

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Duke of Wellington.

Dear Sir,—

An old friend of mine, whose name appears below, has sent me a copy of the Reading Mercury of Aug. 4. last. I take from it the following extracts:—

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT AT STRATHFIELDSAYE.

A magnificent monument has just been erected to the memory of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, and on Tuesday last, the present Duke gave a dinner to his tenants, to celebrate the completion of the work. The monument is built of Cornish granite, and stands outside the park, and within a few yards of the London Lodge, on the Reading and Basingstoke road, overlooking Heckfield Common. The monument is a national one, but not in the sense that it has been raised at the cost of the public. Every passer-by may learn from itself whose the pious zeal which has placed it where it stands. Not long after the death of the great Duke, a general desire was expressed by his tenants to testify their appreciation of his character, particularly in his relations with them, and their deep regret for his loss, by means of some enduring memorial. They valued him for his considerate kindness, not less than he was admired by the world at large for his genius and success, and they were anxious to proclaim with what feelings he was regarded in a sphere into which the world did not penetrate. The wish gathered strength from day to day, and aided by the affectionate approval and assistance of the present Duke, it has at length been splendidly realized.

The weather on Tuesday was unfavourable for any out-door demonstration, but notwithstanding this, a great number of the guests went to view the monument. The monument at its base consists of three courses of steps, each 18 inches high, the bottom course being 30 feet square. Next comes a plinth of dressed granite, also formed of three courses, 12 ft. square and six feet high. Upon this plinth, rests a moulded base, from which rises a square block of granite, 9 ft. 6 in. high, and 7 ft. square, weighing 40 tons. On each of the four sides of this massive stone is a sunken panel. That in the front has inscribed upon it the word "Wellington." On the obverse are the words "Erected by Arthur Richard, second Duke of Wellington, and the tenants, servants, and labourers on the estates of his father, as a token of affection and respect." One of the remaining two panels bears the inscription "He was honoured abroad, for in all the might of conquest he was ever just, considerate, and humane;" the other, "He was beloved at home, for he had great power, and ever used it well. He was firm in friendship, and his hand was open towards the poor." The solid stone bearing these inscriptions is surmounted by a moulded cornice, from which springs a monolith column thirty feet high and three feet six inches in diameter, having a bronze base, and weighing 21 tons. Resting on this column, a composite capital of bronze, topped by four polished pieces of granite, forms the pedestal of the statue, which is 8 ft. 9 in. in height. The late Duke is represented as wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, holding in his left hand the bat belonging to that rank, while his right rests easily on his hip. The monument, which is altogether 82 ft. high, has been erected by the Messrs. Freeman, proprietors of the extensive Penryn and Cheesewing Granite Quarries in Cornwall, in accordance with the designs of Baron Marochetti, under whose immediate supervision all the bronze work has been cast. Its general appearance is one of severe simplicity, combined, notwithstanding the solidity of the materials, with lightness and elegance. The method of raising the immense stones, was performed by means of "sheer legs," formed of baulk timber banded and bolted together, weighing 15 tons, and standing 90 feet high. The heavier stones were raised by a combination of power obtained from five 10 ton crabs, and it is gratifying to be able to state that all the details of the work were successfully carried out by Mr. John Freeman, and his son, Mr. Wm. G. Freeman. We believe that the stones used in this monument are the largest ever used in any monument in this country, and the work itself will ever remain one of the grandest specimens of mechanical skill and ingenuity to be seen in England.

At two o'clock a splendid dinner was served up in the Tennis Court, and about 200 of his Grace's tenants, with their wives and daughters, besides a number of the Duke's pensioners, sat down. The excellent band of the Victoria Rifles played a selection of music during the afternoon, and the members of the Strathfieldsaye Church Choir, assisted by two gentlemen from Winchester, sang several glees.

His Grace's Steward, Mr. Easton, presided at the dinner, and every attention was paid to the comfort of the guests.

