grand success will crown the efforts of those noble, wise mothers and sisters, who are so unitedly striving to rescue the husbands, fathers, and brothers, and to break the iron chain that binds the many. It would seem that they must succeed, so wide-spread has their influence become already. With Faith, Hope and Charity, coupled with untiring zeal and good works, earnest prayer and firm determination, we must feel that they wield no mean weapons. All honour to their glorious work and to them. May we catch the spirit of the "Crusaders," and like them, begin a work in which we shall surely reap if we faint not. Even now, in our own good Province, is seen the little cloud rising, though as yet, no bigger than a man's hand. May the stirring up which we need so much, come; and may it not come too late. Too long has intemperance stalked unchecked, throughout our land. Breaking up, and making wretched homes, where once was only happiness and love. The sisterhood will act wisely to awaken, and do all they can, be it but little, to stay the tide of woe and misery, which threatens to engulf even them. Ah, how much need have we to work. Are we anxious that the curse of Intemperance be removed from us? Then, can we not believe that God working through us, will remove it? Do we long for the salvation of loved ones, from its slavish power, and desire that their souls be given to us? Then need we doubt that God will do all this for us? Yea, more than this, if we come to Him, remembering the promise, in which He distinctly declares, that, "whatsoever we ask in His name, that will

He do." Yes, sisters, there is something for us to do, in this great round world. In our own loved land. In our own homes. And in the homes of others. It may be but little that we can do at best. But who shall despise the day of small things? May we listening, catch from afar the sound of the battle-cry, and hasten to the conflict. True, the field is large. The hosts of the enemy are strong. But shall we forget that there is a stronger than the strong? Can the field be lost, when the King himself, shall lead His own? Surely might is in right, here. What joy, after the battle is fought and won, to help swell the glad triumphant shout of victory.—What happiness, after having done what we could, to hear the Master's "well done." ULLA.
Yarmouth, N. S., April 3rd, 1874.

For the Christian Messenger.

GIFT TO PROF. JONES.

On Tuesday, March 31st, a souvenir was presented to Professor Jones, of Acadia College, accompanied by the following ADDRESS,

R. V. JONES, A. M.—
Respected Professor:

Nearly three years have now rolled their rounds since we first sat within these walls and gave ear to your words of instruction. Our impressions as to your ability in exposition,—at the first favorable,—have never been eradicated; but, on the contrary, have, as time swept by, become more firmly and deeply seated in our minds. It has been a source of much gratification to us to notice that, while you have exhibited an exemplary zeal in expounding and elucidating the intricacies of the Ancient Classics,—your especial province,—you have, at the same time, manifested your sincere interest in our education by remarking errors and suggesting improvements in our utterance of the good old English.

In testimony of these heartily expressed opinions in reference to the discharge of your professorial duties, and as a token of our high appreciation of your linguistic attainments, we take the liberty of presenting you with a copy of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary. Though the gift is a paltry one, if measured by dollars, we nevertheless trust that it will be otherwise estimated by one whom we will ever remember as an efficient teacher and a Christian gentleman.

