

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

JAMAICA CORRESPONDENCE.

MANDEVILLE, Dec., 1870.

Dear Brother,—

May I be allowed to lay this additional burden upon your patience—to convey through you some idea of Jamaica to the curious. Others who have not expressed such curiosity, may also be interested.

The material of Jamaica is almost wholly limestone. Hence the diversified, magnificent, and in many parts, sublime scenery. Hence also the fertility of the soil. My observation of Jamaica is yet almost restricted to the parishes of Manchester and Clarendon. The former especially, is fruitful, and affords excellent grazing. The cattle of this parish are fine. I never saw more sleek and handsome droves. The horses also are very fair. Sheep are about as in Nova Scotia. The prices of cattle and horses are about £10 to £12 for a cow and calf, and from £9 to £20 for a horse. Beef is about 6d. a pound, and sheep mutton 9d. Goat meat is 4½d. Pork about 6d. Butter 2s. a pound; Lard 1s. 6d., and cheese 2s. 6. Coffee 6d. a quart, and also rice, starch, flour and wet sugar. The fruits of Jamaica are abundant in quantity and variety. Most of them are delicious. On market days, which is every Saturday, all over the Island, one may feast his eye if nothing more. The scene on the Market Hill at Mandeville, at these times is quite interesting. Women, chiefly, bring the produce to market. Carrying it, many of them or twelve miles on their heads in kegs, boxes, or baskets. Saving their bare feet, to which one also becomes accustomed, they look quite neat and tidy in their clean light calico dresses. The articles for sale on market days are generally fresh meat and fish, bread, cakes, and casada bread, a variety of vegetables, such as yams—one of the chief articles of food in Jamaica, nearly answering to our potatoes,—coconas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, cabbages, beans, water melons and cucumbers, &c., &c., corn, at about 4s. to 5s. a bushel. The fruits are plantains, bananas, cochoes, pears, sweet sops, and pine apples, with nearly a score of others. Oranges are seldom sold in country and village markets, being so common and abundant. When they are you may buy about a dozen for a "quattie," or 1½d. The roads of Jamaica generally are bad, being very illy made, mountainous and rocky. Still the roads from Kingston to Mandeville, is for the most part quite passable. About 40 of the 84 occupants of Mandeville prison—mostly imprisoned for theft—are now working upon it. Among other companies upon the road, working for public money, carrying stones upon their heads, breaking them by the road or hoeing out the ditches, I observed the greater number to be women. The houses of the people generally are about 15 feet by 20, with thatched or shingled roof, two rooms wattle and plastered, or Spanish walls, the floors, some board, some earth, and some a kind of cement or plaster. The furniture consists of a few, very few chairs, and perhaps stand and table. Some have a bedstead and mattress, but perhaps the most sleep on coarse flag mat. Their farming implements consist of an axe, rude hoe, and cutlass. At distances of from two to ten miles, through the parishes of Vere, Clarendon, and Manchester, are the estates of Europeans, with fine residences, and sugar works, fruit trees, and provision grounds, herds grazing on the fields, and plantations waving with the sugar cane. Whether in rural districts or the towns or villages: in agricultural, mechanical or mercantile employment, the disparity between the Negro and the European races, is conspicuous. Still there are some exceptions, and especially where, it may be, high-born-planter's blood mingles in sons of the slave. Some in the various pursuits of life, are rising. Still to a large extent, the white conduct the business, get the money, and rule, in Jamaica. So at least, I should judge, from limited observation. Taxes are high. For every pair of driving wheels £1 10s. I do not just remember how much for a cart or drag,—but 1½. for a horse, and £3 for a buggy, &c., &c.

Our Annual Missionary Meetings are to be held on Christmas week, when I expect the assistance of some of my ministering brethren. Finding the people so much interested in my private descriptions of Nova Scotia, I am trying the experiment of raising money for the benefit of our Missionary Stations, by giving some public descriptions of it. With what success I will be able to inform you better presently.

Our lovely Jordan, beneath the bamboo, was again visited last Sabbath morning, when a large concourse listened attentively, and witnessed the baptism of nine candidates. "How lovely the water was," said one young colored sister after the baptism— "I was just recovering from the fever—I was so weak before I went into the water, but I felt so refreshed after it." It was certainly very delightful, and I only wished I could commence every Sabbath thus.

