

it seemed almost to him then as if it were a reality. He looked up from the blue depths, away from the reflected heavens, and started as if expecting to see Florence beside him again. But no, he was alone. He looked out around him again. How vast the ocean seemed how limitless the heavens! Why lay the sea so peacefully beneath the ship? What kept the myriad stars each in its proper place? In his heart he could give but one answer: it was the hand of an omnipotent God.

That which he had been pleased to call "Nature's laws" he saw to be but God's eternal plan. Never before had the proud, self-righteous, justice-loving man felt himself so entirely insignificant as at this moment: What was he that dared look up at all?

"I wish you were a Christian, Dr. Ronselle." The words came back to haunt his mind. Her unobtrusive, faithful, Christ-loving life passed in mental review before him; and there in the still moonlight Dr. Ronselle made a solemn vow. He would be a Christian. He would lay aside self and accept Christ upon his own gracious terms.

Angels in heaven must have rejoiced that night. The struggle had been a long and hard one, but with the strong man's characteristic determination, trusting now wholly upon Jesus, the victory was fairly won, not to be contested.

One week from that evening a ring at Miss Markwell's door was answered by Lottie, who announced a few moments later, "A gentleman to see Miss Walton." My readers have guessed who that gentleman proved to be. It might perhaps, have been an embarrassing meeting on Florence's part, but that Dr. Ronselle, with his old straightforwardness greeted her with, "Miss Florence, I've come to tell you that at last I have found your Saviour, and have determined henceforth to love him, and him only will I serve."

Then her embarrassment turned to joy that this, another wanderer, had found his way to the fold of Christ, never again to roam in the dark fields of doubt and self-righteousness.

Before he left her he repeated a question he had urged four years previously, adding,

"Your objection of that time is no no longer in force; you cannot deny me now."

And she did not. "Do you know, Florence," he said on the eve of their marriage, "I think if you had yielded four years ago and become my wife then, I might not have stood where I do to-day before my God. I am sure I should have followed up the advantage my influence had already gained over you, leading you if possible, from your church to those amusements which I then thought harmless. My darling I praise God you stood firm, for you showed me the beauty of a consistent life."

Slowly at first, even as a child groping about in the darkness, Ethel stretched forth her puny hands toward the light. Yet her way was so beset with temptations, so often did some word or action of her godless husband depress her, that sometimes she even wondered if, after all, she really was in the right way or not.

But the sympathy, the encouragement and example of Florence are bright before her, and she is gaining strength, looking upward to Jesus for help. Daily now she folds the little hands of her darling together and teaches that lisping tongue to utter the name of that Saviour who died that we might live eternally. Yes, she will train her Maud to look beyond the vanities of this earth, which are but husks to the hungry soul. She will teach her of heaven.

Silently the years come and go, dropping soft touches upon the brow of the honored physician and his beloved wife. Many are the homes and many are the hearts to which they have carried sunshine. If Pastor Lyman or any of his flock should have wished to give you an example of the good which may be accomplished by a consistent Christian life—a life "in which Christ is the only strength, self forgotten—he would probably have pointed to them."

But let us go into their sitting-room to bid them farewell.

It is spring-time; the earth is just donning her robe of varied green after the winter's rains and snows. From the western window we see the sun dropping behind a retinue of attending clouds, re-

minding one of the evening on which they first met just at sunset.

The room is comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished, but we will notice just one thing. Above the mantel, in a massive gilt frame, is a painting executed by the skilful hand of our artist friend, Eben Hartford. Upon a humble cot reclined a childish figure; the face and form were those of the cripple Nellie. Over her leaned an angel of light. No one could mistake those features; they were Florence's own, but instead of being clad in mourning, her figure was robed in purest white. In the distance was a cross, from which streamed a flood of light upon both angel and child, and upon which the eyes of each were eagerly fastened. And while with one hand the angel pointed upward to that cross, with the other she beckoned the sufferer onward.

It was the "idea of my Nellie" which the artist had once refused to show to Florence, and which Dr. Ronselle had purchased as soon as completed.

