

Missionary Board where none of our representatives ever get to it,—a Nova Scotian affair," and they do not contribute to the College; and do comparatively little for the Foreign Missions. I have the temerity to believe that when our people understand the matter, they will unanimously instruct their delegates to the next Convention to send the Board across the Bay, and pray that great success may follow the transition.

Finally, is it the general action of the Convention with which Mr. A. finds fault, in that they did not accept the report of the Board as a whole? Does he mean to say that the feelings of the Board, or of its venerable Secretary were touched because they exercised what I must persist in calling their wisdom in rejecting or amending some portions of that Report? I, for one, again insist that there is nothing out of the bounds of Christian courtesy, and brotherly kindness in thus dealing with public documents.

It is my earnest desire to keep this great matter free from all personal allusion, and as far as possible to lose sight of men and parties. We must discuss it, but let us come to the discussion with all the calmness and importance the subject demands. It is highly necessary that the whole subject should be clearly placed before the people, and I trust that a patient survey of the entire ground may enable us to see our way, and to arrive at a common understanding as to the best method of conducting the grand enterprise committed to us by the Head of the Church.

SIGMA.

Amherst, Sept. 23rd, 1870.

For the Christian Messenger.

## OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

Dear Brother Selden,—

You will remember that there was no opportunity given for "discussion" on the Foreign Missionary Report at the Western Association last Tuesday afternoon. The vote was taken immediately after the three brethren who had been appointed to speak had finished their addresses. The vote was unanimous I believe. I did not vote at all, because I had no right to vote, not being a member of the Association, and I have been informed that the vote was a very feeble one, many others not voting who had the right to do so. Had there been an opportunity given I would certainly have felt it my duty to say that I entirely dissented from the Resolution and from the views advocated by the excellent and venerable brother, the chairman of the committee, and by the other two brethren who addressed us. I voted on the other side at the Convention at Fredericton, and at the previous Convention at Halifax. I object to undertaking a separate and Independent Mission for two reasons, and those reasons were not at all removed by the earnest argumentation to which we listened last Tuesday afternoon. Let me briefly state them.

1. We have no men who are competent to commence such a Mission. To send brother George, or brother Armstrong or brother Sanford away off into the Siam Jungles, amongst tigers and savages, disconnected from other missionaries to commence an Independent Mission—without some previous training in Missionary labor, would in my opinion be simply madness. I believe in faith, but I do not believe in presumption. I have the utmost confidence in the ability, and piety, and other qualifications of the two young brethren here mentioned who are preparing for the work, and long to be sent forth. I have no doubt these brethren could qualify themselves, should their minds be impelled in that direction, to command an East Indian, or storm a fortress. But by no human or superhuman means could they become qualified to fill such posts except by actual practice. The old adage that "in order to learn to swim we must go into the water" is as true of missionary work as of any other. Let these brethren then, if they wish to become qualified to open a new and independent mission, go out to Burmah and learn by actual practice in the field. Let them go where they will see how the work is done, and there learn how to do it. We have tried the experiment once, and it turned out a total failure. Should we not learn wisdom from the past?

2. Were it practicable what necessity is there for it? In the field of our American brethren there is ample room for more labourers. The field is the Lord's not the Baptists', it belongs to our Lord Jesus Christ, not to the American Union. HE is the Lord of the harvest, not the Americans nor the Nova Scotians. We are professedly laboring for HIM, not for THEM and not for ourselves; seeking HIS honour and glory, not our own, nor the Baptists'. Then why not at his bidding go where he opens the door, and

where work and men and money can be expended to the best advantage? I cannot understand all this talk about the "Americans having control of our money and our men," and then "getting some of the credit"!! of our doing!! Alas! if it is our mission, our men, our money, our credit we are looking after, we had better leave off before we begin. The aim is too low: we shall accomplish nothing. We shall get a curse and not a blessing.

It is not to be overlooked also that the tens of thousands of dollars raised in their own country and expended by our American brethren in the Burman Mission, is laid out, not in the "Union," but in the *British Dominions*. Aid in their great and noble work is therefore rendered to ourselves—to British subjects, not to Americans.

I voted at the late Convention for the payment of brother George's second year's salary because I believe that was the design of the Halifax Convention last year. It certainly was my own design at the time, and I was a part of that Convention, and I am certainly bound to fulfil my part of the engagement in the sense in which I understood it at the time. I had in view about four or five years, and if in that period of time he or any one else should seem to be qualified to take the lead in an Independent Mission, and such should appear to be the divine will, then he and we would be at liberty to make another arrangement.

I must add that I was grieved to hear at the Associational Foreign Missionary Meeting what sounded to my ears very much like aspersions as unkind as they were undeserved upon those excellent brethren from the States, whose company and communications at the "Institute" at St. John, and at the Convention, it was such a rare treat to enjoy. But as perhaps nothing of the kind was intended, I will say nothing more on that point.

