

Correspondence.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Visit to Venice—Her Past and Present—Hotel de la Ville—The Gondola or the Omnibus Vehicle—Traversing the Streets—The Austrians and Venetians—Fete of Redemption—Church of St. Mark—The Future of Venice—May her deliverance some The Lord an Avenger of Wrong.

I have dreamed in Venice. My visit to that city in the sea has appeared more like a vision than a reality. Nothing has ever caused me such emotion. Venice is peerless, she sits as a queen upon the waters, and her many streams adorn her as with chains of silver. What must she have been in her glory, when her palaces of marble were crowned with beauty and overflowing with riches, when argosies, loaded with gems and spices, and all manner of precious things, floated along her canals, and her flag waved over three of the fairest provinces under heaven. She is so lovely in the weeds of her widowhood that we can scarce imagine her surpassing beauty when she sat in her glory, and her children were round about her. Crumbling to decay so fast, that the Venice of twenty years to come will be but the shadow of the Venice of to-day, she is, notwithstanding, so full of a bewitching beauty that the sea may still rejoice in its bride. Bound with fetters of iron, and heavily oppressed by the hand of the tyrant, her captivity cannot rend from her fair countenance her veil of deepest blue, the marriage gift of her ocean spouse, nor can the despot rob her of that illustrious history which has elevated her to the rank of an imperial city.

To lay aside all romantic writing, and speak plainly, I feel that next to the cities of the Holy Land, Venice has the greatest charm for me. We stayed in the Hotel de la Ville, which was anciently a noble palace, and retains the impress of the olden time. It was very strange to walk down the steps and enter the black gondola, to be rowed so gently along the watery streets. One needs no legs here. Walking is intolerable, because of the narrow passages, or rather arches, through which you must wend your way, in the midst of dirt and noisome smells. None but mad people would dream of perambulating a series of filthy tunnels when the open channel is available at every turn. A gondola for the whole day, with one rower, costs a mere trifle, and for the poorer traveller there is the omnibus, which will carry him a very long distance for a few pence. Let him not, however, look for a box-seat with the driver, or hope to take his turn at the reins, for the omnibus is a large, covered boat, and is, in fact, only a prize-fed gondola. I think I have been rowed along almost every stream in Venice, broad and narrow, and in every one there is something of interest. True, the floating rottenness, the frequent odors, the numerous sewers, the loathsome insects on the walls, and above all, the Austrian soldiery, all assist in destroying every fine-spun sentiment, but if all the nuisances were increased ten-fold, until every stream became an Acheron, I think I could brave the horror for the sake of the real interest and beauty which reward you at every pull of the oar. I mentioned the Austrian soldiers in conjunction with other disgusting objects, and I feel I ought to apologize for having flattered them too highly, for they are the real blight and curse of this lovely city. Never did I see more intense hatred between two races of men than between the Venetians and these German intruders. A deep silence must be maintained, for words are treason, and a conversation of five persons in the street may be construed into conspiracy, but the inhabitants have other means of showing forth their feelings. I never saw an officer of the Austrian army in company with a civilian of Venice; however high their position, they are shut out from all society, and are made to feel that their presence is distasteful. For months, the square of St. Mark, where the gentry have been in the habit of spending the evening under their clear Italian sky, has been deserted of all the upper classes, who would sooner be solitary prisoners than live in splendor in the company of the myrmidons of tyrants. I was present at the fete of Redemption, which last year was celebrated by the illumination of 3000 gondolas, and the presence of the great mass of the population, but on this occasion there were scarcely a hundred boats, and the people present were the scum of the populace. Ask any man in Venice the reason for the falling off, and if he is far enough from a brick wall to be away from spies and eaves-droppers, he will mutter something ugly about Austrians, and smile at the name of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi.

The Sunday before I visited this place, the church of St. Mark was the scene of an ebullition of public opinion which is not to be mistaken. A foolish priest in his sermon went out of his way to abuse Garibaldi and the Sardinians he was at once assailed with notes of disapprobation; and upon his persisting, a riot ensued. One individual addressed the crowd, who were full of rage, and ripe for any deed of violence. Soon the police arrived, and I think my memory does not fail me when I say that there were more than sixty in prison as the result of that day's uproar. Wherever there was any special service in the churches, or a fete or a musical celebration, the most prominent persons were the military police with fixed bayonets. Never was foreign occupation more distinctly visible and more thoroughly abhorred. Disappointed of her fondest hopes by the unhallowed policy of Villafranca, Venice finds her chain more uneasy, and her fetters more heavy, because she fondly expected to be rid of them forever. I tremble at the inevitable bloodshed, should the smouldering enmity burst forth into rebellion. Exasperated by the chilling contempt of their victims, the Austrians would have no disposition to leniency, while on the other side no quarter would be rendered or accepted. The lion of St. Mark will look down upon a terrible struggle, unless the battle shall be fought in another place, and the despotism of Austria should tremble at another Solferino; then may the banner of the free rejoice over the peaceful departure of the oppressor. May Garibaldi live and conquer, and may poor enslaved Venetia hear his glorious voice in her streets. Many are the hearts that cherish his name, and there are not a few who bear upon their persons the colors of liberty, which will see the sunlight the moment that his foot is planted on their soils.

