

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

For the Christian Messenger.

Love of Nature.

My life, like some secluded stream,
Flows on almost alone;
My friends are few, my wealth a dream,
My name is scarcely known.

Yet few the lonely hours I spend,
Not much for gold I sigh;
For Nature is a constant friend,
Her wealth is ever nigh.

Where'er I turn these casual eyes
I see her quickening power,
Alike in bright and frowning skies,
Or in the humblest flower.

Nor am I grieved to know that all,
From sky to daisied sod,
Which men the works of Nature call
Is but the work of God.

While themes like these my thoughts
Employ
My heart can ne'er despond,
And reaping oft much present joy
I look with hope beyond.

Beyond the bounds of mortal sight
There is a land supreme,
I often lift my eyes at night
To where its borders gleam.

And when those outer realms I see
I think how sweet and grand
That part of Nature's face must be
Within the better land.

S. S.

RELIGIOUS.

The loss of Little Ones.

Every summer, when the affluence
Of God's bounty is poured over the
land, the light becomes darkness in
many homes from which little children
are taken. How great is that dark-
ness! As the poet said:

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large,
Her little feet such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.

The whole economy of a household is
altered and re-adjusted at the birth of
a babe into the house. Father and
mother, older brothers and sisters, ser-
vants and friends, suit their ways and
engagements to the demands of the
royal bit of helplessness who rules
them all from his cradle. Never is
service so willing. Never are taxes
so joyously paid. Never has love so
swift a foot, so soft a touch, so tender
a voice, as when its ministry is be-
stowed on a wee creature, who is as
beautiful as a rosebud and as fragile as
a bubble. And when the angel of life
enters any door, be it of palace or of
hut, and brings with him freight from
Babyland, all hearts are glad. So,
when his brother of the veiled face and
the dark wing glides over the threshold
and takes the treasure back, there is
gloom and heart-break, and Rachel,
weeping for her children, refuses to be
comforted because they are not.

"Our home is desolate; God can do
no more now," said a Christian mother
not long since, in the agony of her pro-
test against the taking hence of her
children. Yet a Christian ought not
so to look upon God as if he were a
vengeful Deity, delighting to blight
and destroy. Where are we to go for
rest in the storms of woe, if our thought
of God is of a Being incomprehensible,
malignant, and rejoicing in cutting
down our pride, and sweeping our
darlings out of our sight?

Habitually, we ought to cultivate in
ourselves the thought of God as a
Father, of our children and his children,
too. His from the very hour of their
birth; never one moment the World's
or the Devil's, but always God's dear
ones. Then we shall feel that His
love, always vigilant and farther-seek-
ing than ours can be, knows what is
best for them and for us, and that not
in cruelty and in wrath, but in infinite
tenderness, he removes them from us
to give them back by and by. Many
a time when troubles are thick, and
tempests toss, we may be glad to re-
member our treasure in heaven, and
many a time, when the cares of this
world and the deceitfulness of riches
are nigh to blinding us to the good and
the true, the touch in the twilight of
a little hand now folded under the daisies,
the echo of a tiny foot never to grow
tired more, the thought of a golden head

once our sunbeam, may win us to the
grandeur of a life that takes hold of
the Divine.—*Christian at Work.*

The Centennial.

Now that the weather is cooling off
a little the stream of travel towards
Philadelphia is again setting in, and
the Centennial Exhibition is becoming
more attractive. We have articles in
most of our exchanges containing
sketches of what may be seen there.
A series in the *Watchman* is perhaps
as readable as any. The fair writer,
Lavinia S. Goodwin, says:—

It is just the bright morning for a
trip around the Grounds by the narrow
gauge railway, itself a special exhibit.
The investment necessary is five cents
and twenty minutes. We walk across
the plaza from the main entrance to the
Department of Public Comfort, take a
seat in an open car and are off, west-
ward, ho! The exhibition grounds
consist of nearly two hundred and fifty
acres, enclosed by a fence more than
three miles in length, having seventeen
entrances. The train, describing some
surprising curves, takes us past all the
principal buildings, pausing at points
for accommodation, so that visitors are
not obliged to walk to remote places;
every one, however, should make the
unbroken circuit once, and put a girdle
round the world in Puck's time less by
one-half. Nature appears to have had
a special

FAVOR TO THE EXPOSITION.

