

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. SOMMERVILLE.

Mr. Editor,—
 Though it was under my hand, and I had frequently heard it alluded to in conversation, I did not read Mr. Rand's "REVIEWER REVIEWED" till yesterday, as I purposed, when by your kind indulgence you opened your columns for a review of Carson's "Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren," to take no notice of any strictures that might be made on it. My purpose remains unchanged; and let my views and reasonings pass for what they are worth. But Mr. R. has mixed, with his comments on my Review, certain statements upon which it may be profitable to himself and your readers to animadvert.
 Mr. R. says, "The Plymouth Brethren agree very nearly with the Baptists (on Baptism and Church government) and we think it quite probable that for their supposed heresies on these very points, our venerable brother's medical friend has laid on his cat-o-nine-tails." A perusal of Dr. C.'s book is enough to convince any one that he is above acting covertly, and that Mr. R.'s insinuation is at once groundless and injurious. Mr. R. does not seem to know that Dr. C. is a Baptist and, there is reason to think, as zealous as his father, the late Dr. A. Carson, was.

I deeply regret that Mr. Rand can say he has "taken a decided dislike to Dr. Carson's book," when he had not read it. No person ought to expect much deference to his opinions of either men or books, who knows nothing of them but by report.—Such as have good common sense will treat such opinions with nothing but contempt. Neither private nor public character is safe, as far as the influence of the man extends, who takes decided dislikes, just because he takes them. He is much more to be feared than respected.

I regret still more that Mr. Rand would consider it "a waste of valuable time," to read, and of "valuable money," to buy Dr. C.'s book. Dr. C. is a man of superior talent, of high cultivation, and, as represented to me, of eminent piety. His book is an exposition and defence of the gospel, respecting the ground of the sinner's confidence and the way of the sinner's safety; and Mr. R. might learn from the perusal more than he yet knows of the spirit and the work of Christ. Mr. R. does not consider it a waste of valuable time to collect Indian legends, to write out Indian legends, to publish Indian legends, to read Indian legends, nor a waste of valuable money, to pay for printing Indian legends and for the paper in which they are published. Mr. R. would discourage Christians from reading Dr. Carson's book, but he would encourage them to purchase and read Indian legends. He would turn away his ears from the truth and turn to fables, and he would teach others to turn away their ears from the truth, and to turn to fables.—What can we think of such conduct in a minister of the gospel?

Would Mr. R. excuse the "lying" and "hypocrisy" of the Brethren, as pointed out by Dr. C., by alleging that Presbyterians, and Baptists, and others known to him, are just as bad, in this respect as the Plym? When Dr. C. brings an accusation, he tells us who the sinner is, and what the sin is. This is honest, it is generous. But Mr. R.'s sweeping charge is fitted to bring suspicion on a whole class, and leave individuals at the mercy of the suspicious and unmerciful. Let Mr. R. inform us what the lies are that Presbyterians and Baptists and others tell, and let him name the liars. Don't let him publish the general charge, and keep the particulars for the fire-side. The accused will then be in circumstances to look after their own reputation.
 It does not become Mr. R. to speak so contemptuously of Dr. Carson's labours; and his dictatorial style will only excite contempt or indignation, except with such as, through ignorance or imbecility, are cowed by lofty assumption. The slippancy, and cool indifference with which Mr. R. alludes to the errors of the "godly Plym," and of other godly ones, contrasts very unfavorably with the earnestness and zeal for sound doctrine, manifested by the Doctor, who has not yet learned to ignore the connection between sound speech and the power of godliness.
 Whether I look at the spirit which it breathes or the resolute attachment to the purity of the gospel which it manifests, apart from all regard to Plymouthism, the Doctor's Book is much needed, and calcu-

lated to do good in Nova Scotia; and I repeat my hope it may be largely imported and extensively read. I have read it with much attention and lively interest; and it is not claiming very much, that my approval who have read it, is of more value than Mr. Rand's condemnation who has not read it at all.

