

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

JAMAICA CORRESPONDENCE.

SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA, May 23, 1870.

Dear Bro. Selden.—

We had a pleasant passage, of 2 days and 20 hours, from St. Thomas, in the steady R. M. steamer, Shannon, reaching Kingston on the morning of the 20th. at half past 7, pausing off the harbor for a little, to leave some naval officers, —our companions in quarantine—we had an opportunity of seeing and admiring the "cocoa shades" and dwellings—a scene of quiet beauty—of Pt. Royal. In half an hour more we were at Kingston, amid a swarm of darkies, clamorous to serve, and a pelting rain. The rainy season has just commenced, and may continue for a fortnight. They call the showers gentle, but we have never witnessed heavier. The rain did not prevent us however, from receiving a most cordial welcome from Bro. East, President of the Baptist College, and his very amiable and excellent companion. Bro. East is evidently doing a good work here, both for Kingston, and for the whole Island; both as Pastor of the Church and as President of the College.

For some time past, finding that the College, situated at Calabar, on the north of the Island, was likely, but lingeringly, to expire, about a year ago the friends of the Institution, had it removed to the mission premises, then vacant, at Kingston, having added, by the aid of the Society at home, such buildings as were deemed necessary. Since then the Institution is advancing, and promises to render incalculable benefit to the cause of education and religion, on the Island. From Bro. East's pastoral address to the church at the beginning of the present year, I find that, "in the College and its schools, between 200 and 300 persons are under instruction and religious influence, some of them promising by the grace of God to become efficient teachers of the young, and some able ministers of the gospel."

The church too had become almost extinct, when Bro. East removed to Kingston, but in the opening words of his address, "A year of mercy calls for a song of praise." During the year the church has been reorganized, the chapel repaired at a cost of \$500, and the debt paid, 27 added to the church by baptism, in all 150 gathered in, making a total of 240 members, besides about 50 inquirers. The Sabbath School numbers 180 scholars with 27 teachers.

In the church there are 14 class leaders watching over their brethren and sisters and assisting their Pastor in the work and discipline of the church.

Several outdoor preaching stations are occupied by the Theological students—numbering, I think, 7—and 2 scripture readers are employed in visiting the streets and lanes of the city to read from the Bible, and to converse with the ignorant and the guilty.

There is also in connection with the church a medical aid society, and a district visiting Committee, by means of which personal effort is weekly used in the homes of the people, to bring them to the house of God, and to lead them to Christ and to heaven.

And so the Baptist cause is growing, and the leaven of the gospel working, among the forty thousands of Jamaica. Yea, to extend to every portion of Jamaica, and in some measure, to every portion of the globe. Never, has my growing conviction been stronger, that christian churches, suffer most of all from want of systematic and united christian effort. And that the disease of christians, and of christian churches, is not hunger, but spiritual dyspepsia, brought on by religious idleness. "He that will not work, neither let him eat," even though his table bends with plenty. Everywhere, the working church or christian, is blessed with spiritual health, wealth, and happiness.

The Mission House, Chapel, College, and Schools, are all beautifully situated, within a few yards of each other. The buildings look commodious and substantial, and the premises neat and thrifty, and certainly by their elegance, but more especially by their service, reflect no little credit, (under God, the English Baptists, and Bro. East) to the Baptist cause at Kingston, and Jamaica at large. During my stay, of only a few hours, it was too rainy to see, and hence to describe anything further of Kingston.

As Bro. Phillippo, had sent his servant to invite, and assist us to Spanish Town, we left in the afternoon train of comical, little, old English fashioned rail cars, managed and conducted by negroes; and after passing eleven miles of jungle, swamp, and wilderness, relieved by two

or three respectable dwellings, and a most magnificent mango orchard, of about 80 acres, and almost as level as a floor, we found our kind and venerable Bro. Phillippo, at the Spanish Town station, in waiting for us. Whether Dr. Cramp's letters of introduction, had any christi in charm within them, I cannot tell, but from Bro. Phillippo, and his most kind and excellent, but infirm companion, (with whom the name and memory of the Doctor seem fresh and fragrant) as from Bro. and sister East, of Kingston, we received a most cordial reception. They seem happy to welcome a co-worker, to a comparatively spiritual destitute Island. Bro. Phillippo is writing to the Society in England now, to request funds to supply "the dark spots" on the Island, with the light of the gospel.

Money and ministers, as far as I can learn, are the great wants of Jamaica. Bro. Phillippo intends, so soon as the rain abates sufficiently, to accompany me to Manchester &c, about 30 miles distant, the proposed future field of my labors. In due time you may hear again from
Yours truly,
W. H. PORTER.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE MICMAC MISSION. WHAT HAS BEEN DONE?

