

SELECT SERIAL.

Fred and Maria, and he.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND BAPTIST LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

I don't suppose you ever was down to Goshen, in the State of Maine. But if you was, you had the old Avery place pointed out to you, and heard a kind word spoke about them as had lived there. My father was well-to-do, and so was his father before him. And so, when one by one our family dropped away, I was left in the old place, rich and lonesome. At least, it looked as if I was lonesome, and everybody was glad when I took a little friendless nephew of mine to be the same as my own child. I hadn't no great use for money, and there's no sense in pretending I know how to take care of it. Some has a faculty that way, and some hasn't. And so it happened that after Fred grew up and went to New York to live, he got into the way of taking a thousand dollars here, and a thousand there, partly to take care of for me, and partly to use in his business.

I didn't keep much account of what he had; and it came upon me all of a sudden one day, that I was finding it hard to get enough to pay my subscriptions with. For I always subscribed to the Home Missionary Society, and all of them, and paid up regular, and I wasn't never the one to be mean about supporting the Gospel either. I paid my pew rent right up to the day, and our minister knows how often I had him, and his wife, and all the children, to tea, and how there wasn't never any stint, and the best cups and saucers got out, and them children eating until they couldn't hold no more, and filling their pockets full of doughnuts, and I making believe not see 'em do it.

Well, I never shall forget the day Deacon Morse came round to get the pew rent, and I had to say out and out, "Deacon Morse, I'd give you the money if I had it, but the fact is, I ain't had a dollar these three months."

"You don't say so," says he; and he was so struck up that he turned quite yellow.

"Yes, I do say so," says I. Fred has been plagued a good deal about his business, and I've had to help him along; and then you know I ain't no hand at taking care of money, and so he's been keeping it for me. And he says I give too much, and he shall look out that a check is kept upon me. I expect that he don't consider that at my time of life folks can't change their natures. And it's my nature to keep my money a stir, ring. You can't eat it and you can't drink it, and why shouldn't you make your fellow-creatures happy with it?"

"But Fred pays the interest regular, don't he?" says the Deacon.

"Well, I can't say as he does pay it regular," says I. "He sends me twenty dollars one time, and ten another time; and once or twice he's wrote that he was hard up for cash, and he knew I'd not press him against the wall. And lately he ain't wrote at all."

"Pretty business, to be sure!" says the Deacon. "I never thought you knew much, Aunt Avery" (you see I am everybody's aunt; it's a way folks has,) "but I did think you had a little mite o' common sense, if you hadn't no book learnin'."

"I don't suppose I do know much," says I, "and I was never left to think I did. And as for sense, I know I ain't got much of that, either. The Lord don't give everything at once. Folks can't expect if they are handsome to have sense besides. It wouldn't be fair. And them that has money can't expect to have the gift of taking care of it and hoarding it. No, no, the Lord divides out things even, and His ways are better than our ways."

"I'll tell you what," says the deacon, "you ought to see a little more of the world. You're a nice little body, and when it comes to standin' up for the Lord, and going round among the poor and the sick, I don't know your match anywhere. But you're ignorant of the world, Aunt Avery, very ignorant. And as for that nephew of yours, I guess you'll find his gift is the gift of landing you in the almshouse, one o' these days."

"Deacon Morse," says I, "I've heard you speak in meetin' a good many times, but I never see you so much as you are now. And if it's on my account you're so wrathful, you needn't be wrathful

no more, for I've got riches no man can take from me. And what if I turn you out o' that pew o' yours, where you've got ever since you was born, and where your father and your grandfather sat afore you?"

"I don't know—maybe it would come hard. But there's free seats up in the gallery, and if I don't pay my rent, I'm sure I ought not to sit in my pew."

"Well, well, I never thought Fred Avery would turn out as he has," says the deacon; "as smiling good-natured a boy as ever was. I'll step over and have a word with Sam, if you've no objection. He may think of some way out of this bother. And as for you, Aunt Avery, don't you worry. The Lord will take care of you."

Well, pretty soon Sam Avery came in, looking half as tall again, as common, and I'm sure I wouldn't for the world write down all the dreadful things he was left to say about Fred.

