

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Plain Letters, on a plain subject,
to plain folks.

[No. 4.]

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We have considered extravagance and avarice, both fruits of selfishness. Though diverse in their nature, yet like other extremes they sometimes meet. Perhaps the least objectionable feature in the former, is that in which we employ all our means in order to accumulate more. There may be extravagance in business as well as pleasure. I allude not now to those cases in which we speculate unduly in the property of others to the great danger of defrauding them; but in our own. Every thing we possess is locked up in business so that we have nothing to give away. In what respect is such a course more commendable than that of the miser who looks up his gold in his coffers? Both acts are alike voluntary, and deliberate. And both are performed with the same intent—to gratify self and "rob God." Is it less blameworthy to render ourselves unable to communicate by seeking to enlarge our ample estate, than by placing double locks upon our till, and purse, double guards upon our pocket and upon every benevolent feeling of the heart.

We have seen the folly of hoarding for posterity. The following from a late number of the *Religious Intelligencer* will show the folly of seeking to die rich.

"DYING RICH."

"Of all the cases of human folly, which men are addicted to, few are more common, or more egregious, than the desire to hoard up wealth that they may die rich. Wealth is a blessing when used to a good and noble purpose, but when hoarded up it is a curse to its possessor, and benefits nobody. How many, even of the professed followers of Christ, are actuated by this low and grovelling desire—the desire of dying rich. Instead of using their wealth in doing good—hundreds of opportunities for which present themselves on every side—they are hoarding it up to gratify a morbid ambition of dying rich. The idea of dying worth a hundred thousand, or five hundred thousand, or a million of dollars, has a peculiar charm in it; it is the goal which they are struggling all their lives to reach. And what an end—what an inglorious end of life is this! Well, he has secured his object; he has hoarded up countless treasures, which he could neither use nor enjoy—and, he died rich. Yes, he has died rich, and has gone to meet his Judge, and have his accounts adjusted. What an awful thing it must be for a Christian to die rich. Better die like Lazarus, at the rich man's gate. If the unprofitable servant, who had received but one talent, was cast into outer darkness, because he laid it up instead of using it in his Master's service, what will be the doom of those who have hoarded up their hundreds of thousands of their Lord's money, merely to gratify a sordid desire for filthy lucre, or a morbid ambition to die rich. Only think of the poor saints around them, struggling with poverty and pinched with want! Think of the Redeemer's cause languishing for the want of that very means which they have thus hoarded up! Think of the millions of heathen, perishing in their sins, while the church is crippled and circumscribed in her benevolent efforts to save them. Think of these selfish, narrow minded, close-fisted souls at the Bar of God, giving an account of their stewardship. They spent their life in hoarding up wealth, and had the honor of dying rich; and now the Master is auditing their accounts. What a situation! Better—ininitely better—to lay out their wealth for the glory of God, the advancement of Christ's kingdom, feeding the poor, clothing the naked, and ameliorating the condition of mankind, than hoard it up for, they know not what. We say again, it is an awful thing to die rich."

CHARITY.

Nova Scotia, Nov. 28th, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Burmah.

The following addressed to the Rev. Dr. Tupper, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions was received a few days ago. The contributors toward that mission and our readers generally will be much interested in its contents.

BASSEIN, July 27th, 1859.

My dear Dr. Tupper,—I left Henthada on the 12th inst., an order to carry out, with Bro. Douglass of this station, a plan previously agreed upon, namely:—to spend in company with him a month or six weeks in visiting as many as possible of the largest towns and villages in the Bassein district, after which he will accompany me on a similar tour through my (the Henthada) district. We have already made an experiment, last year, to test the efficiency of this plan of associated labor, and I have no hesitation whatever, in pronouncing it, not only far more efficient, but more satisfactory in every aspect than any other. This is more especially

true in a country like this, where robberies of solitary Europeans are of not unfrequent occurrence. And only they who have travelled alone, in a wild jungle, during the gloomy South West Monsoon, endeavoring to persuade an indolent, bigoted, haughty people to cast away their ancestral faith, and embrace the humbling doctrines of the Nazarene,—only such can appreciate the considerate kindness of our Lord, when He sent forth His first missionaries "two and two." After spending a week in the city, we went down the river about thirty miles, to the village of Gua-poo-tau. We remained there two days. And, without finding anything particularly encouraging, left it, with at least the satisfaction of knowing that our message had been listened to by some, with attention sufficient to enable them to understand it. After receiving our letters by the mail now hourly expected, we shall start again for the inland villages. O that there may be many at home seeking for us at the Throne of Grace, that aid, without which our best efforts—he they ever so untiring, ever so earnest and self-forgetful—must prove fruitless, or, rather be but "a savor of death unto death." As we prosecute our work, I shall continue, in the shape of a journal-letter, to give you whatever may occur of interest, as well as the general outline of our labors.

