

to this the work of other societies, denominational and undenominational that are accomplishing a noble work in their various spheres, and the stupendous character of this enterprise, which is a result of the Sabbath School is truly bewildering.

Brethren, let us rejoice that we live in the age where such blessings abound. Let us strive to gain benefit for ourselves and our community. Let every Christian parent say, "I have a personal interest in this movement. Let every man and woman come to this source of human improvement. Let the entire community sit together at the feet of Jesus, learn his word and trust his grace."

Correspondence.

In Memoriam.

THE LATE ANNIE ELIZA FREEMAN.

The subject of this sketch was the second daughter of Des. Abel Parker and his wife Susan. She was born in Berwick, Cornwallis, Nov. 1, 1831. In early life she gave herself to Christ. Later in life she studied at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, where her piety and devotion were deepened by the example of such women as the sainted Mary Lyon and Emily Jessup. She was naturally unselfish. It was her meat and drink to be employed in promoting the happiness of others. This characteristic was widened and elevated by the influences of Holyoke. She was united in marriage to the writer of this sketch September 27, 1857, in the old Pleasant Valley meeting house, by the Rev. William Chipman, of sainted memory. That day was literally cloudless. Since then, though dark clouds have floated above our pathway, no one of them has ever settled down between us, but the shadow always found her contributing at least her part of the mutual encouragement. She was an ever ready and wise counsellor. Her judgment could be trusted. Her advice was good as to any methods of Christian work. At times when want has stared us in the face, she would never consent to abandon any post of Christian labor. If our income was small, she would not shrink from bearing, at least, her part of the privation in order to carry on a good work. Her views on this subject she has often expressed to me in the following simple lines:—

"Build a little fence of trust,
Around to-day;
Fill the place with loving work,
And therein stay;
Look not through its sheltering bars,
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow."

The reader is by this time prepared to learn that she was patient. For many years "wearisome days and nights" were appointed to her, yet her fortitude failed not. A knowledge of her ill health would make one feel that nothing but her unconquerable will for a long time kept her alive. Only a few days before her death, speaking of one who had suffered more than herself, she remarked, "Surely I ought to be thankful,"

"That which other folks can do,"
"Why with patience may not you."

The dear departed one was also most hopeful as to the future. Bronchitis, heart throbbing, lung disease, feebleness and symptoms of dropsy followed each other as inevitably as effect follows cause. Yet she was hopeful in them all, and especially that they would yield to the balmy air of the South. Some of them did, but not all. Her cough was immediately very much lessened. But it was too late. Had she gone South one or two years sooner, probably her precious life might have been spared to us. When she found that her diseases were not all yielding to the climate of Florida, but as some of them, as dropsical symptoms, were still increasing, her hopefulness stretched on "within the veil." In the morning of the same day at the close of which she left us, while resting in her hammock, with a calm, sweet voice she repeated to me the lines of Dean Alford:

"My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand,
Other than mine;
One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board.
His voice I hear above the gale,
I have my Lord.
If sharp his word, if long his light,
He tempers all.
Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this.
Then with Him, go hand in hand,
Through endless bliss."

On the evening of the day in which she repeated these prophetic lines, being in distress, I asked her, is Jesus with you? She looked at me calmly and said: Oh yes.

"He can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."
We yet hoped she might recover.
But we had been warned by her phy-

sician that from heart disease she might drop off suddenly at any time. About quarter past nine in the evening of Nov. 26, our two sons being present, the eldest was about to raise his mother from the pillow to receive some refreshment, suddenly a change came, a few sharp breathings, for one minute or less, and all was still. But her smiling countenance was radiant with the light of heaven. She seemed to be looking at something "within the veil" that mortal eye could not see. It was her Saviour, in whose presence she had now "come to the spirits of the just made perfect." We buried the precious remains here in Citra. If we ever remove them to Nova Scotia, it will be easier to do so after the lapse of a year or two. The people here have been very kind. They have sympathized with us, and helped us. But still we feel lonely, and desolate, and sad. We ask our friends to pray that we may be fitted to join the departed in that home "where the inhabitants shall never say I am sick." Yours in the hope of glory,
D. FREEMAN.

