

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

To the Rev. ISAIAH WALLACE, A. M.

Dear Brother,—Your resignation of the pastoral charge of the Baptist Church at Lower Granville has truly taken us by surprise.

Having considered the reasons you assign for this step it becomes our duty, however reluctantly, to accept your resignation. We hesitate so to do, however, without an exchange of the mutual farewells, whereby the cordial union that has so happily characterised our intercourse as pastor and people is severed, and thus tendering to you our assurance that it is with much unwillingness that we submit to your removal from us.

We have abundant reasons to believe that the Great Head of the Church directed your steps to us, and with joyful gratitude we have seen Him set upon your faithful ministry the abiding seal of His heavenly favour. In confirmation whereof we have only to refer to our records, the additions of which have been unprecedented in our history as a church. During the ten years which you have laboured among us, more or less have been added each year, till the number has amounted to 148, whom you have been instrumental in leading into the fold of the Great Shepherd.

While we have prized your untiring zeal in the ministry, we have also abundantly enjoyed your visits in our homes, and especially in times of sickness and bereavement, your deep sympathy and words of consolation have comforted our hearts.

We also acknowledge that we have been stimulated and aided by your counsel and co-operation in the erection of new places of worship and the enlarging and repairing of others.

We will all miss you, but by none of us will your removal be more deeply felt and lamented than by the young, many of whom you have most heartily welcomed to the fellowship of the church, while all have been benefited by your wholesome counsel and ripe experience.

As you go to your new field of labour, we would in the language of the inspired Word from which you last addressed us, "commend you to God and to the Word of His grace," with your amiable and pious companion, whose earnest prayers and exhortations have so often mingled with ours in our social meetings, and also the dear children whom God has given you. Praying that He may make the way prosperous before you, and then in the embrace of the people of your new charge may you long enjoy a happy and useful life, ever growing in their affection, and in the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Farewell.

REED HALL,

ROBERT DELAP.

WM. M. WEATHERPOON,
EBENEZER SPROULE.

Committee in behalf of the Church.
Granville, 9th Oct., 1871.

REPLY.

To the Baptist Church in L. GRANVILLE.

Dear Brethren,—Your kind and affectionate Address has been duly received. In attempting a brief reply I find it difficult to command language to express the feelings of my heart.

You refer to the reluctance with which you accepted my resignation, and your regret in connexion with my removal from you. My resignation of the pastorate of the church in Lower Granville and my removal from your midst, I am free to confess, have been among the most serious trials of my life. Had I more fully estimated the depth of my affection for you as a people, and more fully realized the reprobation of that affection, I would certainly have paused before entertaining the thought of severing the bonds that have so long united us as pastor and people. When I found the fountains of my own heart broken up, and observed the wounded and sorrowful feelings so manifest and so universal occasioned by my removal from you. I had misgivings lest I had erred in offering my resignation; but in this trial I am consoled by the belief that my motives have been neither mercenary nor selfish, and by the hope that God will make my labors a blessing in my new field.

In your reference to my lengthened pastorate in Lower Granville, I fear you have over-estimated my success. While however, I feel truly grateful that God has not permitted me to toil in vain, and has from time to time vouchsafed His saving mercy I am fully conscious that whatever of success

has been enjoyed, whether in the enlargement of the borders of Zion, or in the improvement of your places of worship, has been, under God, largely owing to your prayers and co-operation.

The manifestations of God's power from year to year in connexion with our efforts are still, and will ever be, fragrant in my memory. The revival of last spring will be to me especially memorable—as then my two eldest children and many of the dear youth in my immediate neighborhood, were made the happy recipients of Divine Grace and were led into the fold of Christ.

And I shall not soon forget the generous manner in which you have met my financial necessities. In addition to my salary you have not only annually, by increasingly liberal and pleasant donation visits, but constantly, by considerate acts of kindness, supplied my temporal wants.

I am thankful for your affectionate expressions of good-will toward my companion and children, and assure you they are fully reciprocated. Mrs. Wallace will ever cherish the deepest sympathy for those among whom she has so long mingled in worship, and from whom she has received so many tokens of christian regard and kindness; and the children will ever remember with pleasurable emotions Granville and its dear people.

It is my earnest prayer that your efforts to secure a pastor may be crowned with success, and that speedily a faithful minister may be directed to you who shall lead you into the green pastures of God's grace and beside the still waters of His love, and be honored in leading multitudes of the unconverted to Jesus. He will find a pleasant, hopeful and interesting field.

