

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

French Mission.

HEBRON, Dec. 16th, 1859.

Dear Brethren and Friends of the French Mission, I am requested by the Board of the Acadian Mission, to bring before you our present embarrassment. At a meeting of the Board held in this place last Wednesday, it was announced that the treasury is empty, the Missionary is in part unpaid. How then shall we proceed? Our Missionary must eat, drink, and wear as well as other men, so also must his family be cared for. Will not the brethren, and sisters—friends of the Mission, of God, and abased humanity, lend a helping hand to remove this embarrassment? As a Board, we are loath to employ an agent. One cannot travel and toil unless remunerated, which materially exhausts what he collects. If the churches will look after the matter—take up collections, or in some other way gather up what they can and remit to the treasurer of the Board, the expenses of an agent will be saved—the brethren of the Board will be relieved from anxiety—and the missionary saved from difficulty. It is also thought by some that the time has come when we should have another labourer as a colporteur in the field. We have, however, no funds, and cannot employ one without some reasonable prospect of being able to remunerate him.

The religious aspect of our Mission is rather pleasing—much that we expected is being realized. The determined opposition of the Priests is quite active. And why should it not be? They have the mass of the people, so in darkness that now they easily manage them, binding their conscience, prescribing their devotions, exacting large sums of money for masses, marriages, funerals, &c., enriching themselves and impoverishing the people. As the light of Heaven shines into the souls of those people, this state of things must change. The Priests will get less money, have less power, be less feared, and more pitied. The strong man in the gospel kept his palace, and his goods were in peace, but when a stronger came, he began to show his malignant disposition, and did not yield until compelled to submit. This is the time for the Priests to be active, light begins to shine—the spirit to move, Christians begin to feel, to pray, to work, and the truth begin to be received,—and prayer to be offered free from the bonds and fetters of a printed formula, or the aid of beads or Latin cognomens.

Why then, be disheartened if tens and hundreds, have not from amongst these people, become living loving, intelligent disciples of Christ, known and read of all men. Our mission is but in its infancy; struggling for life, as well as endeavouring to diffuse life amongst a numerous population having strong prejudices. We have but one missionary to conduct a school, visit the people, and to some extent collect funds. And if it were not that God is all powerful and able to bless the most feeble instrumentality, certainly we could not expect much to be done. How stand we in this matter, dear brethren? Have we as Christians done all that we individually could to bless this people? Much you can do without once visiting the field. Though some of you perhaps never saw one of those people nor heard them speak, you can do much, though you never leave your quiet homes, or quit your honorable and necessary occupations, as missionaries. Have you not access to the throne of heavenly grace? And have you not faith as a grain of mustard seed? Have you remitted to the treasurer, all the pence, shillings, or pounds, that you could? And do you understand the gospel commission as it is? Bear in mind that this mission is no new experiment on our part, much less on the part of Heaven.

God commands us to preach the gospel to every living creature, as well as designs it to be done, and though there is a side to his designs which we can neither see nor comprehend, there is also a side which is plain and practical, and which is apparent in the missionary organizations and operations that at present abound. Let us gather to ourselves the conviction deep, strong, and expansive that God is in this mission, and then our affections will take a firm and abiding hold of it,—prayer for it will be more frequent and warm, with a sense of our position and our duty, and our faith will be such as God looks upon with complacency and blessing. Such being the case, opposition will not discourage,—want of large success will not dishearten,—the labor to turn souls to God will not be regarded as an experiment. We will be thankful to God for all that He accomplishes by us, or in any other way in his cause, but will not rest satisfied until, his righteousness go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth.

W. A. GOSWELL, Secy.

For the Christian Messenger.

Female Education.

IS IT GOING TO DIE?

What! can it be that the long talked of, anxiously contemplated Female Seminary, is about to die, yea, is already dead and buried? It has never lived, says one. It has lived; it still lives in many a noble heart; it is yet to become a living reality.

Yes, the question—shall a Female Seminary be built?—may be regarded as settled. When, how, and where, are the points that remain to be disposed of.

But what has become of all our "Seniors," of "Aliquis," of "Abel," of "Hors," of him who was so "deeply interested," of "Literary Amicus," "Observer," "Viator," and a host of others whose names have appeared in public, if not in print? Where too are the results of all the public meetings lately convened at Berwick, Pleasant Valley, Cornwallis? Where are the five hundred pounds, said to have been subscribed by the "dwellers" in Berwick? Has the Committee appointed to obtain a "hundred subscribers," performed its trust? No response. All dead? No, I hear a "still small voice" whispering "we are not dead, but sleeping, soon to wake with redoubled vigor." Well, 'tis said, the World has its seasons of sleeping and waking, of activity and repose. It is only to be regretted that she sometimes lies in bed too late in the morning, and thereby misses the resplendent glories of the rising sun.