MR. EDITOR.—People are sometimes surprised to find "Mr. Rand" always cheerful, always hopeful, always pressing on in his work, though his labour seems to them to be, "alas! so fruitless." I sometimes reply to this thus: "If you knew the pastor of a church or an evangelist, who was very happy in his work, who was amply sustained, and who had every reason to believe that the gracious Lord was crowning and blessing his labours, would you not think him very unreasonable if he were otherwise than cheerful, hopeful, and pressing on?" Well, here is the ground of my encouragement in my work. I have much real enjoyment in my labours; I am amply supported, and have no doubts respecting the blessing of God upon my labours.

The following extract from our last Annual Report, gives a summary of what has been done during our existence as a Micmac Missionary Society:

1. "The Micmac language has been learned, reduced to writing, and thousands of their words have been collected, with their grammatical inflections and peculiarities."

2. "Portions of the Scriptures, comprising Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, the Acts, the Epistles to the Romans, Galatians and Hebrews, (to which may now be added 1 Corinthians and the Revelation), have been translated into Micmac. Five of these books, viz.: Genesis, Psalms, Matthew, Luke, John and Acts, have been printed, and widely circulated among the Indians, and are everywhere read by them, and read to them."

3. "The ability to read, which was a thing almost unknown among the Micmacs when we began our labours, is now by no means uncommon, and the number who can read is rapidly increasing the desire for knowledge, and the determination to obtain it, have become quite general among them, and, contrary to the generally received opinion, the people themselves are increasing in number."

4. "When we began our labours in this department it was scarcely, if at all, known among the Indians, that there was such a book as the Bible; and had they known there was such a book there was no possibility of their knowing what it contained, owing to their almost utter ignorance of English. And even at this day it may be safely affirmed that not one in twenty, (and this a long way within the mark), is sufficiently acquainted with our tongue to be able to comprehend the simplest story in the Bible when read in English. (If this statement should be questioned, the experiment can be easily tried.) But now they know there is such a book, and they know that it is the Word of God, and contains, to use their own expression, "wonderful things;" they know that the Roman Catholics have it, but that while they have allowed the white people to have it, they have carefully kept it from the Indians; they have hidden it from them under the "bushel" and the "bed." This "light" has now been brought out and placed in the candlestick—"the stone has been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre;" the voice of the Omnipotent has been heard in the hollow tomb; the dead in some instances have "come forth," still, it is true, "bound hand and foot with grave clothes;" not wholly disentangled from early prejudices and errors, but we are endeavouring as fast as possible to un-

fasten these, to "loose him and let him go" into the full liberty and light of Life.

I could name seven heads of families of whose real conversion I have good hopes. I think favourably of others, and besides these there are scores of Indians who will listen with deep attention to the Scriptures when read to them in "their own tongue wherein they were born;" who will greet the missionary with a cordial welcome to their huts, thank him for his visits, and urge him to repeat them as often as possible, and all this in the face and eyes of the fact that they are forbidden by bishops and priests to have anything to do with him whatever.

And I can mention the names of John Paul, Joe Michael, Harriet Christmas, Newel Christmas, Francis Jeremy, and others who are dead, but who have left us good ground to believe that they died in the Lord. Little Harriet's case was truly wonderful. She died at Truro some years ago, and the Rev. Mr. Dimock who attended her during her sickness and at the time of her death, wrote out an account of this remarkable child which was published in the Christian Messenger at the time, and was read with great interest. The Christian character of Harriet's mother, Susan Christmas, the first and only Micmac I have been yet honoured to baptize, has never, so far as I have been able to learn, suffered any shade. She is one of the seven enumerated above, and they are all consistent examples of Christian character, so far as I have had the means of judging.

5. Everywhere the influence of the Roman priesthood, is, among the Indians, rapidly waning, and the influence of the Micmac Mission is increasing. They no longer tremble in the presence of the priest; they are not afraid to dispute his claim to infallibility; they can convict him of mistakes, and inconsistencies, and sins; bullying and threatening on his part have to be followed by an apology, and the commands of the church are boldly disobeyed and neglected; auricular confession and priestly absolution are treated as a farce, and they are learning to trust alone in Christ and Him crucified. I can give instances in abundance in illustration of these facts; but it would be imprudent to publish them, and unnecessary.

8. Lastly, but not least, the mutual prejudices and dislike between the two nationalities—the whites and the Indians—are yielding to the power of light and Christian sympathy. The white people are learning to look upon the Indians as "brothers" in reality, and not merely in name or mere burlesque. The Indians are learning to acknowledge and reciprocate this feeling of kindness. The result is, they are beginning to appreciate and imitate our higher civilization, and to use their own expressive word—one single word—wigumagaltoteekw—we have fellowship with one another."

Mr. Editor, this is a subject in which I know many of your readers are interested, and feel persuaded they will know how to appreciate this simple statement of facts. One or two more brief communications, will, I trust, if you will give me room, tend to confirm the fact that our labours have not after all been wholly "fruitless."