W. G. PARSONS,
J. M. LONGLEY,
B. RAND,
A. J. STEVENS,
G. E. GOOD,
H. BARRETT,
C. H. MARVELL.

To this address the Professor made the following

REPLY,

To the members of the Junior Class of Acadia College.—

Gentlemen,
Chremes, in Terence, says, There is nothing which concerns the good of his fellow-men in which he has not an interest. For the people in the theatre who, on the utterance of this sentiment, gave, as it is said, a shout of approval, it speaks volumes. What delicacy of feeling and keen appreciation of the man who could make the joys and sorrows of others his own! While my sympathies are, I trust, enlisted in behalf of the race, I do not deny that in the student I have always taken a special interest. As the difficulties that lie in your course are many, and doubts and discouragements often assail you, it is not wonderful that a word of cheer and good-will is never lost upon the sensitive mind of the true seeker after knowledge. However often failure may have attended the efforts put forth, I have ever striven to make the path of learning pleasant and interesting as well as profitable. My aim is not to cramp the intellectual faculties, but, as far as lies in my power, to expand and quicken them into a vigorous life. While there is no desire on my part to unduly laud the Ancient Classics, I do think they are entitled to hold a prominent place in a liberal course of study. My reasons for thinking so cannot, of course, be given here. It is my firm conviction, however, that the repugnance so often manifested to the study of Greek and Latin is largely owing to the mode of instruction. It does seem sometimes as if teacher and student had stipulated to walk together in mutual ignorance and edifying darkness. No obstacle is removed. Myriades curtain the Tyro on all sides. In repugnance and rage he abandons the study. The judicious and skillful teacher leads his

pupils to a hill-side, "laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else, so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus is not more charming."

I am not so presumptuous as to claim for myself the qualities of a good teacher. Of my own deficiencies in this respect, none can be more conscious than myself. My effort has been, however, to lead the mind from the outward to the inward,—from the mere dress, often homely in itself, to the indwelling beauty and life. Your appreciation of my efforts more than repays me; and I trust I shall never lose that place in your confidence and respect which, in your address, you assure me I hold.

My "sincere interest in your education," as you have expressed it, is my only apology for referring so often to points which, to those who have no desire to make the English language as perfect a vehicle as possible for their thoughts, may seem too trivial to demand their serious attention. But with you I am assured it is far otherwise. You are constantly on the look-out for anything that tends to improvement in pronunciation and style. As the "good old English" is to furnish the words in which your thoughts are to incarnate themselves, it is manifest that skill and ability to use it in its copiousness, purity, and power will be no mean attainment. This you clearly perceive, hence it is that you have appreciated my feeble attempts to guide you in your noble endeavour. Your kindness in presenting me with this valuable gift, touches my heart. If the book were of much less intrinsic value, I would be just as sensitive to the good-will and nobleness of heart which prompted its bestowal. But it is a big present that speaks big hearts, and one, rest assured, that, unless its size should compel me, will never be estimated by dollars and cents, but ever hold its place among those things which are invaluable and sacred. And permit me to say that this expression of your appreciation of my feeble services is by me duly prized; and I feel sure that I shall be just as likely to forget the author as the donors of "Worcester's Quarto Dictionary."

Permit me then, gentlemen, to heartily thank you for this ponderous gift which so stirs me to-day.

R. V. JONES.

For the Christian Messenger.

GREENFIELD, QUEEN'S CO.

Some forty years ago, this place Greenfield and its surroundings, was a vast wilderness. There sounded through the forests, the sweet echoes caused by the roaring of the river, which nature so beautifully formed, along with the howling of the wild beasts. There too were seen the various kinds of trees, and that too in abundance that have been permitted to grow for our benefit. The rough and vigorous soil was still covered with the stately trees, which for ages, have been intermingling their branches and deepening the shade. The river which then flowed on with its bright and pure waters, giving forth its treasures of beauty, is now stemmed and vexed, by the art and enterprise of man. The spot that this little village is now built upon, was then a wild and tangled thicket, with venerable trees and moss-grown rocks, presenting here and there a sunny space covered with the blossoms and early fruit of wild plants, which forty years ago, perhaps, had not been seen by any human eye. But, alas! what a change. This little spot, so rich in natural resources, hunted by the earnest pursuits of man, is at this present time quite a village. The numerous inhabitants, are exerting all their suffrages, yes I may say they are putting forth every stratagem for making their societies of various kinds, strong and interesting. They are all good advocates of Temperance. The Division supported by them, is carried on well. The young men maintain a spirit of regard for the cause. Besides this they support Rosette Band of Hope. When first organized it derived its principal support from members of the division. But at present, and for some time past the young people, members of the Band, have had instilled into their minds the benefits that will be derived from Temperance, that they take the whole work, and are making good progress under guardians more advanced in years. The principles taught them by their parents are such as will bid them move forward as helpers in every good word and work.