You will think I am growing very political, but, indeed, it is enough to make any man speak out, when he sees before his eyes a great people groaning under a foreign bondage. I believe that what is wrong in politics is wrong in morals, and what is sinful in morals deserves the protest of religion. I believe that it is a mischievous spirit which would prevent the minister of Christ from uttering a rebuke against imperial iniquity. Our commission extends to princes as well as to peasants, and as we would not spare the sins of the poor, we certainly must not overlook the crying iniquity and oppression of the great. The Lord will avenge the wrongs of the poor, and his ministers must make known their condemnation of all oppression. Manhood and ministry would both fail us if we were silent. My daily prayer is for the freedom of slaves of all colors and of all lands.

More of Venice in a future letter. I have one already commenced, and hope to improve as a correspondent.

I am, yours very truly,
C. H. SPURGEON.

Clapham, 1860.

American Bible Union.

The Second Epistle to Timothy will appear during the present and next month, and be followed immediately by the Letter to Titus. The Board lately agreed to engage the whole of Dr. E. Roderger's time. Besides this, the Board, at its last meeting, in July, authorized its Committee on Versions to make arrangements with another Hebrew scholar in one of our American Universities, to assist in pressing forward the work of the Final Revision more rapidly. We wish to hasten the Revision, and at the same time to make it as thorough as possible. Our treasury has been constantly overdrawn through the summer months, and is now overdrawn nearly \$1000. It will require but little aid from each of our numerous friends to make up this want, and keep all the wheels in motion. Our revisers must have their daily bread. Our printers can not work without money. Our binders come each month for their compensation. Book publishers who have, by their agents, procured works from every corner of Europe to aid us, must be paid, and there is now due for a recent very rare collection about \$600. Never before were we so near to the acquisition, in our language, of a purer transcript of the sacred oracles. Help us, brethren, in this hour of hope! Help us in this toil! Help us now! For now we do greatly need your help. The next anniversary of the American Bible Union will be held in the meeting-house of the First Baptist Church, corner of Broome and Elizabeth Streets, New York, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 3 and 4, 1860. Members and delegates are requested to call at the Bible Rooms, No. 350 Broome Street, immediately on their arrival, and register their names. The friends in New York and vicinity will cheerfully do all in their power to extend a Christian welcome to all who may attend the anniversary. The speakers engaged for the anniversary are: Rev. N. M. Crawford, D. D., President Bible Revision Association. Rev. J. S. Lamar, Savannah, Ga. Rev. U. C. Brewer, New York. Rev. W. S. Clapp, New York. Others are partially engaged.

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For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

REV. ISRAEL POTTER.

Died at Clemepts, June 26th, Rev. Israel Potter, aged 70. Brother Potter was the second son of the late Rev. Israel Potter. He was early called to know the Saviour, and in 1837 was ordained to the ministry, and succeeded his venerable father in the pastorate of the church of which he continued for a number of years a faithful minister. For the last few years of his life he was unable to fill his place in the house of God on account of bodily infirmities, but his instructive sermons, and earnest prayers will long be remembered by sorrowing friends, and although deprived of the privilege of meeting with his brethren he was often the means of cheering their hearts, and comforting the weak. He always had a word of christian advice, and never lost an opportunity of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God. On the 16th of January previous to his death he was called to part with his youngest daughter, Miss Abigail S. Potter, who died in the hope of a glorious immortality, he bore the loss with christian resignation and expressed a hope of soon meeting her where parting would be no more. His own demise which was very sudden, not being sick over 3 hours, was met with joy, to him Death was not an unwelcome guest, his sting had been removed. A month previous to his death he chose the following text from Job xlii. 5 and 6, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now my eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhorre myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Which was preached from by the writer, to a large and sorrowing congregation.—Communicated by Rev. A. Cogswell.

MRS. LUCY G. TEED.

