

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XXIX., No. 3

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, January 16, 1884.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XLVIII., No. 3.

News from the Churches.

The Baptist Church at Hammonds Plains have expended about \$1200 in renovating and enlarging their House of Worship. They are looking forward to having the alterations completed and again occupying it for public services about the beginning of next month. We trust the divine blessing may rest on this effort to secure enlarged accommodations for the people of that thriving locality.

We learn that a gracious revival of religion is in progress in Kempton, Queen's Co., in connexion with the labours of Rev. Isa. Wallace. Eight persons were baptized by him on Lord's Day, Jan. 6th, and the special services are being continued with very hopeful indications. It was expected that a goodly number would profess their faith in Christ last Sabbath.

WOLFVILLE NOTES.—Dr. DeBlois is again laid by from work. Dr. Pryor filled his pulpit a few Sabbaths ago, and Dr. Crawley on Sunday the 6th inst. The week of prayer was well observed here the meetings being of a very interesting character. The Institutions have resumed work. They have entered upon the duties of the long term with encouraging prospects, though the attendance in some departments is not as large as was expected.

BERWICK.—The Church at Berwick is being greatly blessed, 14 persons were baptized and received into Church Fellowship on Sunday last. Several heads of families were among the number, who give promise of being strong workers in the Master's service. The outlook for the church is very encouraging.

Jan. 14th, 1884.

CHESTER, Jan. 10th 1884.—The beauty of Chester in summer has often been spoken of, and some think can scarcely be equalled. But what of winter, when those lovely sheets of water that glimmer in the sun's rays and afford so much pleasure to boaters and bathers are held in icy chains, and the grass grown streets so pleasant to the feet are covered with snow? The scene is indeed changed yet pleasure may be found, for over those inlets and coves the skater glides and the merry jingle of the sleigh bell—resounds among the hills.

No prettier sleigh ride can be asked for than from Town to Chester Basin, about five miles, and last night we met there with the Chester Basin Mission Band—the largest Mission Band I think in Nova Scotia, now numbering over an hundred, and a happier number of young and beautiful faces is not often seen. They gave a Concert worth hearing, Mrs. Borgal, the President presided. After reading of Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Mrs. Kempton read an address telling of our mission and missionaries, especially Miss Hammond, and the work being done by them. I was glad to hear when she called for names of mission stations and missionaries, and who lived at the different stations, a correct answer.

Music, vocal and instrumental, some very fine quartettes were interspersed with dialogues, readings and recitations, all bearing on missions, calling forth sympathy for the lost and perishing heathen.

Nine little girls each with a letter of the motto, God is love, recited a verse and then held up her letter until the nine little hands were up, and the beautiful motto unfolded when they sang—

"God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move" &c.

I would like to speak of several other exercises for they all reflected so much credit on the officers of the band and those who had helped them, and so much patient toil in preparation.

After two hours no one was weary. The benediction was pronounced and a God bless the Mission Band, if this is the work they do, went from many hearts.

ONE PRESENT.

MINUTES OF COUNCIL AT EEL RIVER N. B.—At Eel River on the morning of the New Year, an Ecclesiastical Council convened at the call of the Lower Woodstock Baptist church, to consider the advisability of ordaining Bro. E. T. Miller to the work of the gospel ministry.

After prayer by Rev. T. Todd, the following list of delegates was made out:

Lower Woodstock.—Bros. Eli Taylor, John Scott and Stephen Taylor.

Jacksontown.—Bros. Thos. Esley and John Connolly.

Albert St., Woodstock.—Rev. T. Todd.

Main St., Woodstock.—Revs. G. N. Ballentine, B. Jewett and Bro J. E. Drysdale.

Wakefield.—Bro. C. J. Shaw.

Canterbury.—Bros. C. W. Dow, and Gideon Y. Dow.

Jacksonville.—Rev. A. Chipman.

Revs. A. H. Hayward and H. J. Shaw by special invitation. The action of the church in calling for the ordination was then stated and regarded as satisfactory.

Bro. Miller was then called upon to relate his Christian experience and call to the ministry, which was stated in a very touching and interesting manner. His views of Christian Doctrine and Church Polity which were also called for, were stated clearly and concisely, and regarded as very satisfactory.

On motion by Bro. G. N. Ballentine, seconded by Bro H. J. Shaw, the Council resolved to proceed with the ordination, when the following programme was provided, and which was duly carried out in the evening, beginning at 7 o'clock as follows:—

Sermon by Rev. A. Chipman assisted in the preliminary exercises by Rev. H. J. Shaw; questions and ordaining prayer, by Rev. T. Todd; right hand of fellowship, by Rev. A. H. Hayward; charge to candidate, by Rev. G. N. Ballentine; charge to the church, by Rev. B. Jewett; benediction, by Rev. E. T. Miller.

