

enemy. He gave signs that he wished to embrace us. Father, mother, sister and brothers received the pressure of his lips when nearly cold in death. It was the last kiss. In a few moments all was over, and his ransomed spirit, loosened from its crumbling tabernacle, took its flight to a purer region, and entered, I doubt not, upon its career of celestial blessedness in its glorified state. Tears of lamentation and sorrow flowing fresh, bathed his clay-cold cheeks; but these were mingled, I trust, with a spirit of heart-felt resignation to the righteous decision of the Almighty, enabling us to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Friday came, and Brethren Cunningham, Vidote, Parker and Rideout, with a numerous congregation, were in attendance, to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The body was borne by sixteen young men to the grave. We followed in slow procession until we were all gathered around his lonely dwelling place. When the coffin was let quietly down, a moving prayer was offered by Bro. Rideout, and the cold earth covered it from our sight. We repaired to the house of God, the praises of the Almighty were sung, the Word of the Lord read, prayer again offered, another hymn sung, and then Bro. Cunningham proceeded to address us from that most solemn and delightful passage, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." These words had been selected by the departed about two months before his death. He said they were very precious to him, and he should like to have them preached from at his funeral. I could but feel they were peculiarly appropriate. The truths which they suggest were elucidated and enforced by our esteemed brother in a luminous and impressive style, and he was listened to by a very numerous and attentive congregation, who seemed deeply impressed with the affecting scene which they had witnessed, and with the searching and forcible appeals of the preacher. Brother Vidote followed in a solemn and appropriate address. Brother Parker offered a melting prayer, and the Choir closed the exercises by singing that beautiful hymn,

"Thou art gone to the grave,  
But we will not deplore thee."

Many, I doubt not, felt that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. God grant that the funeral of our dearly beloved son may be the means of awakening in many bosoms an earnest desire for a preparation for another world.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 14, 1865.

And suppose, when he reaches the rock, and the shout of the enemy, or the roar of a behind him, he should find that his ladder is half high enough to reach the cave, and that step in it is broken!" "Poor miserable man!" exclaimed Roger; "will be lost to a certainty!" "Such is exactly the case of every one who goes to heaven only because he is no seaman his neighbours!" "I see what you mean, sir," cried Philip, a skilful, intelligent boy; "by the ladder you mean goodness. We can never go up to heaven by that, it is not high enough. But I know what you intend by saying that every step in the ladder is broken!" "That every one of us here has broken God's law and over again; that not a step in our ladders is whole."

The New School Room and Vestry

connected with the Baptist Church in Carleton was publicly dedicated to the service of God on Sabbath last. Preaching in the morning by Rev. S. Robinson, in the afternoon, by Rev. W. V. Garner, and in the evening by Rev. I. E. Bill, assisted by Rev. E. C. Cady and Rev. M. Foshy. We are informed that the morning and afternoon services were highly interesting, and in the evening we can bear witness that God was graciously present to bless.

Personal.

Rev. Willom Hall, who is visiting his friends in this city for a few weeks, preached in Germain street Baptist Church Sabbath before last, a deeply impressive discourse on the subject of death, having special and kindly reference to the demise of Mrs. McIlenny.

Rev. S. T. Rand, who is spending a short time in Saint John, preached in Germain street Baptist Chapel on Sabbath morning last, a thoroughly practical and useful discourse on the subject of prayer, and in Portland Baptist Church in the evening on the same subject. O, may a spirit of heart-felt, believing supplication be poured forth upon the Church of God throughout all her borders!

We deeply sympathize with our esteemed Bro. Lawyer Curry, in the early death of his beloved son Samuel. The interesting sketch given of this youth in another column will be read with interest by the young, especially by his youthful associates. His beloved father, in a letter just received, speaks of the departed as a child of much promise. May God sanctify the painful visitation.

Our obituary list, as will be seen, contains a notice of the death of Mrs. Keith. We are informed that this was sent to our office some time ago. If so it did not reach us until since our last week's issue. We tender to the esteemed parents, and afflicted friends our full hearted christian sympathy, and pray the great Father to fill their afflicted hearts with the consolations of his love.