Rev. W. H. Robinson the pastor at Canning of which Mrs. Freeman was a valued member writes us:

Dear Editor:—
I received a letter from our dear Bro. Freeman on Saturday, bearing the sad news of Mrs. Freeman's death and giving me some details in regard to her last hours on earth. I know that all your readers will deeply sympathize with our brother in this hour of sorrow and affliction, and will be anxious to hear some particulars concerning his wife's last illness. That her death was peaceful and triumphant is just what we would expect from such a peaceful and consecrated life. Suddenly a change came over her, she breathed heavily and in one moment was gone. As her happy spirit took its flight a smile of heavenly joy lighted up her countenance. As she lay in her coffin every line of sorrow had passed away, and her face was radiant with heavenly joy. . . . Who as he reads this would not exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous!" But we must all remember that our dear sister lived the life of the righteous. Nowhere perhaps was the deceased better known or more highly esteemed and loved than in the churches at Canning and Perseus. For here she spent the most of her married life working earnestly, patiently and faithfully for her Master. Her Christian life at home and abroad was characterized by gentleness, cheerfulness, hopefulness, patience, and self-denial. For many years she was a zealous worker in church and Sabbath School. Even feeble health could not keep her from work she so much loved. Every home in which our sister was known will feel that it has lost a true and faithful friend and will deeply sympathize with our brother. In our Conference on Friday evening several referred feelingly to her death. May the Lord raise up many more to live such consecrated lives, and may he graciously sustain our brother in his affliction.
Canning, Dec. 8, 1884.

A Sunday afternoon in Labrador.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Imagine, if you can, a bleak, barren, and ledgy shore, without the slightest vestige of tree or shrub. Far inland a hazy background of greenish blue gives evidence of a belt-line of the stunted pine, fir, birch, and witch-hazel growth constituting a Labradorian forest. But along the coast the principal evidences of vegetation are only patches of grey-green mosses which crown the reddish-veined rocks older than time itself, at whose feet the ocean surges are perpetually chafing.

I am sitting in the quiet stillness of a summer Sabbath afternoon on an irregular mass of rock overlooking the sea, while from beneath the surf is sending up its monotonous chant as it has been doing for countless ages, as though protesting against the decree of Him who formed the rocky barrier upon which is graven in mystic letters, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." My resting-place is the breach of an ancient cannon, which incrustured with barnacles, was recovered by some fishermen from the wreck of a French privateer, which, pursued by an English frigate, ran ashore on Wreckers' Reef a hundred and fifty years ago, and all hands perished. Before me lies the broad Atlantic, with here and there a tiny sail in the distance, and, most interesting sight of all, scores of small icebergs from a hundred to a hundred and twenty or thirty feet high, which, drifting down through the Straits of Belle Isle, have by the set of the current been drawn shoreward, where they have grounded in forty or fifty fathoms of water from a mile to a mile and a half from shore.

Yet the temperature of the soft south wind is unchanged by their presence. It is now midsummer, and the breeze that comes to me with healing in its wings is the same, I fancy, which gently breathes upon the loved ones a thousand miles away. This may be poetic; for, truth to tell, these loved ones of mine are residents of a city where, for the greater part of the year, the weather-vane points due east. But I like to think so, all the same.

Every now and then a distant roar and rumble, as of a coming thunder storm, reaches my ears, as, worn and weakened by the action of wind and wave and melting rain, some great mass of ice is detached from a lofty berg, and goes crashing down into the sea. Behind me is a flagstaff, from which a blue pennant, with the word "Bethel" in white letters, flutters at half-mast, signifying to the few inland dwellers that a Sunday school service will be held at three p.m.—the regular morning preaching service being announced by hoisting the pennant to the masthead.

Though a somewhat resonant name, Bonne Esperance is not a town, not even a village, but an unpretentious fishing hamlet. Some half a dozen wretchedly poor families live in scattered board buildings, called by courtesy houses. The wealthy man of the community occupies a comfortable-looking two-story building, a stone's throw from its extensive fish sheds and wharves, all of which he has built up by his own industry since twenty odd years ago he came, an ordinary fisherman, from one of the seaboard towns of New England. A board shanty where the score or more fishermen that he hires each season in Newfoundland are lodged and receive their coarse rations, the minister's humble residence, and the little mission chapel, guileless of steeple or bell, make the sum total of Bonne Esperance buildings. The only thing else to see is the fleet of twenty-five or thirty boats moored near the wharf, the seines drying on great tent-like frameworks, and a dozen or more big dogs of part Esquimaux, part Newfoundland blood, eager to make the acquaintance of the casual stranger. Stop! I forgot; there is something else—black flies and mosquitoes by countless thousands.