We have been residing for a month past in Mandeville—by far the pleasantest of our Stations. From our little Mission House, close by our chapel, a hill overlooking Mandeville, beyond the orange trees, now golden, at morning and evening the resort of countless noisy black birds; we can see a number of the tasteful stores and dwellings, the fine Episcopal and Independent Mission Houses and Chapels, and the never fading grazing fields and forests sloping this way, and rising that, from the fine elevated dwellings of the estate owners.

In Mandeville there are several white families, and although none of them are Baptists, yet by some of them at least, prominent among whom is the family of Joseph Levy, Esq., we have been "shown no little kindness." And such scenes, and the cool breezes of a Nova Scotia September, what wonder if our health is excellent, and the village of Mandeville is quite pleasant and attractive.

Yours ever truly,

W. H. PORTER.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN INDIAN LEGEND. A POPISE MIRACLE.

BY REV. S. T. RAND.

Somewhere near the city of Quebec stands a Roman Catholic chapel, to which the Indians of these Lower Provinces are taught to go on pilgrimage. It takes several months to accomplish the task. They pass over from Nova Scotia to St. John, work their way up the river, in a canoe often, thence they cross over the country, begging and working to obtain the means of subsistence, till they reach the city of Quebec. There they enter this mysterious and awful place, say their prayers and chant their hymns, confess their sins, and perform the prescribed ceremonies, pay their dues and then light-hearted and happy they work and beg their way back, with the full assurance that they have performed a service that is both acceptable to God and profitable to them and theirs.

It is reported among the Indians and most confidently believed that under the mystic dome of that chapel wonderful miracles are wrought. The blind it is said receive their sight, the deaf are made to hear, the lame to walk, and all kinds of diseases are cured.

I lately received from a very intelligent Indian, who seemed to have no doubt of the truth of the story, an account of the origin of said chapel. The statement has been corroborated by others, so that there is in my mind no reason to doubt the truth that there is such a tradition, whatever room there may be to doubt the truth of the tradition itself. If it be true it should be proclaimed to the ends of the earth, I cannot therefore be justly censured for giving it a wider currency. But waving all farther introductory remarks I will proceed at once with

THE STORY.

A French vessel was once cruising on the Atlantic. It was manned by Frenchmen and they were all good Catholics. A violent storm arose and increased to such fury that the vessel foundered. A plank was started in her side and the water began to pour in with such violence that the captain saw that human skill was unavailing and told the men so. "God alone can save us now" said he, and called them all to go below. They gathered in the cabin, barred down all the hatches and fastened up the companion way, and betook them to their prayers. The captain read from the prayer-book and the others followed. Very soon they perceived that the water had ceased to gain upon them and that it was evidently receding. The vessel became perfectly quiet. Surprised at this the captain took an auger and bored a hole through the side of the vessel. No water entered, and looking through the hole he could discover no water. He bored a second hole lower down but with a like result. There was still no water. A third hole was bored directly through the bottom of the vessel, but no water entered.

They now removed the fastening of the gangway and came on deck. To their astonishment the ship was high and dry, in the midst of a forest, near to a highway, and not far from them stood a stone chapel. There was in front of it a pavement of sharp broken flint-stones; the door was large and ponderous, and was closed. There was no one about the chapel.

The captain and his crew now descended from the vessel, rolled up their pants above their knees, took off their shoes and stockings, and then on naked knees walked over the sharp flint-stones up to the chapel door. The door opened to them of its own accord, and they entered. There were no human beings to be seen. There they staid, continuing in fasting and prayer until they died. In the meantime the captain wrote out a full account of the miracle and left it for the information and edification of the faithful.

After this some parties passing that way, who knew well that no chapel had hitherto stood in that place, were astonished out of measure at seeing what had happened. There stood the chapel, and there stood the ship, and on entering the place there were the corpses of the sailors and there was the captain's "manifest."

The chapel was immediately taken possession of in due form and dedicated to St. Ann, the Saviour's Grandmother, and the Indian's "Patron Saint." The vessel remained there for a long time, but at length decayed, but an exact model was constructed from it which was suspended upon the chapel door inside, where it remains to this day.

When the heretical English got possession of the country, one of their daring deeds of darkness, was an attempt to burn this heaven-built chapel. But they experienced a mortifying defeat. They first filled the place with hay and set fire to the hay. The hay all burnt out, but not even the stain of fire or smoke was left behind. They then filled it with shavings and chips, and set fire to them. After they had all been consumed a few stains of smoke were left, which are still to be seen, but no further damage was done. After this those ruthless wretches desisted from their unhallowed attempts.

