

For the Christian Messenger.

The Pilgrimage of Sorrowful.

BY ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT.

Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sorrowful was now come to Dissappointment a very extensive country, in which the air is generally very cold, and the ground damp. Yet still she was very happy. How could she be otherwise? No pilgrim can be miserable, even in Dissappointment, if his Lord's Grace and Love be with Him. Sorrowful had not gone far in this land, before she felt the keenness of the air and the difficult nature of the road caused her to feel much fatigued. Seeing what looked like one of her Lord's Lodges at a short distance before her, she hastened towards it to enter it, but Grace exclaimed:

"Avoid it, turn from it, pass not near it."

Sorrowful sighed, paused a moment, and then cheerful went on her way, saying:

"If all things work together for my good, so must this. I know, from the past kindness of my dear Lord, that if rest were absolutely necessary, here would be a Lodge of His own providing. She had not gone much farther, when she came to a very humble hut, which she scarcely noticed, and was about to pass it by, little thinking that it was the place at which she was to tarry for the night. When Grace bid her enter it, she was much surprised, and it was with some feelings of reluctance that she obeyed. But her wonder was still more excited, when Grace led her to a room furnished in the most comfortable way. She was very cold and hungry, and here she beheld a large bright fire, and a table spread with such food as was exactly what she required. But the best of all, her Lord was there to welcome her, saying:

"Eat, O friend, and drink abundantly, O beloved!"

She looked first at one comfort and then at another in the room, and thought herself indeed happy. The last words which her Lord said to her that night, were:

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. He that keepeth thee, shall not slumber."

Her sleep was sweet that night, notwithstanding that she was in Dissappointment, in a Lodge of such mean exterior, with the wind howling wildly around. She awoke in the morning full of such holy joy, such deep delight, as is unknown by those who are strangers to Grace and Everlasting Love. I have said that she felt some reluctance to enter this Lodge, but she felt still more reluctance to leave it. Fain would she have tarried at least a few days, but finding that her Lord's will was not so, she went on, saying:

"Let not my Lord be angry with His unworthy one, but may I venture to ask wherefore thou wouldst not grant the desire of my heart in this particular?"

He did not answer the question, but asked:

"What is the desire of thy heart?"

These words were accompanied by a look so searching, yet so kind, that Sorrowful was quite overcome; she wept for joy, and said:

"O my Lord, my desire is that Thy will in all things should be done, that Thou wouldst bless me with Thy presence, that Thou wouldst make me willing to pass by any mansion where it pleases not Thee that I should pause. My desire is, that Thou give me the victory over my enemy, the Black Prince, that I may not be led out of the way by Vain-Thoughts, Pride, Self, Discontent, Unbelief, Peevishness, or any of their crew. The desire of my heart is, that Thy will may be my will in all things, that I may be willing either to live or die, to labor, or to rest, to suffer, or to enjoy, as thou seest fit. The desire of my heart is, that all Thy dear pilgrims may experience like blessings, that we may all behold the light of Thy countenance, hear Thy voice, and walk in Thy presence."

Sorrowful said so much, because she thought her Lord looked ready to grant her any request, and as if he wished her to speak the feelings of her heart. He kindly answered her, and His voice was as of one speaking to a confidential friend, to a chief beloved:

"I have promised to lead thee by a right way into the Holy Land, and I will

never leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of, for thou art mine, and thou shalt sit with me in my kingdom."

Sorrowful had now great joy for many weeks; for although her feet often were chilled and wet, and she was shivering with the cold, yet, walking with Everlasting Love, her heart was warm.

One evening, as she arrived at a Lodge on the right side of the road, at which she was to stay for the night, she beheld a splendid mansion on the left, and she thought:

"I should like to go to that mansion for a little while, if my Lord or Grace and Love would go with me."

Grace knew, that by her lingering at the door of the Lodge, and by her look at the mansion, what was in her mind, and said to her!

"Go!"

Sorrowful looked surprised; she was fearful lest Grace were displeased and would leave her. But Everlasting Love also bid her go, adding:

"We will go with thee, and shew thee what is within that fair outside."

