

only a rough foot-path has been cut through the dense forest. When we left the semblance of a road and turned to the right, being directed by a finger board which some humane traveller has erected to guide the weary stranger in his eager search for health, we moved on as rapidly as we could clamber over rocks, stumps, roots, bogs, and quags, until we could no longer determine our whereabouts, and being unable to take observation we had to plod on in ignorance and doubt, echo alone answering our repeated calls until the barking of a dog reassured us, and we soon came to the camps, where many of the wretched invalids cook, and spend their nights. Next appeared the hotel which consists of cook house and sleep house. The former mansion is about 9 feet square with a log floor. The latter is a little larger with the same unique style of finish. Groups of men, women and children were sitting and standing around, some smoking, some eating, some bathing themselves or their friends with the wonderful water, some were chatting in Gaelic, others in French, and a few in English. We had not to enquire for the spring but followed the numbers that were slowly wending their way down the hill into the deep vault among the trees and rocks, some on crutches, some on staves, and others leaning on their friends. Here we saw a man sitting on a rock, baling water out of a spring about 18 inches deep where the Saline Aqua slowly finds its way out between the points of two rocks affording about half a wine glass full at each dip. This baling is kept up unceasingly day and night, each one occupying his turn—but all drinking what they want at any time. Sometimes there are as many as 200 persons waiting at the spring, and some have to stay a week or more before they can get supplies. Many draftmen are waiting to carry the water out to the road, a distance of 7 miles, for which they charge an enormous price, but they earn their money. The water costs 2s. 6d. at the road. Wonderful stories are here told of the magic effects of this water. The first draught I took made me very sick but afterwards it was agreeable and I believe I am gaining strength. I think it is a good tonic for rheumatic complaints. I had an opportunity to speak to some about "the waters of life" to which they were very attentive. This would be a good Mission station.

A. F. P.

* Our friend does not mention the quantity this sum will purchase.

For the Christian Messenger.

Prince Edward Island Correspondence.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

DEAR BROTHER,

Friday, June 15, was the day appointed for commencing our last Quarterly Meeting in this Island, with the brethren at Lot 49. But untoward circumstances arose, and the meeting was not held. A further appointment has therefore been made, in favour of the same brethren. God willing, then, our next Quarterly Meeting will be held with the brethren at Lot 49, commencing on Friday, September 14, 1860. Our brethren at large will please to notice this appointment, and sustain it as far as they are able.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

You have told us how His Royal Highness was received with you. With the like heartiness and enthusiasm has he been welcomed among us. Particulars you will gather from our Island papers. The whole affair went off admirably. The Prince has made an impression which cannot soon be effaced. He is the embodiment and combination of youthfulness, simplicity, elegance, and seeming innocence;—just the sort of person, even were his descent less illustrious than it is, to steal the hearts of all. God save the Queen and bless her first-born son!

PROFESSORS IN THE BALL ROOM.

One thing, however, some of us deeply regret. There was the ball—the inevitable ball. Well, the millennium will dispose of balls too, not excepting royal ones, and all such equivocal affairs. Meanwhile they every now and then ensnare some who, we had hoped, had been proof against them. Certain of our professors, persons who heretofore took an active part in our daily prayer-meetings, were present at our ball, given in honour of the Prince. And certain Baptist friends too, though not members of any of the churches under my care. I know not how these good folks prayed before they went to the dancing, nor after they returned. Neither do I know how they would defend their inconsistency. I trust they were thoroughly

wretched while treading the forbidden ground, and plucking the forbidden fruit. If not, so much the worse for them. So much the less must they have of that Christian instinct which ought to have withheld them from venturing into such a scene. Alas! for ball-room religion! Alas! for our churches when they learn to tolerate it! If the "saints" will, under any pretext, frequent the ball-room, what becomes of their saintship,—of that light which is to enlighten the world—of that salt which is to preserve it from corruption? Does this seem to any cynical and ill-natured; especially so to the individuals here censured? I cannot help it. I am sure that the delicate bloom of personal piety must vanish amid ball-room influences. Here too is something that flies directly in the face of the holy precept, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." And certain it is, that the world itself can never be transformed by those who so far conform to it as to mingle in its dissipations.

LUTHER'S PROPHECY.

I wind up with a curiosity. We hear much in these days of the signs of the times. Doubtless the times are highly significant. It were wrong, our Lord himself being judge, to be indifferent to them. Yet surely it becomes us to speculate upon their issues with extreme modesty. More than three centuries ago Luther thought the day of doom was just at hand; as witness the sentences transcribed below, to which a friend recently called my attention. They occur in Mich-let's Life of the great Reformer. They were written in the spring of 1529. They were occasioned by some startling natural phenomena which had then recently occurred; such as openings in the earth, and meteoric appearances in the heavens.