W. SOMMERVILLE.
 Sommerset, March 15th.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE EX-EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

Mr. Editor,—

I lately penned a few "Notes and Reflections" on the Franco-German War, now happily terminated. It was with some misgivings that I offered them for publication, as I did not know whether the conclusions at which I had arrived would be endorsed by others. Thus far no exception has been taken, that I am aware of to the sentiments advanced, and I may therefore hope they met with some degree of favour. I find in looking over the communication as published that one or two of my reflections were omitted, either through haste in my part, or oversight on the part of the printer.* They were in connexion with the statement that the occupation of Rome by French arms, and the continuance of the temporal power of the Pope which was due to that occupancy, were the result of the policy of the Emperor. It was, par excellence, *his act*, and he must be held responsible for it. His motives one can conjecture. A throne built upon the vote of the French people is an unstable and precarious possession, and needs extraneous support. The aid sought by the Emperor was the good will of the Ultramontane party, which good will could be obtained in no way so readily and efficaciously as by assistance rendered the Pope against those of his subjects who desired the termination of his temporal sovereignty. Hence the occupation of Italian territory by foreign troops, maintained for a course of years in spite of the public opinion and protests of almost the whole of Christendom.

We charge the Emperor of the French with a grave offence, and are not surprised that punishment followed so signally and so soon. Among the first events of the Franco-Germanic war was the dethronement of the Emperor and the overthrow of his dynasty. He who was a few months since among the mightiest monarchs upon earth—who was regarded as commanding the situation in Europe, and the arbiter of peace and war to the world—is now a captive and an exile, seeking protection and hospitality from a Protestant nation, one which has so often furnished an asylum to Catholic Sovereigns who have fled from the hostility of their rebellious and infuriated subjects. Mere men of the world may regard such occurrences as those which have befallen the Emperor simply in the light of changes incident to the uncertain state of earthly things; but to those who acknowledge the inspiration of the Scriptures, and see in the principles inculcated by them the rules of the Divine administration, the whole of the late history of the French and their ruler will wear a far different aspect, and tend to confirm their faith in Him, by whom kings reign, and who controls with a wisdom which cannot err, and a beneficence that never fails, the complicated machinery of the human governments of the world. The lessons of the war will be a profitable study for kings and peoples, and may well engage the thoughtful consideration of us all.

A LAYMAN.
 March 20, 1871.

[*We are not aware of having omitted any of Mr. Layman's former communications.—ED C. M.]

For the Christian Messenger.

JAMAICA CORRESPONDENCE.

FOUR PATHS, JAMAICA,
 Feb'y 29th, 1871.

Dear Brother Selden,—
 I see some notices of Donation visits in the *Messenger*. I suppose I ought to notice ours.
 The other night, a little after retiring, we heard voices calling outside, and on admitting the strangers, we found them to be three young women, whom I had recently baptized, from Thompsonstown, who had walked twelve miles, bringing great loads of yams and plantain, and other fruits and vegetables, upon their heads—"a present," they said, "from the young members of the Church for Minister." I cannot state the value of the donation, as is customary, as they said that they had to leave a part of it for another day.

The Schools of Jamaica perplex and worry ministers more than all other work beside. Such is the testimony of some of the oldest missionaries. Such has been my experience. The Day Schools are all denominational, and under the management of the ministers. One feature of these, however is pleasing. Singing is a prominent exercise. Hence, not only in the Sabbath worship of the sanctuary, but by sunrise or midnight, in the spacious chapel, or beneath a bamboo shade, no matter how few or how many, whenever or wherever the people meet to worship God, music, sometimes the most enrapturing, is there.

A pleasing feature in the work of a Jamaica minister is, that he need not apprehend the awkward embarrassment of being refused when calling upon any one to take part in religious worship.

Whether to read a hymn or chapter, to offer prayer, or even to conduct the entire services, where sickness or other obstacles prevent the minister's doing so, I have never known a brother to refuse, and I have often lightened my labors by their ready and valued aid. Indeed, in several of the stations, where I am able but seldom to attend, some of the Deacons, and members of the Church, regularly preach, and conduct religious services for me.

This, I believe, is as it should be, and never will our churches in Nova Scotia grow as rapidly as they ought to grow, or with such healthful vigor, until the talents of our lay brethren are more cheerfully and largely consecrated thus upon Christ's altar. "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again the first principles of the oracles of God."

I rejoice to see that showers of mercy are quite numerous in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

"May Thy lasting, wide dominion,
 Multiply, and still increase."

Several candidates here also are awaiting baptism.

After the report of the Union, I hope to have something of more general intelligence and interest to communicate. In the meantime, *light* seems to be dawdling on our homeward way. Probably during April, or May, we will bid, in many respects, a reluctant and sad farewell to Jamaica—its trials and its triumphs, its people and its scenes. May the Lord send to this field a faithful minister, without which they will indeed be "as sheep without a shepherd, wandering upon the dark mountains." Yours truly,
 W. H. PORTER.