Sorrowful went, but as she did so, she turned her head to regard the humble Lodge, and said!

"I had rather now be there, with my dearest Lord."

But her two companions led her to the mansion; and as she again looked at it, she thought it very magnificent and noble, and said to herself:

"I may be very happy here!"

But as she entered, she heard sounds of lamentation, mourning and woe. She would have hastened away, but Grace would not allow her, saying she had something to show her for her profit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Behaviour in the House of God.

It was near the mid-day hour, perhaps a little later, when with many others, it was my privilege to commemorate the love of Jesus in dying, the just for the unjust. The season was one of deep interest. The manifested love of the Son of God had been the train of thought presented by the Pastor of the church. A large gathering of the members, aged, middle aged and youth were present, and renewed with apparent solemnity and seriousness, their professions of love and fidelity to their exalted Saviour. At the close a hymn of praise was sung and the gathering separated, retiring to their respective places of abode.

Some three hours after a second gathering of many of the same communicants took place near by, to hear a stranger preach the same Gospel for the same purpose:—"That he might save some." But if angels rejoiced over the former scene they would have wept tears of agony over the latter. The change from seriousness to levity, from grave solemnity becoming the solemn occasion, to gross frivolity and mirth, was so marked in character and extent; disreputable even to the irreligious. Oh! how the change flaunted itself before those who witnessed the morning's devotion and the afternoon's depravity. But if to mortal eyes so sad, what must it have been to Him, whose death had been commemorated? What thoughtless disrespect and wickedness!

The standard of christian demeanor in the house of God is surely not what it should be, nor is it what it once was. There is great need of its elevation. Disrespect of God may not be intended, but surely God is disrespectfully treated when his day, or any part of it is made a scene of mirth, much more so when that mirth, is indulged under the sound of the overtures of his salvation. Condemned rebels would not insult an earthly Prince in his benign act of offering pardon, nor would the pardoned forget to reverence Him from whom they had received forgiveness; and yet how many even while Christ weeps over them in the person of his ambassadors, allow themselves to be carried away with a spirit of frivolity.

The evil of such conduct is not only seen and felt in its suicidal effects, though this is great, for it effectually prevents communion with God, for a time if not forever, but it also is a stumbling block to others.

Tremble lest your skirts be found stained with the blood of souls, lost through the baneful influence of your

thoughtless conduct in the house of God.

That we may all "know how to behave ourselves in the house of God" is the earnest prayer of

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Boston.

[We were pleased to receive the following from one of the Lady Graduates of the Seminary at Wolfville. We give it to our readers verbatim, although she gives us the option of depositing it in "a corner" in the Messenger, or a place in the waste paper basket.]

BOSTON, Jan. 26th, 1876.

In the late issue of the Messenger I find a letter from one of Acadia's sons, who it appears from his communication is sojourning in New York. Old memories have been called up by its perusal, and the thought has been suggested that perhaps a few words from one of the old-time Seminary students of Grand Pré, and subsequently "The Hill," might be favourably received by the readers of the Messenger. Those who remember the red, white, and blue graduating class of 1873, may possibly call to mind your humble servant as the wearer of the red. What bright recollections cluster around that last day of the Academic year! A glance backward into memory's recesses and the scene is before me.

