

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

## A voice from the Chamber of Death.

"Approach the chamber, look upon the bed;  
Here is the passing of a peaceful spirit,  
Which, as the lark arises in the sky,  
And morning's sweetest breeze, and softest dews,  
Is wing'd to heaven by angel pinions bright."

I have sat lately there, beneath the shadow  
of the Death Angel's wing—have felt his sable  
plumes waving above my head and breathed the  
damp, chilly air which float about the grave,  
the coffin and the dead.

What was their influence upon the soul, upon  
the heart?

Was any feeling of gloom, of terror, or of  
agony conveyed by the thought that, the gates  
of that land which no mortal may know  
were slowly opening upon their ponderous  
hinges, to receive within those shadowy pre-  
cincts the spirit of our beloved, and that when  
they closed, she whose foot prints along the  
path-way of life were beside our own, would be  
hidden from our sight, for all time? That the  
echoes of her voice, who had gone up and faded  
by my side, would never again be heard in the  
shady grove, by the murmuring brook, in the  
verdant mead, or on the rugged cliffs in days  
of yore?

Al! no, such feelings could not enter and re-  
main long, for the presence of Jesus was,  
methinks, even more visibly manifest than that  
of his silent messenger, and she who lay there  
so calm and peaceful rejoicing in the idea of  
soon being conveyed to his banqueting house,  
had, we trust, been made perfect through suffer-  
ing. She could turn her eyes, beaming with  
patient hope, on those near her and say, "Every  
pain is needed to fit me for the enjoyments of  
heaven, not one could be spared," and "Though  
he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Truly could we look upon that radiant coun-  
tenance we should exclaim, "O! Death, where  
is thy sting?" She had made Jehovah her por-  
tion while in active life, and now that he called her  
in the morning of her days, to tread the verge  
of Jordan she felt his everlasting arm under-  
neath and around her.

It is May day. Spring's first blossoms appear  
on the earth—the forest is brown with swelling  
buds, which will soon expand in vernal shade  
and echo with the music of this lovely season;  
but in the approach of all this beauty, she departed,  
"to range the bright fields on the banks of  
the river," and rest beneath the fruitful branches  
of the Tree of Life. When with us she loved  
the beautiful which could only be seen in em-  
bryo, on account of the blight of sin which rests  
on it, for our sakes, then, how sweetly solemn  
the idea of her repose where moral evil cannot  
enter to disturb the inhabitants of that glorious  
realm, as they cast their newly received honors  
at Immanuel's feet, crying, "Holy, holy, holy!"

While following the spirits of the just made  
perfect, within the veil, and treading with them,  
in imagination, the courts of the Lord's house  
on high; while admiring the freshness of the  
chaplets floating upon their brows and the mel-  
ody of their harps, we are perhaps called back  
to earth by some infirmity of the flesh or the  
corroding power of indwelling sin, we would do  
well to pause and reflect upon the answer given  
in holy writ, to the query, "Who are these,  
and whence came they?"

ALETT WILFRED.

Maple Grove Cottage.

For the Christian Messenger.

## The Prince's visit to Truro.

MR. EDITOR,

A Prince's visit to Truro is a rare occurrence,  
and we expected extensive preparations for the  
reception of His Royal Highness' visit; our most  
 sanguine expectations were more than realized.  
Great credit is due to the loyal inhabitants of  
that beautiful village, for the neatness, good  
order and taste displayed on that memorable  
occasion. The decorations of the houses, stores  
and public buildings, with arches, mottoes,  
evergreens and wreaths of flowers were most  
magnificent. And then the bright and youth-  
ful band, of smiling, white robed forms, from  
the Normal and Model Schools, with sweet mel-  
odious voices chanting their harmonious song  
of salutation to their young Prince. Short, but  
sweet was the anthem, such was the visit, like  
all earthly pleasures,

"As snow-flakes falling in a river,  
A moment white, then melt forever."