I have thrown out these brief hints with no design of censuring any parties, or of wakening unpleasant discussion. I would earnestly deprecate any such result. I am not sanguine on one side or the other, but in order to come to a calm decision both sides of the question should be carefully and candidly examined. Majorities, it is freely confessed, are not always in the right. Neither are minorities. But in every form of government where the people are allowed to decide, the majority must rule, and the minority must submit, or there will be anarchy and endless confusion. And this is emphatically true of the Baptist Convention of these Provinces. No church or individual is of course bound by the decisions of that body. We may refuse to act, and neither fine nor imprisonment nor any other punishment will follow, but whoever wishes to act at all, and to act in harmony, must abide by the decisions of the majority.

Yours truly,

S. T. RAND.

Hebron, Yarmouth Co., Sept. 30.

For the Christian Messenger.

## LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND.

Mr. Editor,—

In the attempts to furnish you with some of the results of my tour on this side of the Atlantic, nothing would give me more pleasure than to continue making selections from Ireland; but another country has compelled me to share with it my thoughts, my admiration, and my affection;—it is the land of the "brave Scots." The memories however of the Emerald Isle like the thoughts of a pleasant dream, linger about my mind, and reproduce the delightful sensations which were experienced when the eye first gazed upon the extensive, exquisite and varied pictures of its natural scenery, and upon the human form, so ruddy and beautiful in childhood as to suggest the thought of an unchanged inheritance from Eden. Whatever faults or follies may be laid to the charge of the Irish Celts, to whom God has given for a dwelling place fertile, balmy Ireland, one of the brightest gems of the North Atlantic, they are concealed from the stranger at first by the extent and magnificence of the beauty, both of art and nature; by the cheerfulness and health with which every face seems redolent, and by the unceasing outflow of love and humor for which this section of the Celtic race is distinguished.

I supposed the letter before this contained the last word that I would write about Ireland; but as I am unwilling to dismiss the subject, you will indulge me in making an additional remark. How beautiful the general aspect of that country! Fields of golden grain standing or gathered into shocks, and more abundant in the North, were seen all over the Island, bordered with groves and hedges, and distributed among plots of grass and pasture lands. It was

impossible not to be touched and moved with the objects of sight, the communings and expressions of the people, and above all with the historic associations with which every relic and place abounds. An equable climate and a rich soil have triumphed gloriously over bad laws and the discontent of the labourer, in bringing to a good degree of perfection Ireland's agricultural industries. I saw a large variety of plump grains; and a selection of the largest, fattest, fleeciest sheep, and the biggest sleekest cattle on exhibition at annual shows, that ever I saw in my life.

It is now in pleasing remembrance, that I stood with the school master, far from the railways, in the obscurest nook of the Island, and heard him teach the little denizens of the cabins; that I saw the learned and polished teachers of the model and training schools at their work, and listened to an expression of the results of their long experience as given in their matured opinions; that I learned, from some of the Commissioners and Inspectors of the National System, the success of that School Law, in fighting its way through formidable opposition, and in opening and keeping open the fountains of knowledge to the lower classes. After conversing with the most unskilled and the rudest labourer at his cabin door, in the glens of the wild mountains, that protrude their spurs into the Atlantic on the West, I was prepared to appreciate a walk over the model Farms at Dublin, and listen to an account from professional men of the rise, progress, extent and success of systematic and scientific farming.

The well appointed and well uniformed constabulary force, either on foot or mounted on finely caparisoned horses, which appeared in city, town and country; the forts and strongholds which I saw; and the doings of the courts of law which I visited, have left the conviction in my mind, that John Bull is quite prepared for any uprising or outbreaking, which the spirit of discontent or the demon of Fenianism may be able to produce. This, in view of the possibilities of trouble, is a pleasant thing to recollect.

The social relations between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and the ignorance, superstition and bigotry of the latter, are sad features of life in a country on which God has bestowed the richest earthly blessings. But after a few weeks of free intercourse, careful observation, and diligent study, I am compelled to state that the conclusion, to which every thing conspired to lead my mind was, that much blame can be justly laid to the charge of Roman Catholicism, for the deficiencies and ills of Ireland. For the lack of greater success in the agricultural pursuits, with the land-laws hitherto partial and oppressive, Roman Catholicism must share the responsibility. The increase of cities and factories and trade into the north, in Scotland, and in England, where the stimulating and fostering spirit of Protestantism has exerted its power, is evidence of an overwhelming character against Roman Catholicism, for its hindering denuding effects on the South of Ireland, where it is in force and exalted to power, and where the facilities for the industries of life are abundant. Roman Catholicism is the open foe of free public education; and the covert and successful opposer of missionary enterprise and bible knowledge. By no pleading, however special and powerful, could she be cleared from being the disturber of the peace; of an otherwise happy country.

It was with mingled and contending feelings, that I took my departure from the shores of fair but unfortunate Ireland. From the deck of a steamer, floating down the beautiful Foyle, I took the last view just at nightfall; and then went down into a state-room, and was soothed to sleep by the easy motion, produced by the waves of the ocean, which roll in and disturb the quiet waters at the entrance of the Loch.

