

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

IV.

The "P. and O." is an institution. That popular designation, with a cabalistic sound, is "short" for "The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company." When Lieut. Waghorn demonstrated the practicability of a quick passage to India, without doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the establishment of a line of powerful steamships to carry mails, freight and passengers up the Mediterranean and down the Red Sea, became as inevitable as the supremacy of British commerce. The famous East Indiaman, quickly became a romantic relic of the grand old times when England was willing to crawl round the Cape, and content to land her warriors and mails in India after a six months' voyage. The East Indiaman of the present, is a first class steamship, carefully furnished with every possible provision for speed, safety and comfort; all her officers are gentlemen, her table is a table d'hôte of the finest description; in short,—and words of commendation can no higher go—where an Englishman is at a loss to find anything to grumble at.

Such is the craft that now ploughs the historic waters, where Roman navies once manoeuvred. Do all travellers find it difficult to bring the past into the field of vision, so as to make it in any practical sense vivid and actual? To one at least it is an impossibility. For example; no number of "Beet-eaters" and Halberds can make the Tower of London Elizabethian; Raleigh will not come into that absurd cell; and imagination is not strong enough to people Tower Green with a crowd eager to see sweet Lady Jane Grey bare her neck to the murderous axe. So here on the Mediterranean, the soul ought to be filled with grand visions. This is "the Great Sea" of the Old Testament; on these shores sprang into a strange and glorious life, the mightiest nations of antiquity. One night, more than eighteen centuries ago, a frail craft skinned over these waters, driven by relentless Euroclydon,—pale anxious faces look out into the darkness, and among them is one with a grand light in his eyes and heroic lines about his mouth—Saul of Tarsus! Yes, we know all these things, but we can not see them; we grasp them by faith, but have no more realization of them than of the inauguration of the world out of "things which do not appear." It is not so with all, however, for some travellers judging from their descriptions, seem to have a more vivid sense of the past than of the present.

The one object of peculiar interest on the voyage from Marseilles to Alexandria is the Rock of Capraera.—No thrilling incident of the distant past clusters around this barren spot. One old man is all its attraction,—but for him Capraera would be nothing more than any other sea-fretted rock anywhere else in the world of waters. It is the home of Garibaldi—his name and achievements make the lonely rock luminous. But already the Liberator of Italy is scarcely more than a memory. The roar of the world's applause has died away,—scarcely an echo is now heard. Such is fame. His patriotism was pure and singularly unselfish; his chosen rock seems fitly to symbolise the character of the man—stern, true and unflinching, though the waves dashed and fretted without ceasing. It is instructive to reflect, however, that fame has some power over even this simple nature. He shrinks from publicity; so, at least, it seems fair to interpret some of his latest acts,—conspicuously, for example, his publishing a book, a weak and vapid novel,—how hard to associate that grand grey head with "yellow covers." The house of Garibaldi was plainly visible from the steamer's quarter-deck. Amid the treeless sterility is one small green spot,—a token, may it prove, that the "hope full of immortality" is green and fresh in the old man's soul.

Alexandria is in sight. Minaretted Mosque and palace, huts, rage and splendor,—grandeur, squalor, and decay, not only in close proximity, but inextricably commingled, speak loudly of the land and the dominance of Islam. A shaft of beautiful stone, polished and exquisite in graceful lines and proportions proclaims Pompey's Pillar. From this superb summit looks down the civilisation of the dead centuries. Irony in stone, for it looks down upon the most squalid, festering, vicious assemblage of humanity, and its beggarly belongings, that anywhere blanches the face of fair earth.

If that cold stone is an emblem of all that old time culture could do for a groaning race,—of what, it is but fair to ask, is the scarred leprous humanity below, an emblem?

Cleopatra's Needle is another rare relic of the hoary past. How significant of the stolid barbarism of Islamism, that the Ruler of Egypt lives in a gorgeous Palace, replete with useless magnificence in wasteful and tasteless profusion, and looks from his windows on Pillar and Needle, upon streets choked with all unwholesomeness, and looks upon all with equal indifference. A. R. R. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM ROME, ITALY.

Rome, June 7th, 1873.

