

## The Rev. C. H. Corey, D. D.

A telegram from Wolfville to the Halifax press informs the public that Dr. Corey has passed away. My heart would be obdurate indeed if this intelligence did not stir it to its depths and call up many happy memories.

At the opening of Acadia College in 1854, we met as members of the freshman class of that year. From that day till now I have known Dr. Corey intimately. I have followed him in his work with unabated interest. His home was at Canaan, N. B. Till after he was fourteen years old he had never read a newspaper. But so soon as he came in contact with the outside world his thirst for knowledge began; and from that moment to the day of his departure, he addressed himself to its acquisition and to the discharge of life's duties with an industrious zeal that never waned. From Acadia he went to Newton in 1858, and graduated from that school amid the tumult of the outbreak of the Civil war. He soon settled as pastor of the Baptist Church in Seabrook, N. H. There he remained until 1864. Members of his church were among the slain in the war. He made several journeys to the front to look after those whom he knew. About this time "the U. S. Christian Commission" was formed. Its duty was to look after the sick and dying on battlefields and in hospitals, and to communicate with the families of the suffering soldiers. Stirred by what he had seen, he gave himself to this work. No pen can describe the thrilling scenes through which he passed and the work he did for the suffering in those scenes of horror. Up the Mississippi River, in South Carolina, Georgia, and at other points he was ever the tender-hearted, devout Christian minister, a servant of the needy by day and by night. When the war closed he began work in South Carolina, organizing churches and giving instruction to the colored people intoxicated with their freedom, a freedom which they were poorly prepared to use wisely. He initiated the work of schools for the negro at Atlanta, Georgia. But providence soon conducted him to Richmond, where his life work has been done as President of Richmond Theological Seminary. When Mr. Corey went to Richmond the feeling against the North was hot and hissing. If ever a man was born and trained for such conditions that man was C. H. Corey. John-like in heart and Paul-like in courage, he gave himself to his work, and with guileless simplicity ignored the pitiless hailstorm of prejudice that beat upon his head. In his wife he had a kindred spirit. Most interesting was the account given the writer by Dr. Dickinson, editor of the Richmond Herald, in 1873 when I was Dr. Corey's guest, of the first break of the ostracism to which the devoted Corey had been subjected. Not daring to let even the deacons know of it, Dr. Dickinson got Mr. Corey into the pulpit of one of the white churches. A conversion was the result. At the next conference Dr. Dickinson reviewed the matter, and asked the brethren if they had been treating in a Christian way this humble servant of God? The ice was broken. From that day on there was improvement; but it was never forgotten that Dr. Corey was at the head of a school for the negro.

When he came to Acadia from the quiet life he had led in N. B., he found himself at the feet of grand men. loftier ideals, finer manhood could not be wished than young Corey found in Edmond A. Crawley, J. M. Cramp, A. P. S. Stewart, who did the work at Acadia in the autumn of 1854. Before the year was over, Dr. Sawyer was on the ground. Dr. Cramp, with his old world experience, and Dr. Crawley with his experience of the new world, were the professorial heroes worshipped by the young men of that day. The colonizing conflict was going on at that day. Who shall possess the new territories? North or South? Phillips, Garrison and Beecher led in the attacks on the slave business. All this was grandly echoed by Dr. Cramp, whose soul was full of the spirit of Wilberforce and Buxton. Reports of fugitive slaves caught or chased made stirring reading in those old days. Well do I remember hearing Professor Stewart say: "I feel like throwing up my professorship and shouldering my musket and going west. The colonizing conflict was then acute.

This was the air Corey breathed. With these sentiments he was imbued. Dr. Crawley discoursed on the righteousness of human freedom and the iniquity of slavery. C. H. Corey was a child of heaven. Who ever saw him full of human wrath? Who ever knew him to do a mean thing? All his fellow students will believe Rev. Wm. W. Landrum, his pastor at Richmond, when he says, "His pure life, his consecrated zeal, his sound judgment, his prudent counsel, his amiable temper and consummate tact, have won for him the confidence and admiration of both races in this community. He has pursued the even tenor of his way between extremists among both blacks and whites. Criticism has never discouraged him; condemnation could not cow his spirit; commendations never elated him; congratulations only bowed him in humility or caused a tear of joy to rise in his eyes."