But to return to Nova Scotia's daughters. We have said they must be educated; we will regard this point as settled. The next inquiry that arises is—When? Many parts of the Province respond, Now. Liverpool has nobly said—now; other places join in the echo. Fond parents respond now; fair daughters, with throbbing hearts and buoyant hopes,—say, and many noble sons catch up the sound, and reiterate that soul-stirring, mountain-moving, thief-of-time-killing, word—now. Yes, build an Institution at once, say they; our hearts and hands will cheerfully join in the work.

But I hear a few, with somewhat feeble utterance, saying we do not think the Province quite prepared for it. Let us have some preparatory schools first, and in this way and by other means prepare the minds of the people. It is to be hoped no selfish motives lie at the bottom of this remark. Taking it for granted that they who entertain such opinions, are purely disinterested, how many years of preparation do they think will be required?

But how is the Seminary to be built? By the prayers, benevolent, self-denying exertions, liberal contributions of the friends of Education and Religion. We say prayer is needed. Oh there is a mighty power in prayer. Many of the oldest and most prospered Institutions of the neighboring Union were founded in prayer. Our own Acadia too is no less "a child" of prayer, than "of Providence."

Another question suggests itself—Where shall the Seminary be erected? This is a disputed point, already much discussion has arisen which might perhaps have been spared. At the last public meeting in Berwick, if I am correctly informed, a resolution was passed, fixing upon Berwick as the site. If however one may judge from the tone of feeling, it appears that the majority of those who have talked, written, and thought of the contemplated Institution are of opinion that there are other places more eligible. A recent writer in the Messenger inquired if Hantsport was not more "inland" than Berwick. I suppose he must have meant that Berwick is nearer the main road. But certainly in the stricter sense of the term "inland," Hantsport has the advantage of Berwick, as it borders on the sea-coast, and with regard to its vicinity to the main road there is little difference, besides one coach is expected shortly to pass through Hantsport daily. It is, however, idle to think of any site being unanimously selected by a public meeting, or even by a hundred subscribers which has been the proposal of some.

One of two plans might perhaps be adopted. Call a public meeting and let that meeting choose some five or six disinterested individuals of superior judgment, and empower them to fix upon a site the most eligible. Or let some place, Hantsport for example, start up of its own accord, procure as large subscriptions as possible in its own vicinity, tell the people they are about commencing to build a Female Seminary, and then invite others to help them. Will not Hantsport follow on this latter suggestion. If so, she may be pretty sure of success, as a beautiful site is there attainable, and perhaps on the whole Hantsport is the most central, the most desirable place.

I may just add that I have it from good authority, that a very suitable Superintendent for such

Institution may be obtained,—a man who already has the confidence of the Denomination, is probably a thorough business man, and is withal one of our first preachers.

One word more. Will not the ladies aid in pleading their own cause? Shall not the Christian Messenger be honored with some of their contributions? O there is a magic power in woman's pen. Indeed with her sympathies and untiring efforts in any noble cause, success is sure. Then let us have your aid, both in word and deed, and let not Ichabod be early written on this glorious embryo enterprise.

I think it is time real signatures appeared at the close of communications on the above subject. If the ladies and some of our leading men would come out in the Messenger with their own names subscribed to their articles, no doubt a sensation would be immediately produced. But as my name could add nothing to the weight of this communication and as I have withal a slight touch of the bashful, I prefer still remaining somewhat in the dark, and therefore very respectfully subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

GULIELMUS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Cape Canseau.

MR. EDITOR, As any information respecting one's native land is always doubly gratifying to a rightly exercised mind, I presume that a few brief statistics relative to the natural position, and general interests of this locality, may not be unacceptable to the generality of your readers; and without further precursory observations, I shall at once advert to its

NATURAL ASPECT.

The reader will discover by reference to the map that it constitutes the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia Proper; but in order to form any adequate conception of the multifarious scenes of interest, and exquisite beauty with which nature's skill has adorned it, he must ascend the Chapel Hill on a calm and cloudless day, and gaze—as no lover of nature can fail to do—with admiration around him.

No richly cultivated fields blooming with vegetation will meet his eye. Its soil—though little inferior to any in the province—is not the home of the agriculturist,—its situation has adapted it to another interest. But he will find it not destitute of objects of attraction, as well as of interest; it everywhere abounds with romantic and picturesque scenery. Beneath and around him are long sloping hills richly decorated with green shrubbery, grass, and wild flowers, copiously interspersed with granite rocks, their bright summits sparkling in the rays of the sun, and throwing additional lustre on the delicate plants that bloom around them.

Looking beyond its boundaries in a southern and eastern direction, as far as the eye can reach—save the Light-house, seated on its beacon isle, and a few half sunken rocks upon which the breakers foam with angry violence,—nought but the wide waste of waters meets his gaze, the unchecked billows breaking heavily upon its bosom, or rushing with monotonous roar upon the iron-bound coast.