When I awoke, the scene had changed. We were floating on other waters and amid different scenery. Great iron steamers moved up and down the narrow channel majestically; and smaller ones darted swiftly hither and thither. The waters swarmed with steamers and vessels of every size and kind. From the shores the land rose abruptly into hills and mountains, terminated in heights and peaks, most irregularly and gracefully moulded. The water seemed enclosed on every side by this mountainous landscape. The change had been brought about, as if by magic; and the reality partook largely of the nature of a dream; but the waters were, indeed, the busy waters of the Clyde; and the lands were the braes and mountains of Scotland. For a time, Ireland was banished from the thoughts; for at no great distance were the scenes of the childhood and early life of the poet Burns, and the grave of his "Highland

Mary" was on a height just above us. Not far, in an opposite direction, was Loch Goll, the scene of "Lord Ullen's daughter,"—a gem among the poems of Thomas Campbell. Douglas, Wallace and Bruce had crossed these waters and mountains; and had passed through these glens in the pursuit of their adventurous warfare; and above all it was the home of John Knox, the country in which the Reformation did its work thoroughly by settling its institutions on the foundation of eternal truth. What subsequent struggles were made to defend the priceless inheritance handed down by the Reformers. Hated Prelacy had a resemblance to the Beast, and to withstand it men of Solemn League stained the heather with their blood. I could not but think of the great price that was paid for the simple forms of worship—as simple as a Baptist service—which I enjoyed, since landing in this country, under the arches of a grand old Cathedral, one that escaped the fate of the religious architecture in the days of the Reformation. In the eyes of Reformers that which embodied too much of Rome, was consigned to destruction; but the Cathedral at Glasgow was more fortunate; and while hearing the simple gospel and simple praise from the congregation of worshippers, I could not but say to myself—What has God wrought? I thought too of passing events which had transpired since I left home. To what do the tremendous and astounding events and changes of the few past weeks point? What strides the world is making towards that goal which is seen in the dawning future; the future dimly outlined to the eye of the Christian by the sure words of prophecy. The great Council, that voted infallibility to a weak old man, broke up dismayed; and went to their homes amid the shoutings of armies and the thundering of artillery, which has become dismal music, to the ears of men who have just closed their blasphemous operations of putting a man in the place of God. The political strongholds which these men have trusted, have melted like snow banks. Royalty, bearing in a polluted hand the symbol of purity, bestowed by the infallible one, and Royalty, dignified by the same authority, as the "Elders' son of the Church," have been by the recent seething events, stripped of their power; and sent into exile and confinement. Protestantism, with her banner aloft, goes to victory through a series of successes, unparalleled in the history of the world. Liberty slips her neck from the yoke of bondage, and shouts for joy, in breathing the air of freedom once more. Victor Emmanuel has requested the pope to hand over to him the sceptre, marked "political," and content himself with wielding the one labelled "religious." Had the power to refuse been as strong as the will, the request would have been haughtily repelled; and a presumptuous king would have been taught by papal artillery and papal Bulls, that it was a perilous undertaking to dispute the civil authority of him who holds in his hands the keys of St. Peter. But necessity wrung from the hand of Pope Pius the IX—the power which his predecessors had managed to retain and exercise. King Francis Joseph has severed the papal bonds as Sampson did the Philistine bonds, and it held no longer by the Concordat of Rome. To what do all these events lead? Is the Lord about to bring in another Reformation, by different means, and on a grander scale, than that of the sixteenth century, when these brave Scotchmen were called to the front? "The knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth." May He hasten it in his time.

Our swift boat soon drew up at a quay in the harbour of Greenock. My associate in journeying and I went into the town. Either misled by directions, or victimized by a spell of bewildering forgetfulness of things about us, produced by the historic inspiration of the country of the Scots, our stay was so prolonged, that when we returned, our boat had gone taking our luggage, and giving us the opportunity of repenting at our leisure. While in this plight the notion was soon banished from my head, that Scotchmen selfishly pursued their own business, and took no interest in strangers. We made known our misfortune to a man who was walking on the quay. He took us to his heart at once, and gave us a programme for the day, that turned our mishap to good account. We were assured that we would, by following his direction, enjoy a rare opportunity of sightseeing, and close the day by overtaking our valises. While we waited for the boat that was to take us over the first part of the day's excursion, a steamer came down the river and stopped at the quay where we stood; and never did a hive swarm with bees on the eve of a colony's departure, more than this steamer swarmed with children from Scotch Sabbath Schools. Among them I saw their teachers and their ministers. Oh those dear children! I felt like rushing in among them, and spending with them a picnic day in Scotland. "What of children?" some one might say. Let any one, in whose mind such a thought has entered, go three thousand miles away from a home in which the little group prattle and run, and laugh and cry, and pout and kiss; and when a hundred sunny faces smile you a welcome into the Sabbath School, whenever you choose to enter, and float your soul away to heaven on the wings of their holy melodies, and then it will be known how those children who were carried along through the picturesque glories of the Clyde, took for a time full possession of one heart at least.

After a little, when the spell had broken, by which the whole mind and soul had been entranced, by the sudden appearance of these old-world novelties, I became aware that I was in the midst of the noisiest industry that I had ever looked upon. The Clyde may justly claim reputation for many beauties and excellencies; but it beats the world, so far as I have seen it, hollow for rattle and bang. Fancy thousands of