

the Burmans shows, rarely, if ever, any thing like a general or extensive movement among the people at any one point.

The "First General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church," seems to have been a most interesting and promising one. Since the union of the "Presbyterian" and the "United Presbyterian" churches of Canada in 1861, the denomination has become so large that it has been found difficult to provide accommodation for the large body constituting the Synod. Hence the Assembly composed of delegates from the different Presbyteries to the number of one-third of each.

The first session was rendered peculiarly interesting by the presence of a number of very distinguished ministers from Great Britain and Ireland. The Free Church of Scotland sent Rev. Dr. Arnot, author of the valuable popular works on "The Parables" and "The Proverbs," and Rev. Dr. Blaikie. The U. P. Church of Scotland the well known Drs. Edmond and McLeod, the latter, not he of the Good Words, but yet a man of considerable mark as a thinker and writer.

Then from Belfast were Rev. Dr. Watts and Mr. Sinclair. The United States and Lower Provinces, were also, I believe, represented.—Thus it will be seen that the Presbyterians have been the first to organize an Assembly representing the whole Dominion. Other bodies will, no doubt, soon follow suit, and it is to be hoped that our own denomination, though not remarkable for the strength of its cohesive or centripetal force, may not be far behind others in this respect.

Large and liberal measures—great attempts—are pretty likely to result from a consciousness of strength, and conscious strength is the result of union and concentration.

It is not in my power, at present, to give anything like a reliable view of the present state and prospects of the Baptists in Ontario, as brought out by the various Associations recently held. These yearly gatherings seem on the whole to have been well attended, and their deliberations cheerful and harmonious in a marked degree.

The contributions for the various denominational objects, as Home and Foreign Missions, and Education, have been liberal. Dr. Fyfe, who has been visiting as many of the gatherings as possible, in the interest of the Woodstock Institute, has been considerably encouraged. The prospect for a time was that in consequence of unforeseen expenses such as usually attend the building of new edifices, and the enlargement of general operations, there might be found at the close of the financial year a burden of debt still remaining.

Thanks to the liberality of the brethren in various quarters, there is now good reason to hope that the treasurer will be able to exhibit to the Trustees, in July, a clear balance sheet. Then our educational enterprise, freed from the incubus of debt, and possessed of enlarged facilities, will be able, we trust to collect its energies for a still larger work in the future.

The Fenian war-cloud which burst so softly and disappeared so quickly, has nevertheless, left a somewhat ominous streak on the political horizon. The marked difference in the estimate formed of the value of U. S. neutrality, and the mode in which the Great Republic discharged its international obligations, by the press of Canada and that of Great Britain, may possibly it is feared, give rise to difficulties in our relations to the mother country. Things look different from stand-points 3000 miles apart.

Canadians are not unnaturally somewhat exasperated at the serious interruption of their trade and industries, and the heavy expense involved in these repeated alarms. They contrast the tardy action of the U. S. with the alacrity of their own government indemnifying the losers by the St. Alban's raid, a few years ago, and in taking every precaution to prevent a repetition. That raid was planned and executed in profound secrecy, only a portion of the marauders going from Canadian soil. With how much secrecy the Fenian movement has been carried on for the last few years every body knows. Still there seems good reason to hope that a satisfactory solution may soon be found of the rather knotty question of the relation of Great Britain in the future to her colonies, and of them to her.

British connection is still fondly cherished by the great body of our people, as the recent attempt of a few independentists in Montreal has illustrated. Their attempts to use a public meeting to promote their own ends, evoked a storm for which they were probably scarcely prepared. Not till it is clear that Great Britain is tired of the connection will the people of this section of the Dominion vote for its severance. When that day comes, it will, no doubt demonstrate the ability of the foster-child to walk alone. The idea of seeking support in the arms of our powerful neighbour is entertained by no

party of any importance. Hostile tariffs and Fenian raids have given the *quietus* pretty effectually to any desires of that sort which may have been cherished by some in former years.