The sinking sun throws its departing rays across that picture now, and the doctor lays aside his paper to look up at it. Aunt Grace, who is visiting them this afternoon, is looking at it too.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day," she murmured.

Florence looked from the window toward the glowing west:

"Is it not beautiful, Auntie Grace? Does it not remind you of the gate of the city Beautiful?" for she had misinterpreted her aunt's meaning.

The doctor crossed the room, and bending over his wife's chair, gently kissed her forehead:

"Beautiful indeed. My angel is ever leading one's thoughts heavenward, even as she lifts those about her to a higher sphere than before."

And so, as the twilight gathers around them, we withdraw.

THE END.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Work in Prince Edward Island.

Dear Editor,—

In fulfilment of a promise made some time ago, I spent a Sabbath with our good brother Fillmore, on the Appon Road, and at Howl's Brook. While there I resolved to let your readers know what I have witnessed of God's doings among the people of these places, chiefly through the instrumentality of this devoted brother with whom I visited the fields.

The preaching places at Appon Road and Howl's Brook, are four miles apart. In the intermediate settlement a goodly number of anxious souls greeted us, in a private dwelling, on Saturday evening. After speaking for some time from Isaiah lv. 1, we were followed by eleven convincing and melting testimonies to the power of the Gospel of Christ. It was good to be there.

On Lord's day morning we reached the Appon Road, expecting that we would have to preach either in a private house or by the road side, as the authorities closed the School House on our Brother before; but God was better to us than our fears, and manifested his goodness by moving upon the heart of 'the powers that be,' to send the key for our admittance. A large audience greeted us and we preached to them Jesus and the Resurrection.

In the afternoon we met a still larger gathering in a dwelling house which has been vacated, and which the brethren have fitted up neatly for the purpose to which at this hour it was about to be dedicated. After the sermon, which was listened to with marked attention, we gave the congregation a half hour's recess, promising any of them that would like to return at the expiration of the half hour another sermon. During this half hour we organized a Bible School, which augurs well for the future. At the end of the recess our congregation returned, and was no smaller than before. Again we endeavored to preach to them, enjoying much liberty and experiencing God's presence in the midst of us. We returned to the City, a distance of 14 miles from the nearest and last appointment, assured that the day's labor was not in vain in the Lord.

Less than twelve months ago there was not one baptized believer in these communities. It will be interesting to many of your readers to trace this work of God's grace back to its origin, so far as man's instrumentality is concerned.

A few days before the meeting of the Island Association last year, Brother W. T. Fillmore, a Licentiate from the Charlottetown Church visited the Church at Clyde River—then a branch of the West and Clyde. God blessed his visit in the revival of His work. Aided by Father Ross and others he continued to visit that locality—many were baptized, and the brethren and sisters were organized into a separate Church. An inhabitant of the Appon Road settlement dying, became much alarmed as to his future. Having heard of Brother Fillmore, he must see him. A messenger is despatched to the City—20 miles distant—and Bro. Fillmore is by his bedside about midnight, pointing the dying man to Jesus, and with his characteristic earnestness praying for God's converting grace to lead the dying yet immortal soul into peace. This visit is followed by an invitation to preach which is cheerfully accepted. In the second visit, however, the School House is closed, and the good man has to preach Jesus by the road side, which he did both morning and afternoon. As in the ages past, so now, man's opposition is feeble, God moves majestically and mightily on. In the places above mentioned there are now about 20 baptized believers, several others anxiously seeking for Jesus, and many whose prejudices are sufficiently removed to allow them to come to worship among those, once despised, if not hated. To the Triune God be glory, "His enemies will I clothe with shame; but upon himself shall his crown flourish."

Your readers are aware that Father Ross has recently spent a mission of six weeks in these places, much to the profit and enjoyment of the people, baptising several, but most of the converts were baptized by Brother Burgess. We are asked by Brother Fillmore to meet with them in council on Wednesday next to consider the propriety of recognizing the brethren and sisters of the above named places as a regular and independent Church. The brethren at Rustico Road, where also Brother Fillmore has done much valuable work, who are now under the watchcare of Brother Woodland, have sent us a similar request for Thursday next. Thus you see, dear Brother, the cause of our blessed Jesus, our cause, is moving forward.