"These signs," says Luther, "announce, it is my firm opinion, the approach of the Last Day. The empire is falling; kings are falling; princes are falling; the whole world totters; and, like a great house about to tumble down, manifests its coming destruction by wide gaps and crevices on its surface." Again, "Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. The world approaches its end; and it often comes into my thoughts, that perhaps the day of judgment will arrive before I have finished my translation of the Bible. All the temporal events we find predicted therein have been accomplished. The Roman empire tends nearly to its ruin; the Turk has attained the summit of his power; the papal splendour is fast becoming eclipsed; the world cracks in every direction, as though about to fall in pieces. The empire, it may be said, has received a new impulse from our Cæsar, Charles; but this is, perhaps, its last effort—the flame of the candle burning up more brightly than ever for the moment preceding its extinction." From the whole he concludes, that "the hour of midnight approaches, when the cry will be heard, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

And yet the world stands. Still, uncertain as life is, and certain as is death, the warning is never unseasonable, "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." May you, and I and all your readers be wise to accept this warning! So prays,

Your fellow-labourer,
J. DAVIS.

Charlotte Town, P. E. I.,
August 15th, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

Financial Report of Rev. Mr. Hall's Mission on P. E. Island, for six months or more.

Table with columns for names and monetary amounts. Includes St. Eleanor's, Cavendish, Bedeque, and Lot 49.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. MARY L. MOLAND

Died at East Chester, on the 2nd of June, 1860, aged 36 years.

Mrs. Moland obtained a hope in the Saviour in very early life. She was for several years a member of the Baptist Church at Chester. She possessed, naturally, a most amiable disposition, and her kind and affable manner won the affection of all who knew her;—and but few, out of the many deaths which have occurred during the last three years in this place, have been more keenly felt, or deservedly lamented. It is but paying a tribute of respect where it is due, to say that she was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a faithful friend, a good neighbour, and a consistent christian. Her sufferings, though protracted and severe, were borne with patient resignation to the will of God. Her confidence in the Saviour remained firm to the last. And when no longer able to speak audibly she whispered the name of Jesus, as her hope and joy; and pointed to heaven as her home above.

"Triumphant in her closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in her expiring sigh
To think the race was run."

She has left a sorrowing husband, and two sweet little children to mourn the irreparable loss.—Communicated by Rev. J. C. Hurd.

MRS. ALICE BESSER

Died at Beaver River, July 14th, Alice Besser, wife of Capt. Thomas Besser, and eldest daughter of Ira Raymond, Esq., in the 19th year of her age.

She had only been married 4 weeks when she was suddenly called to exchange worlds, hers was one of those cases in which the grace of God was magnified in her victory over death. So triumphant was her deliverance, that I felt to say,

How long must we lie lingering here
While saints around us take their flight?

Sister B. had been for several years a member of the Baptist Church, possessed an amiable disposition and lived in the esteem of all her acquaintances. The morning of her demise, she asked her Father if he thought her going, upon being answered in the affirmative, she seemed perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and took affectionate farewell of husband, parents, brothers and sisters, exhorting them all to meet her in heaven. May the Lord comfort the mourning husband and sorrowing family. The writer addressed a crowded assembly on the occasion from Corinthians xv. 57.—Communicated by Rev. A. Cogswell.

CYRUS RAYMOND.

Died at Beaver River, March 3rd, Brother Cyrus Raymond, in the 25th year of his age, leaving a wife and three children, with a numerous circle of friends and relatives, to mourn his loss. He was a promising young man, and enjoyed the confidence of all his acquaintances, as one who loved his Saviour and strove to promote the interest of his cause.

Brother R. had a lingering sickness, which he bore with christian resignation. During the last week of his life the writer was permitted to be with him, and witness the triumph of reigning grace in his victory over death, and I felt to say with the poet.

I see the pleasant bed, where lies the dying saint,
Though in the arms of death, he utters no complaint.

He would often say to his weeping wife: "Cheer up, I am going home to be with Jesus." After taking leave of his family and friends, he extended his arms, and exclaimed, "Jesus, I am ready to go, come take me to thyself. It is sweet to die." His Spirit took its flight, without a struggle. May the Lord comfort the widow and the fatherless!—*Id.*

JEMIMA ROBERTSON,

Daughter of James and Margaret Robertson, died at Montague River, Prince Edward Island, August 2nd, 1860, aged 19 years. Loving and beloved in life, and lovely in death. Her end was peace. She has left a father, mother, and three brothers to mourn their loss.—*Com.*

American & Foreign News.

United States.

