

addition to the large fleet of fishing craft owned by the enterprising people of Mahone Bay.

Our services were accompanied with God's blessing and considerable religious awakening was enjoyed. I found Brother Bezanon living in the affections and confidence of his people, who are happy in the conviction that they have one of the best ministers in the town. Their place of worship, which occupies a commanding site, has been recently renovated and presents an attractive appearance. This fine building, as well as the commodious parsonage near by, stands as a monument of the zeal and liberality of the Mahone Bay Baptists.

On my way home I yielded to the request of Pastor Locke and his people and spent a couple of weeks at Falkland Ridge and Springfield. Here, too, twenty-four years and also five years ago, I enjoyed extensive revivals, and in consequence was heartily welcomed by the people during this my third visit. I found these communities in a prosperous condition materially as contrasted with that of 24 years ago. Indications of thrift and comfort are evident on every hand, and the people are above the average in point of intelligence. As evidence of this one of the young men of Springfield is acting his part nobly as a pastor in Margaree Valley, C. B., and one of the young men of Falkland Ridge is the honored Principal of the Richmond School, Halifax, and a strong church worker in the city. I gave the first week of my recent visit to Falkland Ridge, where considerable blessing attended our efforts and a time of great refreshing among the members of the church was enjoyed. Some new voices, too, were heard in the services, among those who were humbly seeking the divine favor for the first time. In Springfield our work was hindered by continuous rains and bad roads, yet I trust good was done. It gives me pleasure to say that Pastor Locke is living in the confidence and esteem of his people and is regarded as a preacher of more than ordinary ability.

After spending a few days with my family in Wolfville, and rejoicing in the gradual return of my dear wife's health, I came to Digby to supply the Baptist pulpit on Sabbaths, April 20 and 27. I am very glad to be able to report that communications received by Mrs. Beale from her husband gives the utmost encouragement that Pastor Beale's health is returning and that he will be able to resume his pastoral work in a few weeks. I was pleased to hear many expressions of the high esteem in which Bro. Beale is held by his church and congregation. He is filling, efficiently, an important sphere in this beautiful and growing town. I learned with great interest that the splendid church edifice he occupies is on the site where formerly stood a public hall in which the late Rev. Enoch Towner had his trial for daring to perform a marriage ceremony. Mr. Towner's conduct was triumphantly vindicated and henceforth all dissenting ministers may have the privilege of officiating at marriages.

I am just now rendering Pastor T. A. Blackadar aid in special services, for a few evenings, in this my old field, where for over twelve years, beginning 41 years ago, I toiled in the Master's service, and where I have witnessed wonderful displays of God's power to save. I am glad to say that Bro. Blackadar is much encouraged in his work. He has lately enjoyed an extensive revival at Victoria Beach and baptized 26 converts. Victoria Beach was, in my early ministry here, a very weak mission station, but with self-denying effort and God's blessing it is now one of the most hopeful stations of the church. This fact indicates the wisdom of churches unselfishly caring for their weak interests. Brother and Sister Blackadar are abundant in labors and enjoying the sympathy and appreciation of their people.

I rejoice, Mr. Editor, that so many of our pastors have been able recently to report revivals through your columns. May this be a year of prosperity in all our churches! The Saviour lives. God hears prayer. And the gospel is still "the power of God."

In closing this rambling letter I would say, with a grateful heart, that my health continues pretty good and I enjoy in these days as much as I ever did during my long service in the ministry the privilege of unfolding the Message of Life.

ISA. WALLACE.

Lower Granville, N. S., April 24.

Two Days at Acadia.

Doctor—and this scribe spent two delightful days, of recent date, on the "Hill" at Wolfville. Our visit was of an official character. We did as we were commanded, to the best of our ability, and the consciousness of duty done is always refreshing. These two days recalled other days, now forever past, but their memory is most sweet. We went through the college, in a hasty manner, class by class spending some time in each room. She is a noble plant, worthy of all the care and cultivation she receives and much more. Is there another college on this continent doing any more, and such a high class of work, at so little cost, as our beloved Acadia? We trow not. On one occasion when in the toils of

moving household effects an old minister said to me "Brother, you must move now and again to see what you are worth, you don't know what you have until you come to move." How true is this in regard to our University. We have but little idea of the worth and the character of the work our College is doing until we take a little time and go through the various departments, and come in contact with the Professors and their work. A better knowledge of what is being done would deepen the interest in our Institution among our people. I mean this personal, individual, contact of the men and their work.