July 20th.—Ever since his arrival in Bassein, Mr. Douglass has labored under circumstances of peculiar trial and discouragement. The fact that Bassein is a seaport, and hence, during half the year, the residence of a large number of that class, which is almost proverbial for its high-handed impiety, is, of itself, a great drawback to success in missionary labor for those who regard all white people as Christians. Add to this that Mr. D. has had frequent and long-continued interruptions in his study of the language, and in his work generally, from sickness,—first of himself and then of his wife,—demanding several removals to distant places for change of air; and again, that just as he was becoming somewhat settled, and about to enter into his new house, just completed,—it was entirely consumed by fire,—and you will understand the nature and amount of discouragement with which he has had to contend. Consequently, although he has been cheered at different times by the conversion and reception into the church of some from other provinces; and some in different parts of his district, yet up to this time, from the masses of this large town none have left dumb idols to serve the living God. But now the cloud begins to lift, and the long-tryed missionary believes, with good reason, that he sees the first kindling of a light, which shall increase more and more, until our blessed religion shall have a name and a place, and a power, which shall make Satan tremble amid his gilded idols. There are two men here who can not be regarded as other than sincere inquirers. Already convinced of the folly of Buddhism, they have a "hope" in Christ, and seem to be waiting only until, by reading and reflection, they can give to others "a reason of the hope that is in them." As soon as they have decisively declared themselves Christians, there can be no doubt that others, who are wavering, will follow.

Kangyu doung, August 17th.—We left Bassein day before yesterday, and reached this place last evening. There is a Karen church, and Brother D. has a Burman assistant stationed here. We have spent a very pleasant Sabbath. One candidate for baptism, a young Karen girl. After a satisfactory examination, in which good evidence of repentance and faith were elicited, the ordinance was administered by Brother D. In the afternoon, we joined the church in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Thus we have had opportunity of observing both the ordinances of the Church of Christ. And you may be assured it is a thing to enjoy when we are thus permitted to mingle our prayers and praise around the table of our Lord, with those who have been bought by His blood from degradation and misery.

On our way hither, we called at several villages, and everywhere found interested listeners. At Pa-douk-biu we found an aged disciple, baptized by Brother D. about a year ago. We went to his house, and while he was being called from his garden at some distance off, I noted, with deep pleasure, the well-read "Digest of Scripture" lying on his little reading-stool, with a weight carefully put on it to prevent the leaves from being blown about. That book, lying there ready for the old man to read as soon as he came in from his work, told the story so gladdening to a missionary's heart. There it was as potent as of old, to convey to the believer peace and joy, a glad light in the humble abode of age and poverty. Oh! the

glorious gospel of the blessed God—how dark, how bleak, how wretched the world without it.

We were much pleased to see, too, that the old man was evidently not ashamed to let his light shine before men. His influence was manifest in the fact that several of his neighbors professed to be inquirers. Besides the young woman above mentioned, there were two others who considered themselves Christians, but lacked the courage to take the decisive step. One of them is the wife of the old Christian just referred to. Aged and blind, and near the end of her probation. It was delightful to believe that the true light had shined into her heart.

Nyong-gong, August 10th.—Arrived here last night, having stopped to preach on the way. Wherever we preach we always find some, often very many, who listen with interest, not to say eagerness, to the announcement of a new religion, and ask for tracts that they may have something to guide their inquiries after we have left. At one village we found the people preparing for a religious festival, to take place at the full of the moon. Such preparations are always made at the zayat, the houses being too small. Consequently the zayat adjoining the one at which we were staying was thronged all day with women superintending the various culinary operations, whose result was to be the feast. We improved to the full, this opportunity for preaching,—for, besides the large female congregation, our own zayat was half filled with male listeners. Tracts were so eagerly begged for that at last we were obliged to refuse any more, as our supply was fast diminishing. A most pleasing novelty in this village is the fact that the women generally are able to read.

Pau-dau, 13th.—The whole district between this town, the terminus of our present tour in this direction, and Bassein, is much more populous than many other portions of Pegu. It made us sad to feel how little we could accomplish, even in the exercise of our best and most laborious efforts. On our arrival here we were much disappointed to find that the old man who interested us so deeply on our visit here last year, had died about a month since. But how gratifying it is to learn that he continued to the last firm in his rejection of Buddhism, and in the belief of one living and true God. Many who knew him well, tell us he was constantly reading the books we left him. There are a number of others of the same sect (paramat, or philosopher,) whom we expect to meet to-day.