Once heard from an enthusiastic pilgrim, who had just returned from a visit to this "shrine," a glowing account of the images and other wonders of the place. Among other things he had been allowed, he said, to kiss a small vial which contained a *finger of our blessed Lord!* He was thrilled to his very soul at the touch, and the perfume of the vial exceeded any thing for fragrance that he had ever smelled. Others report that the finger is not the Saviour's but the *Virgin Mary's!*

It is said that over the altar and above the other images, the image of a white dove is suspended without any visible or natural fastening, and that it continually waves its outspread wings, but never leaves the place.

In proof of the miracles that are wrought these piles of crutches and canes are exhibited, which the halt and the lame and the blind, have left behind, after having had their infirmities suddenly removed.

Such is the legend. I shall leave it without "note or comment" for the edification of the reader. I can hardly forbear remarking, however, that a Church that can boast of such a remarkable miracle, may surely dispense with the use of "gunpowder" for its protection, and surely, surely, it need not be in any very great trouble because the wayward Italians have wrenched the "carol weapons" out of the hands of their poor dear old *Papa*.

For the Christian Messenger.

FRANCE, PRUSSIA AND THE POPEDOM.

Notes and Reflections.

1. The title of the Sovereign of France is, "The Eldest Son of the Church"—meaning the Roman Catholic church; which, by its head, the Pope, originally conferred the designation, and continues to employ it.
2. It was France which made the Pope a temporal prince. She has, at different times, interfered to prevent the loss to him of his dignity, and by her troops, has supported him on his throne.
3. The late occupation of Rome by French arms, through the policy of her ruler, was continued for a course of years in spite of public opinion of the civilized world, and was not terminated, till the late war with Prussia, rendered it necessary for France to withdraw her troops for the defence of her own territory.
4. The late Ecumenical Council, so

called, was summoned by the Pope to declare, as a dogma of the Romish Church, the personal infallibility of her Sovereign and Chief Priest—which it proceeded to do by an overwhelming majority of her dignitaries.

5. In a few short months after the consummation of the Act of the Council, the infallible Pope, who had been enthroned in the seat of the Most High, was stripped of his possessions, and virtually reduced to the condition of a captive; and, but for the clemency and generosity of his conqueror, would have been a penniless and helpless exile.

6. France, as the principal guardian and defender of the Pope, must be considered as responsible, to a greater extent than any other Roman Catholic country, for the decision of the late Council, and correspondingly guilty for the wrong done; and if thus guilty, liable and exposed to just and certain punishment.

7. The late events in the history of France, and following so directly, as they did, upon the promulgation of the Dogma of the Council, arrest our attention as most remarkable, and unparalleled in the annals of that or any other country.

8. France, without due provocation, and with no just grounds for such extreme measures, made war upon a neighbouring country, which had hitherto been considered her inferior, by many degrees, in military prowess; and had, till lately, held quite a subordinate rank among the nations of Christendom.

9. It is also noteworthy that Prussia, the power assailed by France, was a protestant nation; and, as such, free from all participation in the guilt of the arrogance of the Papacy, and of those who encouraged and sustained it.

10. France, notwithstanding her martial valour, and her acknowledged supremacy in arms, met the most signal reverses, from the very first, in her conflict with Prussia; which reverses followed in uninterrupted succession; till, prostrate and humbled, myriads of her troops slain or in captivity, her soil drenched with the blood of her sons, her towers dismantled, her cities sacked, her proud capital laid in the dust, the nation was compelled to sue for peace on terms more humiliating than most which history records in ancient or modern times.

11. It is not pretended that Prussia, as a nation, was immaculate. She doubtless, had also much to answer for; though in this quarrel we must absolve her from the crime of having instigated the war. Her faults, no less than those of France, merited chastisement, and she has atoned for them by grievous penalties.

12. The spirit in which the king of Prussia accepted the situation forced upon him, and has maintained it throughout, is also worthy of note. He committed his cause, with every appearance of sincerity, to the God of battles. From the first he cribed his success to the assistance of the Almighty, and rendered thanks to Him before all Europe and the World. He has taken to himself none of the glory, nor attributed his triumph to the bravery of his troops, or the skill and valour of their commanders.