Oh that our Churches were blessed with many such as our good Brother Fillmore, who works at his lathe six days out of the week, and preaches to the destitute on the seventh, and also on evenings during the six. I wish our Home Missionary Board would take note of this and give Brother Fillmore a small grant that would at least pay the extra expenses incurred by his mission work and enable him to rest one day in seven. Few missionaries are doing better work or are more deserving of being encouraged. I hope a hint here will be sufficient. Fearing that my letter is already too long, I close, hoping to see you and many more of our brethren from across the Straits at our Island Association.

Yours very truly,

D. G. MACDONALD.

Charlottetown, June 23rd, 1880.

P. S.—I am again back to the city, and earnestly desire the prayers of my brethren; for I am very weak, and the work to be performed is great. Correspondents please address Charlottetown.

For the Christian Messenger.
Baptist History.

Dear Editor,—

Allow me to say to the readers of the Messenger, that having spent upwards of fifty years in the Baptist ministry of this country, I feel, that it is a sacred duty which I owe to the present and coming generations to place upon record the principal events of denominational history that have come under my own personal observation, viz.:

1. As it respects the Baptist Fathers and their work.
2. In reference to their successors and their work.
3. In regard to the rise and progress of Home and Foreign Missions in these Provinces.

4. The denominational press and its mission.

5. The educational work of the denomination.

6. The part performed by religious revivals in promoting denominational expansion and progress, &c., &c.

It will readily be felt that this is a work of grave responsibility, demanding much thought and labor; but if well performed cannot fail to be eminently useful, I have commenced it, and if life and health be spared I hope to have it completed at no very distant day. Should the Master call for me before it is finished, the part written may be useful to the future historian.

The book will contain not less than 500 pages, and will be issued on good paper, clear type and in substantial form. May I not confidently hope that both in its preparation and circulation I shall have the sympathy and co-operation of the Baptist brotherhood generally?

The early insertion of the above will much oblige.

Respectfully yours,

I. E. BILL.

St. Martins, N. B., June 23, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger.

Be Courteous.

BY GRAHAM GREYHAIR.

Courtesy is a Christian duty. No rough, rude man is "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Boorishness and bearishness are foreign to the spirit of Christianity. Gentleness is eminently characteristic of religion. Therefore no one who makes pretensions to godliness can afford to be indifferent to the claims of good manners. Does not the gospel produce refinement? Does it not make the rough places smooth? Is not its whole tendency toward making men Christ-like? Christ was courteous; and so much does He desire His disciples to exercise this grace, that the Apostle Peter is inspired to write the injunction, "Be Courteous."

Be courteous at home.—Treat wife or husband, sister or brother, daughter or son, politely. Such treatment is just as cheap as any. You will live as long, be as rich, have as good health, be as comfortable, for it. Unkind words, coarse sarcasm, and growling complaints, are vampires. They suck the life-blood from many a true heart.

Frequently, too, the most ordinary requirements of decent manners and etiquette are disregarded. In some homes "Please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," and "I beg your pardon,"—like the China tea-set—are used only when visitors are present. For shame! "Be courteous!"

Be courteous in society.—Those who "affect a saucy roughness," are intolerable bores; and though they pique themselves forever on their plain spoken rudeness, they will wait long for the commendation of God or man. In the company of others one person has no more right to make a personal allusion or criticism which will cause pain or mortification to another, than he has to slap his face. The many ways in which, by disregard of courtesy, feelings are hurt, who can enumerate? Sometimes neglect is the dagger, again it is assumed superiority, or indelicate questioning. Who has not been annoyed by vulgar inquisitiveness? How the curious, impudent tongue has wagged! Private history, purposes, opinions of the neighbors—all these and much besides must be poured into the ears of Mr. (or Mrs.) Personified Impertinence. Often the questioner is a very good Christian—one who can pray fervently, exhort effectively, and weep profusely over the sins of the ungodly. What a pity that good manners is lacking! "Be courteous," brother, "Be courteous," sister.