After desert had been placed upon the table, the Duke of Wellington entered, and took his seat amidst loud and prolonged cheers. His Grace was accompanied by the Earl Stanhope, Earl Cadogan, Viscount Walden, Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P., Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart., Count Strelitzki, the very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Colonel McMurdo, the Rev. R. Pole (Wolverton), the Rev. G. Joyce (Strathfieldsaye), H. L. Hunter, Esq., M. Costa, &c.

After the cheering had subsided.

His Grace rose and gave "The Queen,"

which was drunk with enthusiasm, and the choir sang the National Anthem.

After several other toasts:—

The Duke proposed "The health of Mr. John Freeman and Mr. William Freeman, the contractors. (Cheers.) All those who had seen the monument must have observed and admired the beautiful polish of the Cornish granite, and also the extraordinary point of the material, in both of which the skill of Messrs. Freeman was reflected as well as the mechanical genius of the time in which they lived. (Applause.)

Mr. John Freeman responded and said that he felt exceedingly obliged to his Grace for his kindness in proposing the toast. It would be folly in him to attempt to deny that the work had been one of great difficulty. To procure 59 such stones from granite rocks, and to bring them so great a distance and raise them and polish them, had been a work of great difficulty, requiring time, attention, wonderful application of talent on the part of those around them, and great assiduity. He was thankful to say that through the genius of his sons and others, the work had been completed. Many of them, no doubt, knew that they had great difficulty in bringing the blocks of stone through Reading to the site of the monument, and those difficulties overcome, they found that they had greater difficulties before them, but he was happy to say that they were cheered in their work from day to day by the courtesy and kindness of the noble Duke, and now the great work was accomplished without any accident to life or limb. (Cheers.) From first to last the Duke (if his Grace would allow him to say so), had acted as a friend by their side; and another thing that cheered them was the fact that the work was to commemorate the character of that great man of whom not only England, but all Europe was proud. (Cheers.) They felt proud that the work had been entrusted to them, to rear so great and so beautiful a specimen of genius. It was also an additional satisfaction to know that the work entrusted to their care, would be another illustration of the genius of that great master of heroic statuary, the Baron Marochetti. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Freeman is a worthy Baptist brother, with whom I have been on intimate terms for these fifty years past. I am truly glad to learn that his name is associated with the magnificent memorial to the great Duke.

Yours, &c., SEPTUAGENARIAN.

September 8th, 1866.

For the Christian Messenger.

Desultory Thoughts.

Does mind control matter? if so, how? and why? to what extent? "The spirit of man goeth upward," and "the spirit of a beast goeth downward." This seems to intimate a superiority of one over the other. We receive the above quotation as divinely inspired, and believe that the former has a divinely appointed right of dominion, over the latter. According to the Bible it is so. A certain Scottish bard, has called the Bible "A lamp which God threw from his palace down to earth to guide his wandering children home," but it has been regarded by some, as only a series of "cunningly devised fables." This, however, is too desultory, I was thinking awhile ago of influences. Oh! for an angel's pen, thought crowds so rapidly upon thought, this poor piece of steel cannot transfer them, but keeps constantly leaping ahead, omitting words here, and paragraphs there, so that the sheet is marred, and the reading of it sounds very much like the wanderings of a disordered mind. But the pen is only steel, taken out of the earth, and it never felt. No! it never felt the importance of the themes it sometimes dwells upon. But my little friend, take courage—you are not to blame for what you do, a higher power governs your movements. If you are condemned the hand that holds you must suffer likewise, for if it would let you alone, you would be quiet enough, but the hand itself must soon moulder back to dust. You may survive it little one. The spirit animating the hand is subject to a higher power whose influence it must obey, it must soon be called hence to give account of the use it has made of you.