J. E. W.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM REV. A. R. R. CRAWLEY.

BASSEIN, April 4th, 1870.

My Dear Messenger,—

100° in the shade; what incredible height it may have reached in the sun, I know not, nor will hazard my character for moderation by attempting to guess. Enroute to the town of Bassein, my fortunes, for the present, are committed to a Burman canoe.

This craft is made from a hollowed log—the desired height above the water being gained by planks rudely fastened on and made tolerably water-tight, at the point of connexion by a mud-calking. This primitive barque is thirty feet long, by four feet wide; a contrivance of bamboo and thatch forms my state-room, and serves to protect me, effectually enough, from the 5,000 sun-stroke-power, which blazes in our skin at this season of the year.

Five swarthy *gymnasts* (using that word in its etymological, rather than its professional significance)—naked to the hips—a twist of dirty muslin round their heads; about their loins a yard or two of gingham or calico, innocent of water from the day it left the loom until now—these are my crew. Three of them are sitting on a bamboo flooring, on a level with the gunwale of the canoe with nothing to brace their feet against, and going through a performance as near akin to rowing as is possible in such a constrained position. The fourth man holds the captaincy, and the steering oar. The fifth is my cook, and produces all that is needed for physical sustentation, but how and why? well it is best for *something's* sake not to ask.

These men are all sitting in the sun, unprotected, except by coarse cotton blankets, many times folded and thrown loosely over their heads.

Two of them wear a sort of umbrella hat, made of dry leaves and bamboo basket work; which head-gear makes them look like exaggerated mushrooms.

The canoe being long, narrow, and shallow exhibits an eccentric tendency to turn upside-down about once in five minutes—not conducive to general serenity of nerves and temper.

Leaving Henthada at 9 P. M., yesterday it took us till daylight this morning to stem the Irriwaddi up to the branch of the great river which leads to Bassein.

Just before leaving Henthada I had occasion to call on the gentleman who is at the head of the judicial department of the District. His verandah was in a state of extraordinary confusion. The appearance was as if a sudden out-break of fire in the house had made an imperative demand for unusual quantities of water, which stood in pools under the house, while it had been poured without stint all over the verandah floor. Chatties or water jars, were scattered about in great profusion and disorder. The explanation of this singular scene is found in the fact that this is the season of the Burmese "water festival" by which they celebrate their New Year. Every body is supposed to allow any body to squirt, or pour, or throw on or at them water ad libitum. But whence the origin of this strange custom I have not been able to ascertain.

Capt—is a good-natured man, and very fat withal, and the heat being excessive the Burmans discovered that he would sit and receive, undisturbed, any number of the chatties of water discharged on his magisterial head.

Bro. Douglass of the Bassein Mission will be remembered by many of your readers. His death occurred while I was at home. A new missionary, Rev. M. Jamieson, arrived a couple of months ago to occupy the vacant post. Without the language, new to the work, a missionary finds pressing upon him a variety of claims, to which he cannot possibly attend; at the request of Mrs. Douglass and Mr. Jamieson I am now proceeding to render such assistance as I may.

25th. Since the last entry I have arrived at Bassein, and have been in company with Mr. Jamieson travelling by boat among the villages. His adventures and experiences, in the constant struggle day by day demanded in the effort to acquire the language, are interesting to me because they revive memories of the same passage in my own life.

Mr. Jamieson's predecessor was called home at a notable period in the history of the Bassein mission. The record of missionary work among

Progress has been made by gathering in here one, there two, in another place five, and so on. But a short time before Bro. D's illness, he baptised fourteen in one village. These were the majority of those who applied for baptism at that time. Since then the number of applicants has increased until now there are more than thirty who profess faith in Christ, and wish to receive the rite. We spent Saturday and Sunday at the village where these people live.

