

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VOICE OF SCRIPTURE.

MR. EDITOR.—The situation becomes alarming, and dark clouds are gathering on the horizon, which will burst in thunder some of these days.

He talks mysteriously of my setting up some nine pins, and of his rolling the ball of truth to take down half a dozen of them, (why not the whole nine) at once.

I will not contend with the Editor on the subject of courtesy. If to ask pardon of a man of whom you have spoken disrespectfully be uncourteous, unless you take off your hat to every dog who barks at you as you pass along the road, then I hope to be even found uncourteous.

Word, as an emblem or means of destruction; and he labors hard, recurring to it again and again, to find cases to neutralize the appeal. I took no notice of Asher dipping his foot in oil, (an example of personal immersion!)

The Messenger does not deny that "birds were dipped," but he is careful to suppress the fact that this dipping was not for its own sake,—the birds were not the baptized, the blessed,—but that the fluid, into which they were dipped, may be sprinkled for the purification of the unclean person.

He does not deny that "priests were dipped." What is the evidence? He says it. That is all. We know they were washed.

We turn to the case of Naaman, the only other case he adduces to prove that immersion is not always expressive of ruin beyond remedy; and here we discover a reckless trifling,—a deceitful dealing,—with the divine word, which it is painful to contemplate.

We have a few words more respecting Naaman's cure. The Messenger must have a fling at the translators of our English version of the Scriptures. "King James' scholarly servants dress the command, as given in the word 'wash.'"

We may now look at that half loaf over which the Messenger chuckles. He is very ungrateful. I gave him a whole loaf, in stating that so far as the word is concerned, baptism will cover the whole person as completely as if he was plunged fifty fathoms deep.

don of the whole person. The baptism of the leper, of any other unclean person, is the purification of the whole man. The prescribed mode is sprinkling. This is the symbol of entire cleansing.

The Messenger challenges me "to bring from God's word a command—by which to link the baptism of John and Christ with any thing that went before." THERE IS NONE; so he is right, it is impossible to bring it.

By their rite, Baptists cast in their lot with the old world who were immersed and perished, while Noah and his house were baptized and saved, with the Egyptians who were immersed in the Red Sea and died, while the Israelites were baptized, and saved.

MR. EDITOR.—While guarding against the ritualistic tendencies of the present day, we should, at the same time, as followers of John Wesley, exercise care against the admission of any violations of uniformity or order in the administration of religious ordinances.

Our long established usages in administering the Communion has been for the communicant in ungloried hand to receive the bread from the hands of the Minister. In the new custom, to which I advert, the Minister presents the plate, and each communicant takes the bread therefrom.

By having differences of mode in administration—one minister differing in this from his predecessor, or worse still where two or more Ministers are officiating in the ordinances together, differing in their modes—we may evoke among our people discussions on the subject which will not tend to edification.

By the regulations prescribed in the book of Discipline, page 146, which enjoins that the Communion shall be delivered to the people into their uncovered

hands, sanction is undoubtedly given to the old established form of administration. But if this is not thought sufficiently definite, and if any of our Ministers give a decided preference to the newly introduced mode, let the matter be brought up for consideration in our Annual Conferences, and the desired change be sought at next General Conference.

FRATER. Feby. 1st, 1876.

NAPOLEON AND THE DRUMMER BOY.

The following little incident is related by Count de Segur, one of Napoleon's personal staff, in his recently published memoirs:

One day, preceding an engagement, the Emperor sought a short interval of repose and shelter from the weather in a farmhouse at Haslack, where M. de Segur found him slumbering in a chair on one side of a stove while a drummer, also slumbering occupied the other.

On hearing this, Napoleon laughed, and ordered that he should be left in his chair since he so strongly insisted on it. Thus the Emperor and the drummer-boy were sleeping vis-a-vis, surrounded by a circle of generals and dignitaries, standing waiting for orders.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—London Baptist Magazine furnishes the following statement, which is worthy of serious consideration: "The minister's wife ought to be selected by a Committee of the Church. She should be warranted never to have babies, or headache, or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy; and should be everybody's cheerful drudge."

THE EMPEROR BELL.—The third largest bell in use in the world was recently placed in the southern tower of the cathedral in Cologne, Germany. Three castings were made, of metal obtained by melting French cannon, captured during the Franco-Prussian war.

AN exchange, commenting upon the "dangers of cleanliness," says that what with doctors and sanitarians, the man of the nineteenth century bids fair to be driven into a state of primitive savagism. Whatever we eat or drink somebody enjoins us to avoid, and now the physicians of New York have "concluded" that a terrible amount of disease is occasioned by the use of soap.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—One of our foreign exchanges gives an account of "a marvellous piece of mechanism, which has just been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight day clock, which chimes the quarters, plays three times every twelve hours, or at any intervals required. The hands go round as follows: one once a minute; one once an hour; one once a week; one once a month; one once a year.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother! do not stumble. Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble—"Trust in God, and do the right."

