

of some interest to others. Intending to make a short visit to Antigonish, we left our field of labour, travelling in company with a small party, one of whom was an Episcopal Minister. The road though rough and mountainous, appeared pleasant by reason of the conversation which beguiled the way. Length of time will never efface from the tablets of memory, the associations of earlier days. They will still cling to us amidst every changing scene; whether there is a peculiar charm connected with piety when found with gentlemanly courtesy, or that old associations are the most permanent, peculiar pleasure is enjoyed by religious conversation under such circumstances, and it was with some regret that we parted from our friends in Tracadie, purposing to bestow upon the children of Ethiopia some religious services. Nothing comes to the eye of the stranger with more pleasure than the prospect of *Tracadie*, a French settlement in Sydney County, with only one Protestant in all its extent, after travelling twenty miles through the desert. Here are fields rivalling in beauty and fertility the far-famed arable land of Horton or Cornwallis. What say the Western Farmers to this fact? That one of their class in this out-of-the-way nook of Nova Scotia, raises on his farm three hundred bushels of oats, one hundred and thirty bushels of wheat, cuts eighty tons of hay on an upland farm, and has seventy head of cattle. Wonders! you may exclaim, but it is no less strange than true. We stopped at the Inn, where a most hospitable reception was given, and leaving a few tracts and papers, pursued our way.

This little spot should be regarded rich in Ecclesiastical associations. If a journey to Iona, could awaken such thoughts in the bosom of the great Leviathan of English literature, Dr. Johnson, what must be the emotions of the pious Catholics living in a spot hallowed as sacred ground, where may be found a monastery of Trappist Monks, and a holy sisterhood of Nuns. My Protestant feelings did not prevent me from visiting both institutions, and a short description of them may be interesting to your youthful readers, who have heard so many marvels about nunneries.

A large pile of irregular buildings meets the eye, with their snowy whiteness, surrounded by fields equal in cultivation to the farm which I have described, on which the Holy Sisters work with commendable industry. Their time is not wholly occupied by counting their beads, or chanting their orisons to their patron saint, but school teaching, spinning, and all the economies of domestic economy take up their attention. The lady abbess is a woman proverbial for her hospitality, though her obesity did not prove the asceticism of her life. There is a calm placidity about the establishment which is soothing to the soul, and conversing with one of the sisterhood about Jesus and her own hopes of immortality, her replies led me to believe that piety, true vital religion might dwell here. We took a few turns round their beautiful garden, and were ushered into their chapel. There is an indescribable feeling which steals over the soul on entering a Catholic chapel. The dim religious light, the decorations of the altar, the many remembrances of the Saviour, all tend to lead captive the outward senses, when gazing upon the beautiful paintings of a crucified, dead and risen Jesus, the thoughts soar upward to his throne of glory, and the beautiful lines come to the mind,—

"Jesus knows thy silent weeping,  
When before his throne you bow,  
Never, never is he sleeping  
Where he reigns in glory now.

If the world be dark before thee,  
All thy soul with terror fill,  
If its billows roll o'er thee,  
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still."

If these feelings are awakened by the first glance of a Catholic chapel, a stricter scrutiny soon dispels the religious emotion. How truly is the old adage verified, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In near proximity are little wax dolls and plaster images of the Virgin Mary, and tawdry lace trimmings, an affecting contrast to the grand solemnity of our Lord's death. I was guilty of a breach of good manners in commencing a controversy on *Mariolatry* before the high altar, but was most politely checked by the attendant priest. I suppose it would have been the same had I been in the Vatican of Rome or St. Peter's, surrounded by the Pope and his cardinals, instead being in a Peaceful Nunnery in Tracadie, Nova Scotia, in the near vicinity of a jovial looking abbess and her bevy of fair nuns. A piano in one of the rooms was a treat to the eye, though I did not hear it discourse sweet music, that must be in reserve for a future visit; so bidding "Farewell," I rode away pleased with having

a little episode in one's travels, by a visit to a Nunnery.

I had well nigh forgotten the skeleton of a martyred saint sent by his Holiness, as coming from the Catacombs of Rome, which is regarded with religious veneration, and placed under the altar in a glass case.

THE MONASTERY OF LE TRAPPE.

Passing through a gate opposite the aforesaid Institution, the first object I encountered was an old man dressed most strangely, in a long white robe like a gown, down to his heels, with a black hood, belt round his waist and key, old straw hat, and unshaven. I paused a moment, taken aback, as the saying is, when it at once occurred to me, this is a Trappist monk. Having accosted him, I intimated to him my intention to visit his domain, to which he gave assent by a courteous salutation. It was Father Francke, the superior of the order.