ARRIVAL OF LADY FRANKLIN AT NEW YORK.—Among the passengers arrived by the steamship Adriatic Saturday morning was Lady Franklin accompanied by her niece, Miss Craic, and her waiting maid Lady Franklin will remain in New York two or three weeks, as the guest of Mr. Henry Grinnell, through whose liberality the Grinnell Arctic Expedition was fitted out, and whose son, Mr. C. Grinnell, accompanied her on her voyage to this country. She proposes to make a tour into Canada, probably in time to witness the reception of the prince of Wales, and will then travel through the Northern States, and very likely extend her journey into California. She desires to avoid public attention as far as possible.—*Boston paper.*

CURIOUS ALLEGED DISCOVERY IN FLORICULTURE.—It is said that ex-Mayor Tiemann, at his paint factory in Manhattanville, has accidentally made a discovery which threatens to revolutionize horticulture. One of the factory hands having thrown some liquid green paint of a particular kind on a flower-bed occupied by white anemones, the flowers have since made their appearance with petals as green as grass. The

paint had in it a peculiar and very penetrating chemical mixture, which Mr. Tiemann has since applied, with other colors, to other plants—annual, biennial, and of the shrub kind—the result being invariably that the flowers so watered took the hue of the liquid deposited at their roots.

CONSECRATION OF A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.—On Sunday, August 5th, the congregation of B'nai Israel dedicated their new synagogue. The congregation formerly worshipped in Chrystie Street, but the increase of their numbers made it necessary to choose a new location. They therefore purchased the Baptist church at the corner of Stanton and Forsyth streets for the sum of \$11,000. The edifice has undergone many important alterations, and has been furnished with all the accessories of the Jewish worship.

A Topeka (Kansas) paper announces that the old well in that place had "given out," and adds that if the city fathers would make a good well, where all could be accommodated, "water would soon be as cheap as whiskey, and a great many be induced to use it as a beverage."

A market gardener in Southern Indiana has a "patch" containing 1700 acres planted in water-melons. His markets are Cincinnati, Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago.

New Zealand.

Extract from a private letter of a gentleman at Nelson, New Zealand, dated April 13, 1860:—

"The war must now be regarded as general. It possibly may break out anywhere where the native population is strong enough. Some, doubtless will remain faithful, but very few can be trusted to bear arms in Victoria. It is the last struggle of a very noble race of men to establish a national unity and independence within the lines of property which still remains to them, leaving the British sovereignty untouched within the lines of territory which has been sold to the Pakekas (Europeans). Such is the view of the leader of the Warkato tribe, as expounded to me by those of longer standing in the colony. No doubt that other views and inferior motives may actuate other tribes, and, grievous to say, there are vagabond English always stirring up disaffection amongst the Maoris, misconstruing English proceedings and cherishing mistrust of all our assurances of peace and concord.

"The enrolment of rifle corps on the alarm of French invasion has been represented to our brown brethren as a sham, covering the real intent of arming for an attack on them. The undisguised lust for land in the North Island prepares them continually with evil surmises as to the means which may be taken to obtain it.

"There is also no doubt that the introduction of representative government has been a great weakening of their respect for the Queen's authority. They bear of the farmer and storekeeper of their own neighbourhood going to Auckland to make laws and control the Governor himself, and they cannot understand where the supreme authority lies, or to whom they can look as representing it. They cannot realise any other idea of power than personal embodiment in a chief.

"Viewing all these disturbing causes, it is not likely that, even if the Taranaki land question had not arisen, the country would have remained quiet very long. The struggle must have come, and, whenever it might come, it must bring a hateful train of miseries with it; but, as far as I know the Maori race, if a decisive blow can be struck now, they will live far more contentedly under British power. They have great respect for prowess and boldness, and if they once find out that they are fairly overpowered by an opponent worthy their respect, they will, I hope, submit with a good grace.

"If only they can reconcile submission with their chivalry, their good sense will supply them with ample reason for offering it. They are conscious of their inability to unite in self-government. Old tribal jealousies are still ripe. The miseries of their former state are still in the remembrance of half the natives. Wretched remnants of once dominant tribes can date their escape from the arrival of the Pakeka; and acknowledge that the wreck of their property is now more valuable than their whole ancient inheritance, by reason of the arts of peace which they have been taught, and the security of tenure which British law has conferred. The spiritual blessings too which have come to them solely through the white man, and would quickly perish by his withdrawal, are not lightly valued—either for their own sakes, or by the tangible fruits which they have yielded. I am, therefore, not unhopeful that this outbreak may be the prelude to a happier state of things. But you must not suppose my brief experience, confined as it is chiefly to this island, warrants my pronouncing very safely on any part of the Maori question. You may very likely get other views from Auckland and Wellington.

"Our condition here is (thank God) one of singular safety. Unless a deploy be attempted from the North Island we have nothing to fear. The Maoris of this province nowhere muster 100, and are in almost every settlement outnumbered by their English neighbours. They have property they must stay at home to preserve. Many of them are far too right-minded ever to attempt any violence. A rising is quite hopeless. Our function is therefore to be a haven of refuge from the seat of war. At present we have 400 sojourning with us from Taranaki, and more expected. It will be thankworthy if this is the only fruit arising to us out of this unhappy outbreak."

Before posting the letter, May 5, he adds—No decided news from Taranaki. More troops come from Sydney."