I never before have so fully realized the meaning of the expression, "Sabbath stillness." For the Labradorian, as well as his opposite neighbour, the Newfoundland, is a strict Sabbatharian, and would not think of the most harmless form of recreation on that day. Only a short time ago, one of the residents of that place being out of food—too proud to beg, too poor to buy—ventured out in his boat after fish on a Sabbath afternoon. On the following morning a number of fishermen, who had seen him set forth, banded together, and deliberately destroyed his boat—the only means of subsistence he had—as an act of retributive justice.

I had not intended going to the Sunday school. An unshaven face, blue shirt, and the year or two old suit of clothes affected by the average yachtsman are hardly the correct thing for a church interior. But seeing one or two sturdy fishermen with soiled trousers tucked into the tops of their heavy sea boots, and otherwise appraised in striped jerseys and sou'westers, entering the door, I take heart of grace and follow on.

Taking my seat in a remote corner, I glance around. The walls are of unpainted boards, against which hang two or three framed mottoes. Three small windows on either side admit the light. There two wooden settees and chairs enough to seat nearly a hundred; but I learn, later, that even the annual attempt at a church festival fails to fill much more than half of them.

Presently two swarthy young men, with rather high cheek bones and stiff black hair, appear in the chapel entry, bearing between them a pocket edition of the Mason and Hamlin organ, which they carry up the aisle and put in position. While I am speculating as to the cause of this precautionary measure (for at the close of each service the organ is taken to a neighbour's house for safe keeping,) more of the congregation begin to arrive. There are four young girls who have walked nearly as many miles over the precipitous ledges and through the steep sheep paths between their humble homes and the chapel. They are neatly dressed, and I notice that even in the remote and waste places of Labrador there is an attempt to follow—at a distance, and in a very humble manner, to be sure—the decree of last year's fashion. Then, too, boy nature seems very much the same in Labrador as elsewhere; it probably has been since the world began.

For I hear without the half-suppressed whooping and shouting of the irrepressible boy, followed by a vigorous thumping upon the side of the building with

a stick. All at once there is a sudden cessation, the cause of which is quickly made manifest by the appearance of a pleasant-faced young woman who ushers in a straggling collection of red-cheeked boys, very much tousled as to their heads of unkempt hair, and with faces shining by reason of recent ablutions. The foremost boy has a dilapidated cap pressed against and partially into his mouth, evidently to suppress his unseemly mirth at the apprehension and capture of himself and companions in mischief. They seat themselves with the usual amount of scuffling and pushing which seems a component part of the from eight-to-ten-year-old youth, and a decorous silence ensues as the tall and somewhat bent form of good Mr. Roberts, the minister, enters. As he looks over his list of hymns, I study his face attentively. It is a good face, and, after hearing his opening prayer, I tell myself that, if not a brilliant scholar, Mr. Roberts is an earnest Christian man of deep convictions, whose life of self-denial in this barren land, as I afterwards learn of it, tells more forcibly than words do of his determination to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified.

The hymn which follows is one of those which, unlike some of the ephemeral and so-called sacred songs of the day, will live through coming ages. The small organ is badly out of tune, the organist not a thoroughly accomplished musician; and the singing is not in perfect accord; but somehow, as the tenderly familiar words of "Sweet Hour of Prayer" ascend heavenward, I am insensibly carried in spirit back to a prayer-room familiar to other days, and, to my own surprise, no less than to the intense gratification of the small boys before alluded to, all of whom turn with one accord and stare me wonderingly in the face, I find myself joining in the familiar hymn with a voice that is distinguished far more for strength than sweetness.

I am invited to join the Bible-class, which is composed of the two fishermen alluded to (one of whom cannot read, while the other has advanced as far as words of three letters, having attended the mission school in the winter), the two young men with a suspicion of Esquimaux or Indian blood in their veins, and the three young women. I notice that the pleasant-faced girl has her class of boys in admirable training, and their bright, eager questions and answers regarding the Bible lesson show that there is good foundation being surely if slowly formed, upon which hereafter shall be built the superstructure of a Christian life.