Pursuing my way a little distance, I came to a mass of old buildings in a delapidated state, the very reverse of the nunnery situated in a hollow surrounded by rugged hills. As I approached the gate, the name of Luther occurred to me, and in my mind I ran over his history, as a monk. Now I am going to see the reality. A tall man met me, dressed in a similar manner, in a white flannel robe. I expected the utmost taciturnity in my visit, but lo, and behold! a warm hearted Irishman, with the manners of a Frenchman, met me as Janitor of the Monastery. We went over every part of the building, traversed the long cloisters, inspected the Library, and amongst many French, German and Latin books, detected one of Baxter's works. Had I, Mr. Editor, Brother Rand's faculty of embellishing. I might fill many sheets with what transpired during my visit. After seeing all there was to be seen, and gathering a bunch of pansies in their garden, I passed away, shaking hands with my Hibernian friend, who expressed a hope that we might shake hands in heaven. After asking me if I was married, he expressed his intention to pray to St. Benedict that your humble correspondent might become a Trappist Monk! *Oh tempora, O mores!!*

JOHN BOWDEN OF TRACADIE.

I am now about to come in contact with other intelligences, and if the fertility of Tracadie astonished, me I was more surprised to find in this brother's establishment every comfort with true Christian hospitality, though a son of Africa. Think of this, ye children of Ethiopia in Nova Scotia, that one of your race has a fine farm, lives in a comfortable style, has a good stock of cattle, and superintends the religious exercises of a large body of colored Christians, once numbering one hundred members, without fee or reward, whose life is consistent, and where Baptist ministers find a cordial welcome.

After stopping a day, during which I had three meetings, in which the disciples spoke with much feeling, we had truly a good time. The Holy Spirit was there. After singing the Union hymn, we parted, having most delightful sensations of spiritual enjoyment. Christianity is a great leveler. When influenced by its spirit, all distinctions are forgotten. We regard our poor brother equally as the rich. The feelings of the soul transcend the bounds of time, and we love all the Lord's people, irrespective of race or color. What a vast gathering from all lands will be before the throne! The Red-man of the forest will be there, the swarthy Hindoo, the sable African, the polished European,—all, all of the sacramental Host of God's Elect.

"Oh glorious hour, Oh blest abode."

Missionary labour is much required here. If one of our junior ministers could teach and preach, a most desirable locality could be found in Ship Harbour, in Mr. Paint's family a good salary would be given to teach a few pupils, and Tracadie might be reached, with the small Baptist interest at the Strait. After leaving my dear brethren of Tracadie, I wended my way to another settlement, called Little River. Here a high state of cultivation is apparent. I had not time to get a meeting, no Baptists reside here, but a most hospitable home was found in the residence of Mr. James Randall. After enjoying a most fraternal interview with the resident minister, (Episcopal) I pursued my journey. South River is passed, and here we are in Antigonish, with its College and Schools, its chapels and long array of Priesthood. And here we find the residence of our old friend and Brother Whidden, comfortable as ever. The incidents occurring here, with a description of the place, will be reserved for future jottings.

COSTLY GOSPEL.—A pew in St. John's Chapel, New York, has been sold recently, for the sum of \$7,500—a sum sufficient to buy a handsome house and grounds.

Letter from New York.

VISIT TO A SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

Dear Mr. Editor.—This being the third day of the Spiritual Convention in this city, which commenced its settings on Saturday, I send a few brief notes taken at one of the meetings. At 7 o'clock we proceeded by special invitation to the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute, No. 14, Fourth Avenue. The congregation was composed of both sexes. As we entered we could overhear the words Spiritual, Spirits, Sphere, &c. Amongst those present were a number of most venerable looking men with a great profusion of hair in the form of beards and mustachios, of all forms. A few ladies were dressed in the bloomer costume looking downcast and solemn, as if holding converse with spirits. In a short time Mrs. Kenney, the President, from Boston, announced that the hour had come for the service to commence and therefore read in an emphatic manner a portion from the Sermon in the mount, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven" &c. She appeared calm and collected and without hesitation or embarrassment conducted the opening services. After repeating the Lord's prayer the Spiritualists joined in a hymn commencing, "Spirits bright, Spirits are ever near." I pass over the President's Speech by merely saying that she occupied the rostrum and proceeded to thank the Spirits for the honor conferred upon one so unworthy, especially did she feel the the honour of the position since this was the first organized and legally constituted Convention of the practical Spiritualists, which had ever been held in the wicked and God-forsaken city of New York, which place she described as at present in a state of anarchy, confusion, and threatened bloodshed. Her only wonder was that the spirits of departed saints had not ere this descended upon and consumed the wicked and unbelieving people of this second Sodom. The speech was an earnest appeal to all true Spiritualists to come forward and aid in the great work of bringing all the discordant elements of unbelief and heresy into one sheep-fold. The great day for this to be accomplished she hoped was not far distant.

The question considered at this meeting was, "Have persons in the spirit life unfolded any models of their purposes and their plans?"

Mr. Sheldon was announced, who took the stand, and proceeded to state that the spirits had communicated the intelligence that certain plates of metal should be connected, and points of wire arranged so as to produce motion. Persons in the spirit life feel confident that electricity can be so applied as to propel ships with greater power and more economy than by steam. Nations, said he, shall be able to communicate with each other without the aid of wire or submarine cables. Even planets shall hold a mental communication. He went on to say that a model society should one day be constructed where each one will enjoy perfectly equal rights—the spirits had revealed it, &c. &c. Mr. Hammet then took the stand, and exhibited a model of a new electric theory of a proposed new motive power, also a model of a new electrical ship. After he had concluded his eloquent and interesting remarks, Stephen Perl Andrews took the rostrum to explain the difference between perpetual motion as understood by the spiritualists and the people generally, but it will encroach too much on your time and patience to repeat.