"I'll go now and consult Lawyer Rogers," says he, at last.

"But wouldn't that hurt Fred's feelings?" says I. And I didn't want to hurt his feelings, I'm sure I don't.

"Besides, there ain't no lawyer in the world can get your money back when there ain't no papers to tell where it went to."

It's the most shameful thing I ever heard of, said Sam. "And you take it as cool as cucumber. Why, Aunt Avery, do you realize that you won't never have a cent to give away?"

"Well, I hope it ain't so bad as that," says I. And I took off my spectacles, and wiped 'em, for somehow I couldn't seem to see as plain as common.

Now the next day was Sunday, and I will own Satan is dreadful busy on Sunday. And he kept hovering round me as I was washing up the dishes after breakfast, and says he, "How do you feel a sittin' up in the gallery this afternoon?" says he, "Everybody's lookin' up and wonderin', and there'll be no end to wanderin' thoughts in prayer. You don't feel very well, Aunt Avery, and if I was you, I wouldn't go to meetin' to-day. Next Sunday may be it won't be so hard to go and sit in the gallery."

"You needn't call me Aunt Avery," says I, "for I ain't your aunt, and you know it. And I'm goin' to meetin', and so you may go about your business," says I. So I, dressed myself in my go-to-meeting things, and I went to meetin', but I didn't sit in the Avery pew, 'cause I hadn't paid my pew tax, and hadn't no business to. I went up into the gallery, and sat down in the free seats near the singers. There was old Ma'am Hardy and old Mr. Jones, and one other man and me; that was all; and the old Avery pew it was empty all day. If the people stared and had wanderin' thoughts, I couldn't help it, but I don't believe they did have wanderin' thoughts. And comin' out of meetin' a good many shook hands with me just the same as ever, and our minister he smiled and shook hands, and his little Rebecca, her that used to like my doughnuts so, she kind o' cuddled up to me, and says she, "Aunt Avery, put down your head so I can whisper to you."

And I put down my head so she could reach up to my ear, and says she, "You won't be poor any more, for here's some money of my own that I'm going to give to you, and don't you tell anybody you've got it, 'cause they'll borrow it off you, and never pay it back." And then the little thing squeezed two cents into my hand, and kissed me, and looked as contented as an angel. And I always was a fool about such things, and what did I do but burst out a crying there before all the people! But I don't think none of 'em see me, for they all passed on, and so I got out and got home, and I laid them two cents down on the table, and I knelt down, and says I, "Oh, Lord, look at them two cents!" I couldn't say no more, but he knew just what I meant just as well as if I'd prayed an hour, and I could see him laying of his hands on that child's head and blessing of her just as he did to those little ones ever so many years ago. So late my dinner, and read a chapter, and went to meetin' in the afternoon, and our minister preached such a sermon that I forgot I was up in the gallery, and everybody forgot it, and there wa'n't no wanderin' thoughts in that meetin' house, I'll venture to say. Well, after tea I sat in my chair feeling a kind o' beat out, and in walks Deacon Morse.

"Aunt Avery, do you keep Saturday night?" says he.

"Yes, deacon, I do," says I.

"So do we to 'home,' says he, 'and it's all the same as Monday mornin' after sunset,' says he, 'so there ain't no harm of talking about worldly things. And I want to know what you went and left your pew for, and took and set up in the gallery a fillin' everybody's mind with all sorts of thoughts, and a making 'em break the Sabbath day a talkin' off all the time between meetin's?'"

"Why, I hadn't no right to no other seat," says I, "and I didn't mean to do no harm," says I.

"If you weren't so good you'd put me all out o' patience," says he. "The pew's your'n, and there ain't no hurry about them taxes, and if there was, why we could sell the pew and get our money's worth. And don't you go to being stuck up 'cause you've lost your money, and making believe humble; the Lord don't like them sort o' things. I don't mean to hurt your feelin's, Aunt Avery, says he—my ways is rough, but my heart ain't. And what I mean is, don't you go to settin' up there in the gallery, but you sit in the old Avery pew and let's have it look natural down stairs, so we can listen to the sermon, and not be starin' round thinking to ourselves, if there ain't Aunt Avery up in the gallery!"