The proposed pilgrimages in Lower Italy have stirred up the sleepers in the North, and at the present moment, Lombardy had lately in contemplation (for—from Cremona to the Sanctuary of Caravaggio,—from Piacenza to Roletto;—Parma to Fontanellato; and Florence to the Madonna dell'Impruneta. The pilgrimage from Cremona is endorsed by the Archbishop of that city, his signature being affixed to the circulars inviting the faithful to participate in this demonstration in favour of the Temporal Power. At Florence the pilgrims were advised to come without banners, but with a knot of white ribbons on the army. A correspondent writes from Florence as follows:—

"Florence although justly considered one of the most peaceable cities of the Peninsula, has not entirely escaped the pernicious consequences frequently attending the mania just now pervading many parts, to pay devotion to the relics of deceased saints by making a pilgrimage to their shrines. For some time the clerical party here, have been organizing a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin Mary at Impruneta, a small village, distant about three miles from Florence. Circulars were sent to those who were known to be imbued with a religious sentiment, begging that they would, by their presence on the day arranged for visiting the Altar, endeavour to make the same a success. It was at first thought that the Prefect of Florence, following the example of his colleagues at Udine and Perugia, would have prohibited this ceremony, which under the cloak of religion, was considered by many to be merely a political demonstration, so much the more, that a counter demonstration was known to be contemplated. It was however finally decided that the Pilgrimage, which was fixed to take place to-day, should not be interfered with, providing proper order was observed, to insure which, a detachment of military and mounted police was despatched last evening for Impruneta. Early yesterday morning the police tore down three different manifestos, which had been liberally placarded on the walls of the city and its suburbs. One of these invited all those who were animated with a religious feeling, to join the pilgrimage and implore the aid of the Mother of God, for the good of the Church and Society, and furthermore gave notice, that the Image of the Virgin Mary would be exposed to view from the 18th to the 22d inst. The other two notices were simply signed "The Committee," one reminded all of what was to take place to-day and called upon their brethren to abide by their oath that no pilgrim should be allowed to return home. Notice of a counter demonstration was also given for the same evening. This bill was further ornamented with a pleasant reminder, in the shape of a drawing of a human skull. The other paper invited the people to rise against the clericals and even went so far as to demand the establishment of a Republic. About 8 o'clock last evening a gathering of from 200 to 300 persons, principally of the lower orders, took place in the Piazza della Signoria; they formed a procession and marched round the principal streets, causing some attention by their frequent cries of "down with the ministry," "down with the Religious Corporations;" their march however was brought to a premature close by the appearance of the troops, who soon dispersed them."

Bishop Villa of Parma has recently forbidden the priests of his diocese to absolve those who persist in reading liberal newspapers, placing this transgression among the deadly sins. At Chivassi, a priest refused to allow prayers to be said in the church for a suicide. At Portici, the famous patriot, Luigi Giordano, of Cosenza, died without sacrament or even benediction, from the fact that he was one of the leading spirits in the Revolution of 1844, had fought for the liberation of Italy in

'49, '59, and '60, and had since been twice Representative to Parliament. These extreme proceedings on the part of the clericals have roused a spirit of indignation that will be difficult to allay, and the pilgrimages will act like tinder to the fire.

The Naples Observer has the following: SAN JANNARIUS, the patron saint of NAPLES has been behaving unhandsoemly—badly. Everybody who is anyways conversant with the history of this city is aware that on the first Saturday in May, and on the 19th September, a miracle is, or should be performed. And it happens in this wise. A small portion of the blood of the saint, collected and bottled after his martyrdom, in response to the prayers of the clergy, and groans of a large congregation of the faithful becomes liquefied, or as in Naples it is vulgarly expressed "boils". On Sunday last however, notwithstanding that the image of the Saint was carried with great pomp and ceremony from one Church to another, escorted by a detachment of the National Guard, and a host of believers in tail coats and white cravats, the miracle did not take place. Forty minutes of fervent prayer, and forty minutes of cries and howls on the part of the assembled devotees, only sufficed to bring about a partial liquefaction of the clotted mass. Great was the consternation and many the surmises at this strange and unlooked for event. Years ago it would have created little short of a revolution, and had a "Protestant heretic" been in the Church he would have received rough usage. And indeed there seems to have been no cause for such a calamity. We well remember that shortly after the revolution of 1860, the priestly party suggested—with the hope of creating a popular ferment—that the miracle would not be performed, which FATHER GAVAZZI who was in NAPLES at the time, said he was unwilling to believe, as SAN GENNARO was "a perfect gentleman". But GENERAL CIALDINI it is said, sent for the officiating priest, and said to him in a manner which admitted of no misinterpretation—the city being under martial law at the time—that the miracle must take place at 10 o'clock to-morrow, or he would hold him responsible for it. And take place it did, for CIALDINI was not a man to be trifled with.