I am grateful for the prayers with which you close your kind and sympathizing address—"that God may make the way prosperous before me in my new field." Our prospects are brightening. Two interesting converts, as first fruits, I have already been permitted to baptise, and I trust you may rejoice ere long in hearing of manifestations of Divine power in connexion with my ministrations here; and "that whether I come and see you or remain absent, I may hear of your affairs that ye stand fast in one spirit with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel."

"Finally brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of the same mind, be at peace; and the God of love and peace will be with you."

Affectionately yours in Christ.

ISAIAH WALLACE.
Milton, Yarmouth, 18th Oct., 1871.

For the Christian Messenger.

The following Narrative was prepared and read by Mrs. A. R. R. Crawley before the Women's Missionary Aid Society at Wolfville, at one of their monthly meetings a few weeks since. It was regarded as so full of interest that it was thought the members of the church now sustaining Ko Aing, and the friends of Missions generally, would be pleased to read it:—

KO AING'S NARRATIVE.

I was born in the town of Shway Doung, Burmah, in the year 1164 month of Nay-ong, Burmese era (May 1802), according to custom, my mother was, for seven days after my birth roasted at a fire made of tamarind wood. Immediately at my birth I was swaddled in my grandmother's old petticoat. An old one is indispensable, as that only is efficacious in keeping away Nats and evil spirits generally; seven days after my birth my relatives and acquaintances of my parents came, as customary, with silver beads and various other presents. At eight days my parents made the usual kinbone festival, when my whole body and the hands of the guests were washed in a decoction of the fruit of the kinbone tree. On this occasion also presents were brought. At this time my paternal grandfather named me Quátoon oo. My maternal grandfather did not approve of that name, and called me Quá Chin. My father's name was Ko Waing, my mother Ma Bway. But it is the custom of the Burmans for one of the grandfathers to name the child. At ten days I was removed from the old petticoat, and installed in a comfortable pocket or swinging basket-cradle, with nice clean swaddling clothes. At this time my father gave me the name which I now bear. My parents being well-to-do, and of some mark, it was not considered "the thing" for my mother to nurse me, and accordingly I was made over to a wetnurse for seventeen months; she received four rupees, (eight English shillings) per month. Owing to inefficiency in my nurse I was always, as a child, small, weak and sickly. When I was ten years old my father died. At

eleven I entered the monastery, and at 12 became a Shiu Pyoo, i. e., a novice, preparatory to becoming a Phongyee. I will describe the Shiu Pyoo ceremony. It is customary to "bore the ears" at from seven to twelve, this ceremony was now observed in connexion with the other. My mother made a three day's festival—feasting all comers, and entertaining them with music and theatricals, by a company of actors hired for the occasion. During these three days I was dressed up in rich clothes, consisting of a silk pates and head dress, a pair of sandals and a large quantity of gold beads and other ornaments round my neck, rings on my fingers and bangles on my wrists. Thus arrayed I was mounted on a poney, a large gilded umbrella held over my head, and paraded through the town. On the third day of the feast the head Phongyee from each of ten Kyoungs, was humbly solicited to come and preach to the assembled guests; they preached or recited passages of the Bedagat, twice, for which they received abundant gifts or offerings. On this day also I was taken to the monastery where I was to spend my novitiate, and holding in my uplifted hands the Thingoo (sacred yellow robe of the priesthood). I knelt before the Abbot and in Pali, carefully committed to memory, begged permission to wear it. That done, my hair was all shaved-off, very precious was it in my eyes, for it was thirty inches long! and I was duly invested with the Thingoo. The novitiate period is from one to four years, at option. After I had been in the Kyoung two years I went to the Royal city of Ava to study, expecting to find wider knowledge there, and accordingly to make greater attainments in the Bedagat, than at my native town. I had been three months at Ava when I was advised to go to another town where was a Phongyee, famed far and wide for his knowledge and sanctity. I went, on entering his Kyoung I found four corpses