I could have wished that the day's lesson might have been other than the chapter in Exodus descriptive of certain of the plagues sent upon King Pharaoh by the hand of the Almighty. For my own part, in consonance with my present surroundings, I should like to have talked over, or heard talked over, the fishing scenes by Lake Genesaret, or listened to a practical exegesis of the chapter wherein He walked by the seaside holding sweet converse with those who afterwards became fishers of men. But of course I say nothing of all this, and as the good pastor's strong sense of duty forbids the omission of a single verse of the chapter, we all listen in respectful silence to its exposition; and as he asks his scholars no questions to draw out their own particular line of thought, I venture to propound a question or two to Mr. Roberts, and also to suggest one or two very brief thoughts which have been drawn from the lesson itself, rather to the astonishment of the others, who regard me with open-mouthed curiosity, as one who has the temerity to depart from established customs.

The lesson is finally finished, and the congregation of a baker's dozen file decorously out, each receiving a handshake and kindly word from the pastor, who stands in the aisle, speaking to each and all as they pass him.

After the organ has been carried away I stand talking with Mr. Roberts. He tells me that for seventy miles to the northward and sixty miles south of Bonne Esperance there is not a Protestant Church in Labrador; that his mission chapel numbers fourteen male members, the most of whom are away in summer fishing, while in winter the weather is so severe that many of them who live at a distance are kept from attending the service, so that oftentimes he preaches to but two or three, parishioners and church members included.

He tells me of the godly man who some years since conceived the idea of mission work in this benighted land of solid ignorance; of his untiring efforts to interest the wealthy protestant people at St. John's N. B., in its behalf, and his joy when the mission was finally established; of the mission school connected with it, where old Johnny Cotton, the Esquimaux, sat side by side with lads of a tender age, learning to print the alpha-

bet on a broken bit of slate; of the heroic lady teacher from New England who volunteered her services and gave her life to the work, after which she went home to heaven. Reservedly enough, as I tried to draw him out a little, he spoke of his own privations at times—of the hard, cold, cruel winters when drifting snows and bitter cold begin the last of October and last till May; of hunger and sickness and suffering in his own family. "But it was nothing as compared with the sufferings of the poor creatures about us," he said, sadly.

"A sterile soil in which to plant the good seed," I said, glancing involuntarily about me at the treeless, rocky land, the cheerless-looking dwellings, and calling to mind the heavy, impassive faces of the most of the Labradorians I had seen.

"True," answered the good pastor, mildly, as with earnest eyes he looked thoughtfully out over the sea (most fitting emblem of eternity); "but has not the Master commanded to 'sow beside all waters'?" And I was silent, while for the moment, as I bade the minister adieu, and walked slowly away in the direction of my vessel, I fully recognised my own littleness as compared with this man's self-denying greatness, especially upon learning afterward that he had given up a far more lucrative pastorate in Canada that he might come down to this desolate region and break the bread of life to those who stand so sorely in need of it. And thus ended my first Sabbath in Labrador.

(It seems only right to add to this sketch by way of postscript a brief mention of the fact that in the more distant parts of the Labrador at least the devoted Moravians have carried on one of their most successful missions. Year by year for well nigh a century without a break, the missionary vessel has sailed from London carrying stores for the scattered missionaries, and the Harmony is a name that must now, we should think, be familiar to everyone interested in missionary efforts.—Ed.

—London Baptist.

For the Christian Messenger.

The substance of a Vision or Dream.

BY R. S. MORTON.

Published at the request of a number of the Subscribers living in the neighborhood of the Author.

Whether I dreamed or otherwise,
I will not venture now to say;
But, this I know, before mine eyes
Appeared the awful judgment day.

The great white throne appeared in view,
Upon which, sat the sovereign Lord,
While hosts of Angels around Him flew,
Prepared to execute His word.

Th' Archangel's voice, and tramp of God,
Like awful thunder, now did roll,
And at Jehovah's sovereign nod,
The dead arose, from pole to pole.

I heard the Judge distinctly say,
"Gather my saints at My right hand,
But let the wicked far away,
Upon My left, before Me stand."