One who lived in the past, and who has helped to do honour to you, or one of your kindred, from an abyss of deep personal affliction, looked up, (if we can believe your record of what you have called his "Night Thoughts,") and sighed for a quill from the wing of one of his ascended kindred, that he might write immortal words—words which he seemed to think would come through such a medium all aglow with living power from the unseen world, and burn into the soul of "Lorenzo," who was as dear to him according to the flesh as the departed, for whom, for whose society his soul was sad. Dr. Young, your soul was rent with agony for the eternal welfare of that skeptical son, and from the depth of my soul have I pitied you, in my poor blind ignorance. I forgot for the time being, that the harvest time of such love is in heaven and that even while I read, and thus ignorantly pitied

you, you were walking in the glorious palace of your God. But the depths of that spiritual agony. How did your mortal life sustain it. Can no response reach us from that great unknown, that "fair distant land." Yes! glory be to One who hath gotten him the victory! heaven is brought near, by the blood of Jesus. It lies around us like a cloud, it has been said that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and whoever will receive the kingdom of God into his soul must return to that first state of trust, to that infantile simplicity of dependence, and that dependence must be upon the Son of the Highest by whom only can created intelligence have access to God and be one with him.

But, it is quite possible that you love his name without having ever professed it. How can this be? "If ye love me keep my commands," said the Saviour. Said one of the poets, "Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed, on earth his last farewell; a guide a comforter, bequeathed, with us to dwell." To whom does the word "us" refer? Who, or what is the "Comforter?" Is he a material object to be perceived and received through the medium of the external senses, or is he a divine influence, "coming unseen, unseen departing hence." He is according to the scriptures, the third person in the Adorable Trinity. But does some one reply, "I fear Alett is going beyond her depth now, she had better leave this subject for the 'wise and prudent.'" Well, be it so. The subject might well become an Archangel's tongue, an angel's harp, yet men, made a little lower than the angels are permitted to share in the glorious mysteries, into which an inspired penman has told us the angels desire to look. Are not these mysteries being constantly unfolded to the student of the plan of redemption as page after page is being turned, in the book of Divine providence. While the wise ones of the earth are busy like Simon of old with the query, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" concerning a fellow disciple, what wonder if they receive from his sacred lips the reproof: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." We do well to pause and meditate on what is comprized in the Saviour's reply. For when he found his disciples discussing the question of preeminence, how did he settle the question? "Who ever will be great among you let him be your servant." This is humiliating doctrine. It is the doctrine of the cross, however; and, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." It is, after all, a small thing, comparatively, to follow in the train of a conquering captain, in the hour of victory. No proof of love could be given at such a time. When saints and angels crowding around the Redeemer, swell the triumph of his train, that will be only a culminating point in their history. "Lord," said one of old, "we have left all and followed thee. What shall we have therefore?" Any Bible student may find the answer; but it had better be attended to now, before the book is out of print as it is likely to be by and bye. If it was sent by the great Supreme, to cast upon the night of time its holy light, let those interested be earnestly unwearied in its defence—not only so, but let each one concerned in its ultimate triumph, labor with all their energies to awaken in the indifferent a knowledge of its saving power. Let them at least aspire to convince others of the value which they themselves set upon its doctrines by exemplifying their beauties in every day life, by willingly accepting inconveniences for sake of convincing the unsaved that they are anxious for their everlasting well-being, and count all things, (upon which they are unwilling to rest their own souls amid the final overthrow of this material world,) as dross in comparison. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," and we do not know that there will be any Bible in the "Beyond."

As a reward for all this, we may safely promise any who are thus engaged, or who may be willing to accept such a life work—we may safely promise them, may we not? "A heritage of danger, toil and pain." Such, truly have the SAVIOUR'S promise of much tribulation in the world. The cross is their inheritance. It is as truly their badge of distinction now as it has been in the past; but it will not always be a symbol of reproach. Although it may now appear to some, as standing in the way at their self-love, we may say to such, "Take it up, take it up now, bear it steadily—constantly, for the time is approaching when all who love Jesus, will see eye to eye in the truth, and whatever may be their differences of opinion here, they will then know even as they are known, and His cross may even in this life become "Their sceptre and hope."