The cordial manner in which we were received by the President and the Professor will not soon be forgotten. But all this cordiality is not going to make us speak in a "gushing manner" of what we saw and heard. We will deal with the facts as they impressed us. If any one is inclined to question what we say, let them examine for themselves and we doubt not the verdict will be: "The half was not told." President Trotter is a busy man. His grip on things is strong both in the general and in matters of detail. Those kindly, but keen eyes of his see about all that takes place on the "Hill." If you have any doubt ask him a few questions. Doctor Sawyer: We met with the Dr. and his class in Psychology and again in Metaphysics. The years seem to sit lightly on him, and he stands forth the same peerless teacher, rich in knowledge.

Then we met Doctor Jones, he is a walking and talking encyclopedia, and up to date at that. No one can come into his presence and not feel helped, yea more, improved. Who in all that clan, which we met in his rooms, will ever say "eggs" when they mean "eggs". Not one, after such an interjected and splendid lesson on clear pronunciation.

Dr. Tufts has the history of the world at his tongue's end, and his finger tips fairly bristle with historic data. In Rechronomics he is a master—the man for the place he fills.

Dr. Keirstead: To say that Dr. Keirstead is brim full of literature and logic is only putting it mildly. We are proud of him both in the classroom and on the platform. He is the "all-round man." These men, along with Mr. E. W. Sawyer, who is a born teacher, we know, they are the men whom we touched in the bye gone days, and now may be called the senior Professors. They class among God's noblemen and are a part of His rich gift to our denomination. With them, I, our day, stood Dr. F. D. Higgins of mathematical fame, and Prof. Coldwell then in the department of Science.

To complete the Faculty at present we name, from one view point, as junior professors, Dr. Wortman, Profs. Haley, Haycock, Jones and Dr. Chute. These are all strong men, each a specialist in his own department; a word will describe them professionally—"apt to teach." We were most favorably impressed by the personality and work of these new men. One does not, have to be an artist to feel the artistic touch, there is an inbred something whereby ordinary people are able to differentiate the artistic from the mechanical in men. In all departments of our college work, we could but feel that hard, honest, painstaking work was being done, and that is about the only wonderful genius of this age. In truth, while these men continue to pour out their knowledge and stamp their high characters upon our youth, there are no students in this land more highly favored than those at Acadia University.

Only one more impression will be mentioned, namely the need of improvement in building. The need of more class room is sadly felt. The college proper needs much a heating and ventilating apparatus; and a fire-proof building for the Library and Museum, then their vacated room would give the much needed class room. Surely the God who watched with special care the ark of bull-rushes on sacred Nile, has with a like call saved from destruction the collections in our Library and Museum during all these years while they have been ensconced in such a fragile ark.

This opportunity to stand interested on the outside, and see the college "spin" is a great privilege; and she spins well, and the fabric produced is of the finest quality. But if this article is to escape the editor's waste basket I must stop.

VISITOR.

Notes by the Way.

Objections have sometimes been raised to these notes on the ground that the judgment herein passed on the different pastors and their work has been too uniformly favorable. Some critics indeed have delicately hinted that the writer of this column occasionally indulges in lavish praise, if not false flattery. To these heavy charges I would plead most emphatically "not guilty." A careful perusal of what has been written will show, I believe, that due discrimination has been used. That the pastors of our Baptist churches are not perfect is very true. But why should I spend time in writing about their faults when these are the things most readily discovered by their congregations? Undoubtedly there are things to criticize in ministers as well as laymen, but what good will result from such criticism. Moreover, in spite of failings incident to human nature, there are no men more deserving of esteem and respect and honor than those who stand in our Baptist pulpits from Sunday to Sunday. And I firmly believe that no denomination is served by men better qualified mentally, morally, and spiritually to minister in things sacred than is our own denomination. Such at least has been the impression made upon the writer by his year's work among our Baptist churches, and he thinks too that in these days the usefulness of these servants is more likely to be impaired by carping criticism than by wise—or even unwise—commendation.

Having said this much in justification of these notes I will resume the account of my wanderings. Last week I arrived at

MONCTON,

where as readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR know

the church has been enjoying a gracious revival since the opening of the year. On Sunday three more were baptized by Pastor Hutchinson, making in all nearly seventy, who in the last few months have thus publicly professed their faith in the Son of God. Nearly all of these have been young people with many years of usefulness and service before them.