In fashioning this grand plateau over-
looking the Schuylkill, with enough of
hill and dell, grove and lake, to perfect
the scenery, without trenching on the
chief idea of utility. There is not a
more lovely or romantic spot in Central
Park than this Landsdowne Valley,
with its deep shade, its brook cascades
and the high bridge spanning the ra-
vine. There is besides the valley
Belmont and the central glen; all are
furnished with seats, and the latter is a
favorite place for afternoon concerts by
the band. The abundance of fresh
lawn is widely interspersed with the
florist's art, now at the season of ut-
most brilliancy and perfume; while the
Centennial Fountain of last year's pro-
jecting has multiplied, until at short
intervals the silver spray meets golden
sunshine in various forms of grace and
picturesqueness. Vases and statuary
complete the adornment.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS

are, for this country at least, a wonder
in architecture. Compared with that
to which American eyes are accus-
tomed, these seem almost castles in the
air for lightness. They win universal
admiration. Nowhere can be detected
a fault, any lack of symmetry, either a
deficiency or an excess of ornamenta-
tion. We shall not look upon their
like again, simply because they are
adapted to no purpose save this which
called them into existence. Joaquin
Miller, finding here what ought to
revolutionize our architecture, sees with
eyes political rather than practical.
The Greenlanders dresses in skins and
lives half underground; the Guatemalan,
wearing only his own skin, sets up
housekeeping under a thatch of
palm-leaf supported by four posts,—
instinctively obeying the requirements
of their respective climates; so we as
well, especially of the northern and
eastern States, though our architecture
be proved to be heavy and ugly, must
be content to divide the difference,
protecting ourselves against winters
neither mild nor short. The question
of continuing the exhibition beyond the
tenth of November, would receive an
affirmative at once, but the problem of
how to warm the buildings is unsolved.
The many open *cafés* and restaurants
will probably be weatherbound before
that date. The buildings, larger and
smaller, from those covering twenty
acres to those the size of an umbrella,
number about one hundred and sixty.

OLD ABE—THE WAR EAGLE.

The exhibition of live stock is out-
side the enclosure, with this notable
exception. Conspicuous in the centre
of Agricultural Hall, where four roads

meet, sits on his perch the eagle of the
Wisconsin Eighth Regiment, who
"never lost a battle," though he went
through twenty-five. At Corinth a
price was set on his head by the rebel
general of that name, who, however,
never had the bliss of paying it. The
sharp-shooter wasted ammunition, till
the dear old flag above the national
bird was pierced for every star and its
stripes hung in separate shreds—till
the ground beneath was paved with
lead balls, yet the sun went down on
his six feet breadth of wings, his eyes
shot lightning, his shriek inspired the
boys in blue, and filled the enemy with
dismay.

He was young then; he is young
still, the common age of the bird ex-
ceeding that of man. His early train-
ing was military. In his nest he be-
held the war of lake Superior's waves,
till an Indian brave fought for him with
the parent pair, and felled the nest tree
triumphantly, conveyed the eagle
through the primeval forest to town,
and—must it be said?—sold him for a
bushel of corn! It was the eagle's day
of small things. Two hundred dollars,
five hundred dollars were offered for
him as soon as he was adopted by the
Eighth and illustriously christened, but
"money couldn't buy him."

A HINT OR SO

I will venture to offer those preparing
to come to the Centennial. Leave
your trunks behind, if possible. Select
such articles as you must take, then
divide in the middle and do with only
half. The visitors entering the grounds
number from twenty thousand to thirty
thousand daily; and the mass might be
reviewed as plainly, respectfully, and
sensibly dressed. Say what we will,
there was never a style of ladies' dress
so tasteful or, all things considered,
more convenient and economical
than the present. Linen and plain
cambric suits, black skirt with light
overskirt and basque, combinations of
every kind are worn. The expense of
living here, unless one chooses to be at
greater, exclusive of fifty cents admis-
sion, is about two dollars a day, and to
really see and enjoy the exhibition, one
should stay at least a fortnight. There
is very little swindle or humbug of any
sort to complain of; residents and
guests in general respect themselves
and behave accordingly. The weather
since the middle of July has not been
so warm that people need delay coming
on that account.