13. How unlike all this is the conduct of the other party in the contest! As regards the French, the Almighty has, in accordance with the traditions of the nation, been entirely ignored. They have gone further, and made the King of Prussia the butt of their ridicule for his acknowledgment of a "Supreme and Divine Power." It would have been well for them had they sought the same aid.

14. But France had another element of weakness besides her infidelity. She was unparalleled among the nations for the corruption of her morals. This unfortunately needs no proof; but let us hear the testimony of her most celebrated living preacher, one whose eloquence is equalled only by his love for his country and his countrymen:

"France needs deliverance from herself, I speak of her morally and socially; and as such she was a bad example among the nations. I say that for her own sake, and that of the world, it was necessary she should be saved from the abyss to which she was approaching. From my pulpit of Notre Dame I warned my hearers of the luxury and vice which carried in their bosom the seeds of social and national dissolution. If this war send us deliverance from the crying evils I have mentioned, then, since there was no other remedy, thank God for a war which restores to us our ancient manners and our ancient purity—a war what gives us once again a race of chaste women and brave men."
This page of history is fruitful in lessons.

Some appear in the very face of the record. They find expression in the words of sacred Scripture. "Those that walk in pride He is able to abase." "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." "Them that honour Me I will honour." "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Similar sentiments adorn the pages of human literature. Thus we have in one of our immortal birds, "This is he armed who hath his quail just And we but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted." It were easy to multiply "reflections," but as my "notes" occupied so much space I will abstain.

A LAYMAN.

Wolfeville, Feb. 19, 1871.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. JAMES G. ROACH.

was the eldest daughter of Abner and Helen Parker, of Niagara. Converted in early life she was baptized by the Rev. I. E. Bill, into the fellowship of the Baptist Church at Niagara. She was always at her post, and as far as lay in her power, bearing her part in the prayer and conference meetings and Sabbath School, and was an eager listener to the word of Truth. She was a daily reader of the Bible, and was thus prepared to meet the duties and trials of life cheerfully. She was a faithful wife and mother, a kind friend, and good neighbor, always bearing in mind the injunction of the Apostle, "That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing." Medical skill could not arrest the disease, consumption. She sweetly fell asleep at her residence in Clare, Oct. 29th, aged 42 years. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn their great loss. Her funeral was attended by Rev. N. Vidito, who preached from 2 Cor. v. 4.—Com.

Mrs. LYDIA LOGAN,

widow of the late Edward Logan, died at Goshen, Feb. 19th, 1871, in the 86th year of her age. Mrs. Logan made a profession of religion when young. Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Samuel Nichols, her first husband of Colchester County, she united with the Baptist Church at Onslow; being baptised by Father Harding. She was born in Gasperaux, Horton. Shortly before her death she went to live with her son Theodore Nichols, of Goshen. Our sister was one of the old school christians. It was the privilege of the writer to visit her several times during her illness. Her christian experience and conversion was very clear and Scriptural. She had no doubts of her acceptance in the Lord. She rejoiced in the glorious hope of immortality beyond the grave. Our sister for many years gave evidence of true piety. A protracted illness attended by the infirmities of age and suffering, but she glorified God by faith, patience and resignation to His will. Her death was precious in the sight of the Lord. Those present were constrained to say, "Let my last end be like hers." It was so happy and peaceful. May all the bereaved friends and relatives prepare to meet her in that better land. The writer preached a sermon on the occasion to an attentive congregation.—Com. by Rev. H. Eagles.

Mrs. IRENE GRIFFIN,

wife of Enoch Griffin Esq., of Upper Dyke Village, and daughter of James Eaton Esq., of Canard, passed from earth to heaven, on Friday morning the 27th. Our sister was the subject of deep religious convictions in early years. While still quite young, conviction ripened into conversion, under the faithful labors of her Pastor, Rev. A. S. Hunt. She was baptized by him, into the fellowship of the First Cornwallis Baptist Church, and continued a worthy and consistent member with us, until the Master called her "up higher." Her great suffering during her last illness, was borne with patience, and resignation to the Divine Will. She has left an interesting family of six children three sons and three daughters to mourn their irreparable loss. She had finished her work, and fulfilled her mission on earth, and has gone from us, at the early age of 40 years. So the Master is working up the number of his elect. May it be speedily accomplished.—Com.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.