ALETT WILFRED.

Brookside, August 28th.

For the Christian Messenger.

Some reasons why we are not better Christians.

We frequently hear old professors of the religion of Christ say, "I was very much struck" with a certain phrase, or remark, or passage of scripture, or, perhaps, some particular coincidence which, though often brought to notice before, yet never had produced the same effect. Not long since a professor observed, "Why I really have never properly understood the idea of worshipping God in season and out of season, until to-day! Brother S. by casually making the remark that there was no out of season, has conveyed its whole truth clearly to my mind; now I see that the true, fervent, earnest christian has no "out of season;" for every moment we should glorify God; and the "moment" christians, those who freight every passing moment with some glory for eternity, are those to whom every time, place, and privilege, are "in season," and belong to God. These are they who worship "in season and out of season; and these are they who, taught by the Holy Spirit, obtain correct views of scripture as they read."

Then another worthy old follower of the thorn-crowned king says, "Oh! if we could only understand, clearly, how we are living vessels to contain the oil of gladness, and then lay in a stock, and pour it from vessel to vessel, obtaining the blessing of the Holy Spirit; upon it as it ran, oh, what a pouring, and baptism of hearts there would be! Then it would run over, and continue to run among the hearts of the multitude, till the torch of Jesus' love was set to it, and the whole was in a glorious blaze!" Not long since at a highly interesting little meeting, where the "two or three were gathered together in Christ's name," a pious old disciple arose in exhortation and said, "Brethren, it has often occurred to me that the reason why we don't get the gift of the Holy Spirit among our people is because we only worship God as a duty. We only pray to Him, and we don't praise Him half enough! Perhaps not at all! We ask Him to help us, but we don't help ourselves any; and then we ask Him for what we want, but we don't thank and praise Him for what we have got! Oh! yes, brethren, we have enough, already, of God's goodness to take us to heaven, if we would only make a good use of it, and be grateful for what we have. And this is the reason why we grow cold and dead, lethargic and negligent of spiritual things; because we pray only as a duty, and have so much selfishness that we never praise God's goodness for what we have. We expect the Almighty to come to us, instead of our going to Him; and we wish to have conversion and salvation take place in the way we want it, instead of by the way God has ordained. We attend to religious duties, perhaps, at appointed times and seasons, but never allude to the subject at any other time. We never make it a subject of conversation, exhortation, and daily life; and this is why we only feel religion, just while discharging the duty of it. They who would be good christians, act upon the truth that we are only prepared to live when we are prepared to die."

WATCHER.

For the Christian Messenger.

Extracts from the Letters read at the Central Baptist Association.

HANTSPOUR CHURCH.—"We rejoice that once more in the providence of God, it is our privilege to welcome your associated body amongst us. Fourteen years ago, for the first time the Central Association met in this place; eight years past we enjoyed the same privilege and now again the same season occurs with its solemn as well as its joyful remembrances. Many well known faces, will not be seen, "our Fathers who are they? and the prophes do they live forever?" Yet the same welcome is extended to you. Five years have passed away since there was a large ingathering of souls to the church worshipping here. Since that time no special revival influence has been enjoyed. But we hope that a better day will dawn upon our Zion, and that showers of heavenly grace will in God's own time descend upon us, making our dwelling houses of prayer, filling our social meetings with the spirit of devotion, our communion seasons with joyful hearts, and restoring many to their first love and their first works." PASTOR, REV. J. BURTON.

2ND HALIFAX CHURCH.—"Early in October last, Rev. A. H. Munro removed from us. Since which time our efforts have been unceasing to obtain a suitable successor. A unanimous call has been extended to the Rev. J. E. Goucher, (which was accepted, and our brother has now entered upon his labours.) Though we cannot report any increase in our numbers, yet we have cause for gratitude that in the midst of trial and depression, we have so far maintained an unbroken front."