S. T. RAND.

Hantsport, N. S., May 2nd.

IN MEMORIAM.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mrs. EVELINE A. BAKER.

wife of James E. Baker, and daughter of Stephen Parker, died at Stronach Mountain, Wilmot, on the 23rd day of May, 1870, at the age of 27 years, leaving a sorrowing husband and two children.

Our departed sister professed faith in Christ, and was baptized by the writer, when about 14 years of age. To the close of her life she remained a consistent and highly valued member of the Church. After her marriage she lived about 7 years in the same house with her husband's parents, in unbroken harmony with them and all the family. Her father-in-law, deacon Thomas Baker, says, he never saw a fault in her.

The lingering illness, consumption, which terminated her life, was frequently attended with much distress; but all was endured with much exemplary patience and resignation. Her reason remained perfect to the last; and her confidences in the Redeemer continued unshaken. A short time before her departure she repeated the lines—

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

At her burial a discourse was delivered by the pastor from 1 Cor. xv. 57. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Com. by Rev. C. Tupper.

Sacred to the memory of Anna Jane, eldest and much beloved daughter of Seymour and Ellen Jane Foyle, of Baddeck, C. B., who died March 28th, 1870, aged 2 years and 2 months.

BY J. S. HULL.

Why doth the window curtain fall,
The sunbeams to repel,
The household clock against the wall,
Refuse the hours to tell?

Why doth the father bow in prayer
And lift his heart to God,
And cry, Oh; give me strength to bear
The smart of thine own rod?

Why doth a flood of bitter tears,
Course o'er the mother's face?
Alas—her pet of tender years,
Is locked in death's embrace.

She was a child of gentle worth,
With massive curls of hair,
A rose, too fair to bloom on earth,
Midst storms of toil and care.

In health with childish glee she'd play,
To all around be kind,
In sickness, so submissive lay
In suffering, so resigned.

Her eye was all one kindling ray
And seemed as tho' 'twere given,
To light the loveliest things that play,
Between the earth and heaven.

But, Oh! that eye is closed in death,
That voice is silent now,
And yet, a smile—a heavenly breath
Rests on her marble brow.

She's gone, and in the spirit land
A dazzling crown she wears,
A palm within her angel hand
Before the Lord she bears.

Her little form, with solemn tread,
We bore unto the tomb
And left it numbered with the dead,
Till Christ the Lord shall come,

And bid the grave release its claim,
The slumbering saints come forth,
And rise with Christ in bliss to reign
And wear the crown of worth.

There she shall join to swell the strain,
Of the redeemed who sing
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,"
And Heaven's eternal king.

MRS. ELIZABETH JAIN.

At Chelsea, Lunenburg, Co., departed this life March 18th, 1870, in the 68th year of her age, Elizabeth, beloved wife of deacon Andrew Jain, and daughter of William and Elizabeth Freeman. Sister Jain was born in Milton, Queens Co., married in the year, 1827 to Bro. Jain with whom she lived happily discharging faithfully the duties of wife and mother until death removed her.

Sister Jain experienced religion when young, but did not make a bible profession of religion for many years after. She was a consistent and useful member of the Baptist Church for 38 years, the people of God and especially the ministers of the gospel found a welcome at her house.

Sister Jain's last sickness was short but very severe; which she bore with resignation to the divine will, and died in the triumphs of faith. She leaves a sorrowful and afflicted husband, six children and a number of grand children to mourn her loss. May the Lord sustain them, her funeral was largely attended on the 20th of March, and improved by the writer from Rev. xiv. 13.

Com. by Rev. H. Achilles.

For the Christian Messenger.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF HOME MANUFACTURES.

Mr. Editor,—

A meeting convened by the secretary, Mr. Duncan Campbell, was held in Ryerson's Hall, on 6th Inst., the Custos in the chair. The Chairman recommended attention to the need of finding employment for our population; and to the fact that capital could not much longer be profitably applied to building wooden vessels, as they must be superseded by those made of iron or steel.

The Secretary then gave a lively sketch of the state of this province as to manufactures; its wonderful capabilities, and the modes of developing its ample natural resources. He stated facts plainly, and furnished much suggestive information.

Dr. Bond urged the formation of a committee, and was glad of any opportunity of acting in concert with our fellow-citizens in Halifax. We could mutually aid each other.

Mr. Owen called special attention to two very hopeful modes of employing capital and labor. 1st. The growth of Hemp and Flax, for which our seaboard offered great help. The old histories of Nova Scotia shewed that hemp was grown near Annapolis, years ago it was raised in various parts of this county, and he knew that the county of Lunenburg was studded with fertile fields of flax. 2nd. Modes of propagating fish had been formed into a profitable science.