G. N. BALLENTINE,
Clerk of Council.

Woodstock, Jan. 4, '84.

St. JOHN, N.B.—Brussels St.—The pastor welcomed two persons to church fellowship Sunday evening, one by baptism and one by letter. The Sunday School gave the singing last Sunday evening and the infant Class gave an entertainment Tuesday evening under the direction of Miss Ella Wilson.

Leinster St.—Sunday morning, the 6th, the pastor baptized five persons in the presence of a large congregation, and these with one other, received, at the evening service, the right hand of fellowship. Much blessing has come to us within the past six months, and the outlook is one of promise. May God give to us, and all the church of Christ, more abundant blessing than we dare expect.

J. F. B.

Fairville.—The pastor gave the right hand of fellowship to one person Sunday evening. Social meetings will be held every night next week, Jan. 14th to 20th, beginning at 7.30.

Portland.—We have received seven into the fellowship of the church of late, one by baptism and six by letter. We are looking forward to this week of prayer with a good deal of interest and are praying that the good Lord will remember us with a large blessing.

W. J. STEWART.

York Co.—There is a deep religious interest on the York Co. Mission field. Three persons have lately been baptized and we expect more to follow.

J. H. COY.

—Visitor.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
For the Mission Bands.

THE STORY OF A CONVERTED HINDU BOY.

Some 15 miles from Chicacole on the Bobbili road is a village called Chema-lavala. In that village there lived some five years ago a man named Daliah—a pariah—who had a son Sooryah—a little fellow about seven years old with shaven head and a flatish nose like his mother. A great famine came upon the land as you know, and the people died by hundreds.

Sooryah had an uncle in Kimedi, 30 miles away, and when distress grew sore in the village of Chema-lavala Sooryah was sent to him. But after a little while the uncle died and the boy was turned into the street to live or die, just as it might happen. How long he did manage to live in this condition no one knows, but at last Nursimulu, one of the Chicacole boarding boys, when in Kimedi visiting his parents found the wretched little fellow and brought him to Chicacole. The boy was supposed to be an orphan. He appeared unable to give any information about either his native village or people. He remained in Chicacole for a while, but at last there being no money for his support it was thought best to send him away. When the missionaries asked what he would do then the reply was, "Oh, he'll beg."

This seemed too hard; and the lad was kept and has been supported for some time by the St. Martin's Sabbath School, N. B. He was at once put at school when, although apparently a most unpromising boy, he made good progress. He now reads fluently. He is not a boy to attract attention for his good looks, being short and thick, black, with a flat nose and a head of hair which won't keep combed. But he is developing fair abilities and a strong liking for that best of all books, the Bible. I have frequently seen him reading the gospel of Matthew for hours at a time as he sat pulling punkah. With God's blessing Sooryah will make a good man yet.

Early in 1883 Sooryah professed conversion and asked for baptism; but he was requested to wait for a while because he was young and had yet much to learn about God and his Saviour, Jesus. In August he again asked for baptism and gave such genuine evidences of sincerity that his request was granted. He was baptized on August 5th with three others about his own age.

In the meantime a strange thing had happened. One day some one came running in and told me that Sooryah's father and mother had come. This was scarcely credible; but on the couple presenting themselves all doubt vanished. The woman's nose and Sooryah's were exactly alike. Their affectionate j'y was a proof equally strong. For five or six years they had supposed the boy dead. When asked if they wished to take him away they replied no, they could not do that; for although they were so glad to find him alive he was as one dead to them still. When asked their reasons for saying so they said he had broken caste by eating with Christians. I asked them how that was, but they couldn't tell; they only knew it was so.

Being desirous of showing the strangers some little kindness and also of putting their affection for the boy to the test we told Sooryah when he came for his daily allowance that he could take something extra and invite his parents to dinner. He replied without the least hesitation, "Oh, they won't eat with me."

The next day they went off to their own village again, when no doubt all the neighbors soon heard about the wonderful thing which had happened to Sooryah. Perhaps this will awaken some-body's curiosity to hear about the Saviour whom Sooryah has found. Who knows? Undoubtedly God has a purpose in all the care he has taken of this poor pariah boy. Pray for him that he may be made a faithful follower of Jesus and a blessing to his people. Pray, too, for his heathen father and mother that they may leave their dumb idols and superstitious belief and turn unto the true God and Saviour.