Eight persons were examined, five approved, and Bro. Jameson baptised them on Sunday evening before a large assembly of heathens.

A word of explanation is necessary here; if the whole number of inquirers, or professed converts, was thirty or more, why did only eight apply for baptism? The others were absent.

The business of the village consists mainly, in the manufacture of Gnapes, the universally used condiment of the Burmese. In the preparation of this *luxury* (in plain Saxon *rotten fish*) nearly the whole dry season is spent at the sea-shore. Accompanied by their *fragrant* harvest of the sea, the fishermen will all have returned to their houses about a month hence, when it will be necessary to make another visit to this village.

Bassein, April 28th, letters from home! and papers! writing therefore is out of place for the present. More anon.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN ADDRESS TO REV. E. N. ARCHIBALD.

Dear Brother,—

As you have resolved to leave our Island for another sphere of labour, and your connection with us as Pastor must now be terminated, we wish to express our sincere gratitude for the faithful and devoted manner in which you have discharged the duties of that sacred office with us for about five years. You have served the Master whom you love, and ours has been the benefit. Since your connection with us the church membership has been largely augmented, and a vital activity infused into all its organization.

Your efforts in the Sabbath School also have been blessed, making it a valuable auxiliary of the Church.

With your departure we lose a brother's love, and more than a brother's watch care. Be assured, that wherever you lot may be cast, you will still have among us loving hearts who ever remember you before a throne of grace in earnest prayers for your lasting welfare. As you are going to engage in the Master's service, we commend you to his love and protection for he has left the blissful promise, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." May he still more fully bless your labours and give you larger sheaves of the eternal harvest.

We trust that your beloved partner's strength will be recruited by a change of climate, and that she will find happiness and comfort in the bosom of dear christian friends.

We part, Dear Brother and Sister, but not without hope. Should we never enjoy each others society on earth again, we trust that we will one day meet where parting is known no more, but the Great Shepherd himself shall lead us by the river of life in the Paradise of our Father's home.

Signed in behalf of the Church,  
FRANCIS BAIN, Clerk.

REPLY TO ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE CHURCH AT NORTH RIVER.

Beloved brothers and sisters,—This is the solemn hour of our separation. It has come to me and I doubt not to you at a time and in a way we little expected. Our great God guides his children with sovereign hand. Happy are we if we know by the impressions of his Spirit that he is leading us. We have but one short life to live. How should all that be spent in his service *where and how* he would have us labor.

My coming to your beloved Island in the summer of 1865, just at the opening of my ministry was attended with many fears. But as I look back and recall my warm reception by loving hearts, my ordination at your hands, the frequent baptisms, the holy stirrings of the spirit through the truth which we have unitedly held forth and the christian love that has bound us together as pastor and people, I feel that there is no room to doubt that I was guided hither by our loving Lord. And now that I have decided to leave you, I cannot but feel Him to be the same Father who now bids me go for him to another corner of his great harvest-field.

You speak of the benefit I have been to you. Be assured that mine has been greater, according to that faithful saying "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

The dear children of your homes and of the Sabbath School—may Jesus fold them in his arms to his heart of blessing. Long shall that Commentary, *their parting gift*, be a witness before me of the tender love of children for one who seeks the welfare of their souls.

You speak affectionately of my future—that it may be fruitful, happy and glorious. The Lord grant this to you also; then shall we meet in Glory-land to weep the parting tear, no, never! Many thanks for your kind wishes and prayers for my beloved partner. Permit me to express her ardent gratitude with my own, nurtured as it has been under the continued sun of your great kindness.