A day has past that never returns; our il-  
lustrous visitor has departed, perhaps never  
again to step upon our shores; but those who

are devoted subjects of the Prince of the Kings  
of the earth, are looking for Him to appear ere  
long, with clouds of attendant angels and all the  
armies of the skies in the vast procession.  
When that blissful morning arrives, and the  
Lord's trumpet sounds which heralds his ap-  
proach, the dwellers in dust will instantly  
awake and rise, arrayed in glorious robes, and  
unite with countless multitudes that no man  
can number, in welcoming that glorious being  
to the kingdom which he has purchased with  
his own blood. Then every eye shall see the  
King in his beauty, while on the innermost rec-  
cesses of every heart and on all around us, will  
be inscribed the glorious motto, "Holiness  
unto the Lord. Then the hosts of the redeemed  
full of immortal youth; clad in fine linen  
white and clean; decked with unfading flowers  
plucked from the tree of life; and wearing radiant  
crowns will tune their golden harps; and every  
string awake and to their heavenly music sweet-  
ly sing the great National Anthem of heaven,  
"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from  
our sins in his blood, and made us kings and  
priests unto God, be ascribed glory and domi-  
nion for ever." His message to each of us is,  
"Behold I come quickly," and if we make  
great preparation for the proper reception of an  
earthly Prince how infinitely more urgent the  
necessity of having our lamps trimmed and  
burning, our white robes on, and we ourselves  
waiting and looking for our Lord, when he  
shall come to be glorified in his saints and ad-  
mired of all them that believe. May we all be  
ready.

August 10th.

SPECTATOR.

For the Christian Messenger.

[The following Essay on Music was written  
by Miss Parker, one of the pupils of Miss Shaw's  
Seminary at Berwick, and read by her at the  
late anniversary. We think it quite a credit-  
able production and publish it with pleasure.  
The subject is nicely handled. The fair young  
author has been well aided by Poetry, even  
in her prose, to minister to her twin sister  
Music.—ED. C. M.]

## MUSIC.

"Music! oh how faint how weak!  
Language fades before thy spell,  
Why should feelings ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe their tones so well!"

The music of Nature is ever sweet and beauti-  
ful, and its many tones are always tuned to per-  
fect harmony.

Amid the varied scenes of the mountain,  
strange wild songs are ever uttering forth their  
voices. The sparkling waters burst from be-  
neath a gray old rock and roll on in majestic  
grandeur over the projecting rocks, in their  
meanderings amid the dark recesses of the moun-  
tain glen, until they mingle with the waters of  
the valley and their wild song is changed to a  
peaceful strain. The loosened rock is hurled  
from the rugged steps into the yawning abyss,  
and the sound "goes up with the music of the  
winds and waters," while from each hill-side is  
heard the voice of nature echoing back its awe-  
inspiring music.

The music of the valley, although less en-  
chanting, still has many charms. There is  
touching melody in the "Voices of Summer,"  
list when we will to its many tones. There is  
music in the ripple of the stream—the rustle of  
the trees when stirred by the gentle breeze, or  
when moaning beneath the sterner blast.

How beautiful are the varied tones of the  
Summer wind in the evening time,

"When from gushing fount and streamlet,  
Lily-bell, and forest dim,  
Rise a low and liquid murmur—  
Nature's vesper hymn!"

We cannot imagine a spot so isolated as not  
to unite in the universal choir. In the unex-  
plored depths of the forest, and the lone retreat  
of the cavern, there is music, although unheard  
by mortal ear.

On the broad expanse of lone ocean, the  
winds and the waves are fitful players.

"What wild profound ethereal base  
In nature's anthem.

I know of naught in nature that may not  
awaken a strain of music. Even the rocks,  
which seem to betoken only strength and power,  
are instruments of music, for they produce the  
echo.

Nature presents all that is attractive to the  
eye; its music has also a charm for the ear.  
And so completely is music associated with all  
we behold in nature, that we cannot think of  
any order in the universe as perfect without it.

The old Grecian philosopher imagined the  
spheres, which directed the events of time and  
controlled the orders of nature, moved on with  
perpetual music.