MERIDIAN.

At the stroke of twelve the great
Corliss engine in the centre of Machi-
nery Hall folds its mighty hands, and
the whole rank and file of centennial
wheels follow suit for a noontide rest.
A hush comes over the forty thousand
guests, many of whom along aisles and
out-door avenues seek seats provided
for their comfort, and those not in the
grounds for the first time, look expect-
ant and listen. Immediately from the
front tower the chimes of McCheyne &
Co., Baltimore, exhibited by Prof.
Widdows, make musical all the air.
Go up to the tower at noon, or, better,
at evening, for he gives two exhibitions
a day, and besides obtaining a fine
view, you will more justly appreciate
the skill of the artist who through
these sweet bells speaks to the popular
ear and heart in sacred, national and
ballad airs, so that the music of the
chimes shall be mentioned everywhere
as a memorial of the Great Centennial.
Shall we have now some

REFRESHING STATISTICS

of the Main Building. It is 1880 feet
in length, east and west; 404 feet
wide; its form parallelogram. The
framework is iron; the foundations
consist of 672 stone piers. The larger
portion of the structure is one story in
height, the main cornice outside 45 feet
from the ground, the interior height
being 70 feet. Each of the four sides
has a central projection; those on the
longer are 416 feet in length; those on
the shorter are 216 feet. In these are the
main entrances. Upon the corners of
the building rise four towers 75 feet in
height. The roof over the central part
for 184 feet square, is raised above the

surrounding portion, and from the cor-
ners rise four towers 48 feet square
and 120 feet high. All the corners
and angles of the building upon the ex-
terior have iron octagonal turrets, from
the ground to above the roof, where
they are surmounted with flag-staffs or
the national eagle. Small balconies of
observation are in the four central
towers, at each story, which afford ex-
cellent views of the whole interior.
The main promenade through nave and
central transept is 30 feet wide; those
through the centre of side avenues and
transept 15 feet; all other walks are
10 feet, and lead to exit doors at either
end. The edifice cost \$1,420,000, ex-
clusive of drainage, waterpipe, plumb-
ing, painting and decoration. It en-
closes 21½ acres, and 11½ miles of
walks. As in all the principal build-
ings, ice water is furnished, and there
are retiring and lunch rooms. We will
take to-day

A FEW LOVELY GLIMPSES

through this spacious bazaar. For
instance, in the Egyptian section lies
in state a crocodile of the Nile, with a
number of rhinoceros horns about him.
When Stanley discovers the sources of
that river, he may be able to tell us
whether wickered jaws than these ever
opened and shut. I hope not. He
(the crocodile) has on his back a
placard—"Hands off." But that has
been attached since he was a free rover;
it did not belong to him in his natural
state. It might suit some horrid sta-
tistician to find how many bushels or
tons of similar labels, in every civilized
language, are broadcast in the exhibi-
tion: "You are requested not to
handle," "Do not touch the exhibits."
The French, in their politeness, "pray"
you to let alone; and in the Art Gal-
lery supplicate visitors not to punch
the pictures with canes and umbrellas!
At first you incline to view this as not
only needless, but an insult to one's
sense of propriety. Yet now and then
you see persons who will handle in
spite of all. Of course they cannot
read. In the Woman's Pavilion, at-
tached to a pillar, is this statement
needing no proving: "Gentlemen will
not spit tobacco in this corner." How-
ever, somebody keeps on spitting and
disfiguring, and will, till Nov. 10th.

THE FORSELL FURS.

in the Swedish section, are by far the
finest on exhibition—doubtless the
most valuable lot ever in this country,
and the prices are such as all acquainted
with the article will approve. It ought
by this time to be well known that Mr.
Forsell, who has given very largely
already for Gospel purposes, offers
these goods with the express condition
that the profits shall be for the endow-
ment of a Baptist Theological Institute
in Sweden. One need not be very rich
in order to assist this object to some
extent, and I know of no place on cen-
tennial soil where a few hundreds or
thousands of dollars could be so wisely
exchanged.