The Sunday Magazine.

edited by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, has been placed upon our table. It is probably one of the most instructive and interesting religious magazines published in the old or new world. It has met with very marked favour from the christian public, and has already attained to a monthly circulation of over one hundred thousand copies.

The October number contains amongst other valuable articles—"Our Father's Business; or incentives to do good," by the Editor. "Journal of a tour through Palestine," by William Hanna, D. D. "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," by the Vicar.

This work is published by Alexander Strahan & Co., London, and also at 55 Peter street, Montreal, for sale by Booksellers generally throughout British North America. Price 15 cents a month, or \$1.75 a year.

From our Australian Correspondent.

SCHEFFERS, Victoria, Sept. 26, 1865.

DEAR EDITOR—I joyfully avail myself of a day's delay in the departure of the outgoing mail, to inform you of the state of political warfare which is now being carried on in this part of the world—a struggle so intimately connected with our civil liberties, as to render it a matter of deep interest to all lovers of good order and sound government.

It is but a rehearsal of the same battles which have been fought in other parts of the world, under precisely similar circumstances. It is the old contest between might and right; between capital and labour; between democratic society and the "upper crust"; between antiquated old fogyism and social progress; between bullock princes and nutron kings, and the bone and sinew of the colony. Nearly ten years have elapsed since a Constitution, conferring the right of manhood suffrage and vote by ballot was granted to Victoria. Previous to this, the voice of the people in framing their own laws, in providing ways and means, and controlling the same, in the regulation and disposal of the public lands, &c., was entirely ignored. The territory was out up and divided among a handful of some 800 squatters, who counted their cattle by thousands, and their sheep by tens of thousands; some of them holding from thirty to forty square miles of this sunny land, for a paltry ten pounds a year. Well, so far this is all right. So long as the country is not wanted for actual settlement, let them enjoy their princely independence. But the time comes when these feudal holdings must be invaded. A rapidly increasing population, consequent upon the gold discoveries, demands that the public lands shall be thrown open to cultivators, that they may grow their own corn; that these fertile plains and rich valleys may be turned to good account, by becoming the abode of thousands, who with strong arms and willing hearts, stand ready to convert the trackless waste into happy homes of peace and plenty. Well, after years of patient struggling and increasing agitation—thanks to the perseverance and intelligence of the people—a parliament is returned pledged to progress and enlightened policy. A ministry composed of men of high moral principles, with heart true as steel, proof against corruption and bribery, devoted to the interests of their adopted land, and of whose intelligence no country need be ashamed, have taken the reins of power, with a McCulloch for their leader, and are fast introducing those moral and social reforms so much required in this advancing age.

Among the first questions occupying their attention, is the disposal of the public lands. Many acts have been passed, all with a view of giving easy access to the buyer; but unfortunately so framed as to prevent the bona fide cultivator from obtaining a home, without bringing him into competition with the capitalist. The present ministry, after a severe contest, succeeded in introducing a land law, which for liberalism and justice to all, is scarcely to be equalled in the world. It is based upon the leasehold system and bona fide occupation: simple and easy to be understood; but of this I shall take another opportunity of giving you more detailed information. Suffice to say that so far, after six months trial, it is proof against evasion—and there is where the sting lies. The squatters are up in arms; their princely estates are invaded, and war is declared.

Then again the revision of the tariff, so urgently demanded by the voice of the country, is being looked to. The people say, we must have certain protection; we want to be able to turn our produce to account. We want to be in a position to be able to manufacture our own cloth, from our own wool, instead of sending the raw material to England, and paying the manufacturers there. We want to make our own boots and shoes from Victoria hides. We want to make our own carriages, instead of depending upon brother Jonathan for a supply. We want to manufacture our own machinery, instead of sending our gold to England for it. We want to encourage home industry, and thereby provide our children with trades. We want to be in a position to start manufacturing, and so give employment to hundreds of artisans of all classes, who are now dependent upon other means for a support; and in order to do these, in order to be placed on an equal footing with other nations, we must have a certain amount of protection—such a protection as the exceptional instances of a country like this require, and founded upon such principles as are laid down by John Stuart Mills and other eminent writers upon the subject.

