

have already taken the language *by the throat*, and will speedily subject it to the position of a useful servant. Yesterday was their first Sunday in Henthada. Being the first Sunday in the month, we had, according to our established custom, the Lord's Supper in the morning; in the evening we had a Union meeting with the Karen Christians, when Bro. George made a few appropriate remarks, which I had the pleasure of putting into Burman for the audience.

The first beneficial result of this accession to our strength is this: every drawback to my spending the greater portion of my time among the villages of the District is removed. My next letter will probably be dated from some jungle town, where somewhat continuous missionary labor has long been needed. I shall endeavor to introduce your readers to all that is peculiar and noteworthy in jungle work. It is my purpose to spend the greater part of the next three months in the "jungle." But let me correct the imagination of many, who, from a wrong impression regarding the meaning of the word "jungle," may be stirred up to condole with me as one condemned to months of privation in the heart of a dense forest, where the vegetable giants of the tropics spread their long arms far above a tangled growth of brush-wood, the dark abode of tigers, cobras, and—missionaries! Be it then known unto all such dear friends, that a man, blessed with the physique of your correspondent, enjoys much more than he suffers "in the jungle." His abode is not a wigwam, nor a hut, but a substantial board-floored house, situated a little apart from the houses of the natives, and—but, like the serial story-writers. I will stop at an interesting place, and give the remainder in my next.

In the meantime I am  
Faithfully yours,  
ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

No. 25

KILLARNEY, IRELAND, Aug. 5th, 1870.

Dear Editor,—

This place is rich in relics of antiquity. Thirty-two years ago a cave was discovered by some laborers, and on being explored, it was found to contain human bones, and records on stone in characters, similar to those said to have been used by the Druids before the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain. There are copper mines here which were worked at a very early period. On every hand may be seen Castles and Abbeys in ruins, some of which bear signs of a very early date. What may be seen and heard now, is naturally associated with the historic and legendary past. About these lakes, on these cloud-capped mountains, in these deep gloomy valleys, up these glens, where the music of the cascade never ceases, over this rich undulating country, and up and down these rivulets and rivers, savages have wandered, and the weird Druids have performed their priestly mysteries, Celts and Teutons have struggled in deadly conflict. Hither came the saints and christianized the savage with their forms of religion. This place was selected by chiefs for castles, and by Monks and Friars for monasteries and abbeys. The popular mind is filled with legends of heroic chieftains, and saints, whose times were the earlier centuries; and the relics scattered about attest to the eye, that all this Irish mythology is not without foundation. Walls which gave defence to the besieged in the times of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Cromwell still stand as monuments to the O'Donaghues, O'Sullivan's, and McCarthys. Surrounded by the works and beauty of art, and in the midst of christian civilization, it is peculiarly entertaining to contemplate the past as connected with this charming place. All things are now changed, except these mountains, valleys and lakes—the far-famed lakes of Killarney.

This place is regarded as important to the tourist. It is seen by well ordered regulations which extend into details. The hotel at which I lodge, provides one hundred bedrooms and other accommodations to correspond. Ponies, jaunting cars, cabs, guides and one hundred strong armed and neatly uniformed oarsmen are at the service of sightseers.

This array of systematized assistance is unavoidably met by all who go by Rail to Killarney; but, by one of those plans which are not advisedly made to secure the object which is really obtained, I entered this place by coach, avoided the vexatious demonstrations of well ordered helps, and got a natural and pleasing view of all the surroundings. Having abandoned the plan of going into Killarney on foot, I found myself, with thirteen other passengers, on an