Though the road be long and dreary. And the end be out of sight; Foot it bravely, strong or weary—"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning, Perish all that fears the light; Whether losing, whether winning, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Shun all forms of guilty passion Friends can look like angels bright; Heed no custom, school or fashion—"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man and look above thee, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding— Inward peace and shining light— Stear upon our path abiding—"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

THE SILVER CROSS.

BY GEO. KLINGLOE.

She laid in his hand a tangled thorn, Crimsoned with berries, mountain-born; She had nothing else, though his locks were white.

Nothing to give on the Christmas night; But he smiled and laid on her braids of gold.

The fingers shrivelled and spare and old, And was gone; but a cross of silver light Lay where he stood on the snow-drifts white.

A morsel of porridge; the hands were small That divided the porridge, then gave it all;

But he smiled and bowed his locks of white,— Frosted with snow of the Christmas night, Smiled and bent to the child face-cold— Touched with the fingers shrivelled and old.

And was gone; but a cross of silver light Lay where he stood on the drifts of white.

Faces peered from cottage and hall On the midnight, great and small, On a pilgrim, shrivelled and old, Pleading for alms; but who could have told That the little Christ on each threshold stood!

In strange disguise—for evil or good, That the angels bearing His gifts might know

The blessed by the cross on the drifted snow?

WAITING FOR ME.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, In the beautiful Home above, In the land of unfading flowers, In the dwelling place of love.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, Till my cares and trials are o'er, Then shall I join thee dearest On the bright and happy shore.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, Till our Father calls me home; Till I hear the joyful message, Bidding me cease to roam.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, To welcome to the rest Of the ransomed ones in glory, Who are forever blest.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, In that sweet "By and bye," Where the heart shall know no sorrow, Nor tear drop dim the eye.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, In the land of the "Far away," On the banks of the beautiful river, We shall walk in endless day.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, Where angels hymn their lays; Where tears give place to gladness, And prayer is lost in praise.

Waiting for me, yes waiting, Soon shall I join you there, In the land of the pure and the holy, And rest in our Saviour's care.

Soon dearest Libbie I'll meet thee, In the Home of our Father above, There we shall nevermore sorrow, But rest in the fulness of love.

Dec. 9, 1875.

WHEN A MOTHER PRAYS FOR HER CHILD.

The purest tone, that thro' creation sounds The purest ray, that reaches heaven's bound,

The holiest flame, that toward the heaven doth glow, You find alone, where, by true love beguiled, A mother prays in secret for her child.

Oh! many, many tears will here be wept, Before the last sun of our lives be set; And many an angel sent from God, below, To count the sacred tears on earth that flow;

Behold you cot, still small, and hid away; It's single lamp, reluctant, cast its ray; It looks so troubled, cheerless, wretched, bare— And yet the very house of God is there! There love and faith have stooped from heaven and smiled— A faithful mother prayeth for her child.

CHIL... D... BY... "If I could when the time now when I'm by Harry will and I'll get re about how ge Dear me! if c day-ish all the good Sundays heavenly-mind school;—but and all the re try one's good it's wicked; b son that it is is because it i body is in a nice and clean gloves. Mo come down. a high hill and One's old thudg Oh dear! I co most wish I co and bear toul I know it wou work one's self mind because a Mother says I Well, I do; but easier to be hel at the stake, si rapt, angelic lo be helped to fe with Edith, an and ladylike, a dowdy. "I suppose t who had so m sometimes thin and have high power for goo think as if they phere, and all t don't seem to b I wonder if I o self first. I su get cross. "There's Mil bed. Mother sa I notice Mike do at once. He coo That's just my t worked at just o could pull it up fault every morn pray hard over I wonder if I've round? "Wall I k That's one for s says I'm cross- (ter). That's fo mother says I fin things and peo think I have en am selfish—every mother). But I pulses. I gave a poor sewing-girl carry mother's, don't she? I h before. I guess harm to put in s I want two mor declared Minnie her book in bot Josie was stingy, ing uncharitable, long names; th while getting rid more. Elizabeth know what that well. You're vai as long as the needn't deny it. lovely hair, with arched eyebrows? bug me. Your s temptable fault i impatient, fault Uncharitableness, Sarah, that is a fir U. V. I'll remen Bessie descende lofty seat on the g slowly into the ho "Cousin May, y a text for me." "Yes I remembe chosen?" "I've changed want a text. I wa "D. I. F. S. U. child mean? Dif not it. Dear, wh you sure you have "Yes, it's all rig flowers and vines Just make them ug big." "You odd little p So the letters w up over Bessie's b could guess what t said he guessed she cret society. Some like girls, trying to He was a little sister only smiled at in her dot impatient him to thinking. Only Jesus and the letters meant. time a look up at to Him saved her, t smaller and small they withered away a and Bessie said, th "The Sunday joy the week now."—The