But the soft goods men, the bankers, and the squatters, say, We'll have none of it. Free trade is our motto, and we'll stick to it; the land we must and will have at any cost. No stone is left unturned, no scheme untried, to carry out their selfish, nefarious purposes. And so far, indeed, have the upper thirty of the Council, representing the bankers and squatters, carried their determined opposition, as to refuse their assent to the bill providing ways and means, although this bill had passed through the Legislative Assembly almost without a dissentient voice. The upshot of the matter is a dead lock between the Upper and Lower Houses. The salaries of the civil servants are for the present to remain unpaid; the claims of state debtors are to stand unmet; not because there are no funds to meet them, but merely because these funds are not constitutionally available. This state of things cannot last long.

The country has pronounced most unmistakably in favour of the ministry, as against the Upper House, and to such extreme have these would-be autocrats carried their selfish and unbecoming opposition against the popular will, that Sir Charles Darling has considered it his duty to interfere, and with the advice of his ministers, to assume the Royal prerogative, and issue warrants independent of legislation, in order to satisfy the just demands of the State. This you may be sure, has brought down from the Upper House and their nefarious clique, a perfect storm of disapprobation. The conduct of Her Majesty's representative is denounced in no measured terms, as unconstitutional and revolutionary. But Sir Charles, fully understanding his position as the representative of Responsible Government, is not likely to be turned from his duty by any threats or intimidations with which the Council may choose to assail him. The present mail will carry to the Home Government memorials from both houses, and also monster petitions from the people of all classes throughout the colony, applauding the step taken by the Governor and his ministry.

The grand question, and one which will affect future generations, is, are the people to govern themselves and by their own representatives, raise their own revenue, levy their own taxes, how and in what way they may think fit, control their own expenditure; or are they to be governed without representation, by a class of domineering, unscrupulous, mercenary, money-grabbing, purse-proud, and ignorant men; whose greatest claim to such an honor is that they have been pitched into the lap of luxury, or fortunate enough to have thrown the trump card. This question must be met on its own merits, and apart from all outside influences, the sooner the better; the privileges of both houses must now be for ever set at rest beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The ministry, with the country at their back, are determined to stand to their colours, and there is no doubt as to the issue; the upper thirty must retreat from their position in dishonour, or the business of the country will have to be carried on without their advice or assistance. So much for the dead lock. From these you may safely presume that a legislator in this country has

no easy duty to perform; his post is no sinecure, his three hundred a year in contemplation is but a meagre return for services rendered to the State. What with existing rights, supported by unbounded wealth and avariciousness on the one hand, and a clamorous, strong, determined, and progressive people on the other, he is strongly tempted to become the victim of misplaced confidence to the latter, or a mercenary hireling to the former. But it is a matter of congratulation, and I may say of pride, that the Legislative Assembly of Victoria is composed of men, for the most part, above corruption and money pressure—men of staunch, unwavering integrity, who are determined that the foundations of the political institutions of this promising young Empire shall be laid upon the broad basis of universal civil and religious liberty. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

E. M. BILL.

From our South Carolina Correspondent.

Edisto Island, South Carolina, December 1st, 1865.

DEAR SIR—Once more I resume my communications. Though peace has come I have not ceased my ramblings. In the course of the war I have travelled over seventeen of the States of the Union, have visited several of the British Provinces, some of them three or four times; and I have also looked into Mexico. I have climbed Mount Washington, and rambled over the finest American hills, and sailed across her most beautiful lakes, and down her noblest rivers, yet I do not forget the fine landscapes of Nova Scotia, or the rugged beauty of my own New Brunswick.