A few days ago Sooryah received a nice bright New Testament, Telugu, of course. He was very much pleased and made his most grateful salaam—for a salaam is the only Telugu "thank you." And I want to tell you how the book was purchased. More than two years ago when I was in Woodscook, N. B. a bright little lad named Harley gave me a twenty five cent piece with which to buy New Testaments, for he then boys after I reached India Harley's parents had not given him the money; but he had earned it by hard work, and instead of spending it as boys usually do he denied himself and gave it for the heathen. That twenty-five cent piece bought two New Testaments, one of which was given to a poor Christian and the other to Sooryah. Need I add anything to this? How many of the dear children who read this or hear it read will go and do as Harley did?

J. R. HUTCHINSON.

Chicacole, Nov. 24.

For the Christian Messenger.

Notes from Chester.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

My experiences have been rather peculiar; and, for the sake of the many friends interested in the solemn events connected therewith, I may be excusable in asking a paragraph or two in the MESSANGER to give publicity to a part of them.

During the hour of our Conference Meeting, on Saturday last there came to me three requests to attend funerals on the following day, on the Island of Tancook, some 5 or 6 miles from the main land. These requests were laid before the church who, in kindness to the bereaved ones, said to her pastor, "Go, my brother, and bury their dead, and preach to the living the word of life; and the Lord be with and bless you in the work."

The circumstances were peculiar. One of the parties deceased had lived at Blandford, on the main; another, on an island called "Iron-bound," situated seven or eight miles from the main, off in Chester Bay—and the third on the Island of Tancook. All were to be buried at the last named place. Two of the bodies were already in Tancook awaiting the day of burial, the third dead form lay in her late happy, but now sorrowful home in Blandford. The plan was to proceed by land to Blandford, a distance of seventeen miles, tarry till the morning of Sabbath, then taking the body of the deceased, proceed by boat to Tancook some 4 miles distant when all three funerals were to meet in the Cemetery and deposit the dead and, thence, repair to the house of God for worship.

On arriving at Blandford, however, in the evening, it was thought, from the appearance of the sky, that it would not be safe to wait till morning to cross the water, as a storm was threatening; so it was decided to proceed, as soon as possible, with the dead to the vicinity of the place of burial. This was, accordingly done, an hour or two was spent in the midst of the mourners in the house of bro. George Young—the father-in-law and step-father of the deceased—and where the deceased had lived and died. During this interval preparations for the journey were made—the scripture was read, prayer offered and at midnight the dead form was borne from the home to the waterside, where, together with the weeping husband and brothers of the departed one, we embarked. The passage was dreary and cold but short. In an hour we arrived safely on Tancook, where the lifeless form was borne to the house of God and deposited till the following day—and we, the living, sought shelter and rest in the homes of the kind people of Tancook.

The following was a memorable day. At 10¹/₂ a.m., a large company assembled at the house of Mr. H. H. Young, a son of Brother Edward Young, of Iron-bound, whose body had been brought the day previous, to the Island of Tancook for interment. A violent cold had been contracted, which was followed by inflammation and resulted in death. After religious exercises the funeral procession moved towards the grave. But a short distance, and the second

funeral procession dropped in the rear. This was that of a little girl—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peal of Tancook. In a few days their dead child had been laid low by the hand of disease; and now the parents in sorrow follow her remains to the tomb.

A little farther the two processions advanced when they are joined by the third funeral—that of Mrs. Cyrus Young—proceeding from the house of God, where the body had been placed at midnight. It was a solemn and touching scene. I will not attempt a description. It is too sacred a thing to touch—one of the mysterious events of God's providence. Oh, that all the bereaved may be able to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good."

The three open graves were soon filled and the large company retired to God's house and heard words spoken from 2 Cor. v. 9, 10.

Another preaching service in the evening and so closed one of the most solemnly impressive days of my life. Already my letter is too long.

Very truly,

Yours in Christ,

J. F. KEMPTON.

Chester Jan. 8th, 1884.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Toronto.

McMASTER HALL, 8th Jan., 1884.

Dear Editor,—

Much has been published concerning the Baptist College of Canada, and it may be difficult to say anything new, and yet the readers of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER may be interested in a word from a Provincial student.

In this cold weather the massive walls by which we are surrounded bound our sphere of action and make us decidedly comfortable. With rooms and corridors lighted and heated alike, we move about in a little summer world of our own; caring little for storm or frost so long as twice a day the Postman continues to bring us the news.

The faculty is certainly composed of superior men. To know them is to admire and honor them; to be associated with them is to love them.