Each changing season has a tone suited to  
the varied feeling of the human heart. Are we

saddened by a wearying, and can no longer dis-  
cern the star of hope? The music of early  
spring time awakens strange glad feelings, and  
the gloom of doubt is dispersed by its cheering  
tones.

To the merry heart, there is a response in the  
"light laughing wind" of a Summer's eve.

Do we mourn for departed dear ones con-  
signed to the tomb! The moaning tones of  
Autumn, that sigh a requiem over departed  
beauties, seem like sympathizing spirits, and  
breathe better than words can utter, the sor-  
rows of the human heart.

Even the fitful blast and angry storms of  
Winter, often, far too often, are but the echo  
of some uncontrolled emotions of human pas-  
sion.

The song of the feathered choir is the most  
beautiful in nature. From the scream of the  
eagle to the low broodings of the dove, they  
ever express the character and habits of their  
owner. The polar gloom or wintry blast can-  
not hush their song; for they flee at the ap-  
proach of blight, ever wandering among the  
lovely and beautiful, and uttering forth their  
songs under sunny skies. Some choose to dwell  
amid verdant groves and blooming flowers,  
while others seek the barren loneliness of the  
mountain heights, making nature in all its var-  
ied forms vocal with their strains.

The music of nature of -times seems like a con-  
necting link which binds the present with the  
far distant past. Time cannot change its tone.  
The aged may listen to the same strains that be-  
guiled the pleasant dreams of childhood.

The book of Nature has given the symbols  
which are supposed to have furnished ideas for  
the invention of musical instruments.

Jubal is referred to as the inventor of the  
harp and psaltry. The idea may have been  
taken from a tortoise shell, which he found on  
the sea shore—the sinews remaining—formed  
chords, upon which the breezes played pensive  
melody.

Among the Greeks, music was cultivated  
with great care, and it formed a part of their  
national education. Its object was chiefly to  
elevate the mind. It was sometimes made a  
profession as in the families of Simonides and  
Pindar. Under the head of music, they in-  
cluded the art of playing on the lyre—of singing  
and dancing—also to "recite poetical composi-  
tion with grace and propriety of accent and  
pronunciation."

During the last century the composers of Ger-  
many have added much to the science of Music.  
She furnished the great names of Handel, Moz-  
art, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber and others.

Art seems almost to have rivalled nature in  
the variety of musical sounds—all of which are  
beautiful although, as in nature, there are de-  
grees of excellence.

That Music exerts an influence over the natu-  
ral mind, is manifested in its effects upon chil-  
dren. For them it ever has a charm. The  
school-boy feels that he has accomplished a  
greater achievement when he constructs a rude  
instrument of music, than if he had solved a  
difficult problem.

Sure nature never gave a single feeling other  
than admiration for this precious gift, and if  
other has been found to exist it must arise from  
some unlawful use to which it has been subject-  
ed—or perchance, like the captive Jew, they  
have hung their harp upon the willow, and its  
vibrations have now only power to recall sad re-  
membrances of the past.

The human voice is the most perfect of all  
instruments of music, the most powerful in  
influence. It can dispel sadness and restore  
gaiety—or soothe the agitated mind and bring  
composure.

It has been asserted that all voices are capa-  
ble of singing. However true this may be, it is  
at least certain that cultivation may do much to  
improve the gift of nature. And let none im-  
agine that this precious gift has been bestowed  
for misuse or neglect. The sweetest singers are  
those who have labored most to improve the  
natural talent. Jenny Lind, might have ever  
remained in her mountain home had not art  
refined and regulated the tones of her melodious  
voice.

Music has ever been the most highly cultivat-  
ed among the most gifted minds. Greece, has  
merited the appellation of a "land of songs."  
All public assemblies, festivals and days of mer-  
riment were enlivened by song. "The Bard  
originally sang his own lays to the accompani-  
ment of his lyre." The Iliad and the Odyssey  
were sung on public occasions. And much of  
the fame which they have acquired is owing to  
this manner of recitation.

Music is the delight of the home circle. How  
oft has the sound of some old familiar song en-  
kindled emotions in the heart of the wanderer,

and its imagination transported him to his dis-  
tant home and the scenes of earlier days!