"Deacon Morse, says I, "you don't mean no harm, I'm sure, and I don't mean no harm. And I'm sorry I ever told you where my money'd gone. It's turned your natur," says I. "And it's turned you and everybody against Fred Avery, and he ain't in blame for being poor. I'm sure he feels bad enough that he's taken away my livin', and we ought to be a pitying of him instead of upbraiding him."

Deacon Morse he wiped his eyes, and says he, "It did rile me to see the old pew empty, Aunt Avery, but good bye next Sunday we'll have things our own way!"

(To be continued.)

Modern Controversies.

AND HOW BEST TO CONDUCT THEM WITHOUT INJURY TO SPIRITUAL LIFE AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

The following is the report of a speech delivered by the Rev. Samuel Manning, L. L. D., at the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, recently held at Southampton, England.

Dr. Manning is a Baptist Minister and Secretary of the Religious Tract Society. First, he insisted that the spirit in which they engaged in controversy should be that of unswerving, unflinching devotion to truth. Our blessed Lord was himself a witness for the truth, and the supreme motive and principle of controversy should be unflinching loyalty to truth. Archbishop Whately used to say that it was one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and quite another thing to wish to be on the side of truth. They should all feel that the truth was not their servant, but their master, and endeavor to learn the truth always, everywhere, in all things following Him who was the King of Truth.

This implied that they should be loyal to truth in small things as well as in great things. He had very often attended meetings in which the tone of remark had something of this kind—let us be faithful and earnest in our own assertion and advocacy of essential principles, and be contented with silence and negation upon all non-essential principles. That seemed to him to be disloyalty to the King of Truth. They were not to chop and barter, and balance great and small. They were not to follow Christ in the great teachings of His Word, and then despise or disparage those which seemed to them to be secondary and unimportant. They could not hold an error without that error being an element of weakness and disease. They could not forego the belief of a single truth without losing in that an element of strength, and life, and light. But this was the point upon which he would insist—that in all their controversies absolute loyalty to the truth was that which was required from them—not loyalty to party, but devotion to their King. This being assumed, what was to be the method of its manifestation? He was disposed to think that the true method was not in the confutation of error, but in the assertion of truth. Controversy, as they understood it—the assailing, the ex-

posure, the denunciation of their opponent's error—was commonly unprofitable, and of small advantage to the man with whom they were in controversy. The true mode of conducting controversy was the distinct declaration of positive and absolute truth. How did the light scatter the darkness? Just by shining. The morning comes, the sun does not rise with a flourish of trumpets; it just steals above the eastern horizon, and pours its golden shafts of light into the mists and vapours, and they are stricken, curl up, die, and disappear. The sun just shines, and, by shining scatters the darkness, and the night flees away. Controversy which consists in mere debate was fighting upon an arena, not cultivating a field. There was a barren, sandy arena where athletes fought their battles; but they could reap no harvest there. They could not plough fields with swords; they could not reap harvests with spears. These things might be needful sometimes, and they were not to flee from battle, or shirk battle when the proper time came, but the true spirit in which their controversy should be conducted was the declaration of the truth in simplicity, in fullness, and in power. If the great aim be the assertion of truth, they would conduct their controversies not only without injury to spiritual life and Christian charity, but to a larger development and a nobler character of that life which they were living, and that charity which they manifested.

Being the Christian.

Keep it from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds. Not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkindness sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that, unintentionally, pain is caused.

Keep it from falsehood. It is so easy to give a false coloring—to make a statement that it may convey a meaning different from the truth, while yet there is appearance of truth—that we need to be on our guard. There are many who would shrink from telling a lie, yet who suffer themselves in such inaccurate, or exaggerated, or one-sided statements, that they really come under the condemnation of those whose "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."

