

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ACADIA COLLEGE AGENCY.

Dear Bro. Seiden,—

I have been requested by the chairman of the Agency Committee to report through the Christian Messenger, my progress in King's County in raising the Endowment of Acadia College. The following statement will show what has been raised in this county, excepting Eastern Cornwallis, were the work has not been completed, as, just at present, the Biltown church is under heavy liabilities for their new meeting house and parsonage, and Canard is in the same circumstances with their new house of worship. About \$350.00 has been secured in Biltown, and we hope to bring it up to at least \$1000.00. We hope also to secure at least \$2000.00 in Canard. Probably in a short time these churches will do their part, as they entertain a deep interest in the object, and have in the past been its supporters. The following amounts have been raised in other parts of the county:—

Table with columns: Names, Notes and Securities, Cash, Pledges. Lists donors from WOLFVILLE, GASPERSKAUX, CANAAN, KENTVILLE, BEECH HILL, BERWICK, UPPER AYLESFORD, LOWER AYLESFORD, MELVERN SQUARE.

might be quoted of generosity both in giving and in the manner of giving. Every where there is springing up in the minds of the people an appreciation of the College, of its great importance to our youth, and especially to our rising ministry. It is beginning to be felt that if we wish to retain our young men to labor for our churches, we must furnish facilities both for literary and theological study, at home. An agent can easily discover in many of our young men a feeling in this matter which will no doubt ripen into substantial aid in the future. And numbers who are not in circumstances to do any thing just now contemplate giving at no very distant date. Every year gives our institution a stronger claim on us. If it were needed forty years ago it is much more indispensable now. May our liberality be equal to our obligations.

Yours truly, D. FREEMAN. Canning, May 9th, 1873.

For the Christian Messenger.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

Dear Editor,—

So many Nova Scotians have visited England, and either through the press or on the platform, described it from "Land's End" to the northern boundary line that it is pretty familiar to most of your readers. The Austrian in which I sailed, left Halifax on the 25th of March, the weather was fine and the wind fair. With the night however came the fog, and remained until about 3 P. M. the following day. Every thing was snug and comfortable on board, and the officers cheerful and sociable. The weather was all that could be desired until Wednesday, (April 2nd), when it rained and became very thick. The Captain had remarked at the breakfast table that land would be seen about 10 A. M., providing it was clear. It remained foggy however and land was not seen until about 3 P. M., only a short distance ahead. On our approach to Queenstown rockets were sent up and the whistle sounded, but no pilot came on board until we reached the harbor. The Captain (Ritchie) thoroughly understands his position. On Wednesday morning in the dense fog he mounted the bridge and did not leave it until the anchor was dropped in Queenstown. When the official came for the mails he brought papers containing the sad intelligence of the loss of the Atlantic with so many precious souls. All felt sad at the tidings, especially to hear that all the women and children were lost. "Now," said our "free thinker," for we had one on board, who constantly affirmed his certainty of going to heaven purely on his own merits, that God took no notice of, or troubled himself about us; that mankind was left to battle alone on this life, and then all would be happy in the next. "I told you God had nothing to do with disasters of any kind, if he had he would have saved the women and children." Turning to me he said, "why didn't he save them?" "Because," I answered "it pleased him to permit them to perish." "Ah; just so!" he retorted, "the fact is, he couldn't save them." He had no desire to trust to a crucified, risen and glorified Redeemer for salvation, thinking it folly to trust to another when he could work out his own salvation. The sufferings and death of Christ in his view were a mistake. What consolation for a soul bound for eternity. The death of Christ a mistake!! Blessed be God there is hope in the death of Christ, hope in that blood "that speaketh better things than that of Abel." And a beauty in that garment of Christ's righteousness which outshines the light of day, and which will admit its wearer into the glorious presence of God.

We reached Liverpool about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, after a fine passage of nine days. Vast numbers assembled the same evening to listen to an address by Hon. Mr. Plimsoil on unseaworthy vessels. I did not attend, not having heard about it in time, but from what I heard and saw in the papers it must have been a stirring speech, bringing to light many foul deeds of sending to sea vessels which were known to be almost useless. A "bill" is before Parliament to remedy this, and if it does not become law it will not be for the want of earnestness on the part of Mr. Plimsoil, nor the prayers and good wishes of the great mass of laborers, artists and philanthropists.

After so long an absence one feels as if he were transferred to fairy-land, as he dashes away from Liverpool through fields of rich verdure, where large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are leisurely grazing,

with fields of winter and spring grain in full bloom. The whole country looks delightfully, mile after mile of rich pasture and grain—intersected with orchards and gardens in full blossom as white as snow—stretch before you. This sudden transition from frozen and snow-covered Nova Scotia to a land robed in the beautiful habiliments of spring, makes one feel that after all it may be a mere touch of the fairy's wand.

Wolverhampton with its vast manufactures, is called the "black country" and well deserves the name, for on approaching it one feels like the man who ran back at the sight of the vapor from Salt Lake springs, that he is drawing near the "lower regions," especially as you dash by a thousand furnaces of fire and smoke, and then with the shrill whistle of the engine plunge into the blackness of darkness before entering Birmingham. On Saturday I was safe in the midst of my friends and received a hearty welcome, though almost a stranger in my native land.