Evening.—Again we have been made to feel most painfully the want of native helpers. "To-morrow you leave us—and you leave no one to direct us farther in these things. Can't you send some one to live here who will tell us all about this new religion?" Such is the language we have heard to-day,—and we could only answer, no,—there is no one we can send. Nowhere in Burmah have I ever seen a number of people who interested me more than do these Pau-dau villagers. They come to our zayat and listen hour after hour with interest unbroken, to the great truths of the Gospel, and depart reluctantly when the lateness of the hour tells them it is time to return to their families. The grand central truth of an Eternal, self-existent God, we have to-day heard many express their cordial assent to, in language so sincere and earnest that there could be no doubt it was the only view of God which satisfied their souls. With the conviction that this truth was acknowledged, even gladly believed in by some of the most intelligent among the people, we felt that we could calmly smile upon all the vaunted power of Buddhism, born though it was far back in the centuries before Christ,—and even now, before our very eyes appealing to the senses of an ignorant and credulous people, with all the pomp and sanctity of an ascetical priesthood, and innumerable idols and pagodas. "Say, among the heathen Jehovah reigneth."

Bassein, August 18th.—We returned here on the 16th. The assistant we left here has not been idle. And we are glad to hear that the old man who professes faith in Christ has accompanied him in his itinerancies about the town, thus giving most public and palpable evidence of his new status. Yesterday he and another solicited baptism. A careful examination resulted in the conviction, on our parts, that they are new creatures in Christ Jesus. They are to be baptized next Sunday. These men have not hastily nor inconsiderately embraced Christianity. They have both been inquiring and reading for months.

Sunday, August 20th.—The Burman chapel presented this morning a most animated and deeply interesting sight. It happens to be the Burman worship-day, and many of the heathen hearing, probably, that there was to be a bap-

atism, came in, most of them telling over their beads, so inseparable from devotion, in the Burmese idea. The chapel was more than half-filled by Karen scholars from Rev. Mr. B.'s school, all neatly and picturesquely dressed in their native costume. Several of the European residents, curious to see the natives at worship, were present. That beautiful hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," translated into Burmese, was given out, and sung in the rich notes of "Old-hundred." A short sermon from the words, "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear," having been preached, the whole congregation proceeded to a tank not far from the chapel. There the old man, one of the two above mentioned, was baptized. The other candidate, to our great grief, came to us last evening, and, on the plea that his mother had threatened to kill herself, if he was baptized, declined receiving the ordinance until his mother's opposition was overcome. Nothing that we could say seemed to have the smallest effect in changing his mind. In the afternoon we assembled again, and enjoyed together the communion of the Lord's Supper. More than a hundred Karens, Burmans, and "white foreigners," partook of the elements. To-morrow morning we leave for Henthada. We feel cheered in the review of the labors of the past few weeks. It is true, indeed, no work of great and startling extent has been effected. But thought has been excited; minds have been awakened; and many who never supposed Buddhism could be false, have heard new truths, and God's word shall not return to Him void. Hence we feel encouraged, and anticipate the future with hope.

I remain, with respect,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

P. S.—Your letter from Wolfville, April 6th, I think, has been received. I will expend the \$100 as you suggest. A. C.

*We give only the initial of this name, as we are in doubt about the other letters of which it is composed.—Ed. C. M.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Canada West.

We have received a long letter from Mr. James A. Davidson. The following extracts from it will be read with interest by those who had the pleasure of meeting him when in this province.

"Since I left Nova Scotia in April last, I have had great experience of the faithfulness and love of God; and when I take a retrospect of my life before and since God mercifully converted my soul, I feel that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. From what I have seen and heard in my travels during the last three years, in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, England and Wales, I am more and more convinced that only one complaint afflicts the whole human family, and that one is Sin! I am also convinced more and more that for that complaint there is only one remedy, and that is the Gospel of Christ, and the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

When God first converted me, and brought me up out of the horrible pit of infidelity and a life of pollution and vice as a confirmed drunkard, I thought the change was so astonishing, the work so marvellous; that my case was the most wonderful that the history of the triumph of Grace ever presented, but as I progressed in my travels I met here and there in America and England cases fully as wonderful as my case, and evidences as clear as my evidence and experience is that a man can indeed be born again when he is old and sunken and debauched in vice and degradation. I could fill a room of paper in telling your readers all I heard and saw of the goodness of God to others, and all I experienced of His Love to me. But in your faithful eulogium the Truth as it is in Jesus Christ, is from time to time proclaimed by much more able heads and minds than mine, but by none more grateful to God, and more anxious to glorify His Grace in Christ Jesus, than I am.

The people of God in England, so far as I had experience, were very kind to me, and aided me greatly in my efforts to assist the cause of Temperance and Prohibition. I was privileged to address some 60 meetings in various parts of England and Wales during four months, and came home with a high opinion of English hospitality and English zeal in good works. I have held meetings in this, the Niagara District, since I came home, and the houses are crowded wherever I go. Many come to see and hear out of mere curiosity, for they are astonished to find that I do not fall! Others come to the meetings as a duty and privilege, for they are aware who it is that keeps me from falling!

The cause of Temperance, taking it as a whole, never stood as well as it now does. In British North America, the Sons of Temperance and other Temperance organizations have been instrumental in great good, and in Britain the United Kingdom Alliance, the British Temperance League, the Scottish Temperance League, and other Associations of good people, are doing great things in delivering the public mind from the fogs of ignorance and prejudice in reference