A trip to Edisto Island, about forty miles from Charleston, has afforded me much enjoyment. Last Friday evening one of my assistants came to my study and told me that the boat would be ready "soon" (early) in the morning. A short time after we were on our way from Charleston to this place. Four sable freedmen, with barred arms, heads, and feet, were at the oars; two colored ministers, (invariably styled by each other, Doctor), and a deacon, and your correspondent, made up all the living freight. For a while, the conversation, as we rowed swiftly through Wapoo Cut, along James and John's Island, was upon the scenes and events of war. Of how a shell had cut this woman in half as she came home from meeting, and how that barber had his head carried away by a shell as he came down to get his work. They told how that when the ministers prayed for God to sink the Yankee ships and destroy the invader, that they, the colored people, would go away and pray more earnestly for the success of the Union. Sometimes they would pray for the Confederates outwardly, but within for the Federals. They told how ministers under the excitement of those days became intemperate, got too drunk to go and fulfil their appointments, even our own Baptist ministers. They spoke of some who "called we monkeys and rantangs." These venerable D. D.'s, by the way, are here now.

BOATMEN'S SONGS.

It is amusing to listen to the choruses of the boatmen. They will sing for hours. They select or improvise something that can be timed by their oars, and will sing all day long. I recall one.

One more mourner just came home,  
One more mourner just came home,  
One more mourner just came home,  
To ring that charming bell.

They would sing this stanza over perhaps four or five times, and then they varied it—

O Joshua ring that charming bell,  
O Joshua ring that charming bell,  
O Joshua ring that charming bell,  
To call the mourners home.

After singing this for several times they substituted Caleb for Joshua, and so on. This is a single specimen: there is no end to the songs they sing. We glided swiftly along among the islands, passing forts, chimneys of some destroyed residence, plantations cultivated by freedmen, and a few fine old residences, still imposing amid the solitariness and desolation around them.

OUR ARRIVAL

was in the evening. The full moon shone on the calm waters, while the oarsmen's plaintive song floated on the still air. When we had been carried on shore on the backs of the men, after a row of forty miles, we wended our way for miles through cotton and corn fields until we found shelter under the hospitable roof of a freedman. The evening meal consisting of very greasy "griddle," as they are termed, was partaken, and blankets were spread on the floor, and sweet sleep came. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, the bell rang, summoning the people to the praise-house—I say bell, simply a hand bell. Places where they meet for prayer-meetings and other religious purposes are called praise-houses. They always have meeting before light on Sunday. There was a candidate for ordination; had him preach his trial sermon; heard his experience, call to the ministry, examined and rejected him, before we had our breakfast.

THE CHURCH

situated on the highway under huge live oaks with the overhanging moss, was an old fashioned one. There was a door in each of the four sides. The house was square with an old-fashioned gallery. There were a few graves near, and in the yard, a few rods from the church, there was an artificial pool or baptistry.

It is customary among all females who enter the church to drop a courtesy at the door, at the end of every second line in the hymn they sing, and at the end of every verse. The entire congregation thus drops as these stanzas are sung. When the benediction is pronounced, the males all bow, the females all make a courtesy, and males and females simultaneously scrape their feet. This day the house was full, galleries and windows, with many in the yard. While you are preaching, they keep nodding their heads, or rather inclining them forward and throwing them back.

THE BAPTISM.

There were twenty candidates. They formed in the yard two and two, all having white cloths on their heads. Preceded by the administrator, and accompanied by hundreds of spectators, they thus proceeded singing beneath the grand old trees, to the water side. All passed off pleasantly, the utmost silence prevailing among the spectators.

THE SUPPER

was administered on our return to the church. The communion as they call it. This was a most solemn season. The hand of fellowship and the accompanying exercises were exceedingly interesting. After we dismissed the assembly, they commenced singing. I can not attempt a description of this. I never heard anything anywhere to equal it. I stood and wept like a child. I was almost lifted from my feet. The excellent time, the beauty of the airs, the pathos of that can be applied to song, in short, everything connected with it was so perfect that I was overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

THE EVENING SERVICE

was in a private house. Our ten o'clock meeting did not terminate until three. In the evening one of my assistants preached. We had a most powerful meeting. I never felt God's presence more. After the benediction, singing was resumed. This was of a different, and less impressive, but more amusing character. It was accompanied by movements of the body—all walking around the house in concert, or swaying to and fro, or hopping along in unison.