Mrs. Lucy G. Brown, wife of Peter B. Teed, died in Calais, Maine, June 28, aged 39 years and 9 months. Born in Truro, N. S. at an early age she became a member of the church in Onslow, there embraced Christ and professed His name. Removing subsequently to Maine, she was a member successively of the First Portland, Bath, and First and Second Calais Baptist Churches. For many years an invalid, she bore with patience the suffering and debility incident to long disease. Her christian hopes, though never exultant were uniformly calm and cheerful. For months before her decease, she expressed herself as ready to depart. As she approached her last hours, she had no fears. Her trust was in Christ's atoning work. She commended her family to God, gave them her parting entreaties, and, with serenity, awaited God's bidding. "I would not live away, thus fettered by sin" was frequently in her lips. During her last day she after repeated, "How long, dear Saviour, O, how long, shall this bright hour delay?" And thus she fell asleep in Jesus, "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints." She addressed her children in regard to their soul's salvation, in health and in sickness, having none of that timidity in this respect, which frequently deters so many. Her family will long remember her faithful words of entreaty. The church of which she was a member, and the community in which she lived, have seen, in her life and death, the character of the hopes of true piety. "The me-

mory of the just is blessed."—Com. by Rev. A. F. Spalding.

MR. DAVID KEMPTON,

Died July 2nd, 1860, aged 62 years. He was a native of Milton, but moved to Kempt in early life, where he experienced the saving power of God. He was baptised and united with the church about 30 years since and has been a consistent devoted christian up to the time when he took his dismission to join the Church triumphant. And he could say with Paul, "To die is gain." The church feels his loss and society is affected by his exit. A large number of friends congregated at the abode of the deceased, and were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Thorp from 1 Cor. xv. 38.—Communicated by Rev. T. Keillor.

MR. BENJAMIN SKINNER.

Died at Aldon, New York, on the 12th ult., Benjamin, son of Deacon William and Lois Skinner of Cornwallis, N. S., aged 40 years.

Mr. S was in his usual health until the day he died. He attended meeting in the morning, and communion in the afternoon, and went to meeting in the evening. The preacher gave out the 66th hymn in the Psalms. He commenced and sung until he came to the second line of the second verse, the last words he was heard to utter were, "Thy purpose to fulfill." He stopped singing and sat down. In a few moments rose and walked out with a firm step, it was immediately discovered that he lay prostrate on the ground, his wife and family was by his side in a few moments, but life was fast ebbing and about five minutes from the time he left the meeting, he had ceased to breathe. He professed religion in Cornwallis was baptized by Elder Chipman about the age of 14 years, remained a member of the church until he removed to the United States where he was dismissed to unite with the Baptist church there. It is a source of comfort to his sorrowing friends to reflect on his last act, that he was attending on the means of grace and enjoying the privilege of communing with the saints below, when summoned to depart and enter upon the enjoyment of sweet communion with his Saviour and his God, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Communicated.

For the Christian Messenger.

English Correspondence.

From our own Correspondent.

Manchester, July 14th, 1860.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION. THE SYRIAN MASSACRES.

MR. EDITOR,

The Sicilian Revolution still holds the first rank in political affairs.

Our attention has been diverted to the dreadful massacres of 15,000 or more of the christian people of Syria, and our hearts made to bleed at the sickening details of the savage butcheries perpetrated by the fanatical Druses on defenceless men, women and children, but while we can sorrow for suffering humanity we are so trammelled by the diplomatic relations of Turkey with the mutually jealous powers of Europe that we can scarcely do anything to prevent further strife. It is far different with the Italian question. We await with eagerness for each successive telegram from the theatre of action in south of Europe. Few have any considerable degree of sympathy for Francis II. of Naples. Generally, we Englishmen should raise a shout of joy to hear that that stupid monarch was safely housed in the Austrian Capital, for after all the boasting we indulge in of the perfect liberty of person which everybody may enjoy in England, I fancy his Sicilian Majesty would not have the most happy reception nor be allowed to enjoy a life of pleasant retirement here. The success of Garibaldi has been so steady and his triumphs so complete that we almost feel justified in calculating the time that must elapse before he takes up his quarters in the palace at Naples, and may we not crown our hopes that victory may carry him not only to the Vatican at Rome but even to the very city of Venice itself. The good qualities of Garibaldi shine forth at every turn,—a bold warrior, a sagacious statesman, a humane victor, a man whose honesty and honour are above suspicion. Never man held a dictatorship with so little abuse of authority as he. You will have heard the details of the latest and most costly great battle of his, that of Melazzo. There he lost 800 of his brave followers, but he won a great prize. His powers, his endurance, his magnanimity won for him the hearts of his enemies. He generously agreed to an armistice, giving to the city of Messina an immunity from the dreaded bombardment which had been threatened and expected, and giving to the dispirited Neapolitan troops permission to hold the Citadel as long as they like to do so peaceably. Then, as perfect freedom of intercourse is to be permitted in the city of Messina, it is very evident that the longer they stay the less disposition will exist to renew the fighting. The Neapolitan troops have no inducement to do so, for if report be true they are ill fed, ill paid, and

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