Among the pleasant memories that come unbidden at the announcement of Dr. Corey's translation is this:

Soon after the winter term of 1855 opened, Corey came to me and said, we should make special prayer for the unconverted members of our class. Meetings for this purpose were appointed. Not many weeks did we continue in prayer till the Holy Spirit came down upon us. O how still, O how powerful. Where are the fruits? Prominent among those led into the baptismal waters by Dr. Cramp in that memorable half year, these are before me: Dr. T. A. and D. F. Higgins, Dr. Jones, Dr. Rand, J. Z. Pazzant, Henry Vaughan, who died pastor of German St. church, St. John. The college grounds were a Bethel that term. The work extended into the village; scores turned to the Lord—How C. H. Corey gloried in that revival. I see his face aflame now as he said to me "Frank is converted."

An Israelite indeed in whom was no guile and a great man in Israel has fallen. All who knew him intimately will thank God for the friendship and fellowship of C. H. Corey. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thousands of hearts have been touched by the sad intelligence. What a benediction, what a joy was the character and life of C. H. Corey to all whom he touched, loved and influenced. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

E. M. S.

## Missionary Information.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

1. Do Pedit-baptist missionaries sprinkle the children of the heathen?

I do not think so. Possibly they may in the case of deserted children or orphans whom they may pick up. But in all other cases a great outcry would follow if a child were sprinkled. The caste of both child and parents would be contaminated by the administering of the rite, and the missionary's access to the children would be suddenly prevented.

2. Are the Telugu children quick to learn?

Many of them are remarkably so and would rank well with Canadian children. This is especially true of high caste children. They seem to inherit intellectual brightness, while the children of the down-trodden, illiterate, outcaste seem to inherit stupidity and have less capacity for intellectual development.

3. What kind of congregations do you preach to?

Every conceivable kind. But generally speaking we have two sorts—a Christian congregation assembled in chapel and a heathen congregation gathered promiscuously in the street. In the former we have generally a score or two of cleanly-looking, simple-hearted converts, who have learned something of what it is to worship God in the spirit. They often sit upon the mat in native style and listen attentively to the truth. The peculiarity of an Indian congregation is that it is more restless and informal than in Canada. It would provoke a smile, and possibly something worse, if half of a Canadian audience should get up one after another at various times during the service to go outside for the purpose of expectorating, yawning, etc. A heathen audience is far more restless and informal. All the distractions of a barn-yard or public street come in to affect this service. People are often on their way to their work, with pot, plow, axe, or spade in hand. They linger for a few minutes and suddenly when one starts they all go like a flock of sheep, leaving the preacher in the middle of a sentence. The heathen congregation is never "dressed for church" and is decidedly subject to whims. Questions are asked and answered on both sides quite freely. They know nothing about "sticking to the text," and so the preacher is sometimes led far afield in many directions, but manages to get back quickly to the story of the Cross before the congregation scatters.

4. In case you are sick do you have access to a good doctor?

Yes we have in almost all of the larger towns a Government Dispensary and Hospital, in charge of a medical officer (native or Eurasian) who has studied three or four years in a Medical College and probably is as qualified as the average country doctor in Canada. Each district has one European medical officer residing in the head town of the district. His services are available at times when needed. Dentists, unfortunately, are 500 or 600 miles away and their charges exorbitant as a rule.

5. Is monogamy the law in that country?

The Hindus seldom have more than one wife, and according to Hindu law only one wife is legally recognized, I think. Among the lower classes men sometimes have two wives, each living in a different house. In this case the husband generally "boards around" among his wives turn about.

## A QUESTION BOX.

It has been suggested that a question box be started for the purpose of getting more definite information with regard to the every-day experiences of our missionaries in their work, the condition of the heathen, their country and their religion, etc. Bro. Beals, of Canso, suggests that the questions with the appended replies be published in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, so that all readers of the paper may be benefited thereby. I am sending this week a few questions that he sent to me. If the editor agrees to this plan we might continue it regularly and it might be productive of much interest and profit. I am not authorized to say so, but I presume that all our missionaries would be glad to receive questions and forward the answers. Will those who wish information kindly forward the questions to us? Now is the chance for old and young to get information of a definite kind. When you send your questions we would enjoy a friendly letter as well. The past year I have heard from a good many and their letters have been a real treat.