Please give notice to have all communications addressed to me directed to the "care of S. Selden, Esq., Granville Street, &c.," until further notice.

IN MEMORIAM.

MR. WILLIAM SHAW,

son of Peter and Nancy Shaw, fell asleep in Jesus, February 11th, 1871, aged 72 years. Struggling against diffidence, it was not till quite advanced in life that he was enabled to confess Christ.

Bro. Shaw was one of those who mourned because he could not give the date of his conversion. Still he delighted in recalling the godly conversation, singing and prying of the sisters who met to comfort an afflicted mother, at which time the strong feelings of his young heart overflowed in penitential tears. He also sat with great delight under the stirring sermons of Bros. Ainsley, Mannings, Hardings, Dimocks, and Robert Dickie—the latter, especially, preaching in his house for two years. It was during the year 1857, when the Rev. A. D. Thompson was on an agency for Acadia College, and preached some time in Falmouth, that Bro. Shaw publicly put on Christ, and joined the Baptist Church. Like other true believers, a full surrender of himself to God's ordinances produced exceeding joy.

He was a genial Christian, and one who welcomed to his home all who loved the Saviour, but especially the ministers of the Gospel. He feasted upon their pious conversation and rich experience. It was not, however, till near the close of life that all fear was removed. He frequently said to me, "I have always been afraid that I was mistaken, and that I should be a cast-away; but now all fear is gone." Calmly he waited the Saviour's call. He suffered little, except from weakness. The sun which had for the greater part of his life been behind the cloud shone out with noon-day clearness, and he could say with sweet composure, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." As he was stepping down into the River, his son asked him, "Have you any fears?" and triumphantly he answered,

"No, no. I had once, but not now," and so he went over. Revs. S. T. Rand, J. Stevens and J. Barrett (Wesleyan), and the writer, in company with many friends, lay his body in a lovely sunny spot on the old homestead of his fathers. It was not a sad season, for Faith was there, uplifting the mourners, and bright celestial Hope, with radiant finger, pointing upward.

The occasion was improved from Rev. xiv. 5. "They are without fault before the throne of God." May the great Head of the Church help us, like him, to finish our course with joy.—Com. by Rev. J. Murray.

GABRIEL K. PURDY,

the eldest son of Gilbert Purdy, of Westchester, Cumberland County, died at Greenville on Sabbath morning, 12th inst., in the 53rd year of his age. Some twenty years ago Bro. P. was brought to experience the blessedness of saving grace under the faithful labors of Rev. O. Chute, and was baptized by him into the fellowship of the Baptist Church at Greenville, of which he remained a worthy and active member until the Master called him up higher. His sufferings during his last illness were borne with Christian patience and resignation. He held a large place in the affections of all who knew him. He has finished his course and fulfilled his mission on earth. So the Master is making up the number of his elect. Bro. P. has left a sorrowing widow, six children, and a large circle of friends to deplore their sad bereavement. The funeral occasion was improved by the writer from Phil. i. 21.

"If life be not in length of days,
 In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
 But living to the Saviour's praise,
 How few have lived so long as thou."
 —Com. by Rev. E. C. Corey.
 River Phillip, March 17th, 1871.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES WALLACE.

BY HIS SON, REV. ISAIAH WALLACE.

Dear Brother,—I have just returned from a visit to the home of my youth, whither I had been summoned by the serious illness of my beloved father, the Rev. James Wallace, of Coverdale, the oldest Baptist minister of the Eastern Association of New Brunswick. It was my sorrowful privilege to stand by his bedside during the last few days of his life, and by acts and words of affection to smooth his pathway to the tomb. After a lingering and painful illness, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on the evening of March 7th, 1871, leaving a widow, two sons and four daughters to mourn their sad bereavement. A married daughter, Mrs. Colpitts, and two infant children had preceded him to the spirit world.

My father was born in Hopewell, N. B., January 17th, 1797, and was, consequently, at his death, in the 75th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the late James and Catharine Wallace, of Hillsboro. Three brothers—John Wallace, Esq., M. P., William Wallace, Esq., Collector of the Port of Hillsboro, and Dea. David Wallace—and four sisters still survive him.

In January, 1822, he was united in marriage to Susanna Peck, of Hopewell, with whom he lived happily for nearly half a century.