I shall in my next speak of the work in the city. Since I came 12th has been added to the churches under my care. Next Sabbath we expect to baptize forty or fifty.

Call to Prayer.

For the Christian Visitor, Intelligencer, and Pres. Witness. DAILY UNION PRAYER MEETING. It may not be generally known by the Lord's people in St. John, that there is a daily prayer meeting in Horsfield Street, from 7 to 8 a. m. and from 12 to 1 noon, open to all christians. Daily prayer-meetings have been attended by remarkable spiritual blessings. Who has not heard of the Fulton St. Daily prayer-meeting in New York? It has a world wide reputation, and its origin was remarkable. A Mr. Lumbier, member of the Dutch Reformed Church, felt in his soul the spiritual condition of the teeming population of the city, and the Holy Spirit put it into his heart to organize a daily meeting for prayer. He was the only mortal who was present in the solitary vestry for the first half hour, yet he prayed in faith. The steps of another were heard ascending the long stairs, then another, and again three more, so that at the expiration of the hour a little band of five constituted the first meeting. Within three months, thousands assembled for prayer at the hour of noon. In every city of the Union the flame spread, extending from Calais to New Orleans; and as the result, a revival of religion followed, bringing two hundred thousand members into the churches. Applications for prayer, coming from every part of the christian world, were read daily in Fulton street prayer meeting, which is continued to this day. In the city of Boston similar meetings are sustained. Six years ago a daily prayer meeting was started in Charlotteville, Prince Edward Island, and was attended with a great blessing: two hundred would attend from day to day. The writer also organized one in Halifax in the same year, which exercised a great influence upon the minds of the Lord's people: four or five hundred persons belonging to every christian denomination in the city, would assemble in the old Methodist Chapel, Argyle street, from nine to ten a. m.; and the power of God rested upon the meetings; a fresh impulse was given to the cause of religion; street preaching was established; tract distribution followed; visiting committees were appointed to seek out the lost; and many precious souls were converted to God. This daily prayer meeting was sustained for years, but at last it was discontinued: it is not necessary to explain the reasons. An attempt was made to revive it last summer, but I do not know whether it lives or not. And is there not a necessity for prayer, my fellow christians of Saint John, for daily prayer. How feeble is the spiritual life in your churches; how seldom do you hear of conversions; how sparsely attended are your weekly services. The multitude of sinners in your midst, without God and without hope in the world, call aloud to be up and doing, to pray without ceasing, to repair to the house of prayer, and to make supplications for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

W. HALL, Minister of the Gospel.

For the Christian Visitor.

These imperfect lines are affectionately inscribed to the Rev. I. E. Bill and his worthy wife, also to Thomas McIlenny, Esq., in sympathy with their loss of a beloved daughter and cherished wife. By theirs truly, G. M. W. CAREY, Germain St. Baptist Church.

"Lay me down gently, this is death;  
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"  
To thee I now resign my breath,  
Take me, dear Saviour, take me home.

"She is not dead," she only sleeps;  
"Thy night, but not of starless gloom,  
Through the short night her Saviour keeps  
Her dust reposing in the tomb."

Not dead, but sleeping; cheering words,  
Chasing our sadness, doubts and gloom;  
She wakes to wear love's silver cords,  
And golden bands, and beauty's bloom.

We are immortal in our love,  
Heart clings to heart, hand holds to hand;  
From buried joys we look above  
To raptures in the deathless land.

Not dead, she sleeps to wake again,  
To wear a crown, to sing a song,  
To swell the high and holy strain  
Ascending from the white-robed throng.

Come quickly, Jesus! bring the morn  
Of light and love to my friend's heart,  
Then shall he clasp a radiant form  
From which his soul shall never part.

Hast thou not promised soon to come?  
Lord Jesus, we thy word believe;  
From death and dust, from griefs and groans,  
We look to thee, that we may live.

Is Little Samuel Dead?