Dr. Castle is everybody's friend and adviser. His countenance, beaming with happy piety and Christian love, fills the classroom with a lustre in which one loves to linger.

Dr. McVicar is decidedly pugilistic. He delights in tripping students. One may advance an idea feeling pretty sure of the ground on which he stands; but he is almost equally sure to fall. And yet nobody ever gets hurt. On the contrary one always feels stronger for the same battle again. If his ground was unassured, after suffering a complete defeat he is guided to safe ground. If his manner of defence was faulty, he is led to see it and thinks, "I'll not be caught that way again." Thus the battle rages from day to day in Apologetics and Didactics. A battle however that is permeated with the true spirit of Christian charity; and a profound reverence toward God.

Dr. Clarke with his sharp, ready mind, and clear, easy expression shows up the tangled mysteries of the Epistle to the Hebrews. "That is the best lesson yet" is the general testimony as we leave the classroom; while another says "I never knew how to read the Hebrews before."

On Monday afternoon in the general Homiletics class the Dr. affords us amusement by riddling the Sunday sermon of each in turn. Not in any sacrilegious manner, but in such a manner as to impress upon us how we might have done much better. This profitable exercise is often varied by the presentation of one by the Dr. for the criticism of the class, which usually turns out to be his own production.

Dr. Newman seems a born antiquarian. His felicity seems to be in shaking up musty old documents and bringing their treasures to light. If you want to know anything that ever anybody wrote having even the most remote connection with the church ask Dr. Newman.

Dr. Welton is entirely too well known by the readers of the MESSENGER for them to appreciate any comment from me.

The terminal examinations as they

approached caused some anxiety and loss of sleep; but now that they are over they are a source of satisfaction. It was a new experience for many of us to have the Professor lay the questions before us and leave the room not to return. I have seen instances in which I thought students would like to cheat when the Professor was watching; but I am sure that in this case no one would cheat and face his own conscience. A notable feature of the exams, was that they required a knowledge of the subject, not of the text-book merely.

On Christmas day a few students still lingered at the college, and a few of us who had preached on the previous Sabbath, near at hand, had returned. We had no very definite plans for the day; but thought that after church we might spend the time in condoling with each other and dreaming of distant friends and turkeys. But our gloomy forebodings were all dispelled by an invitation to a special dinner in the dining hall provided by the Professors and their ladies.

After a social hour in Dr. McVicar's parlor we sat down to a sumptuous repast. After grace by Dr. Castle, who presided, oyster came to the front backed by turkey, followed by the usual "pie or pudding," after which came a promiscuous slaughter of fruits, nuts and candies.

When all were "too full for utterance" both mentally and bodily, the toasts began. Speeches were heard from the President and members of the Faculty, several visitors and several students representing East and West, married and single. Prominent in the company were our aged and esteemed benefactor Senator McMaster and his Lady. As his tall dignified figure crowned with silvery grey stood before us I thought of the words of Scripture "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue."

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the spirit that pervades the body of students. Assembled as we are from the various parts of Canada, it would not be surprising if a foolish loyalty should cause a feeling of jealousy among different groups; but nothing of the kind is known among us. If there happens to be among us an individual of a jealous disposition, he can do no more than enjoy his own selfish opinion. He receives no encouragement to propagate such a spirit.

The opportunities for gathering means to delay expenses by preaching during term time, are fair, and there is every prospect of development as the work of this college goes on. It is a heavy tax on a man to carry on the college work and do very much preaching. Most students prefer to devote their strength to study while here, unless circumstances rule it otherwise.

Last term there were eight of us "Down Easters" in attendance; and the number holds good this term. Mr. Maider, of Jeddore, who left us shortly before the term closed, will not return this year, but we hope to see him among us again next year. Bring on hand early, and desiring to preach, the way soon opened at Dixie, where he supplied during his stay.

Rev. W. P. Anderson, of Chipman comes to make the number good, and indeed occupies the very room vacated by Mr. Maider. All of us during last term preached with more or less regularity; partly because afflicted by poverty and partly because we love to do the work of the Master.

During the vacation Mr. E. F. Jordan preached at Aurora, and is now considering a call from the church for a regular supply. Mr. A. W. Jordan preached in Hamilton City. Mr. Nobles at Witby, and is now considering a call for a regular supply. Messrs. Hamilton and Williams laboured together at Godwood and may carry on the work there together during the term, preaching alternately. Mr. Baker supplies fortnightly at Arthur. The writer spent the vacation with the church at Baillieboro, a small village about one hundred miles out.

We number now in all forty-five students. There are eight new comers; three of whom studied last term at Morgan Park Seminary.

Yours truly,
S. H. C.