open coach, winding along from the south to this place of fame. Thus I got a view of the lakes and their surroundings, before being called upon to suffer the infliction of guide-books, boatmen, ponies, guides and the inevitable jaunting cars.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., on Wednesday last, our driver drew up his horses, and said, "There are the lakes of Killarney." I took my stand upon the box behind the driver, and kept myself steady by holding on to the iron rail of his elevated seat. The road wound around the bases of the hills, and we drew nearer and nearer to the margin of the Lakes. In front, to the north east, lay a wide valley, into which spurs of the surrounding mountains, jutted out in bold and beautiful irregularity. Here, in basins of unequal size, repose the limpid waters of the three far-famed Lakes. The Upper Lake was just at our feet, Mucross, further to the north, and in the distance beyond it, Lough Leane was in sight. Across the valley of the river, that flows into the Upper Lake from the west, rise the Macgillauddys Reeks—a range of mountains whose heights are a number of smoothly formed peaks, from three to four thousand feet high; and which, when first seen were wrapped about with rising clouds. To the east of these are other mountains similarly formed, known as the Thornies, the Sheehy and the Purple Mountains. Between these two ranges is seen the gloomy opening of a deep pass, called the Gap of Dunloe, extending from the valley in front, four miles north to the level country. On the south and east of Upper and Mucross Lakes, are seen mountains rising grandly into

view. Beyond these, peaks of more distant mountains are indistinctly seen. Embosomed in these mountains, the lakes appear like great plates of polished silver, set in emerald. Their margins, and the slopes and heights of the mountains are covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, shrubs, plants, flowers and grasses, as beautiful as some of them are strange to the eyes of a Nova Scotian. Among the familiar trees, such as, the ash, beech, elm and birch, is an abundance of the yew, larch, laburnum, lime, Scotch fir, holly, and arbutus. The ubiquitous ivy, furze, and heath are on the treeless peaks, and wooded slopes of the mountains, and upon the islands and around the shores of the lakes. The ivy fringes the bare trunks of trees, and hangs in graceful festoons from the branches; it covers the barren rocks and wreaths the bold heads of the cliffs—every where its deep green appears among the lighter colours. On every hand the furze and heath mingle a profusion of yellow and purple blossoms with which to deck and beautify the landscape. From the point at which this grand picturesque scene bursts upon the view, to the place from which I write, it is about twelve miles. The road which runs through this luxuriant growth of vegetation, winds around the mountains and along the margin of the Lakes. The day had been dark, and the clouds had floated near the earth, enveloping the tops of the mountain, and casting down upon us drops of threatening rain; but before we reached the lakes they lifted themselves into higher air, and parted asunder, here and there revealing sky of the deepest blue. Upon lakes and islets and mountains played, ever changing light and shadow, which heightened the charm and glory of the scene. The very horses seemed to be animated, and we rolled along over a road as smooth as a pavement. My elevated stand on the box facilitated turning to obtain views on every side. Along the twelve miles, there was a rapid and countless succession of views. Arms of the lakes, islands and mountains appeared and disappeared. Fore, whose smooth slopes, in the distance, seemed to descend gently to the margin of the lakes, rose grandly above our heads, as we went around its base; after passing the first side which was unwooded and rugged, we came round more to the north,—and then the forest seemed to extend to the highest peak. The moon hung in the heights, the wild, red deer, startled by the noise of the coach darted up the slopes disappearing in the dense foliage. The excitement grew upon us; and, for the first time in my life, I came under the power of magnificence and beauty, so that I melted with emotion, and felt the wild rushing of excitement.

Having listened in silence to such exclamations from the passengers as these, "glorious," "sublime," "beautiful," "delightful," our driver could contain himself no longer, and he spoke out for the benefit of all. "The niver a sowl that comes on my coach for these eighteen years, but speaks well of all things about Killarney; but there was one sour dawl from York-shire, and begorrah, he had the niver a good word to spake for onny thing." We joined our Celtic friend in denouncing the unappreciative and cynical Saxon from over the channel.

When we came to within three miles of the town of Killarney, the mountains were receding, and before us there was spread out a beautifully ornamented and level country. The population of the town is estimated at five thousand. About these lakes, there are the ivy clad ruins of old abbeys and castles, the modern mansions of landlords and dwellings of the rich. Much pains is taken to beautify, and ornament the surroundings of even the modest cottages. The closely shaven lawns, the neatly trimmed hedges, the avenues and groves, the gay and fragrant gardens, appear at the north side of the lake; after coming from amid the overmastering grandeur of mountain scenery, quiet, artistic views fall soothingly upon one's senses.

