

touch. Then the tears fell from his eyes like rain, and dropped upon her hand, but she did not heed them. He felt then that he had truly and indeed lost his precious mother, and he sat down on the floor and sobbed as if his heart would break.

She had often talked to him about this dreadful time that was coming, and had tried to prepare him for it. And she had told him what to do: to pray to God, to trust in Him, to be comforted by the certainty that He would provide for Him. So, recalling these things, he got upon his knees, and just prayed in few words, 'Lord, help me! Give me kind friends; lead me to them. Give me every day my daily bread, and some place to live in that isn't the work-house; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

But just now everything was dim and dark and unhelpful to him, and his prayer did not seem to go even so far as the ceiling, and he couldn't think anything about God or Jesus Christ, though he tried to. They seemed to him only mere names, and not living persons who watched over him and cared for him and loved him at that awful time of sorrow and desolation.

So feeling no comfort, but only a numb sense of loneliness and helplessness, he rose from his knees and stood again beside his mother. The little bed, on which she lay was low, and his lips could meet hers when he leant over her. So he kissed her again and again upon cheek and lips and forehead, leaving his tears upon her peaceful face as he did so, upon eyes which would weep no more; then he caressed her hands again with his little grimy ones, and tried to make up his mind to take a last look at her face. This was the hardest trial of all; but, at last, he resolutely turned away sobbing, 'Good-bye, mother!' and in the dreadful silence that followed he crept away down stairs, and slipped out at the side door. He had not gone many yards down the street when he heard the shrill voice of Mrs. Barish calling him. He did not turn round, but hurried on as fast as he could to get away from her.

When he had gone along two or three streets he walked more slowly, considering what he should do. After a minute or two his face flushed as he suddenly decided where to go, and he hurried on for several yards; and then all at once he came to a standstill, as he remembered that it was Sunday, and that perhaps he could not carry out his plan.

'However, I'll go and see,' he said to himself, and hurried on again. Many shops were open as he passed along, and this gave him hope. When he reached the street which was his destination he found that nearly every shop in it was open, and a considerable trade was being done. The old-clothes' shops displayed their goods, the provision shops quite ignored the fact that it was Sunday, and the people generally seemed quite unconscious that the first day of the week was held sacred in this Christian land.

Hughie hurried along till he stood opposite Matthew Pedder's shop: it was closely shut up, door and all. But he did not like to give up hope just yet; so he went up to the door and rapped boldly with his knuckles. The parrot within answered volubly, asking 'who the dickens' was there, with much more in which the word 'dickens' frequently occurred. The boy rapped again and again, and at last kicked with the heel of his boot to make more noise; but the only response was the chattering of the incensed parrot.

He walked up and down a little while, and then went and knocked again, thinking that Matthew might be taking a snug afternoon nap in his cosy back room. But the continued knocking had no more effect than before; and the boy was just going to give up in despair, when a hand from behind was brought down heavily on his shoulder, and a cheery voice said, 'Well, what's the matter, little chap? You've soon got back, like a bad penny!'

Hughie turned quickly, but scarcely recognized Matthew in his Sunday black-coat and tall hat; but there was no mistaking the voice. He looked up in his face with his large imploring eyes, still wet with tears, which had stained his pale face and made a frightful object of him, and in a choking voice he managed to say, 'Oh, please, sir, mother's dead!'

'Dead!' responded Matthew, as he unlocked his door, 'Come in, lad, come in!'

(To be Continued.)

Our Debt to Pedobaptists.

BY REV. N. J. WHEELER.

As Baptists we owe not a little to our pedobaptist brethren for the able, cultured and godly men they have furnished us with. While comparatively few have gone from us to them, every generation has seen many coming from their churches to ours, whose influence has largely increased our power, and extended the triumphs of those peculiar truths which God has so manifestly entrusted to our guardianship.

This thought has been suggested to the writer by reading a historical sketch of the First Baptist Church in Newport R. I., written by Rev. C. E. Barrows, the pastor, and just published. It is a pamphlet abounding in facts of deep and living interest, and clearly shows the leading position of Baptists is founding and promoting those principles of religious liberty which are now becoming so prevalent in other lands, and which are the peculiar glory of our own.