Mr. Owens also expressed the importance and grandeur of the conception—it could only have come, he said, from a world or sphere beyond ours. Mrs. Orvis spoke of Swedenborg as one of the most scientific men of the world, and he obtained his knowledge by direct intercourse with spirits, Dr. Davis, and a number of others, very talented and highly educated also addressed the meeting. So that you perceive science is no guarantee against deception. A large delegation from Boston and other States being present, they are to continue through the week, and are to discuss a secular subject next Lord's day, viz. Commerce. So much for American law.

Last evening I attended a meeting of the City Temperance Alliance in the Assembly's Rooms. Attendance large and very respectable. Addressed by a number of gentlemen. The Honorable Horace Greely was amongst the Speakers. Gough has given his last lecture this week, previous to his sailing for Europe. Last Sabbath I heard the Spurgeon of America, Henry W. Beecher, who possesses the happy faculty of making his congregation both laugh and cry alternately. I also enjoyed the privilege of hearing the Rev. Mr. Green, formerly of Halifax, N. S. He preached an admir-

ble sermon and baptized two believers. The Baptist Anniversaries have just been held. I am at a loss for the C. Messenger. Send it to my address. By so doing you will much oblige Yours respectfully,  
WILLIAM HOBBS.

May 26th, 1857.

Notes of a Tourist from Halifax, on the Continent of Europe.

[No. 1.]  
MARSEILLES, March 22, 1857.

I wrote you by last mail of my intention of making this excursion. We put it in execution by leaving London last Tuesday afternoon, at 4 1/2, for Dover. We left next day for Calais, at 11, a. m., crossing the Channel in two hours, and thence at 2, p. m., for Paris, arriving there at 10 1/2 same night. We went to the new Hotel "Le Grand Hotel de Louvre"—and a grand Hotel it certainly is. The "St. Nicholas" cannot compare with it either in size or magnificence of fitting up. It occupies a whole square—has three courts inside, covered over with glass roofs, where horses and carriages drive in. The dining saloon is the most splendid thing of the kind in the world for chandeliers, mirrors, gilding and fresco painting, etc. The charges are so much for room, and meals as you have them. The price of rooms varies according to floor; we had the second, 3s. stg. a night. There is a table d' hote if you like to dine there, and of course every body does to see the sight. Paris is almost like a new city, even since I was there two years ago; but we only stopped a day and could not see much of it. The day we were there was a holiday, given in middle of Lent, on which a sort of carnival is held. The streets were filled with people in masquerade. In the evening there was a grand masquerade ball at the opera house, to which we went, and felt rather dull at starting next morning early for Lyons. We arrived there (300 miles south of Paris) at 9 1/2, p. m., and staid there the following day, as there is a great deal of historical interest of the Revolutionary times, connected with that city. Lyons contains about 300,000 inhabitants and is the largest silk manufacturing town in the world. It is most romantically situated in a valley, between the two celebrated rivers, the Rhone and Saone, which unite a short distance below the town. As the Rhone empties into the Mediterranean, we skirted this river to-day, to within 17 miles of Marseilles which is 200 miles from Lyons. The banks and scenery are full of interest and magnificent prospects. You see Alps occasionally, and ruins of castles here and there, some of which are as old as the times of the Romans, while the whole country is a perfect vineyard and olive grove. We saw, however, a great deal of the devastation caused by the recent overflow of the Rhone. At Lyons there is a hill called Tourvieille over-topping the town, which we went up, and from which in a clear day you can see Mont Blanc—unfortunately the weather was cloudy. We went through the Hospital—the largest in France,—having 1800 patients—the City Hall, Museum, etc., and saw the square where Collet d' Hectois, the Revolutionary Tyrant, used to massacre his victims by bringing them out chained in gangs of 60 and firing grape shot into them. He killed 2100 in this way.

As we have only arrived here at 4 this afternoon, I cannot tell you much about Marseilles; but will add something to it before closing this letter. We leave to-morrow at midnight, and arrive at Naples at 12 noon of Thursday, 26th inst. We shall stay a week there, and then go to Rome—taking the route by steamer to Port d' Angelo, and thence by stage to Rome, arriving in about 20 hours. There are three or four land routes, but some dangerous from robbers, and some from malaria. We shall be in Rome during Holy-week, including Good-Friday, Easter Sunday, etc., which is the great time to be there. I will get a piece of palm baptized by the Pope for —, and will write you again from Florence, where we shall probably arrive in about 3 weeks from now. From Florence we shall probably go to Milan, thence to Trieste, thence to Vienna, thence to Dresden, thence to Berlin, thence to Mayence on the Rhine, and down the River to Dusseldorf, thence by rail to Brussels and Waterloo, and over to London.

There are lines of Railways, with the exception of a very few miles, to and from all these places, and the journey is now one of very little fatigue and danger. It does not compare with a trip from New York to Boston.

Monday, March 23, 1857.  
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