The Sabbath was spent in the city, and the opportunity for a day's rest and the privilege of worshipping as an occupant of a pew were gladly welcomed. A very interesting service was the boys' meeting in the afternoon in the Y. M. C. A. building. These meetings have been conducted throughout the winter and have been greatly blessed. Their success has been largely due from a human standpoint, to the efficiency and consecration of the leader, Bro. G. Fred McNally, who has given much time and thought to the work. It was the writer's privilege to speak to the boys for a few minutes, and in the meeting of testimony which followed, a large number of boys, large and small, took part. The facility of expression and close adherence to the subject on the part of these young people, some of whom had but lately come into the kingdom would not have done discredit to a church prayer-meeting.

But further notes in regard to Moncton and the work there will be given next week, as the mail closes in a few minutes.

R. J. COLPITTS.

Moncton, April 26.

New Books.

NATHAN HALE. By William Ordway Partridge.

This volume is on its mechanical side a very attractive specimen of the bookmaker's art. As to its contents it is a brief biography of one whose name has been held in high honor by Americans as a revolutionary hero. The author is "a sculptor who has wrought for five years or more over the face and form of Nathan Hale and who has found in this subject an inspiration not to be put into words." Judging from the photo-engravings given in the book, the result of the sculptor's labors is a fine piece of art, well worthy of its place on the grounds of Yale University—of which institution—then comparatively in its infancy—Nathan Hale was a graduate. The statue is almost wholly an ideal, for there was no picture to guide the artist in the execution of his work. But probably neither art nor patriotism has suffered by that fact. The statue is at least a noble embodiment of the artist's ideal. Mr. Partridge has gathered in the biography the facts known concerning Nathan Hale, which exhibit him in the light of a man of strong character and high purpose, endowed with great energy and courage. His early death—he was barely 21 when he died—cut short what promised to be a great career. Hale went, in the service of Washington, as a spy within the British lines, was apprehended and, in accordance with the usages of war of that day, paid the penalty with his life. The case of Hale naturally suggests that of Major André who also, as a spy in the British interest, fell into the hands of the revolutionists and suffered a similar fate. The author is quite disposed to be fair in his comparison of the two incidents, but he has singularly incorporated in his book a "foreword" by Edward Carey Eggleston, which is anything but judicial or impartial in its comparison of the two spies. In Eggleston's view, André was "an infamous scoundrel, caught in the act of doing the work of an infamous scoundrel," while "Nathan Hale was deserving of eternal admiration." To a certain class of readers, no doubt, this will commend the book, but if Hale had done precisely what André did and André had done what Hale did, Mr. Eggleston would doubtless still be able to see in the latter a hero worthy of eternal admiration and in the former a scoundrel who richly deserved to be hanged.

—Funk and Wagnalls, New York. Price \$1.00 net.

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST. By Frank T. Bullen, Author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot, With Christ at Sea*, etc.

Readers of Mr. Bullen's books do not need to be told that he is a very delightful writer. His earnest spirit and graphic pen enliven the subjects with which he deals and his stories of life are as wholesome as they are attractive. Mr. Bullen has the artist's imagination, he sees more in a man or a situation no doubt than the ordinary observer would see. That is not necessarily to say that he sees what is not there, but rather perhaps that the ordinary observer sees much less than is there. Mr. Bullen has written out of his own experience, and of things with which he has had to do. It has been in part a sailor's experience and in still larger part a Christian experience, for after years of life upon the sea of which he has given us the record in "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and "With Christ at Sea," his remarkable genius has found a more congenial and fruitful sphere of labor. In "The Apostles of the South-East" the author has sought to present a phase of London life which, he feels, is not very widely understood or realized. It is also in part a story of the sea, for "Saul Andrews," a sailor of the noblest Christian type, is one of the principal figures of the book and his fortunes are followed through two voyages. But the apostles of the South-East are mostly landmen—costermongers, chimney-sweepers, small tradesmen and the like,—people who have between them and bitter want the very narrowest of margins, and yet find time and means to be intensely religious, take a profound interest in the spiritual welfare of those around them, are evangelists of a most earnest and successful kind, out of their abounding poverty find the means for renting and equipping a place in which to hold religious service, and are indeed, according to the author's picture of them, in spite of all their poverty and unceasing hardships, among the very happiest people in the world. Mr. Bullen vouches for the essential truth of the picture which he has presented. "The Apostles of the South-East," he tells us, have been drawn from real characters, only the usual literary license being taken with them. If any Christian is threatened with an attack of pessimism, this book should prove an effectual tonic.

—William Briggs, Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, London.