The Hill rising slowly from its base, until it becomes a fit eminence upon which to rear the Temple of Learning, which so well adorns it; the grand old trees crowning the summit, and stretching out their arms as if waving a benediction over all, while the sunshine poured a flood of golden light upon the whole picture. The dear familiar faces of teachers, class-mates, and friends are again around me, but alas! too soon, too soon, they pass from view, the exercises are over, diplomas are given, and we are expelled—honorably. Thus the curtain falls upon one of the fairest scenes in the drama of life; and what shall succeed? We part, and the winds of different fortunes waft us here and there, so that we lose all traces of each other, until in some unpretending corner of a newspaper, the whereabouts of some one or other is discovered. For my own part I wish we heard oftener from old students in this way, for now that I have crossed the border line, and make one of the seething hurrying crowd that throng the thoroughfares of Boston, how eagerly do I read anything signed by a familiar name, and I fancy there are others in the world similarly affected. "Bostonia condita, A. D., 1630," as all books belonging to the public schools will tell you at a glance; and yet I doubt if one in ten of those who daily use said books, could give you correct information as to the age of the "Hub;" for notwithstanding all the means of acquiring general intelligence, of which the Bostonians are so fond of boasting, I do not find the rising generation as well informed as our own at home. I know a room of fifty girls in a school here, of ages from thirteen to seventeen, whose most advanced studies are English Grammar, Arithmetic and Geography. To give some idea of their proficiency in Geography, I have only to mention one instance; the question, "Where is Halifax?" was put upon the black-board, and out of fifty only two made any attempt to reply, one who happened to have a Nova Scotia mother giving the true answer, the other saying it was in the centre of the Atlantic Ocean! There is a new fact for Mr. Calkin when he publishes another edition of his "Geography of the world." I allude to this in contrast to our Nova Scotia girls of sixteen and seventeen, who at that age are preparing to teach, and in a few cases are teaching with a first-class license.

I can hardly account for the display of ignorance which one cannot help noticing here, unless it is that there is such eagerness to get through with life that there is no time for thought and investigation. I have been asked with all sincerity, by a man who I presume considers himself well informed, if Nova Scotia was any where near St. John, and from the way in which the question was put, I was led to infer that he supposed the names belonged to two towns located somewhere "down east." There are however many nice people in Boston, who if they do think that the axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of their city, as Oliver Wendell Holmes

put it, may be excused for the frequent use of *Ego*, on the ground of possessing numerous excellent traits of character. Facilities for acquiring instruction, or enjoying recreation and amusement abound, and no one need be unsuited while the money lasts; and even then, some of the best things are free to all. The Public Library to which all who choose may have access, is certainly a great benefit, and might be more useful than it is, if the public mind had not gone crazy after sensation and trash. People can tell you the name of the last new story in the *New York Weekly*, or *The Girls of To-day*, but mention the name of some really good, readable book, and the probability is they have never heard of it. The churches here are good buildings, neatly finished, and well furnished; and a stranger is always politely shown to a seat by an attentive sexton. One at least of the Boston pulpits is well occupied by a Nova Scotian, thus showing that if we are indebted to our Republican cousins for anything, we are bestowing some of our finest talent upon them. Another living illustration of this fact is found in a gentleman with whom I am personally acquainted, and who I believe is considered one of the ablest lawyers in Boston, and no doubt there are others in influential positions who have not come under my observation. Nova Scotians have an ubiquitous notoriety, and Boston seems to come in for a large proportion of those who leave their native Province for a wider field of action. Sometimes we find one figuring rather unpleasantly in the police news, and occasionally in a criminal suit; as for instance, Piper, the supposed murderer of little Mabel Young. With the facts of this sad affair all are probably familiar, but perhaps a brief statement may not be amiss. Mabel Young, a little girl, over whose fair head but six short summers had passed, was in the habit of attending Sabbath School at one of the Baptist churches in this city, and one afternoon, as the congregation was dispersing, her aunt, with whom she had been in company, looked around for her, but found that she was not in sight. A search was instituted, and at last cries of distress were heard in the belfry. Several persons rushed to the spot, and the little girl was found in a dying condition, and soon after expired. Her state was such as to lead to the supposition that she had been murdered by blows inflicted on the head, and a suspicion at once fell upon Piper, who was sexton, he being the only person known to have the keys of the belfry, or in the habit of frequenting the place, though why an innocent child should meet such a fate is a question not yet satisfactorily answered. Piper was tried on the supposition of being the offending party, but although there was a strong public feeling against him, the jury disagreed, and he will probably have another trial.