In early life he found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus, and professed his faith before the world. He was baptized by the late Rev. Joseph Crandal. Having been moved by the Spirit of God to preach the glorious Gospel, he commenced soon after his conversion to exercise his gifts in public as opportunity offered. He was accustomed to refer with tender interest and affection to the labors of the late Elder Henry Steeves, Senior, of precious memory, one of the pioneer preachers of the Gospel in Hillsboro, as intimately connected with his early religious experience and history. According to my father's statement it was the dying wish of that venerable man of God that he should succeed him in the pastorate of the Church in Hillsboro, but shrinking from the sacred responsibilities of the pastoral office, and, perhaps, not receiving the encouragement he desired, the dying wish of his spiritual father was not realized until many years afterwards.

In the year 1826 he was publicly set apart by the imposition of hands to the glorious work of preaching Christ. For a considerable length of time he devoted himself with commendable zeal and encouraging success to the work to which he believed God had called him. These early labors were chiefly of a missionary character. The youthful evangelist extended his labors into various destitute portions of the Province of New Brunswick. As he

went forth his soul sometimes wondrously exulted in the riches of God's free and sovereign grace, and with a warm heart and eloquent tongue he would expatiate upon the glories of Redemption. At other times his spirit was fearfully depressed, and he was ready to yield to the forces of the enemy. In one of these seasons of depression and doubt he was much cheered and comforted by the following incident:—He was returning from a missionary tour to some part of the St. John River, where his efforts had been followed by a gracious revival and the conversion of precious souls. On his way home he spent a night at his uncle's in Upper Susséx. In the morning he was so overwhelmed with doubts and discouragements, and so oppressed with a sense of unworthiness, that, in order to evade the duty of family worship, he left before breakfast. He was passing through the Portage, the snow was deep, the shades of night were gathering around him, the next settlement was several miles in the distance. As he was about yielding to the power of hunger, fatigue and depression, he turned up out of the light snow with his foot a small loaf of bread, which some preceding traveller had accidentally or rather providentially dropped. In this loaf he recognized the divine care and love, and refreshed in body and in soul he pursued his homeward journey.

It is with emotions of sadness and regret that I record the fact that for a number of years, say from the fourteenth to the twentieth year after his ordination, my father retired from the public ministry. This was not occasioned by failure of health, but I believe by the overpowering influence of doubts and depression of spirits to which he was subject. During these years he employed his time chiefly in the cultivation of his farm in Coverdale. As indicative of the high estimation in which he was held by the public as a man of ability and character, he was appointed by the government of the country Justice of the Peace, and also Supervisor of Great Roads for the County of Westmorland. The duties of these important offices were performed by him during these years of retirement from the ministry in such a way as to retain and deepen public esteem and confidence. About the year 1846, while crossing at low water the Petitcodiac River, he became so embedded in the treacherous quicksands peculiar to that river, as greatly to imperil his life. The swift rolling tide was fast approaching, threatening to engulf him. Death seemed inevitable. He called upon God for deliverance. His prayer was graciously heard. The rising tide, instead of overwhelming him as he feared, loosened the grasp of the quicksands, and he was enabled with much difficulty to reach the shore in safety. While in this painful and perilous position, he heard the voice of God reproving him for turning aside from the blessed work of publishing salvation to perishing man, and with a heart subdued with love and gratitude to God for this marvellous deliverance, he resolved to re-consecrate himself to his appropriate work. Some advised him still to retain the honors and emoluments of the magistracy and supervisorship of great roads, and at the same time engage in the ministry, but like Sau Quila, the renowned Karen preacher, he had no disposition to "mix up God's work with secular engagements and rewards," and so promptly resigned these offices, and returned with renewed ardor and devotion to the Christian ministry.

From this time onward to the period when he was laid aside by enfeebled health, some four or five years previous to his death, he toiled on steadily and devotedly in the blessed work to which he had consecrated his early youth. The churches in Hillsboro, Hopewell, Harvey, Butternut Ridge, New Canaan, Caledonia, Baltimore and Coverdale in turn enjoyed either in whole or in part his faithful labors. Various were the successes that accompanied his pastoral engagements. So far as the results appear to human view, his ministry may be regarded as a successful one. In all these churches his labors were decidedly useful, but, perhaps, his pastorate of the churches at Butternut Ridge and New Canaan were crowned with the greatest blessing. During one revival, that of the winter of 1859, 140 converts were baptized by him into the fellowship of these churches. Three of the young men he then baptized have since become ordained ministers, and have proved themselves to be faithful men of God. Others, I learn, who were baptized in that revival have the ministry in view. The Rev. W. T. Corey, the beloved and successful pastor of the