Our Italian Mission is enjoying just now an unusual degree of prosperity. There is an advance along the whole line. During my recent tour of evangelization, I baptized seven at Bari, three at Civita Vecchia, seven at Modena, and one at Pinerolo. Six were baptized at Carpi by our evangelist Signor Martimelli; among the converts I baptized, was Count T. . . who is professor of philosophy in the Royal College of M. . . and editor of the official paper of that city. He is a man of great ability, has a well cultivated mind, and, owing to his social position and intellectual acquirements, is a most valuable addition to our ranks. He accepts the gospel with child-like simplicity. May the Lord bless him and make him an instrument of great blessing to his benighted countrymen. Pray for him and for us all.

Yours most truly and gratefully,  
W. N. COYNE.

For the Christian Messenger.

TEMPERANCE IN TANCOOK.

On the evening of Wednesday the 25th, we had the pleasure, assisted by nine other members of "Sea-side," of organizing a "Harvest Home," a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars in Tancook, in compliance with a requisition signed by twenty-two individuals,—the most of whom were young people. A few facts in connection with this Island, and of our visit there may be of interest to the readers of the Messenger, as Baptists, and we trust as lovers of Temperance. This most valuable island off the County of Lunenburg, lies about nine miles South East of Chester, and about the same distance North East of Mahone Bay. The nearest mainland is Blanford Shore, about three miles distant. None but the pen of the well-versed topographer can do justice in describing the magnificence of the islands of this long admired Bay. (If Oak Island contained the treasures of Capt. Kid, we do not wonder that so many have envied them their burial place) A summary of our geography lesson on Wednesday last would be as follows:—Big Tancook is about two miles long by one and a half wide, containing two beautiful coves, which hitherto have afforded the only safe moorings for boats and vessels. A breakwater is now nearly completed, which is likely to prove a great boon to the island. The population numbers nearly 400, the most of whom belong to

Baptist families. We had heard of the industry of the people, but not until we were eye witnesses of it did we deem it remarkable. During our rapid excursion around the island it was evident to our minds that neither men, women or children ate the bread of idleness. The sight of so many, thus obeying that one Pauline injunction, "Not slothful in business," confirmed us in the belief that our mission there was not to be a failure. Before the sun had disappeared beneath the Western horizon we found ourselves assembled with a respectable audience in a commodious and well finished school-room. An hour was occupied by Bro. J. R. Skinner and the writer in endeavoring to portray the evils and folly of intemperance, as also the enjoining of temperance as a moral duty.

The public were then dismissed and the ceremonies in connection with the institution of the Lodge were duly attended to. It was indeed a cheering sight to witness such zeal on the part of the young people for Temperance, which spoke volumes for the future of Tancook. With their teacher, Bro. Caleb Hubley, as lodge Deputy and a 'Cyrus' for a Chief, we expect the day is not far distant when not a family will be found on the island without a representative in "Harvest Home." We would be remiss not to mention the cordial manner in which our large party was received and entertained. They kindly provided for our passage to and from Blanford. If any of our friends are desirous of enjoying the beneficial effects of the sea breeze during any part of summer months, we would advise them to go to Tancook, especially if they are Good Templars.

E. A. WHITMAN.

Ingram River, June 30th, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR MISSIONARIES ELECT.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is well known to many of your readers that brethren Armstrong, Sandford, and Churchill are in these Provinces enlisting the sympathies of our people for the missionary enterprise; and that they will soon bid farewell to their native land for the shores of Burmah. May one deeply interested in this matter be prompted to suggest that the friends of missions do all in their power should they be favored with a visit from these brethren, to bring them in contact (by public meetings or otherwise) with those whose contributions and prayers will be needed to sustain our missionaries when in the midst of difficulties and dangers they are seeking to bring souls to Jesus?

It will do any christian's heart good if he can get the opportunity to grasp the hands of these devoted men, who, as our representatives, are going out to hold forth the lamp of truth amid the darkness of heathenism. Some of us never felt the enthusiasm of the missionary enterprise so much in our lives as when, at the Association at Bridgetown, our beloved brethren spoke to us of their devotion to this glorious cause. With a proper regard to the trials which the missionary must surely endure they spoke in a manner which readily assured us that they were not the persons, having put their hands to the plough, to look back; and I think we all felt that both in heart and mind they were the right men for the work.