On the 3th I had the pleasure of meeting with them in their hall, at a public entertainment. We were very highly favoured with Recitations and Dialogues from

the members of the Band, along with appropriate and encouraging speeches from Wm. R. Harlow and others.

Besides, the Church of God is being revived among them. We are also glad to learn from our religious papers that the Work of God is going forward in many places as perhaps it has not done since the days of the Apostles.

March 6th.

A LOOKER ON.

FROM MR. JOHN GRIERSON.

The following letter is from the Superintendent of the Industrial School to the editor of the Evening Express. Although it was published in that paper on Tuesday last, yet it deserves to be more generally read, for the purpose of showing how much there is to contend against from the liquor traffic by those engaged in any moral reform. The liquor business is bad in all its aspects. It is evil, and that continually.

What a pity that legislation is not applied so as to prevent the mischief ever coming down upon individuals and families from this source.

Mr. Grierson deserves the sympathy and support of all good citizens for his persevering efforts to save the young lads under his care:

HALIFAX, April 6th.

DEAR SIR,—I do not allow anybody, falsely, to charge an Industrial School Boy, without defending him. But I am sorry to say, that the paragraph in your Saturday evening's issue, was only too true. And yet there is just cause for a few remarks, with your leave, for I like honey, even if it comes out of a "dead lion's carcass." A few weeks ago this same boy by the unanimous vote of his own shop-mates, and my approval, obtained the first prize for "good conduct, industry and skill" in the Cabinet shop for the past year. But on Good Friday tempted by the open door of an Albermarle Street Licensed rum seller, by the name of Gookey, he bought 10 cents worth of rum, and it changed a naturally passionate boy, into a perfect demon. Now in this disgraceful transaction there are just three guilty parties, and I want a verdict from the public to whom "pedestrian" has appealed, as to which is most guilty: 1st. the Boy; 2nd. The Rum seller; 3rd. The City Fathers who take the rum sellers blood money, and give him a lawful right to make men and boys, &c., drunk.

I can deal with the boy, and you may believe I did; I sobered him in five minutes. Oh! how I wished I had the rum seller and the men who licensed him in the same fix. I would have lifted all concerned a step higher in the scale of morality. But having dealt with the boy I can go no further. I have consulted the highest legal authority and am told that because he got the liquor put in his own bottle, instead of the rum-seller's tumbler, the law will protect him in his lawful calling. But I do not know that it makes much difference. About three months ago I prosecuted a saloon keeper who does business on the Quinpool road, on the double charge of—without License, and selling liquor to boys, which was drunk at the counter—but the cunning fellow went, before the trial, and paid \$40.00, the usual fine for selling without law, and by this means got clear of my real charge of selling to boys. I would not prosecute a man to vindicate the license law, which I abhor, and which the rum-seller himself will not dare to put forward as a plea at the judgment seat of Christ, to which he will soon be summoned. But what do you think, Mr. Editor, was the finish up of this prosecution. Why, the Licensing Committee, or somebody else, out of pity for his heavy loss, granted him a new license, to continue and increase his work of destruction, and he is doing it, judging by results.

If your Good Friday "pedestrians" would take a walk on any good Sunday at any hour from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night, dozens of drunken men and boys may be seen in every stage of drunken rowdiness, and he will be a lucky fellow if he is not both insulted and assaulted as a friend of mine was the other evening. But if your pedestrian friends are in earnest about a better state of things, they must revise their verdict about sending drunken boys or men either to Rockhead. We have been too long dealing with the victim, instead of the victimizer, punishing the result, and drawing a revenue from the procuring cause. Suppose I propose that our Fire Department be improved by the appointment of a Parafine and Torch Brigade, whose duty it shall be to keep the Fire Department employed. Why the sensible public would vote me a free passage to "Mount Hope," with close clothing for the rest of my days. But this is just what we have got in the soul and body-destroying liquor business. We have three or four hundred licensed and unlicensed dealers, whose business it is to keep the police and city courts fully employed, and they do it. If I am voted mad for suggesting a way by which the fire department may be more fully employed, why the citizens of Halifax must be worse than mad, who allow the dens of rum and the nests of crime, and the sinks of infamy to enjoy the authority and protection of law. If you will get all the rum-sellers and their rum into Rockhead for six months, I will guarantee the most prosperous six months in the history of Halifax—and if you will promise that they will never get out (and that will not be so bad as they will get, if they don't hate the