Be courteous in debate.—When will disputers on religious themes learn courtesy? The cause of Christ is brought into disrepute by the ill manners of wranglers. This is lamentable. Temperate, courteous utterances, though searching and keen, do not lessen our respect for the arguer; but who can avoid cherishing a secret contempt for one who indulges in rude sarcasm and personality? An opponent may be dishonest, boorish, bearish; but this is no excuse. Especially should Baptists defend their principles courteously. They have no need of bluster, small personalities, and childish criticisms upon the construction of sentences.

Truth is immovable and eternal. It needs not the defence of those who can hurl nothing better than rubbish. Surely the "Sword of the Spirit" is a better weapon than bantering little wit. "Be courteous," ye valiant ones! Converts are gained by courtesy; but by rudeness enemies are made.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rev. J. A. Gordon and his Labors.

Dear Brother,—

In the report of the last Annual Meeting of the Baptist Home Missionary Union, I notice under the heading "Souris," that in "September last, (1878), a grant of fifty dollars was voted to secure the services of Rev. J. A. Gordon for one fourth of his time. No reports have been received, and it is not known whether the arrangement has been carried out or not." The arrangement has been carried out as far as the service was concerned, but no reports have been sent (which was not the Board's fault, however.)

I have given one-half time to Souris, that is to say, one sermon every Lord's day, conducted a Sabbath School, and a weekly prayer meeting. My apology for not reporting, are these, the scarcity of funds with the Board, and the difficulty of raising funds in the churches for this purpose; I determined to wait till my field would sustain this mission in its own neighborhood.

The church at East Point has paid to me on account of this Mission \$8.00, for which they have received credit last year. The church at Grand River and Dundas, has also paid on this Mission \$18.87. I hold an order from Rev. Mr. Cohoon to collect the balance on the field, and report when that is done, hoping the above may atone for past neglect.

We are doing all in our power to forward the Convention Scheme. We hope to be able to give a fair account of ourselves by the end of the Convention year.

Our W. M. A. Society has been doing wonders for the last year, they collected over \$50.00, and appointed two life members, viz. Mrs. Gordon and Sister Anna Scott. We cannot speak too highly of the self-sacrificing zeal of our sisters in this sphere of christian work.

Yours very truly,

J. A. GORDON.

East Point, P. E. I., June 25, 1880.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

JEDDRE, HALIFAX, Co.—Dear Editor,—Permit us through your valuable and ever welcome paper to furnish a few items as regards our spiritual welfare. We rejoice in accessions to our numbers who have made a profession in the past years, but we are now cast in gloom by the loss of our dear pastor, Rev. James Meadows, whom we found not only a pastor, but more, as a father to us. He was the life of our Sunday School. We have found him to be a true soldier under Christ's banner, disclosing to us from time to time the way we may obtain everlasting happiness. Now by his sudden death we are called to remember that "in the midst of life we are in death." Our late pastor was not only liked by his own body, but by every other denomination. We realize that all is God's, choosing his own time. We can only rejoice that our dear pastor died as he lived, in Christ Jesus, resting assured of a happy resurrection. He has gone in and out among us, shewing to us God's precious truth for the past 15 years. He was the joyful visitor in the sick room, without fear of whatever disease there might be, and always administering words of comfort and consolation to the sick.

Written on behalf of the Church.

Jeddore, June 19th, 1880.

BAPTISM AN ORDINANCE FOR THE WORLD.—Many scholars, other than Baptists, are compelled, either by their scholarship or candor, to admit that baptism was administered by the apostles of Christ by immersion only, (e. g., Dean Stanley).

But some have attempted to parry the force of this admission by maintaining that, as Palestine was not only an eastern but a somewhat southern country, that an ordinance which was proper and salutary in a warm climate was not necessary to be strictly followed in the mode of its observance in a colder.

The force of this argument, if it has any, is dissipated by the following paragraph from Geikie's "Life of Christ" (p. 17).