in various stages of decomposition placed before, behind, and on either side of him! this was done to enable him to gain a more impressive sense of the "mortality, vanity and misery" of earthly existence. The stench was so intolerable that I could not remain long in this abode of knowledge and sanctity. I returned to Ava, where I remained about 17 months. I then resumed the pates, and "returned to man's condition," and went back to my mother's house, on consulting with my mother, I received all the money she could let me have, and in company with another man set out as a peddler. At this time my mind was quite undisturbed about religious matters. I regarded Gaudama as the only god, and idol worship as right, because he commanded it. The manner in which the king at Ava dealt with heretics was the common talk everywhere, and impressed me very deeply. It seems there was a man who dared to think and say that Gaudama is not god. He was arrested, buried alive in an upright position, with his head only above the ground, when, at the king's order his head was torn to pieces with ploughs! I now spent a year in learning to "blow silver," or prepare the silver for currency, (coin unknown before the establishment of English rule). My days were employed at this work and my evenings in learning the blacksmith's trade. About this time an unexpected legacy falling to my mother I became possessed of about £50 stg., and engaged in trade. This is the time too, at which I began to have serious thoughts and solemn impressions. The man with whom I had learned "silver blowing" used to come to me for explanations of difficult passages in the Thingyo (sacred metaphysics). The vague statements of this book compelled me to think about the origin of all existence. I was now 17 years old. I had been betrothed in childhood to a girl named Ma Long. Now happened an incident which brought estrangement between me and my mother. I fell in love with and married a young woman about my own age, and thus brought great disgrace on myself and my mother, in that I broke my engagement with Ma Long. My mother refused to receive me into her house. My hastily married wife, like myself, had been previously engaged in childhood. In order to remedy matters as far as possible, we agreed to separate, after two months of married life and I saw no more of her. I then traded in the Bassein district for a year. Nothing particular occurred till I was 21 years of age, when the first English war began. The news of the arrival of the English war-ships in Rangoon came just as I was starting with a boatload of betelnuts for Ava. As my boat neared that city and when it had reached one of the suburbs I went on shore and walked along the bank, while the boat was being slowly poled up against the current. My attention was

arrested by a white foreigner standing and talking to a group of people. He was preaching. I listened carefully. He spoke about an Eternal God. I became very angry when I heard him say that all I had been taught from childhood to reverence was false. I addressed him rudely but he answered me quietly and unruffled. This preacher was, as I afterwards learned, no other than Teacher Judson! I passed on and soon found the beginning of the coming war-storm very obvious. I sold my boat and cargo as quickly as possible and hastened home. Here I found the order had been issued that one from each house must enlist to fight the English. I enlisted and was sent off in haste to Rangoon. The rains had set in. There was no order, no one to direct with authority, no commissariat, no arms save spears and clumsy swords, and 200 old flint-lock muskets to 200 soldiers! For three months there was nothing but shiftless, purposeless, knocking about. I was knocked over by my own rusty old gun, and severely wounded. Before I recovered I caught the measles, and was prostrated for forty days. As soon as I could rise and move about I consulted with a comrade and we decided to try and desert! About 450 of us agreed to make off and return to our homes. By acclamation I was elected director and guide of the whole company, with pledges implicitly to obey me. After great privations and perils we arrived at a place not far from my home, when signs of mutiny appeared among the company, and I knew my life was in danger. Securing a horse, I watched my chance and fled, and arrived worn out and nearly dead with fatigue and anxiety at my mother's house. Anarchy, confusion and terror ruled everywhere. As the English advanced the inhabitants fled. My old betrothed Ma Long was in the same company of fugitives with myself, and we agreed to marry for mutual help and protection!

Our mothers were the only witnesses. But there was no peace, and not until the invading English overtook us, when we felt safe once more under their protection. I was at Yandabo where the peace negotiations were proceeding, and here again I saw Teacher Judson, but of course did not get a chance to speak to him. He came to Yandabo as the King's Ambassador, and of course according to Burman ideas and customs he had to come in great state and pomp. I will describe his appearance, or rather surroundings. He came in one of the royal boats richly gilded from stem to stern. The ambassador sat on a platform near the bow of the boat—the platform covered with crimson cloth, sixty-three oarsmen manned the boat. Four gold state umbrellas were held over the Ambassador! There were with Teacher Judson three other royal Ambassadors, and it was commonly known that if an agreement was not reached, these three were to fall on Judson and kill him on the spot. Sir Archibald Campbell had suitable preparations made for the reception of the embassy, state chairs, canopies, &c., &c. I left that same day on return to my people. About a month after this the English army began to withdraw from Burmah. When it reached Prome, near my village, a great number of boats was required to convey it to Rangoon, and I went in charge of one of the boats.

