

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Jottings by the Way.

[No. 1]

"When I remember all the friends So linked together I've seen around me fall Like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone Some banquet hall deserted: Some lights are fled, whose garland's dead, And all but me departed."

The sentiment contained in these beautiful lines gave a coloring to the train of sad reflections pervading the bosom of the writer, to whom the world has been a lasting storm, where a few glimpses of sunshine have been enjoyed, and where we find that the smile and the tear occur in constant variety; but the heart soon accommodates itself to new relations and new circumstances, and the anticipations of hope invest the future with an imaginary good. It is a wise arrangement of our nature that there is this peculiar disposition to forget the past, and to look onward to a glorious future, but it is not wise to lose sight of those lessons which, though painful in their discipline, are mercifully intended to mould our hearts for a more exalted condition.

"We have not time to mourn. Eternity mourns that; 'tis a sad cure for life's worst ills To have in time to feel them, Where sorrow's held obtrusive and shut out, There wisdom will not enter."

We are standing on the deck of the Steamer, surrounded by a numerous company of passengers, bound for the Athens of America. The capital of Nova Scotia is fading from the view, and busy, meddlesome memory, alas! too faithful to its trust, is bringing up olden times and former associations: Where is S—? He is now in glory,—far removed from this world of sin, where his sun of prosperity will never go down, and where the storms of life will be forever hushed. Departed spirit! thy nature was too noble for the contact of this lower world, too pure for those discordant elements which mar the harmony of man's better principles. He, whose soul was brought to Jesus by your instrumentality, is struggling on amidst the stern realities of life, looking forward to a happy reunion in the mansions above. And where is C—, with his lofty and disinterested principles, too unsuspecting to imagine that there was ought but honour and honesty in the breasts of all? How many vicissitudes darken the pathway of life! how many sorrows cast their mantle of gloom over the brightest visions of hope, and others remain. A short voyage does not afford many incidents worthy of note, yet, to the mind of a solitary man, events simple in themselves may afford room for profitable meditation, and whilst sitting at the stern of the boat during the fearful storm which arose, one had an opportunity of beholding the ocean lashed by the blast, and contemplating the awful grandeur of the scene, though surrounded by so much danger. Below was sickness most distressing. Following in the wake of the steamer, a few stormy petrels might be seen resting on the waves, crested with foam. And whilst the narrow boat rocked like an egg-shell on the boisterous deep, the passengers were too much overcome with sea-sickness to heed their danger. A merciful intervention of Providence saved us from a watery grave. Running nine miles out of our course, we were going on to shipwreck and death, when the curtain of fog cleared away, disclosing the land. "There is Boston Light-house," were words of joy to us all, cooped up in that noble steamboat, which did her part so well. During that fearful gale, lives were lost, steamboats were forced to yield to the fury of the blast; but our intrepid captain pursued his way, and by the protecting care of a merciful God, and the superior skill of those in command, we are safe in port.

And this is Boston! The eye roams over the extended prospect, and, accustomed to see cities of moderate size, the mind feels the striking contrast. The dome of the State House towers up, and Banker Hill monument, of historic remembrances, rises up to the view in solitary grandeur. We remain some time paying head money—a tax peculiar to this country; (the justice of the custom may be questioned), but when one considers the tide of emigration flowing to these shores, and how much pauperism may be found in this great country—the home of the poor, a measure like this seems necessary to provide means for their support. Terra firma is now gained and an opportunity is afforded to see all that can be seen in this far famed city. Here the New England mind is best cultivated. Here may be found Institutions equalling if not surpassing any in the world for practical utility.

The first spot which arrested the attention was the Common—a large space of ground in the midst of the city,—and no place on this Continent can surpass this beautiful promenade, intersected by level walks, called *Malls*; trees of every description line the different avenues, and pumps of elegant structure are seen at different corners, where the weary traveller may lave his burning brow or slake his raging thirst. The most remarkable of the trees is *Liberty Tree*, famous in the Revolutionary war. It was truly a grand sight to behold ten thousand people covering the green slopes of Boston Common, to commemorate the first settlement of the city. There was music rolling out from three bands, with the booming of cannon keeping time to the strains, there was music beaten out from *anvils*, there was the martial array of volunteer regiments, and that vast crowd of well dressed people enjoying the scene. I confess I was surprised in seeing so much of *physical manhood* in New England, accustomed to see only the clock-pedlar or some other bad specimen of *Yankeeism* in the Provinces. The appearance of so much manly strength and womanly beauty is attractive; no drunkenness was visible, no profanity was heard; a large body of policemen mingled amongst the crowd, with the silver medal on their breasts, the badge of office, and indicating by their aspect that they occupied no mean caste in society, unlike the constable appearance of men of the same stamp with us. The crowd dispersed in the most orderly manner, many of whom poured into the noble building lately erected as a Public Library. There is nothing for which the New England people are so remarkable as their attachment for literature. This edifice, so gorgeous in its architecture, so classic in its embellishments, where the *utile* is combined with everything to refine the taste or to spread a charm over the pathway of literature, indicates the public sentiment of the Bostonians for knowledge; and as we walked through the spacious apartments and observed the busy throng though unknown to any individual, the sentiment of admiration was experienced towards them, men and women were alike interested. Reading Rooms were provided for both sexes, where all could sit down and enjoy an intellectual repast to their hearts content.