So the people say. I know this body is a lifeless lump of clay. I helped to lay him in his coffin, and attended his remains to the tomb; therefore I know his body to be cold, and still lacking that vitality which warms the tenement and makes it a fit temple for the spirit to dwell in.

He was the eldest son of J. R. Curry, Esq., aged 12 years, and died on Thursday, December 6th, 1865. A young lad of more than ordinary intelligence; he was industrious and very kind. During his illness he manifested more than an ordinary degree of affection for his parents, always impatient when they were out of sight; but contented when they were near. They in return, were unwearied in their exertions, leaving nothing untried that would seem to offer the least hope of recovery. I thought at one time (the night before his death) on witnessing the care and anxiety of the father, that he in the fulness of parental love was striving hard to make the son's dying bed "feel soft as downy pillows are." Is there a scene more grand, solemn or impressive than that exhibited by parents at the dying bedside of a beloved son or daughter?

Manhood dwindled down to the capacity of innocent childhood, all unkind feelings swept away, the tear dropping from the eye, the quivering of the lip, the look of anxiety occasioned by believing that while there is life there is hope, coupled with a holy resignation to the will of God, into whose hands they fear not to leave their child, makes the scene one of touching impressiveness and deep solemnity; causing each present to feel it "better to visit the house of mourning than that of mirth." The oft attendance of the doctors, the unwearied care of a doting father and the affectionate mother could not keep the son here. When the message of a loving Saviour calls come home, we must obey. Samuel thought the Saviour loved him, so he was willing to depart, and be at peace. Parents, the body of your son lies in your burying ground, but little Samuel has gone far, far away.

"Where angels dwell,  
Bright, bright as day."

He was a member of our Sabbath school; the scholars attended his funeral; they formed in procession in front of the parent's residence, and marched in front of the deceased to the place of worship. The services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Beck with; the sermon on the occasion was preached from Heb. xii. chap. 10th verse. After the conclusion of the services at the meeting house, the school formed in open rank in front of the burying ground to allow the corpse and mourners to pass through; while passing the standing procession of boys and girls sang—

"I want to be an angel," &c.  
After which they moved to the grave, and there sang—  
"A hundred years to come,"  
The prayer being offered, the grave closed, the ser-

vice ended. It was the first occasion for years that we have been called upon to bury a Sabbath School scholar. The children of the school loved their departed associate, and he loved them. He manifested the utmost regard for the instructions given him by his teacher, and wished to see him frequently during his illness. Scholars, let the departure of your young associate impress your minds with the fact that while "the old must die, the young may," one of your number has gone to receive the embrace of that loving Saviour who took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying of such is the kingdom of heaven. Little Samuel is not dead; his body is laid away for a short time, but by and bye it will come forth purged of its dull mortality, as pure and white as that holy throng who have washed their robes in the blood of the lamb.

While he has gone to just before to enjoy the company of those loved boys and girls, whose chief joy it is to sing praises an associate with the babe of Bethlehem's manger—if you want to be like him, and see him hereafter, fear to do evil, learn to do well, and above and beyond this, love heaven best of all.

Yours truly, R. T. B.

For the Christian Visitor.

Female Education.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you allow me to bring again before your readers' notice the cause of Female Education. Not that I have ever mentioned it before, but you Mr. Editor have from time to time urged its claims, and sometimes ago the letters of Pater appeared in our behalf, followed by a communication from Minnie. These prove that there is here and there one who thinks it worth while to educate the girls.

Since the communication from Minnie appeared I have looked in vain in the columns of the Visitor for that heading which so readily attracts my attention—Female Education.

So Mr. Editor, I have taken the pen myself, and only wish it was skilled enough to write in ineffable characters upon the mind of the Baptist Denomination in New Brunswick that there are within its communion young women who desire to get an education.

I do not mean that we want merely to know how to read tolerably, write a note correctly, make pretty pictures, and play well upon the piano, which of course we do want to know; but we want something more. We want to be trained physically, morally, intellectually, and religiously. For this purpose we want a Seminary well built, well supplied with teachers, and well filled with pupils; and we want it now.