In this church, which has the history of more than two and a third centuries, at least four of its fourteen pastors are known to have come from other sects, and were men of superior culture. And besides these there were amongst its early members Rev. John Cook, once a Congregational pastor, who came over in the *Mayflower* with his father, and was the last male survivor of that vessel's company; and Mr. Robert Lenthall, from the same denomination, who fled to Newport from persecution in Massachusetts, and enjoys the distinguished honor of having here established a public school, "said to have been the earliest attempt of the kind in the country if not in the world." Yet other members of this ancient church might be named who came from other denominations, whose names, though of less note, are not, perhaps, of less worth and influence.

And what is true of this church is true of many other churches in our denomination. Those who have been recognized and honored as leaders among them, and who have held positions of merited distinction in the religious world have been made Baptists by the deep conviction of the truth of our distinguished principles. Education, taste, natural sympathies, would have held them in the denomination of their first choice; but fidelity to Christ and conscience has forced them to a painful separation from old and loved friends, and has brought them into a hearty union with us. At what cost of personal feeling such men as Drs. Judson and Hackett, and the eloquent brother who has just come to us from the Methodists, made their change of denominational relations, only they can know who have had a like experience. The fact that such men felt morally compelled to this course, after a thorough and prayerful examination of the principles involved, is a strong proof, not only of the truth of these principles, but also of their importance. The acquisition of such men has tended very largely to our rapid growth and increasing power. We have only to recall those who have formerly held prominent positions among us, and those who are now recognized leaders in our Israel, who came to us from our pedobaptist brethren, to see how much our principles are, under God, in debt to them.

If the numbers that we now receive from such sources are comparatively less than in former years, may not the reason lie in the fact that Baptist pastors are now less faithful in preaching our principles than were our fathers? They contended earnestly for the faith—for the whole faith of the Gospel. There is special danger in these days of sentimental "union," of failing to give that prominence to our principles which is their due. It is true we should hold the truth in love; but we should hold it. In his admirable article on this subject, in the last *Baptist Quarterly*, Prof. Pepper has put the case none too strongly. It is a good tonic for our ministers, and timely administered.—*Watchman*.

The current number of the "American Baptist Year-Book" records the death of a large number of Baptist ministers during the past year, with their respective ages. On examination, the *National Baptist* finds that the average of the ages is sixty-six years and four months. There are few classes of men in which the average will be found to be higher. It comes very near to the three score years and ten.

"It is Well."

"Beloved it is well,"
God's ways are always right;
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.

"Beloved, it is well,"
Though deep and sore the smart;
He wounds, who knows to bind,
And heal the broken heart.

"Beloved, it is well,"
Though sorrow cloud our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear,
That ushers in the day.

"Beloved, it is well,"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.
—*Presbyterian*.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Mediterranean and Back.

THE DARDANELLES.

The Dardanelles connect the Sea of Marmora with the Archipelago. The ancient name was the Hellespont, derived from Helle, who was drowned there on a voyage to Colchis. It is about 40 miles long and from $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile to four miles wide.

On opposite sides of the entrance from the Archipelago, are the New Castles of Europe and Asia. These are large forts that guard the Straits.

Ten miles farther up are the Old Castles. The one in Europe is called Sestos; the other in Asia is called Abydos. Here Leander was wont to swim the Hellespont to visit the maid Hero. In 1810, Lord Byron swam from shore to shore to ascertain the practicability of the story, and of the result thus writes:—

"Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!

He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague."

The celebrated river of Meander empties its waters into the Strait from the Asiatic side, and is seen "meandering" across the plains of Troy. The scenery throughout the Strait is picturesque.

The European side consists of a bold range of hills covered with trees. Numerous valleys intervene. The Asiatic side slopes more gradually and is considerably cultivated. In every valley we notice fields of corn, as thickly planted as our farmers plant their corn, stacks of grain, and large droves of goats, sheep, donkeys and cattle, grazing close to the water's edge. The women are weeding the corn with short sticks. The men are either watching the cattle on the marshes or ploughing the soil. Their ploughing reminds us of illustrations sometimes seen in Bibles of such scenes about 2000 B. C.