The next morning after our arrival, a genial Englishman joined us; and we set out to do the lakes according to well ordered arrangements. We mounted a car, and where soon at the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe—the first thing to be seen. The jaunting car had rolled us over nine miles to this spot, when we were left to walk on account of the roughness of the road through the Gap. Among the many fine houses which we had passed, the driver pointed out that of James O'Connell, brother of the late Daniel O'Connell, the great agitator of Ireland. As we approached the dismal Gap, the rain poured down upon our heads; a young man ran after us, offering his services as bugler, to awake the echoes among the cliffs; a half dozen ragged youths galloped after us, on as many ponies, which they would let to us to ride upon through the Gaps; the blind begged for our money; women ran after us and besought us, as we valued our health in a storm, to buy "mountain dew" and goat's milk, by the use of which to avoid cold, and also to refresh our bodies; men, dripping with rain, discharged cannon, and then wanted us to pay them for the echoes that were made for our ears; and the wind blew the umbrella of my friend inside out, and left his head to the mercy of the storm. In this way we marched through the gloomy pass, pelted by rain and tormented by men, women and children, who seemed to spring supernaturally out of the hill sides. As we emerged from the Gap, there was on our right the opening of Black Valley, sombre and gloomy; but we passed on to the upper lake. There we found the boat and luncheon sent by the manager of the hotel. The rain was over, and our boat glided away at the stroke of the uniformed oarsmen. As we passed over the three lakes we had the opportunity of beholding from their bosoms the scenes, which, the evening before, we had gazed upon with so much delight from the top of the coach. On the south side of the upper lake, on a beautiful lawn, stands a neat little cottage, surrounded by luxuriant groves. "There," said one of the boatmen "is where the Queen lunched, and she gave the boatmen (and I was one of them) twenty-five pounds a day for rowing her about the lakes." Lord Castleross, whose estate extends along the upper lakes, to please his fair lady, built the cottage on the spot where Her Majesty lunched. By the way, we had the pleasure of seeing her ladyship; the day before, just as we came in sight of the lakes. From Glangarriff to Killarney, a distance of more than thirty miles, the road passes through scenery wild and grand in a high degree. We wound around dizzy heights of the mountains, and passed through tunnels, cut in the solid rock, looked into deep valleys and glens beneath us, where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle grazed; gazed up into the heights that were above us and saw goats clinging to the almost perpendicular mountain sides, and ragged children running down from shepherd's huts to beg pennies. As our coach rolled slowly up into an opening of two peaks on the mountain, a little excitement ran among the passengers, and our driver announced that Lady Castleross was descending the mountain towards us. There appeared no little interest in meeting her ladyship in so romantic a place. Our driver turned his vehicle hard upon the road side, and gave ample room for the splendid coach and pair to pass. The footman, coachman and postillion, were in full livery, even to powdered hair. Dick, the coachman to her ladyship, when opposite, drew up his horse to give Ned, our coachman, directions to look out for an umbrella which lady Castleross had dropped in the road. This gave all the passengers the opportunity of looking into the full, fresh genial face of her Irish ladyship, who had evidently seen about thirty-five summers. Doubtless she merits the neat little cottage which her Lord built her on the margin of the lake, where Royalty had lunched.

Our boats floated swiftly along, we looked up into the mountains and around upon the islands, and groves—listened to the echoes awakened by the cornet in the cliffs of surrounding moun-

tains; but nothing equalled the experience of the day before, from the top of the rolling coach—the inspiration was gone. We landed, and climbed a Donjon tower to the top of Ross Castle, and took a farewell look of lakes, islands, mountains and surrounding country. The sun was shedding a flood of light upon the scene, and everything was beautiful, but the top of the castle is not to be compared to the top of the old coach driven by a jolly Irish Celt, as a place, from which to see the Lakes of Killarney.