The highest and most appropriate use of  
music is to celebrate the praises of the Most  
High. Then only it seems to have regained  
its original purity.

"Man first learned song in Paradise,  
From the bright angels o'er him singing,  
And in our home above the skies,  
Glad anthems are forever singing."

It is a glorious and elevating thought that the  
employment of redeemed spirits may be com-  
menced on earth.

The communion of saints and mingling of  
voices in praise oft-times seem a prelude to the  
music of the assembled hosts of heaven, who  
stand—

"Around the altar night and day,  
Singing one triumphant song."

"It is only by constant striving, by earnest  
aspirations after those things lovely and of good  
report, that we may hope finally to take part in  
this glorious *Te Deum*. And until then, let us  
labor faithfully, mindful only of that reward  
which comes when this mortal shall have put  
on immortality; when the first glimmerings of  
earth shall fade away in the cloudless light of  
eternity, and the music of earth shall find full  
expression in the glorious songs of heaven.

For the Christian Messenger.

## A visit to the Mineral Springs of Cape Breton.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have for a long time had a great desire to  
visit this far-famed spring, which I have now  
happily had gratified. Perhaps an account of  
my tour and a description of the place would  
be interesting, at least, to some of the readers of  
your valuable paper.

We formed a crew of seven men in an open  
boat. Left Guysboro on Monday morning,  
July 29th, and enjoyed a favorable breeze from  
the south-west, by which we were driven down  
the Bay at a rapid rate.

The elevated and beautiful town of Guysboro  
soon disappeared, as if it had gone suddenly out  
of existence. We had a pleasant view of the  
rock-bound southern coast, and a cheering pros-  
pect of the Northern shores, including Clam  
Harbour with its extensive farms, lovely forests  
deep and wild, and the vast fish-flakes, reaching  
almost to the water's edge, which present one  
of the most interesting features on the frontiers  
of this Eastern land. We soon weathered Rag-  
ged Head, Red Head, and many other Heads,  
too numerous to mention. Now *Arabus* breathes  
more freely, and fans us over the white-capped  
waves at a rate to be desired, though disturbed  
Neptune sometimes lifts his white locks to  
give us the benefit of a cold shower bath; and  
some undesirable sensations.

After sailing two hours the wide mouth of  
the Strait of Canso opened out to view. Here  
ships in fleets sail swiftly by.

Having cleared these troubled waters where  
many a gallant ship and many a daring tar  
have met their sudden doom, we entered the  
long narrow passage called St. Peters, which  
separates the Isle Madame from the main land  
of Cape Breton.

This beautiful passage is calm and clear.  
We sailed through, a distance of 11 miles, al-  
most within a stone cast of the opposite shores.  
At the eastern opening to this curious passage  
upon the right, appears the village of *Disgoose*,  
and upon the left, nearly opposite, stands *Bush-  
waugh*, situated on a river of the same name.  
This appears to be a place of some importance.  
Here the waters widen. Leaving the Isle Ma-  
dame we enter the harbor which the fishermen  
call, very significantly, Grand Grab. Here we  
examined the excavations for a Canal through  
the *Haul Over*, a distance of about a quarter of  
a mile. These were made some years ago, but  
are not likely soon to be completed so that  
boats may sail into the Bras d'or Lake. Here  
thousands of the public money have been wasted.  
I thought the place was well named, for here  
was a *grand grab*.

The inhabitants say "If the Yankees had our  
Island this canal would soon be cut." Here  
our youthful visions of going to sea on land,  
were fully realized. For we actually had to  
pull the boat over the land, to enter the Bras  
d'or, through which we sailed 36 miles, care-  
fully picking our winding way among numerous  
Islets. One of these is worthy of notice. It is  
owned and occupied by the Micmacs. They  
have a large Chapel, one house and a city of  
birch bark camps. Entering the East Bay or  
big lake we landed opposite the spring. Our  
luggage housed, we started on foot. Having  
found the path leading from the post-road south,  
we travelled about 2 miles over a lofty moun-  
tain, and through deep and miry swamps, wher