A approaching the first village, we hear the singing of birds, mingled with the dismal braying of jackasses and the toot, toot of the bugle that calls the soldiers. Here we stop to obtain practice and have our papers examined. These are received by Turkish officials, with a pair of tongs, from behind a wooden grating. The villages are numerous along both banks and present a uniform appearance. The houses look old and storied. They are generally two stories high, the upper story often projecting over the lower. The windows are high, narrow and very close together. The roofs are made of red tile. Mosques rise from among the surrounding houses, their lofty minarets towering far above the villages. The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty. Everything is disorder and confusion. The first impression of Turkey is, that she is justly called "the sick man."

We pass the place where Xerxes with his vast Persian army crossed the Straits on a bridge of boats when he invaded Greece. Look upon the town of Gallipoli at the North-East entrance, and then enter the Sea of Marmora.

This sea receives its name from the Island of Marmora or Marble Island near its Western extremity. Here the Sultans obtain the marble for their splendid palaces.

European Turkey, which we coast, is a magnificent agricultural country. Its slopes rise gradually far away into the interior. They are covered with large fields of grain and immense herds of cattle sheep and goats, grazing in the pastures. Near the sea are numerous villages, huge stacks of grain, and rows

of windmills. In the valleys are vineyards and groves of fig, palm, or orange trees.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

the Byzantium of the ancients, and Stamboul of the Turks, is situated at the entrance of the Bosphorus. It is built upon a triangular peninsula, projecting towards the East, and with the base towards Europe. Each side is four miles long. The South is washed by the Sea of Marmora, and the North by the waters of the Golden Horn. The last named is a beautiful arm of the sea stretching some five miles inland. On the west, a triple wall extends entirely across the peninsula. This is the city proper, and is occupied wholly by the Turks. The suburbs upon the opposite sides of the harbor are more extensive than the city; and are peopled by a motley assemblage of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Franks, and natives of the East. The people of each nation for the most part occupy separate portions. The chief importance of Constantinople arises from its commanding the entrance to the Black Sea. Its foreign trade is favored by its fine harbor, and by its situation as a medium of intercourse, where laden camels arrive with the products of the East, which are here exchanged for the merchandise of the West. The revenues are greatly increased by most exorbitant dues up on passing ships. Seen from a distance, the view of the city is singularly beautiful. The harbor filled with shipping, the rocky eminence crowned by walls and seven moss-covered towers, the magnificent mosques rising everywhere from among lovely groves, the gilded domes glistening in the rays of the sun, the slender white minarets shooting above them upon all sides, the city itself rising and falling upon the seven hills and their intervening valleys, like Rome of old, and the green hills in the back ground; all combined to make up a picture which the eye delights to rest upon. But on a nearer approach and when seen internally this picturesque is quickly dispelled: for upon entering the city we find the houses a confused mass of old and gloomy buildings, and the streets narrow, crooked and ill-paved, as in all other Turkish towns. In the harbor, iron steamers, old Turkish crafts, and vessels of almost all the different Maritime nations in the world, are moored to anchored buoys. Small boats, somewhat resembling Indian canoes, are darting to and fro. Ferry boats are plying backward and forward. Large transport ships filled with soldiers are steaming down the Bay, some bound up the Black Sea to the Danube, others going round Greece up the Adriatic to Herzegovina; and on land the cars are daily carrying men into the interior against the revolting Provinces. Gunboats belonging to the Khedive of Egypt are also leaving, having brought a large number of recruits for the Sultan's army.

THROUGH THE CITY.

There are no large wharfs and we land on a narrow stone siding. Here a guide must be obtained to lead the way through the mazy streets of this great city. Then we ascend the steps and pass on through street after street, too narrow for even a single carriage to enter. Digusting filth is everywhere collected, and render some of them almost unfit to be trod by civilized persons. A large number of hungry dogs, with no owners, infest the streets and alone perform the duty of scavengers. Oftentimes they lie directly in your path, but never a move on their part, and you must step around, or over them, for they are sacred animals in the Moslem creed. The houses are built in the greatest disorder, and most of the shops are low and gloomy.