The Angels quick obeyed the Lord,
And soon the whole of Adam's race,
Were classified at Jesus' word,
And stood before Him face to face.

I saw each one upon the left,
Pondering an interesting Book,
And saw of hope, they seemed bereft,
As on its pages they did look.

But Christ the Judge, a volume spread,
Before those standing at His right,
In which they looked and plainly read,
Their name with rapture and delight.

Then from His bright and lofty dome,
He called to those upon His right,
Saying, "Ye blessed ones come home,
And dwell with Me in endless light."

When I was hungry sick and poor,
Ye fed and clothed and pitied me,
When lying on the prison floor,
You kindly came my face to see.

Then said the saints, "We know not when
We ever thus did honor thee;"
Said Jesus, "What you've done to men,
I do accept as done to Me."

The crown of life you each shall wear,
And in my Father's kingdom share,
Enter the house of Mansions fair,
And live and reign forever there."

Then did the Judge upon the throne,
Speak unto those at His left hand;
And in a loud and angry tone,
Pronounced them "Rebels cursed and damned."

You saw Me naked, sick and poor,
Hungry and thirsty, almost dead,
But hissed and drove Me from your door,
And gave Me neither drink nor bread.

You envied, cheated, slandered Me,
And at Me grew exceeding mad,
You stole the fruit from My own tree,
Your lies and mischief made Me sad.

When suffering fearful pain and grief,
Though lying almost at your door,
You never tried to give relief,
But sought to make Me suffer more.

Your doom is therefore just and right,
You can't expect with Me to reign,
You must be banished from My sight,
And writhe in everlasting pain."

Then did that vast unnumbered throng,
Imploringly begin to plead,
"Lord, surely, thou hast judged us wrong—
When did we see thee thus in need?"

When saw we thee in any strait,
In want of clothing, drink or food?
When did we drive thee from our gate,
Or e'er refuse to do thee good?"

When did we take thy goods for naught,
Or slander, or thy name profane?
Or when to do us good thou sought,
Did we get vexed and cause thee pain?"

Then said the Judge, "Just as ye did
To My poor children whom ye see,
Although you thought from Me 'twas hid,
Ye truly did it unto Me."

And now a host with sober mien,
Arose, and thus the Judge addressed,
"Lord, we have often with thee been,
Indeed we have thy name confessed."

Most wondrous works our lives adorned,
We've cast out devils in thy name,
To disregard thy word we scorned,
Indeed we're men of Christian fame."

Then said the Judge, "Your plea is vain,
Your motives and your hearts were wrong
Your boasted works I do disdain,
I bid you from my sight be gone."

Convinced and by their book condemned,
Did they then from the Judge retire,
Calling for mountains to defend,
Them from the lake of burning fire.

But lo! the mountains fled away,
The earth and seas were all aflame,
I saw the wicked on that day,
Shut up in hell by Christ the Lamb.

Then did the saints triumphant sing,
And upward took their glorious flight,
And led by their victorious King,
They quickly passed beyond my sight.

The vision broke, I was amazed,
And wondered where myself will be,
When by and by the dead are raised,
And I in truth that scene shall see.

Lord God of Justice, love and power,
Be thou my shield and hiding place,
And at that all-important hour,
Take me to dwell before thy face.
Millville, August 9, 1884.

ST. NICHOLAS —FOR— YOUNG FOLKS.

ATTRACTIONS FOR 1884-5.

No printed periodical can take the place of parent, pastor, or school-teacher; but a good magazine can supplement their work and influence to a wonderful degree. In view of this, it is not extravagant to say that "instead of 'Can we afford to take St. Nicholas?'—the question of every earnest household in English-speaking countries, to-day, should be 'Can we afford not to take St. Nicholas?'"

The magazine, during its eleven happy years of existence, under the editorial charge of

Mary Mapes Dodge,

has grown familiar to hundreds of thousands of young readers; and their interest and intelligent enjoyment have constantly inspired the editor and publishers to fresh effort. To-day, its strength is in its wholesome growth, its sympathy with young life, its hearty recognition of the movement of events, and its steadily increasing literary and pictorial resources. The following are some of the good things already secured for future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS:

"His ONE FAULT," a serial story for boys, by the popular author, J. T. Trow; BRIDGES.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED," illustrated papers on famous places in Europe. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

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