BE NOT DISMAYED

by the terribly fierce mouths and eyes
gaping and peering down from the top
of the great glass case, neither by this
formidable head of a white bear at our
feet, since the body, we see, is trans-
formed into an elegant sleigh robe.
Here is a muff for \$25 worth \$60, and
they range upward to \$500. The
usual fur garments in variety, of Rus-
sian and Siberian sable, blue fox and
white; the manufacture well matches
the material.

Mr. Henry Varley proposes to insti-
tute an Industrial Home for the Blind
in Notting-hill, London. A suitable
building worth £1,800 can be pur-
chased for £1,200; for a comparatively
small outlay plain workshops could be
utilized, where at least 100 blind men
could work in wood-chopping, basket
and broom, and other work. He says
that there are, in round numbers,
3,000 totally blind; and whilst much
has been done and is doing for many,
there are hundreds of the blind in cir-
cumstances of wretched destitution.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Woman's Missionary Aid Society.

A highly interesting meeting of the
members and friends of the W. M. A.
Societies was held at Sackville during
the Session of the Convention. It was
in Beulah Chapel on Monday afternoon
and was attended by a large number
of Sackville ladies and lady visitors.

Mrs. Parsons, the President of the
Nova Scotia Central Board, occupied
the chair and read the 2nd Psalm.

Miss Ayer, the organist, lead in
singing "Zion awake, thy strength
renew," and Mrs. Alfred Chipman,
President of the P. E. I. Central Board
engaged in prayer.

Mrs. Parsons expressed her regret
that the report of the Nova Scotia
Board had not arrived, and gave some
account of the operations of the N. S.
Societies.

Mrs. John March, Secretary of the
N. B. Central Board read the Annual
Report. (These will be found below.)

Mrs. W. B. Boggs was asked to ad-
dress the meeting which she did to the
following effect:

I realize now as I did not when I
stood last before my dear sisters of the
Convention, that "It is not in man
that walketh to direct his steps." When
leaving home, three years ago, I
looked forward to a life-long service
as a Foreign Missionary. One year
ago I was in Cocanada, studying most
diligently the Telooquo language, full
of hope that in a few months I should
be prepared to begin more direct
mission work, and that a long period
of usefulness was just opening before
me. Now I am here again, and while
I dare not murmur at the Providence
that has brought me home, my heart is
still in our Foreign Mission, and my
most earnest prayers and wishes are
for its success.

I hope that even here I may be able
to do a little in its interests, and so
to-day I will not speak of the countries,
nor of the manners and customs of the
different peoples I have seen, but will
try to render some assistance to those
who are looking towards this work for
themselves or friends, and to those
upon whom rests the responsibility of
deciding who shall go, by referring to
some of the qualifications and require-
ments of young ladies going abroad.

Choose a lady self-reliant, firm, per-
severing and unselfish. She should be
one who can be happy without society,
but in society lovable: one capable of
forming correct judgement, and of work-
ing conscientiously with only the Mas-
ter's eye upon her.

She should possess a thorough Eng-
lish education, some theological train-
ing, correct views of Scripture doctrine,
and an exhaustless store of general
useful information. Separated from
friends and having access to a limited
supply of books, she is thrown upon her
own resources as teachers here are not.
She goes to instruct the ignorant, and
to train those who shall in their turn
go out as instructors. She should be
and possess all that you hope them
ever to become or to possess, for a
teacher cannot raise her pupils above
her own level.

As her first work on reaching the
field is to acquaint herself with a foreign
tongue, it is highly important that she
possess an aptness for acquiring and
using languages, a good memory and
an abundant supply of patience.

She should have had experience in
teaching; but especially it is necessary
that she possess a talent for communi-
cating instruction, a fondness for the
work and a settled determination to do
all the spiritual good in her power to
those under her care.

The age fixed by the "Woman's
Baptist Missionary Society" at Bos-
ton, between 25 and 30 years, is the
most desirable, but there are frequently
cases in which it would be unwise to
adhere strictly to this rule, and the ex-
ercise of judgment is requisite.

The importance of health cannot be
overestimated. The advice of a com-
petent physician should be obtained and
respected, though many sad examples