The females of New England are not those domestic *drudges* which mark the aspect of social life in the British Provinces, they are seen at all places of public resort, they take an equal interest in Lectures, Libraries, Lyceums, &c., and combining household duties with high intellectual culture, they must give an elevated tone to society, the results are very visible in this country.

The State House is a large edifice which will be visited, as a matter of course, by every stranger, and here I wended my way, mounting up the long circular flight of steps until I came to the dome; and what a splendid panorama of beauty and magnificence meets the eye from that lofty summit. Below may be seen the towns in the vicinity of Boston, steeples, towers, turrets, domes, and tall chimneys pass beneath the rapid gaze. In one direction may be seen Cambridge and Old Harvard; in another, Chelsea, East Boston, South Boston, and other localities connected with Boston proper by ferries or bridges; one building is pointed out, invested with a melancholy interest,—the brick edifice where Parkman was murdered, not connected with Harvard by its locality, but standing near the long bridge connecting the city with Cambridge; far away may be seen many smiling villages, whilst the many trees to be seen in every direction give the landscape a peculiar charm,—the Americans seem to have a strong attachment for trees, some of the most crowded thoroughfares of Boston are lined with them, and in the vicinity on the farms, around the villas, mansions and country residences may be seen the maple, weeping-willow, the elm and other forest and ornamental trees, and every thing marks a polished taste, an elegant simplicity well worthy the descendants of the Puritans. The Bostonians are remarkable for their courtesy to strangers, every question was answered with the most respectful deference, and when passing through the many public rooms in the State House, which is similar to our Province Building, as to its use or examining the archives of the Republic, or visiting its halls of public debate, a feeling of complacency is experienced on the part of the officials connected with the building, which seems to indicate that they are pleasure in showing their Institutions to the best advantage.

I will now close this article, hastily written. Many things may come under review which may be of some interest to the readers of the *Messenger*, and when one is observant of every thing he sees and hears, some good may be imparted.

Tea Meeting at Upper Economy.

The Tea Meeting which was held in Upper Economy on the 21st ult. was attended with much benefit and gave great encouragement to the Church. We were favoured with Addresses from various Clergymen and influential persons of other Denominations. About four hundred persons sat down to tea, and, by their happy countenances, seemed to say, they wished well to the cause. An excellent loving spirit prevailed amongst all. Though belonging to different sections of the Church of Christ, we manifested our love to all, and desired each others prosperity. We separated with good feelings and sincere love to all our friends who gave us their presence. The sum of £30 was realized, which was considered well for the times.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

Portauipique, Nov. 1st, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

JOSEPHINE B. STEVENS.

Dear Brother,—Our family circle was broken on the 12th instant by the death of our beloved daughter, Josephine B. Stevens, aged 23 years, after a short illness of three weeks. She died in the hope of a glorious resurrection, by faith in that gracious Saviour, whom she so much loved and faithfully served since she professed faith in his name—just three years before her body was consigned to the silent tomb. She "being dead yet speaketh." Her faithful admonitions and fervent prayers will not soon be forgotten; they have been blessed already, and will, we doubt not, be blessed to many more. She always took a part in the prayer-meeting, in which she manifested a deep interest. She saw that her time was short, for she had a presentiment that she would not live to the end of the year. Her mind became affected three or four days before her death, yet in intervals of reason it was her constant prayer that sinners might be saved. Her mind was stored with Scripture texts, psalms and hymns in almost endless variety. Well could she adopt the language of the poet:

"Yet while I feel my heart strings break, How sweet my minutes roll; A mortal paleness on my cheek, But glory in my soul."

Although when in health she never would sing, saying she was tuneless, the night before her death she sung two verses of her favorite hymn, commencing,

"Saviour visit thy plantation," &c.

with a clear and audible voice. The morning of the day on which she died she said "Christ was to some as a root out of a dry ground, but to me He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. O how lovely he is to me, precious, precious Saviour."

Our beloved child was asked, when we thought consciousness gone, if she felt Christ to be with her in the valley, she immediately replied, "O yes! I feel his arm soft and his hand tender, he comforts me; I am almost home." She was asked if she would not like to see Mr. Porter, under whose preaching she had received much good, "O yes," she replied, "but I will never see him on earth, I will meet him in heaven with all the rest of my dear friends, for I have an assurance that God is going to save all my brothers and sisters, and that we shall all meet again in heaven." She charged those of her friends who were members of the Church to adorn the profession they had made, and not bring a stain on the cause of Christ. She entreated her own family in particular not to grieve for her, for she was going to her dear, dear Saviour. She had a word of endearment for every one that stood round her dying bed.

For the encouragement of mothers to pray for their children, I may mention that this child was first led to pray by hearing her mother pray for her by name, when she thought none but God heard her.