I do not intend to offer any proof that women are capable of receiving education of a high order, or that it is advisable to educate them; I take that for granted.

If our friends intend to do anything for our generation, it would be encouraging to know it. I hope that another Association will not be allowed to close, without passing a Resolution to build a Ladies' Seminary forthwith. ALIQUA, December 5, 1865.

For the Christian Visitor.

DEAR BROTHER—I am very willing, even in reply to an anonymous writer in the Visitor, to state the facts upon any subject, on which there appears to exist a deficiency of accurate information; because I regard knowledge of a subject as one of the essential elements in arriving at a just conclusion respecting any matter, and forming a sound judgment upon it, and perhaps no one besides myself can furnish the requisite information. But when I am asked to go beyond this, and make suggestions of a most important nature, I must have the request signed by the name of the writer, that I may know how far he is entitled to speak as the representative of a large number of the Baptist parents of this Province.

Your correspondent, "One Interested," in his last letter says: "The money would be forthcoming for improvements, if the people are convinced that there is life within the Institution." My esteemed coadjutor, Mr. Hopper, will be glad to learn this, for the improvement of new desks has recently been made, and some two hundred and fifty dollars will be required to meet the whole expense; for obtaining which he was appointed a committee at the Western Association.

C. SPRENGER.

For the Christian Visitor.

DEAR EDITOR.—The following communication has been placed in my hands with the request, that if I approved of it, I would forward it to you for publication. I do most heartily endorse it, but in so doing, it is necessary that I should add a word of explanation. I am not aware that any arrangement has been entered into, whereby "young men are to receive theological instruction at Fredericton," nor was I before aware that any announcement to that effect had ever been made public. I have attended all the meetings of the committee of management since I came to the Province, and I think I can state positively that no such arrangement has been made by the committee. I look upon our Seminary as strictly a literary institution, designed to impart to young men the rudiments of an education, that they may be prepared for College, or where that is not practicable, that they may be prepared to enter at once without that thorough and much to be desired training, upon the study of theology, medicine or law, or to engage in whatever other calling duty bids. And I supposed that all our people looked upon it in this light. As a Baptist institution, it is designed to prepare young men for Acadia College, and for the study of theology in that institution. But still all that can be expected of the teacher is to *aid* the young men. They cannot prevent young men from entering other Colleges, or from entering upon the work of the ministry without a theological course. In view of these facts it is certainly desirable that they should on the Sabbath and week days too, if possible, impart instruction in the form of Bible class lessons, &c. Our Seminary, although a literary institution, must nevertheless live in the affections of the churches, as an institution to prepare young men for the ministry.

As to the duty of Educational Boards or "Baptist bodies," the path is plain. If a young man in New Brunswick wants strictly an academic education, preparatory to entering College or a Theological Seminary, and must be assisted out of funds placed in the hands of the Board, he should be encouraged to go to Fredericton. If he is prepared for College and wants such a course, he should be encouraged to go to Acadia College.

But if circumstances will not allow a young man to take either a full, preparatory, collegiate or theological course, but who at the same time desires to be prepared to, and can take a partial course in Theology, a few studies in College, and as many, or even more for a little while in an Academy, it seems to me that duty is just as plain, that we should advise them to go to Horton, although Horton Academy does not belong to the Baptists of New Brunswick. For the College and Theological school there do belong to us as much as to our brethren in Nova Scotia.

Although this is my course, and the one upon which I have strictly acted since I came to the Province, I can never abandon the broad and more liberal principle which should allow our Board, under certain clear and obviously advantageous circumstances, to deviate from this rule, and assist young men wherever, when they have the funds in hand and can

do so without wronging young men studying at one of these institutions.

But still as a member of a Board having the funds of others in trust, my own principles shall always be laid aside when they come in contact with the clearly defined and well understood arrangements of the body which appointed me to that trust. Nor would I for a moment give my sanction or vote to any alteration or amendment of any such arrangements by such a Board; no matter how desirable I may deem such an amendment to be, nor how laboriously I may oppose in the parent society, the adoption of such arrangements, or may at a future meeting seek to alter or amend them.