Truly yours,  
EDWARD MANNING.

For the Christian Messenger.

CENTRAL SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

The Sabbath School Convention of the Central Baptist Association met in Port William, Cornwallis, Sept. 8th, 1870.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the President, Bro. J. P. Graves, opened the Convention by devotional exercises, in which Brethren Foshay, S. B. Kempton, S. T. Rand, Burgess, and Coldwell took part.

Bro. Melatiah Kinsman was appointed President for the ensuing year.

Brethren S. B. Kempton, S. T. Rand, David Ellis, and A. A. Pineo, were appointed nominating committee.

Letters were received from the following Sabbath Schools: Port William, Walton, (union), South Rawdon, Halifax Ist., New Germany, Falmouth (union), Canning, Perea, Scots Bay Road; also twenty-two other schools sent statistics, which will be presented in another form.

The following were present as members of the Convention.

Delegates from Schools.

Port Williams.—Enoch Eaton, Thomas Smith, Daniel Cogswell, Nathaniel Curry, Thos. H. Borden.

Gaspereaux.—Jehial Caldwell, Ebenezer Martin.

Cold Brook.—W. H. Forsyth, J. E. Davison.

Canning.—Edwin Rand, J. S. Witter.

Greenfield.—Rev. E. F. Foshay.

South Rawdon.—A. Cohoon.

Upper Aylesford.—J. P. Graves.

Berwick.—A. F. Chipman, John Lyons, Alfred Wilson, Rupert Killam.

Hall's Harbor.—Wm. A. Ruscoe, John Wallace, Jr.

Billtown.—Melatiah Kinsman, Rupert Bligh, Rev. J. Kempton.

Halifax North.—David Ellis, Geo. E. Smith, Wm. Hamilton, Joel Hubley.

Falmouth (union).—C. E. Young, George Etter.

Perea.—D. Froeman, E. C. West.

Black River.—J. E. Pinks, Dea. Jas. Pick.

Scots Bay Road.—Ralph Hodges D. H. Newcomb.

Upper Canard.—W. H. Lyons, J. E. Lockwood, Edward Beckwith.

Lower Canard.—D. R. Eaton, C. F. Eaton.

Members in their own right.—Being Ministers Licentiate, Superintendents or Teachers in the Central Associations.—Caleb Burgess, Chas. E. Parker, Robert Bentley, Willard Kinsman, S. T. Rand, S. F. Kempton, Brenton Hlley, Geo. Davison, John Martin, George N. Davison, W. F. Armstrong, I. Skinner, J. R. Stubbart.

Invited to set in Convention.—W. B. Boggs, John Vaughan, Joshua Ellis, Wm. North, Johnson Noaly, L. C. Woodworth.

Twelve schools reporting sent no delegates.

Committee on Nomination reported,—That David Ellis and A. F. Chipman be Vice-Presidents. That the Convention meet next year in Gaspereaux, the second Thursday in September. That, E. F. Foshay, J. W. Bares, Jehial Caldwell, J. S. Witter, and J. P. Graves be the managing committee. That D. M. Welton present the essay, and J. F. Kempton preach the sermon. That D. Freeman be Secretary and Treasurer.

Brother Jos. Kempton and W. B. Boggs were appointed to read the letters. The letters were then read and were heard with interest.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of the statistics to the Christian Messenger for publication in that paper.

The Managing Committee reported, That the Convention adjourn at 12 o'clock, and meet at 2, adjourn again at 5 o'clock, and meet at 7 in the evening. That the Rev. W. B. Boggs deliver his Essay after the business in the afternoon. The singing be by the children of the Sabbath School. That addresses be delivered to the School. That Brethren S. T. Rand and David Ellis lead in this, and others follow.

The sermon by Rev. E. F. Foshay be the first in order for the evening, followed by discussions on questions that will be presented.

Convention adjourned. Prayer by Rev. W.