Keep it from slander. The good reputation of others should be dear to us. Sin should not be suffered to go unrebuked; but it should be in accordance with the Scripture method, "Go and tell him of his faults, twice and three times alone." And it should be borne in mind that what is so often considered as merely harmless gossip, runs dangerously near, if it does not pass, the confines of slander. A reputation is too sacred to be made a plaything of, even if the intent be not malicious.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE VAGARIES OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.—Those who read the London Christian Herald have a supply of strong meat. A single number contains "a new discourse" by Dr. Talmage, "a powerful sermon" by Mr. Spurgeon, and a dedication sermon by Newman Hall. The oddity of it all is that it is edited by a man who proclaims himself a "clergyman of the Church of England," but who goes outside of his own Church for his homiletical literature. But this is not the most important feature of this paper. Its editor is quite as well posted in what to other men lies concealed in the womb of the future as he is in what he can read in the pages of history; for he has the prophecies and the infallible key to their interpretation. The same number of the Christian Herald contains an engraved map of Europe as it will be when the eighteen sovereign Powers now occupying the territories of the old Roman empire shall be reduced to the ten foretold by prophecy. It will be interesting to know that France is to have another war with Germany, in which it will be completely victorious; and that, as a result, the kingdoms of Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Portugal, Switzerland, Tunis, and Morocco will be annexed by other Powers. The remaining ten kingdoms will form a confederacy, which will soon be broken up, and the battle of Armageddon will be decided by the personal descent of Christ. The Antichrist of that battle will very likely be Jerome Napoleon, and a Napoleon will probably be Pope. All this is going to happen very soon; but, as the conflict is confined to Europe and its vicinity, we may look during its continuance for a profitable market for our bread stuffs.

New York Independent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College Endowment.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOVING.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger.

DEAR BROTHER.—Many readers of your valuable paper may be glad of a word expressive of any interest in the practical question of what is believed to be our College's great future, I mean the movement for an addition of One Hundred Thousand Dollars to the Endowment. Although these hard times are in some respects the people's extremity, we feel confident that now is God's opportunity of favor to our educational institutions. It was never thought of and talked about so much before; never had so many friends, or was more firmly rooted in the affections of right thinking and true Baptists. Three things only seem needed among us to assure it greatly increased power of usefulness to the denomination and the world. These are fervent effectual prayer to God for His approval and blessing; faith in our people; and enlargement of facilities—which means money liberally contributed.

It was with peculiar pleasure that we heard of the inauguration of this last work at Yarmouth, whereby its completion was well-nigh assured. During the pause following that grand opening the thought among many was, where next? And friends on this side the Bay waited for the powers that be as Governors to say where and by what agency, until the modest suggestion came from our worthy President that the salutary principle had worked well and would be acceptable. That I suppose may be interpreted as committee of the whole to which every one is to elect himself, and of his particular self solicit subscriptions.

St. John has not only acted on that suggestion, but with the conviction that it is the course of wisdom as well as economy. At a conference of the pastors and resident Board of Governors a few weeks ago, it was unanimously resolved that the time had come to begin efforts here. Moreover, it was determined to raise, if possible, Twenty Thousand dollars in St. John County, expecting that the rest of the Province would do as much more.

The work has been fairly begun, with reliable subscriptions from a few amounting at the present time to over Five Thousand dollars. Brethren may be sure that the effort will be continued and pressed forward vigorously on a plan to effectually reach every Baptist member, family, and friend associated with us, until all is done that can be. And if the other portions of the Province respond, as there is every reason to believe they will, in proportion to what is expected here, New Brunswick will not fail to come up to the help of the Lord and their brethren of the other maritime provinces in this wise movement towards the more complete development and perfection of our institutions of learning. Let us now have "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together," and entire success is certain.

J. D. Poir.

St. John, Dec. 18th, 1876.

For the Christian Messenger.

Concerning New Glasgow.

DEAR EDITOR,—

Mr. Freeman has made known through the Messenger some of the work he has done for the little church here, but not all, he did not tell you that on account of one of the trustees living at a distance and the other two, being most of the time from home that the work of securing title to land, surveying and letting contract for building, &c., devolved chiefly on him. Brother Freeman is not only an able and faithful expounder of God's Word, but is also a great worker. He holds a deep place in the affections of the members of this infant church. We hope the Home Missionary Board will extend his appointment to us—I sometimes think there is too much money and sympathy given to Foreign Missions and too little to Home Missions, and I believe the sacrifices and hardships of some of our Home Missionaries are as great if not greater than those of the Foreign Missionaries. Miss Oding has received donations towards paying for the lot. Some of these should have been acknowledged sooner, but