Turning to the opposite direction, the eye is met by old Chedabucto's wide expanse, its mirror-like surface dotted with boats of every description, manned with eager pursuers of its finny denizens, or alive with shipping bounding hither and thither towards their respective destinations. Beyond, at a distance of from 15 to 20 miles—due north, is Cape Breton, its forest crowned hills towering above the angry billows that roll between. Situated on a moderate eminence is the village of Arichat, the most conspicuous object in which is an immense Catholic chapel, its massive spire extending high above every surrounding object, as if conscious of its superiority over them all.

To the N. W. at the distance of 20 miles he may see the entrance of Canso Strait,—21 miles in length, separating Nova Scotia from Cape Breton by a natural boundary, and connecting in a wonderful manner the waters of the Chedabucto Bay and Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The harbor, itself, is singularly formed by an island situated about half a mile from the main, and stretching one and a half miles east and west, leaving an opening at each end, so that vessels of any size bound either way may pass right through with every safety and convenience. A little further to the westward there is another larger island separated from the main by a narrow channel called the Tintid. It is only deep enough in some parts to allow small fishing craft to pass through at high water; but affords inestimable convenience to the swarms of fishermen who yearly resort thither to avail themselves of the treasures of the sea. There is much more

of interest worth describing, but I will now pass on to notice

ITS POPULATION.

Extensive of the hundreds who live here only in the summer season, or during what the fishermen call the voyage, its population does not exceed five hundred; about one half of whom only are Roman Catholics. It has been on the decrease rather than otherwise for the last few years, owing to the partial failure of the fisheries, and other causes.

It is not safe for one to say much about his neighbors in these days, when he is watched with an eagle's eye, and therefore to avoid exciting jealousy on the one hand and irascibility on the other, I shall forego any further remarks at present respecting the inhabitants of Canso in general, and the Baptist proportion of them in particular, and will close this article with a brief glance at its—

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS.

Considering its very limited extent of population, and other natural disadvantages, the aggregate amount of business transacted annually in Cape Canso is almost incredible. I am not in possession of statistical information sufficient to form an exact estimate; but I am prepared to state on good authority that it does not amount to less, on an average, than £150,000. The staple exports consist of Fish and Oil; and amount annually to about the following items:—39,000 bbls. Pickled Fish; 40,000 Quinfa's Dry do., and 1000 bbls. of Oil.

The annual imports by the enterprising business men of this place are by no means inconsiderable. Of flour alone they do not amount to less than 15,000 bbls., and of salt from 8,000 to 10,000 lbs.; besides vast quantities of other merchandise in endless variety distributed among the inhabitants along the coast.

The reader will, doubtless, be surprised when I add that in connection with all its advantages it is entirely destitute of a road on which it is possible to travel either with comfort or safety. But even here a spirited commencement has been made, and encouraging progress realized; and if our Government,—whose liberal aid in this matter we have already participated in to a considerable extent,—will continue to bestow upon us one half of the favour that Providence has done; even this difficulty will soon be obviated, and Cape Canso will be second to few places of its size in the Province of Nova Scotia.

I am Sir, very truly yours,

J. C. HURD.

Canso, Dec. 25th, 1856.

For the Christian Messenger.

French Mission. Obituary Notice of Charles Belliveau. Good work at Pubnico.

For the satisfaction of the friends and contributors to our Mission and Mission-house, it may be well to mention, that some weeks since, a report of the present state and prospects of our Mission, as also of our agency as far as Horton, for collecting funds, was presented for publication, which report has never appeared. The amount of contributions was presented, as also the larger donations of certain individuals. Among these were the names of Rev. N. Cyr, of Montreal, bro. Charles Pitkney, of Yarmouth, bro. Rainsforth, Cornwallis, bro. Potter, Clements, &c. For the encouragement of all the friends of our noble object, we found every where we had the hearty good will of the people, though in many cases their purses were empty, not having at that time been replenished by the return of Autumn.

We hope that the interest which has been awakened in behalf of our Acadian neighbours, will be aroused yet more and more, and that in place of a solitary missionary, we may have missionaries scattered abroad in all parts of this field, who may co-operate with and mutually aid each other.

Are we debtors to the Heathen, the Mussulman, and the Jew? So are we to the Papist. So are we to the descendants of the former possessors of Nova Scotia. At the time of the expulsion of the French from this country, their number was about 16,000. There is at the present time about the same number in N. S. proper.

Let us earnestly and seriously ask ourselves the question, how can we pay to these 16,000 the heavy debt we owe them. The land once owned by their fathers, cannot be restored. But whilst we cannot make a material reparation, we can make a substantial one. We can give to the children an equivalent for that of which their fathers were dispossessed, we can give them as far and as fast as they will receive it, instruction and knowledge. We can give them the means of education, afford them every facility of rising above their present state of ignorance and in-