Yours in Christ, J. MEADOWS. Devonport, May 1st, 1873.

Missionary Intelligence.

(From the Missionary Magazine June 1873.) THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

BY REV. J. CHAPLIN, D. D.

Mr. Mori, late minister from Japan to the United States, in his recent work "Education in Japan," says of this country "Religion and language are two subjects in which our people are generally interested. The religious sentiment of our people, since the introduction of the Buddhist doctrine, has been thoroughly under its influence, while our social status have been the precepts of the Confucian School. There is still another religious influence which guides a small portion of our community—the Sinto faith. The different central dogmas of the three creeds are as follows:—

"The Buddhist believes in a future life, dependent upon the principle of cause and effect.

"The Confucian, in a present life, guided by the reason of humanity.

"The Sintoos, in a past life, and they live in fear or reverence of the memories of the dead."

Sintoism.—The most ancient religion of Japan is the Sinto, a word derived from Sin (Shin), which signifies the primitive deities (Kami) of Japan, and to, word or doctrine. The Japanese regard themselves as a sacred race, descended from the Kami, or gods, and destined at death to take their place among them. Their land is a real Shin Koku, or Kami no Kooni, the land of spiritual beings, or kingdom of spirits. The Mikado, till lately the spiritual emperor, in distinction from the Tycoon, or military and actual sovereign, is looked up to as a direct descendant from Amaterasu, or, as expressed in Chinese, Ten-sho-dai-zin, the sun-goddess, or the sun personified as a female—an exalted Kami, held in peculiar veneration. A large share of the Sinto worship is given to ancestral demigods, the deified spirits of famous kings and heroes. The whole company of Kami, from the spirits of persons recently departed, up to the gods highest in rank and power, are regarded as ancestors of the Japanese people.

The Japanese language has no word to designate the one eternal God, and the term Kami is adopted by the missionaries for that purpose, accompanied by the necessary explanation.

The Sinto religion has little to say about a future life, beyond the doctrine of Kami. Its worship is simple, consisting chiefly of offerings and prayers. It is free from idolatry. In its temples are mirrors and pieces of white paper to represent the pure spirits of the Kami. The priests have no peculiar dress or diet. As they believe that even proximity to a dead body causes defilement, they leave funeral services to the Buddhist priests.

Besides the common, public worship of the Kami, a Sintoist has sometimes a small private temple dedicated specially to his immediate ancestors.

This building, detached from the dwelling house, is approached through a gate, called the "gate of God." On a plate upon a table, are deposited various offerings to the ancestors of the family, consisting of rice, flowers, etc. When the family have a feast, a portion of every kind of food prepared for the guests is carried into the temple. Every day the contents of the plate are changed. This plate must be clean, that is, of pure white porcelain, without paint or figures, which would de-

file it. A mirror within the chapel represents the spirits of the departed ancestors, or Kamis. When mourning for deceased friends, the Sintoists do not visit the temples, being reckoned unclean. If a parent dies, the family are unclean for fifty days; if a brother or sister, for thirty days. For seven days after the birth of a child, the family are considered clean, because for that period the child is looked upon as pure and innocent. If it survive that period, the family are unclean for two or three days, and cannot go to the temples.

There is a sort of festival connected with the Sinto religion, in which, once a year, persons called Dikagura (large music of God), wearing masks like a lion's head, go about the streets, dancing and exhibiting great joy. It is said that once upon a time the son of the Sun showed a very bad temper towards his mother, and that she, in grief at his misconduct, hid herself in a mountain cave, in the middle of Japan, called Togakise (hiding-door). The old Kamis appeared at the door to comfort her, and to beg her to come back to her place, as the world was enveloped in darkness during her absence. She yielded to their importunity, and the earth was once more illuminated. Her reappearance was celebrated among the gods with music and dancing, as it has been ever since by their descendants, the people of Japan.

VISIT TO MANDELAY.

BY MRS. M. B. INGALLS.

The Start.—To-day, Dec. 16, 1872, we shall reach the boundary line of Upper Burma, and I begin a letter to you. We left Rangoon eight days ago, and have had a slow trip, but it has not been lost time to us. We have four or five hundred Burmans on board of our two fleets which are fastened to the steamer, so our nine men and women have had enough to do among the passengers. We could not go on shore at Hentada, but we had the pleasure of a short call from Mr. Smith, and heard that the Lord's work was going forward among the Burmans and Karens. The Christians are very sad over the departure of Mr. Crawley and Miss Adams, and fervent prayers go up to God in their behalf.