And now in closing let me say that my unceasing prayer will be for your prosperity. To this end may it not be long till God will send you a pastor more able to bless you than I have

ever been. "Finally brethren *Farewell*. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind; live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

E. N. ARCHIBALD.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. J. J. BROWN, JUN.

Some ten years ago the parents of the subject of this notice rejoiced in the possession of four daughters, comely in person—respectable for their abilities and attainments—amiable in disposition—and, to crown all, endowed and adorned with the grace of God. These sisters have now all of them been taken away. One of them was removed in the year 1860; a second in the year 1865; a third, in the year 1868. The youngest, and last surviving of these, Mrs. J. J. Brown, JUN., gave birth to a son, her third child, on Thursday, the 9th ult. And then, while those around her were looking for her recovery in due course, on Lord's Day morning, the 19th ult., she was attacked by congestion of the brain, which in less than three hours ended in death. To her memory this brief record is dedicated.

She was born at Sheffield, England, Oct. 21, 1841; and was thus, at the time of her decease, in the 29th year of her age. When about thirteen years of age she experienced the saving power of the gospel, and was baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church at Yarmouth, N. S. In appearing before the church on that occasion she uttered only these three brief but comprehensive words:—"I hate sin—I love Christ—and I love all who love him."

Much more than this she said in private conversation at that time; revealing an acquaintance with the way of salvation not always possessed by many professors who have attained to far riper years. Yet this surely, springing warm and fresh from the heart, was enough. So the church thought; and, on her profession, as here given, gladly received her. All who have known her have known, that from that early day to the end of her short career, embracing a period of sixteen years, her life has been in beautiful harmony with her position as an avowed disciple of the cross.

In the year 1864, little more than six years since, she became a wife. Her married life has been greatly varied. She has been to sea with her husband; has repeatedly crossed the Atlantic; and visited Canada, the States, New Brunswick, Scotland, England, Wales, and Cuba. Twice has she suffered shipwreck. Amid these manifold changes and perils, she has maintained a remarkable calmness, bravery, and equanimity; which qualities seemed but to rise into more vigorous action with the greatness of the danger to which she was exposed.

After her second wreck, in 1866, she returned to her parental roof; beneath which, while her husband has been "doing business on the mighty waters," she has since had her more staid residence, and whence she has now been transferred to her "Father's house on high."

There is nothing to be said about a dying experience in the case of the departed. The attack which removed her hence reduced her at once to utter insensibility, and she knew not that the sentence of death was upon her. This, however, although it may occasion regret, need awaken no anxiety. Her great account had long since been made up. Jesus stood ready to receive her, and to answer for her before the throne of heaven; and to his suretyship, she may gladly be confided. A life of faith and love involves the assurance of safety in a dying hour, whatever the circumstances of that hour may prove to be.

It may be added, that since the removal of the deceased, a journal kept by her has come to light, embracing records in regard to a few of her later years. It refers, not to external facts alone, but also to internal feelings and experiences. It shows, that while the conduct of the deceased was consistent with her profession, that that conduct sprang from the movements of the new heart. In these movements there are distinctly visible, on the one hand, the struggles of the renewed nature against earth, and sin, and, on the other, the ascent of that nature towards the heavenly and eternal. That heavenly is now reached. That eternal is now begun. Thus there remains nothing to survivors, so far as the departed one is concerned, save sentiments of thankfulness and joy; while for themselves, they are summoned afresh, and by new motives, to become "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

The Rev. Robert Wilson, until recently pastor of the Congregational Church at Sheffield, N.B., now on a visit to this city, kindly and most efficiently improved the death of Mrs. Brown on Lord's Day evening, the 26th ult. His text was Rev. xiv. 14. "And I looked, and behold a white cloud; and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle." The subject deduced from the text was, *Christ reaping the death harvest of his people*. Would that the providence of God, and the word of God may be blessed to the bringing forth of the fruits of salvation in days yet to come!

J. DAVIS.

Charlotte-town, July 1, 1870.

[Visitor will please copy.]

[The fact does not appear very distinctly from the above that Mrs. Brown was the last surviving daughter of Rev. John Davis. We supplement this item, and would take the opportunity of expressing our warmest sympathy with the parents and friends in their sad loss.—Ed. C. M.]