The English had scarcely got fairly out of the country before the Talangs (original possessors of Burmah before the Burman conquest) rose in rebellion. The only particular effect upon myself personally of this rebellion was that it having become known that I had made in trade about 400 rupees, £40 stg., I was compelled to give it all for the use of the government in repressing the insurrection. It was quelled in a few months. At this time there were many white books in the country, but no one dared to be seen reading them, I think, however, they were secretly read by very many, from this time a number of years passed quietly away. When I was thirty-five my daughter Ma Ong (wife of Moung Long, preacher at Henthada), was born. When this child was 2 years old a fire swept away everything I possessed of worldly property. At the age of forty I had again amassed a considerable fortune, about £400 stg. With the idea of getting merit that would serve me in the next state of existence, I built a monastery at a cost of £30. But at this time my mind began to be very seriously disturbed on religious subjects, I could see no light anywhere. The Phongyees and learned men in the sacred books could give me no satisfaction. There was one only in whose conversation I found any pleasure, his name was Yan Gin an old man. He said he had become convinced that Gaudama was not god, his myriad predecessors were not gods, but only

men. This man I found afterwards had a New Testament, but secretly for fear of the people.

I have forgotten to mention an incident which occurred just before I built the monastery and noteworthy only as shewing the intolerance of the Burman rulers of anything like religious inquiry. In my spiritual conceit I had become accustomed to speak to many about my doubts of the truth of Buddhism, and for this I was thrown into jail for several days, as one who dared to think differently from "the lord of life and death," that is, the king! About the time the second English war began to threaten, I had arrived at the following state of mind: Gaudama was only a man; there is a God above all, there must be, but when, how, what! I knew not and could see no means of discovering. In the general breaking up and confusion of the second English invasion, my home was again broken up, and I was swept, together with many others, in one of the ebbs and flows of the time to a new home in Henthada. Here a man who had become possessed of a white book (the Digest of Scripture) gave it to me; in a paroxysm of pride and perplexity I flung it into the mire of the street! After this, I had still another opportunity of reading the Word of God. An official in the English service, a native of Tavoy, and a christian, made me a present of the whole Bible, but I did not dare to read it except at night, from fear of the ridicule of my family. It was soon after this teacher Crawley arrived here, I was gradually led into the truth, and what my life has been since, the teacher knows and I need not repeat.

For the Christian Messenger.

MENTAL CULTURE.

Mr. Editor.—

I have waited patiently for a few weeks past to see what developments would take place in connection with the discussion on the subject of the College Curriculum. I perused the articles signed, "Student," and "Ex Governor of Acadia College," carefully and examined them thoroughly. I must say I do not altogether like the manner adopted by most of the writers of these days in dealing with subjects which are being debated. I see no necessity whatever for using harsh language, and characterizing one's opponent as a fool or an ass. The issues should be attended to and an effort be made to search out the real merits of the case.

I must refer to the opening paragraphs of the first article of your correspondent, "An Ex Governor of Acadia College." Passing by his sneers about "literary fledgling," "youngster," "upstart," &c., which I am charitable enough to believe were written under a false impression. I would call attention to his remark in reference to the anonymous character of my articles. I should have presumed that consistency would have demanded that his own signature should have appeared at the bottom. But I am ready to assure "Ex-Governor" that only a shrinking from the notoriety which such a discussion necessarily bestows upon a participant, led me to conceal my real name. I am not ashamed of my sentiments. I am willing to avow them in the presence of any of the dignitaries of the Baptist denomination, and when the proper time comes, and anything can be affected by it—the public are welcome to my address. With these passing explanations I bid adieu to all writers who fail to say something logical and sound on the subject of Classics and Mathematics as proper subjects for a College Curriculum.

But, Sir, I am far, very far from having said all that I wish in reference to this subject. If anything was wanting to convince me of the soundness of my own views it would be supplied by the weakness of the case presented by my opponents. I grow more and more fully confirmed in my opinion that the necessities of the times demand a change—not radical—nothing extreme or sweeping, but a reform of some kind or other, in which a desire to grow with the age would be apparent.

I find it necessary to remind my friendly opponents that the question is not, whether the Greeks were alive to the beauties of Nature, as "Outis" seems to think; nor whether it would be a good thing to have a dozen different Professors in the College, as "Ex-Governor" supposes; nor whether the study of Classics and Mathematics cultivates the mind, as "True Culture" vainly imagines. The real question once for all, is, whether the study of Greek, Latin and Mathematics affords the best means of Mental Culture—and so far the best as to justify the prominent, almost exclusive, place held by them in our College course.