Now we advance along rough stony paths, under arches, over bridges, down steep descents, and through winding alleys. Now we stop for a moment to glance at some novel sights that are ever meeting one in this Eastern city, and then hasten to regain the side of the guide, for to lose him is to be undone in this labyrinth. A curious throng of human beings ever push and jostle in the narrow way.—Greeks, tall dark Armenians, priests clothed in flowing robes, Jews in their black caps and long black coats, and the Turks, wearing turbans instead of hats, and otherwise dressed after their peculiar costume. Here is a man riding on horseback with a lad running behind whipping the brute. Just ahead, in a narrow passage is a row of donkeys, with their large panniers, nearly the width of the streets,

compelling you to crowd against the wall to let them pass. Now approach eight men with two long poles on their shoulders and a heavy box hanging in the centre. Be careful and avoid a gentle reminder from the swinging box that in this city goods are not conveyed on drays.

At length we cross an old wooden structure, which answers for a bridge, and enter Stamboul. Here the streets are somewhat wider and on a few of them we notice horse-cars. A number of cabs are drawn up in a row. Into one of these we crowd ourselves, and are borne along by two very small horses. We pass women, wearing white veils that conceal the whole of the face with the exception of the eyes; and men who are sitting cross-legged on mats smoking their hubble-bubbles or sipping their coffee.

The Mosque of St. Sophia is approached and we enter the court of the main building. This was once a Christian church. It is 260 feet long and 230 feet broad, and has 170 pillars of green jasper said to have been supports of Diana of Ephesus. Eight slender minarets rise above the domes. On each minaret at different heights are three balconies, where priests appear at morning, noon, and evening, and call upon the people to come and worship God and Mahomet, who is his true prophet. This mosque may be said to have given the Greek Church to Russia; for Russian ambassadors after visiting Mecca and Rome were so attracted by its magnificence and the splendor of its worship as to have decided to recommend that church to their own country. In the square in front of the building, there are three columns,—one Grecian of rough stone, one Egyptian covered with hieroglyphics, and the other a spiral-shaped pillar bought by the Jews for an immense sum of money who expected to find it filled with gold, but were sadly disappointed.

Not far from here we descend into the Grecian reservoir. This once supplied the city with water, but now over two-thirds of it is filled up with dirt—the work of the Turks. Some several hundred marble pillars remain standing above the surface. Leaving this, we pass a number of charitable institutions where orphan children learn their trades and visit the government building. In this on opposite sides of long rooms are rows of wax figures dressed in Turkish costumes. These include Sultans and their wives, Pachas, Mufti, Grand Viziers and all others who have acted a prominent part in Turkish affairs for the last century. Arms, breast-plates and carriages, such as were used in the dark ages, are seen in other apartments.

The Mausoleum of the Sultans is a small circular building, the interior of which is magnificently adorned. Above is the arched dome with a splendid glass chandelier hanging in the centre, and beneath is the marble floor. Here but a few weeks previous, the Sultan that was assassinated, had been buried; and men are now making his tomb. The tombs consist of square boxes, with small roofs, covered with silk embroidery of the most intricate designs. They are surrounded by railings of silver or gold. At either end are wax candles some six feet high, and on shelves attached to the walls are the Korans used by the different Sultans. In the gardens adjoining are the graves of their numerous wives.

The Turkish Bazaar, is, however, one of the great attractions of Constantinople. This is a one story stone structure covering several acres. Streets intersect at right angles in every part. Light and air are let in through the cupolas over the crossings. The place is always delightful and cool. Counters and shelves line the way. Turn down one of the streets, and we find nothing but Turkish slippers; up another and we have silks; across another, and we see carpets made by hand. Every street has its distinct kind of goods.

The Seraglio, a chief object of interest, is on the Eastern point of the peninsula on which the city is built. This is not a single building but an assemblage of palaces and mosques, surrounded by gardens with baths, fountains and grottoes. In an outer court is the arsenal and mint. In an inner is the treasure apartment and presence chambers. Here are the palaces of the Sultan and his court. It is in fact a city of itself, with over 6000 inhabitants within its walls.

B. R.