Yours in Christian bonds,

JAMES W. STEVENS.

Forest Glen, Oct. 17th, 1858.

MRS. MATILDA ANN BELL,

Daughter of the late Captain Lesley, and the wife of Mr. John Ball, died October 4th, aged 33 years.

Death must not be regarded as an evil, although human love and affection rudely severed, elings to the lifeless clay, and in the first gush of grief refuses to be comforted. The death of the Christian is a precious dispensation, and when time has softened the anguish of bereaved hearts it becomes a blessing, drawing us gently by the chords of earthly love to a closer contemplation of and a better preparation for the rest that remains for the people of God. The subject of this notice united in her character the christian virtues in no ordinary degree, unaffected piety, charity without ostentation, and uprightness and sincerity towards every one. Devoted in her domestic relations, she was yet ever ready to sympathize with those in affliction, while an habitual cheerfulness of disposition, tempered by intelligence, endeared her to a numerous circle of friends.

Taken by an overruling providence at an early age from this scene of trials and suffering, her bereaved family are called to lament an irreparable loss. They have the consolation of knowing that her last thoughts rested on them. She was zealous and unyielding in christian principles; conferred not with flesh and blood: She was baptized by the Rev. George Richard-

son 14 years ago. She left seven children. To them her memory is sweet and precious. We sympathize deeply with the bereaved, especially with the now lone companion of her youth. But he does not mourn as those without hope. Beyond the grave hope lifts the veil, and faith points upwards to heavenly fields where he shall again be united with the lost on earth in an eternal companionship.—Communicated by Rev. H. Ross.

Religious Intelligence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from the Rev. T. Keillor.

MR. EDITOR,

Believing that many of the readers of your valuable paper are desirous of hearing of the progress of divine truth in this important field, I send you the following intelligence:

Since I returned from New Brunswick, Aug. 25th. I have had the pleasure of baptizing eleven willing converts, seven of whom were baptized at Lakeland,—some of them had to endure much persecution. Since then, the School-house, built and owned partially by Baptists, has been closed against them by the Trustees. But this is not the first time that Baptists have been driven from their possessions on account of their religious views. We trust it is all for the best. The Lord will bring good out of evil. "He will cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain." Three of the number were baptized at Diligent River. The little Church here, which was organized about a year ago, is doing well. A commodious Meeting-house, 34 by 40, is in progress of erection.—The outside will soon be finished. The contractors are accomplishing their work rapidly and well. I have engaged to raise one quarter of the expense. If I run short of funds I will have to beg a little. If, therefore, any friends wish to prevent me from that unpleasant necessity they will greatly oblige me by sending donations, which will be most thankfully received and acknowledged.

One of the eleven was baptized at Milledge, in which settlement there has not been a baptism for many years. We have no place of worship in this village; but we contemplate building one. For this purpose, the ladies of that settlement got up a tea meeting, at which the sum of £20 was realized. When first projected, I considered that, with so small a number, it was a wild undertaking; but, with some assistance, it has been accomplished, to the honour of the self-denying, energetic ladies, whose names will not be forgotten for generations to come. When the house for which they have so faithfully laboured stands in all its completeness, full of respectful worshippers of that God who has conferred such a blessing upon this region of late, it will stand as a lasting memorial.

I am to commence Protracted Meetings at Westbrook to-day, and affectionately invite any ministering brethren to attend and lend us their aid. The prospect is encouraging in my circuit. If some faithful minister would come and take the pastoral charge, which I expect to resign, I trust he would meet with great success.

Yours truly,

THOS. KEILLOR.

Parrsboro, Nov. 1st, 1858.

[From the London Freeman.]

News from Western Africa.

MISSION HOUSE, Oct. 11, 1858.

My Dear Sirs,—The African mail is just in, and there are a few particulars in Mr. Saker's letters which I forward, requesting their insertion, as they cannot fail to interest all our friends.

Mr. Saker, since last advices, has gone on surveying the district round Amboises Bay, and has cleared away several spots, in which temporary buildings have been put up, and a rude chapel erected, in which they have had meetings for Divine worship. The first two trees of the forest, which comes down to the shore, fell by his own hand. As fast as these rude buildings rise, the friends will come over from Cameroons. A fine stream of pure water runs down from the mountain into the inner bay, discharging 27,000 cubic feet of water per minute. It is not rendered turbid by the rains, but flows over a rocky bed. The importance of such a stream in a new township cannot be over-rated.

There are two most important subjects mentioned by Mr. Saker, which, in his opinion, justifies his selection of this spot for the new town, which he purposes to name Victoria. It is beautiful and healthy. Mr. Saker observes:— "All that Captain Allan says about the bay is true. I doubt if he says enough. I went there with my company in my usual health—or rather ill-health—strong enough for work, but with little energy; a ceaseless want of food, yet no appetite—eating just enough to live. This is constant. In that state I went to Victoria. I began to feel the effects of its air the first day. My appetite returned and increased. My strength, mental and corporal, daily increased. At night I slept with my whole heart.