Yours in His service,

W. V. HIGGINS.

Tekkali, Ganjam District, India, August 14, 1899.

[\*We shall be pleased to assist in carrying out the plan here proposed.—ED. M. AND V.]

## Why Don't You go to Church?

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Why don't you go to church?" For a long time it was the custom of the American people to lay all the blame for this non-attendance upon the meeting-house. It was so stuffy. No ventilation. Man couldn't breathe. Air bad enough to poison a cat. But by and by, as it dawned upon the man himself that he could—and on occasion, say several times during a space of period—he did confine himself at a political caucus or a ward meeting into a room with one door and no window, in an atmosphere reeking with tobacco smoke from such pipes as no man would want to remember long enough to describe, human perspiration and garments of all sorts and conditions of labor, it begins to impress itself upon his intellect that this ventilation excuse was not better than none.

And the woman singer began to see the inconsistency of this plea on her part, when everybody knew, long before she found it out herself, that she lived in a jail of her own construction when she was at home; that she shut every ray of sunshine from her house, lest it fade the carpets and drapery; and excluded every breath of air lest the dust come in with it, and that she had such a horror of what is known as "night air," as though there was any other kind of air on earth between sunset and sunrise—that so far as fresh air was concerned she went to sleep every night in a bottle, carefully pulling the cork in after her.

Man and woman would sit for two or three hours in a theatre crowded to suffocation, lighted to sunstroke temperature, the atmosphere a mixture of heat and glare and breath, with a little dash of dust from the stamping feet of the people who express their feelings with the things that sensible people walk upon, and now and then a faint sensuous—but not too sensuous—odor of some "between-the-acts" perfume, brought back from an "interview" by the citizen who goes out "to see a man." And after a few years as these people came now and again into the experience of a meeting house Sunday morning; as they noticed the chastened light softly stealing through the high windows, awakening the beauty of the art and the holiness of the story which the stained glass whispered as the sunlight touched it with creative beams; as they sat in the hallowed silence, with the scented coolness of the night still lingering in the morning-time; as the tender notes of the organ came creeping into the stillness, soft, gentle, soothing; a balm for the ache in the heart, an anodyne for the wearied brain, distracted with the clamor and discord of the busy week; as the trained voices rose in the exquisite melody and harmony of some uplifting hymn—so different from the "topical song" of the sidewalk and concert hall, mingled with the slang of the slums—people began to be ashamed, for the sake of their own reputation for good taste to complain of the discomforts of the "meeting house."

So the preacher may as well make up his mind to bear the blame for all this non-attendance upon church services. Somehow or other the people have alighted upon the fact. It is the preacher's fault. He knows better than any one else can know wherein is his weakness or his strength. He is only a man. And there are unsuccessful lawyers, and doctors who are lamentable failures, and poets who deserve early death, and merchants who are successful only in bankruptcy, and school teachers who should only be sent back to the kindergarten, and singers who should be auctioneers, and journalists who should be trying to learn to pound sand. And so also there are preachers whose only sphere of usefulness might lie in dispersing a mob, or in obstinate cases of chronic insomnia. But there has resulted this one good from the many years' discussion of this question. The non church goer has so far absorbed the beneficent influence of the Gospel that he has quit lying about it, and gives, at last, the true reason for remaining away from church. He doesn't like the preacher. That's a good, honest reason. But there are good reasons for bad things. A man may jump overboard because he's tired of the ship. That's a good, honest reason, and it may cure the man's seasickness. But as it drowns him just the same, it's hard to see what the man has gained by being honest with himself. Honesty is a virtue, but it isn't all the virtues. The man would have lived to get ashore if he had lied about it, and said he loved to be seasick, and remained aboard the ship. The best thing for him to have done was to have told the truth about it, and said he hated to be seasick, and still remained aboard.

So, also, you had better go to church today, and next Sunday, and the Sunday after that, and keep it up whether you like it or not. The quinine the preacher gives you is good for you, although it is bitter as worm-wood. If you are the kind of man or woman I think you are—that is, if you are like all the other men and women I have ever known in all my life, irrespective of class, condition, age, sex or color, you need a little plain talking to once or twice a week. You are not so good as you think you are—not that, either, for you are fully and exactly as good as you think you are—but you are not half so good as you would like the rest of us to be.