Brother Sanford said, "We lay ourselves upon the altar," and invited all to participate in the work. Now, Mr. Editor, we will with our whole heart bind this sacrifice with cords even to the horns of the altar. We will throw around our beloved missionaries the three fold cord of our prayers, our sympathies, and our money. We will hold their hands while they go down into the pit of darkness and death. We will think of their trials and weep with them, and we will congratulate them in their joys. We will endeavor to be one with them in the conflict and in the triumph.

H. B.

Tremont, 26th June, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM REV. J. E. GOUCHER.

DEAR EDITOR,—

The change is made. I have left the people with whom I laboured in happy concord for nearly seven years. On a late tour to some of the western counties, I met the question again and again, "Why do you leave Halifax? I thought you would remain for many a year with the North Church. What is the matter? Have you had trouble?" With many similar enquiries.

I explained and the querists were sat-

isfied. But others may be in doubt, to whom, allow me to say in a word, there was trouble, alas, trouble too common to ministers, causing some to change pastorate, others to desist from public ministerial work altogether. Not deacon trouble, for my deacons were kind, considerate and co-operative. Not church trouble, for every member was loving and beloved. Throat trouble. A weakness of the vocal organs, and consequent partial loss of voice, compelled me to leave my church in Halifax.

The New House in which we worshipped for three years past was large, and for some reason, hard to speak in. It cost me a severe struggle to leave a people so greatly endeared to me. I tried to adapt myself to the place, to change my manner of speaking, to lower my tone, but still the strain upon my voice was too great, my throat was weakening, and I was threatened with total loss of speaking power.

My people would have given me months to rest and recruit, but the fear of subsequent failure, should I return to the same house deterred me from accepting their kindness.

The only alternatives now before me, were a change of field, or, in a few months at most, cessation from my loved work of preaching the gospel. I could but resolve on the first.

The door opened, and the finger of Providence pointed to Truro, and here I am. As yet, I have not been able to prospect my new situation much. Externally it is all that could be desired. The Town is charming. The people seem wide awake. The chapel in which we worship is new, beautiful and commodious. A band of earnest workers is gathering around me. With God's blessing we shall succeed.

Yours, &c.,

J. E. GOUCHER.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

DEAR EDITOR,—

Plymouth, as you are aware, is a fine old seaport town, being one of the best naval stations in England. It has extended in all directions possible during the past twelve years, so that Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport have almost become one, yet they are as jealous of their distinctive titles as Halifax and Dartmouth. It is well protected on every side. As one stands on the ramparts of the fine old citadel, and sees the splendid impenetrable fortifications with cannon and ammunition, and looks at the many first class powerful men-of-war reposing gracefully on the bosom of the deep; and thinks of the many naval victories gained by our "hardy tars," he is forced to exclaim, perhaps with some degree of pride, England need not fear the greatest and proudest foe. A new guildhall is being erected, and will be opened at the coming Bath and West of England Exhibition. The Baptists are well represented in Plymouth and adjoining towns, having several splendid churches with about 1,400 members. At a chapel anniversary, Rev. Mr. Aldis, on seeing my letter of commendation from Dr. Cramp, said very feelingly, "I am very thankful that after a period of more than twenty years I am permitted to see the handwriting of my esteemed friend, Dr. Cramp." He spoke briefly of their last meeting, and said, "I never expect to see him again in this life, but hope to meet him where parting is unknown."

A monster temperance demonstration took place in Barnstable on the 19th inst, Thousands walked in the grand procession, and about 3,000 sat down to tea. The Bishop of Exeter, preached in the afternoon and presided in the evening. In his sermon he said, the best and wisest course is to have charity towards those who differ from us. In his opening speech he said he was a teetotaler from necessity and bade temperance men be careful and not carry it too far. The I. O. of Good Templars have increased wonderfully during the last few years. Five years ago there were only two of their Lodges in England, now there are no fewer than 160,000 members. Some of the most influential men of the realm belong to the order. They are determined yet to carry the "permissive bill," which has been overthrown by a large majority. The political papers fear that the temperance question will be agitated until it will be Temperance or Intemperance instead of Liberalism or Conservatism. It ought to be the prayer of every Christian that God would bless and prosper the temperance cause in England. Drunkenness is the great curse of the nation, no fewer than 35,000 were convicted of drunkenness in England and Wales last