A Chicago coroner thinks "it would not be surprising to see a Legislature, actuated by what seems to have become the accepted interpretation of American philanthropy toward murderers, put a premium upon the taking of human life, just as we have premiums on the killing of wolves or lynxes. This would legitimate the sport of murdering, the punishment of which seems to have gone out of fashion. Every kind of business is dull in Boston, and consequently times are hard. The city does not seem to have recovered the loss sustained, when the last great fire swept over it, but the opinion is expressed by some that money will be more plentiful before long; on the principle I suppose that when things are at the worst they begin to mend. Many cases of poverty and destitution come to notice, and we are continually reminded of the words, "the poor ye have always with you." As I commenced this with some reference to Acadia, so I cannot close without an expression of pleasure that the honors of the spelling match, at the last term of the Academy, were carried off by one of "our girls." The opposition will forgive me, I know, when I say, it is "not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more" or in other words, not that I wish for the defeat of the gentlemen, but that I confess to a pardonable pride in the prosperity of my own sex.

L. E. WOODBURY.

All severity which does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle. The greatest misfortune of all is in not being able to bear misfortune.

Valedictory Address of the 2nd Horton Baptist Church to Rev. E. O. Read.

Beloved Brother.—

It is with very peculiar feelings that we present to you this address, on the occasion of your removing from our midst, to labour in another section of our Lord's vineyard. For 13 years you have been our Pastor, and during that time, we can truthfully say, you have had the interest of our Zion at heart, and have toiled faithfully and perseveringly to secure the great end of the Minister's labors, the glory of God through the salvation of souls.

During your pastorate, 387 have been added to our number by baptism, and 416 in all secured into the fellowship of the church. Through these additions, we have grown to be in point of members, the second church in the Association, and the third in the Convention.

You have always taken a warm interest in Sabbath Schools, and social reforms, especially being an earnest temperance advocate. During our long intercourse, a strong attachment has grown up between you and the church.

To us, you gave the first years of your ministry. Over this church you were ordained, and here you have participated in extensive revivals of religion. These circumstances, must ever give us a large place in your affections, while the consideration, that the majority of us received baptism at your hands, and were, by you, received into the fellowship of the christian church, will correspondingly endear you to us. We regret, that through the apathy of some members of the church, and congregation, we are unable to retain your services longer, but we wish you every success in your new field of labor, and pray, that the blessing of the Master, which in such an eminent degree accompanied your labours here, may ever rest upon you.

We wish also to bear testimony to the christian deportment of Mrs. Read, and to her sympathy with all the interests of the church and community. We wish her happiness in her new home.

(Signed),

DEA. JOHN PAYZANT.

"C. MARTIN.

"JUDSON GOULD,

By order and in behalf of the Church,

T. E. MARTIN, Clerk.

REPLY.

Beloved Brethren,—

Your very kind address presented on this the eve of my removal to another field of ministerial labor, intensifies the deep feelings of my heart awakened at the thought of severing the strong tie that has so long bound us together as pastor and people. During all the time of my first and second pastorate while ministering to you in the Gospel, the highest object of my life has been, faithfully to discharge my duties as a servant of Christ: to "feed the flock of God," to "watch for souls," and lead the way to heaven.

While conscious of my own defects and unworthiness, it is pleasing to know that my labors have been so highly appreciated by you and above all this, that the Master has so abundantly blessed my preaching and granted me the privilege of baptizing so many into the fellowship of the Christian Church, some of whom have passed to the upper sanctuary, while the greater part remain as living witnesses for Jesus and his cause. Your reference to my interest in the Sabbath School, brings vividly to my mind some of the most pleasing scenes in my work as a Christian minister. During the extensive revivals in which we have been allowed to participate, large numbers from the Sabbath School have found the "Pearl of great price," have pressed into the heavenly kingdom, and our hearts have overflowed with joy while we have welcomed them to the Church of Christ.

In giving my strength and influence to the Temperance and other social reforms, I have endeavored earnestly to enforce the principles of the Bible on these subjects, as the grand remedy for the evils of the times.

Be assured, dear Brethren, that you hold a large place in my affections, and should God spare my life for years to come, I shall ever look back with pleasing remembrance to my labors among you. Painful as it is to my feelings to leave the Church over which I was ordained pastor, and with which I have labored for so many years; yet it is