At Prome—A Christian Brother.—We spent a few hours at Prome, and had a refreshing visit with the mission families. We left Rangoon on the Sabbath day, and in the midst of such confusion that we had no farewell prayers, and but few of the "God speed you." At Prome, our friends gathered around their table, and we were commended to the care of our "King of kings," and not until then did we really feel that we had started on our mission of light to the people of darkness. The next day we anchored at one of their stations, and spent an hour in prayer with the Christians. To me it was a precious hour. The tall brother there held my hand in a firm grasp; eye met eye. "Eighteen years ago, you were a heathen, I remember." "Yes," he replied; "but, thank God, through the merits of Christ I am now your Christian brother and a child of the eternal God." I placed my hand on his slightly silvered head, and oh, the memories of that moment! This man was once our carpenter, and while my husband was busy in zayat and public preaching, this man came under my care. He was a very strong Buddhist, and when my visitors left I used to hasten off to the carpenter, when we had long readings and earnest conversations. Days passed, and we talked and read so much that the honest man said his work must be job work. After our work was done, Mr. Kincaid took him to Prome; and there the man read, heard, and worked, and soon we had the joy to hear of his conversion, and next of his faithful preaching among the people. Years have passed; my beloved one has gone; Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid are away; but I live to grasp the hand of this Christian brother, and as we go on our way, this man prays for us. The sowing and reaping time will soon be past, and then all shall rejoice together.

We have now, Dec. 24, come in sight of the golden city, and shall soon cast our anchor. Since we have been in the king's country, we have had many opportunities for distributing books, and we trust this seed will not be lost. We see a great contrast in these towns and cities. The houses are bad, the streets rough, and the people coarsely clad.

The Golden City.—We landed here on Christmas Day, and had a very rough way of three miles in a bullock-cart, but were cordially met by Rev. Mr. Marks, who had invited us to his house. Brother Marks is a chaplain and a missionary of the S. P.

G. Society. The king has given him the title of "his English priest," and he is on the most friendly terms with the royal family. He is a great favorite, but he is not certain how much of his friendship may be extended to a future associate, or to any other missionary. He has a large school of boys, who have been gathered from all classes, and the Bible is read and explained to the pupils. Our Burman Bible and tracts are in constant use, and from time to time Mr. Marks has distributed books among the people.—The king has given him funds for the erection of a fine English church, and has paid for five school buildings and a splendid residence. The church has not yet been made over to the S. P. Society; and it is a question whether Bishop Millman will be willing to consecrate this church, which by any freak of the king may be converted to the use of his majesty. Mr. Marks is a hard-working man, and is doing all he can to create respect for the Christian religion; but the king is a strong Buddhist, and from all we hear no more inclined to the Christian religion than former kings. At a distance, the erection of a church, buildings for a school, and a house for a missionary, comes to our ears as an answer to the thousands of prayers which have gone up from God's people; but when we hear of the king's great political policy, and see that his friendship only extends to Mr. Marks as a private person, then we feel that the great and glorious day of freedom has not come to Upper Burma.

While we see all this, we have reason to rejoice that the name of Christ is held up, and the leaves of salvation are scattered among the people who are held in the chains of his golden faced majesty.

Preparing for work.—To-morrow we remove to a house which we have rented, not far from this; and then we hope to begin our work of reading and talking with the Burmans. Our Burmans, men and women, will live with us, and we hope to have a good working time.

A Visit to the Queen.—When we first came, we found it was very important to have paid a visit to the first queen; for wherever we went they were sure to inquire if we had seen any of the "golden faces," and if they had been a little friendly before, their manner was changed at once. The king gave an order for our admission to the first queen, and the wife of one of the ministers took us; but her majesty said she had not received the royal order, and so we returned. A few days after we procured another order and went. Soon after our cart had reached the palace gate of the queen's entrance, there came a Shan princess, with a hundred followers, and costly presents of pickled tea; so we were obliged to wait in our cart from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and then were taken in. We passed through a small dirty gate of the post-stokade, which incloses the king's grounds, and came into a narrow courtyard, which led to an arched way of the queen's building. There we passed a half-naked Burman sentinel, who said the royal order had been given, and then we came to 12 men who were seated with drawn swords. They were dressed in dirty scarlet, and had their heads covered with a strange cap.—They are not allowed to speak, so we passed them in silence; and then came to another courtyard which was broad but very filthy, and furnished with old broken bedsteads. At the end of this we crossed a small bridge, and then came to the steps of the queen's palace. There we were obliged to conform to the custom of taking off our shoes, and then went up the old brick steps which led to narrow inclosed passages of the ladies' palaces. The pavement was covered with sand, filth, and rubbish, and oh! the sight into the side passages and the court where we walked. The old couches were filled with half-dressed vulgar girls, and every now and then there passed some of these pulling and catching one another, as we never saw among rude school-girls at home. After passing through, I should think, six such passages, we came to the one which led to the palace door. There our three native women were told to wait, and our presents were arranged on salvers, after the custom of the court. When all had been well inspected, we started. I carried the English Bible with Queen Victoria's autograph. This was put up in a white satin case, with large yellow tassels, and placed on a glass stand covered with a mat. Miss Evans carried the Burman Bible on a red and gilt salver, and the wife of the minister took our other Burman books.—We were ushered into the reception hall by a principal maid, and told to sit down on the floor to wait the entrance of her majesty. (To be Continued.)