business and leave it) why, it will make sons of jehoe. and thousands of broken-hearted widows and orphans, and many others whose lives have been made desolate by the curse of drunkenness. And if that cannot be done, if you will procure from our House of Assembly now in session, a law doing away with the silly distinction between getting drink in a bottle or a tumbler, and I will promise to convict a large percentage of Halifax liquor dealers during the present year. I ask this as one who has devoted his life to the work of reforming and training a large number of the youths of our city. I ask it in the name of many noble-hearted self-denying men and women engaged in juvenile temperance work. Hoping that the Lord will bring good out of evil.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN GRIERSON.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

ISAIAH SHAW,

of Berwick, Cornwallis, passed calmly from his earthly home to the Paradise of God, on the 29th of March, aged seventy-six years. He had been indisposed for a week past, but was apparently better, when suddenly his beloved wife with the connections near were called to shed the parting tear, and receive his last look of tenderness and affection. His countenance was radiant with the brightness of the glories which open up on the departure of the redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. He was perfectly rational to the last, and his last words were full of joy and confidence in God his Saviour. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large circle of friends and relatives. Rev. I. Wallace improved the occasion from the words in Num. xxii. 10, "Let me die and be like his." Our dear father was baptized and received into the Baptist Church by the late Edward Manning, and for upwards of fifty years adorned his profession in the church, in his family and before the world. He was deeply interested in the cause of education, making strenuous efforts for the education of his children, and for the support of that object in general, especially was Acadia College dear to him. He took much interest in its establishment and gave two hundred dollars from his limited means towards its endowment. "He rests from his labors and his works follow him."—Com. by Isaiah Shaw.

Berwick, April 4th, 1874.

PHEBE JOHNSTON,

widow of the late Thos. Johnston, died at Little River, Feb. 19th 1874, aged eighty years. Our departed sister was converted in early life and made a public profession of religion. Soon after she was baptized by Rev. David Harris, and connected herself with the Church at River Philip, afterwards she removed her membership to Little River, where she resided till death. Her house was a home of many a servant of God who passed that way, or tarried there to preach the Gospel. She has left six daughters and three sons to mourn their loss, most of them are believers in Christ and members of Baptist Churches in different localities, where they render good service in the Master's vineyard. During her long and tedious illness she did not mourn, she was frequently visited by the writer, and also by Rev. E. B. Corey, to whom she expressed the greatest confidence in Christ. The writer attended her funeral, and preached to a large congregation. May God enable the mourners to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

G. F. MILES.

Amherst, April 4th, 1874.

MRS. MARY DENISON,

relict of the late Samuel Denison, M. D., died at Brooklyn, Newport, on March 3rd, after a few days illness, aged 84 years. Our deceased sister was a native of Falmouth, her maiden name was Wilson. She married in early life the late Elias Dimock of Newport; by whom she had four sons and two daughters. The sons still live at Windsor, one daughter survives her (Mrs. Smith of Brooklyn,) with whom she resided at her death. At an early age she experienced religion, and after her second marriage was baptized and united with the church at Newport, of which she continued a member till death. Active, cheerful, warm-hearted and kind, she occupied a prominent position, in the family and community, while her caution and decision, with a well-cultivated mind, secured to her the confidence and esteem of brethren and sisters in the church. For some few years she had not been so situated as to be able to attend the meetings of the church, yet her anxiety for the welfare of Zion remained unabated. I visited her the day previous to her death, found her strong in faith, ready to communicate, occasionally quoting the promises and submissive to the Master's will. She died without a struggle or a groan and almost imperceptibly to dear friends present.—Com. by Rev. J. Bancroft.