My opinion is, that if the actions of our Home Mission Board for the past year, be carefully examined, they will be found to conform, in every particular, with the principles laid down in the following communication, with my own principles as stated above, and with the principles set forth in the "explanatory minute" given by our Corresponding Secretary at the meeting of the Board in November of the resolution "confirmed" by the annual meeting of the Society at Butternut Ridge.

E. C. CADY.

ACADIA COLLEGE.

DEAR SIR.—I have read the communications which have appeared in the Visitor relative to recent discussion and action in the New Brunswick Home Mission Board, with regard to ministerial education. It appears to me that certain brethren need to be reminded of some facts which they seem to have forgotten.

- 1. Acadia College is a University, as its act of incorporation declares. It is empowered to establish Professorships, in four departments, viz: Arts, Theology, Medicine and Law.
- 2. At present only two of those departments are in operation, viz: those of Arts and Theology.
- 3. Acadia College is the College of the three Provinces. By accepting it as such, the Baptists of the three Provinces bound themselves to render it all the encouragement in their power.
- 4. The Baptists of the three Provinces are morally obligated to send their young men to Acadia College for instruction in those departments which are in operation. At any rate Baptist bodies are so bound. Individuals will act as they please.
- 5. If the Baptists of either Province should set up an establishment, Collegiate or Theological, and send their young men in preference to Acadia College, it would be regarded as a breach of faith.
- 6. If young men are to receive theological instruction at Fredericton, as has been publicly announced, and this is prevented from attending at Acadia College, ought it not to be seriously considered by the New Brunswick brethren, whether the arrangement is not at variance with the contract between the Baptists of the three Provinces, whether it is not in fact the first step towards separation?
- 7. There are 274 Baptist churches in these Provinces, containing 24,740 members. Would not the establishment of two Theological Institutions for our denomination be looked upon as utterly absurd?
- 8. The Baptists of the United States in 1863 comprised 12,211 churches, with 1,039,400 members. They had 13 Theological seminaries, including under that designation the Theological departments in Colleges; that is, in the proportion of one Theological Institution to 965 churches and 89,000 members. Do we want 100 for our 274 churches and 24,740 members.
- 8. Ought we not to concentrate our efforts rather than to divide our strength?

Yours, &c. A GOVERNOR OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Missionary Intelligence.

For the Christian Visitor.

MR. EDITOR.—No doubt you and the friends of the Missionary Board would like to hear from your Missionary in this part of the field. I left home on the twenty-eighth of October. I spent one Sabbath in Upper Gagetown, preached to a large and solemn assembly in the F. C. Baptist Meeting house. On Monday I proceeded on my journey; arrived at my brother's in Woodstock on Tuesday evening. I was detained there by storms till Friday. My brother accompanied me as far as Middle Simonds, where we found Brother Harvey engaged in his Master's work. He was holding a protracted Meeting in his Church. I accepted an invitation to stop a few days to help my Brother, and I was not sorry; for we had many tokens of God's power in our meetings. I found the people at Tobique much disappointed, because the Board had appointed me to the St. Francis instead of Tobique. (The Brethren are left entirely destitute at the Tobique.) I reached the Falls on the ninth, found the friends looking for me. I stopped over Sabbath with the Church, and preached morning and evening. On Monday morning I left for St. Francis, in company with Brother Morton. We had rather a trying time getting along; the snow leaving us, we had to travel over the bare ground for the most part of the way from the Falls to St. Francis. We reached the home of friend Morton on Tuesday at two o'clock, having travelled seventy miles through a part of the country where I heard a language I understood not. As soon as circumstances would permit, I commenced visiting the people, and found some anxious about their souls. I gave out my meetings in different parts of the settlement, and tried to preach Christ and him crucified to the people. God blessed the preached word. Saints were comforted, and sinners were made anxious. "The arrows of the Almighty were sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies."

I appointed a conference meeting; got a number of the Church together, and last Sabbath we had a refreshing season coming down from the presence of the Lord. At the close of the meeting it was my privilege to administer the ordinance of Baptism