

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

S. S. "CITY OF MANCHESTER" the 24th March 1874, Off Point de Galle, Ceylon.

The journey from Wolfville to Burmah ought to be made in about 43 days. But there are so many circumstances over which even great steamship companies have no control, that in the present case, the journey begun on the 10th of last January, still lacks ten or fifteen days of its accomplishment. The steamer was to have left New York for Glasgow Jan. 17th, she did not leave until the 22nd. The Rangoon steamer from Glasgow was to have started on her voyage the 5th of February; she left on the 31st of January. Such is life—"the best laid schemes &c." One of the ships of the "City Line" was advertised to sail positively on the 10th of February, from Liverpool. That refreshing adverb decides the case, passages are engaged, when all uncontrollable circumstances again, and "The City of Manchester" does not leave her berth in the Birkenhead Docks until the 19th of February. But she is a fine new iron, Clyde-built steamer; this is her second voyage only,—the first was made to Calcutta in 35 days, and return home in 31 days. No matter, then, if we have lost ten days, we can easily recover them. A storm in the Bay of Biscay may always be expected. Away we spin down towards the Mediterranean. Prodigious rolling in the Bay, but no storm for once.

A fresh strong breeze was blowing out of the Straits of Gibraltar, and a cloud of ships, of all kinds, and of all nations under canvas and under steam—a fine inspiring scene—were pressing seaward. Is there one famous place, or scene, or person—the subjects of endless description, in letter and books, and newspapers and magazines—is there one of them all, from Niagara to Nyanza, from Snowdon to Fujiama, which does not, at the first actual sight, inevitably disappoint expectation? If there is, Gibraltar at least is not that one. A personal inspection of the famous impregnable fort would possibly make a different impression; but from the steamers deck the "bristling guns" are invisible, and Gibraltar is simply a lofty conical rock rising out of the sea, quite near the main land. No storm in the Bay—no calm, perhaps, in the inland sea, and so indeed it proved. Malta was passed in a very strong head wind. St. Paul's Bay, and a statue erected to him was visible without the glass. But we were destined to have something more than simply a glance at the place of the celebrated shipwreck. We were to become intimately acquainted with the identical

"EUROCYDON"

himself. The breeze freshened into a gale. Soon our noble ship could do no more than just stand and take it. For 5 weary days this furious East-north-east tempest wrought its will on our staunch vessel.—Mighty wave on wave, with incredible rapidity and strength were hurled against the ship, and swept her decks from stem to stern. Every thing, not built into the ship with especial strength, was carried away into the boiling sea; settees screwed firmly to the deck were broken into splinters,—hen coops, fastened down with iron bands, seemed about as powerless as card board to withstand the shocks, and went, with all their living freight into the frantic ocean. And yet for 14 days, Paul's vessel lived through Eurocydon! It speaks well for the ship-building skill of A. D. 60, or thereabouts, if we may suppose that Paul's tempest was even half as violent as that we encountered. The two grand catastrophes to be guarded against by a steamer in a hurricane are, the access of water to the furnaces, and fracture of any part of the steering gear. In the present case the first was avoided; but part of the apparatus connected with the rudder sustained some damage, which might have resulted seriously had the storm lasted longer. As it was, we came safely through, having suffered no little discomfort, indeed, but without loss of life—except to the poor poultry. Owing to this storm we were five days behind time in reaching Port Said, and were detained there another day, repairing damages. Any description of

THE SUEZ CANAL

must give a very imperfect idea of this wonderful engineering feat. The problem was—cut a broad ditch 23 feet deep through 87 miles of sand and make a deep harbor in the sea at either end of the ditch. John Bull moved slowly and heavily out to look at what these "paries vous" were proposing

to do; pooh! pooh! grunted John, through his most famous engineers, (the great Stephenson himself was there) impossible—impracticable! and John returned to his tight little island. The "paries vous" went on, all the same, digging and dredging, dredging, flinging millions of money into the dreary sand and in seven years the Suez Canal is an accomplished fact. John does not like to be reminded of his words spoken so haughtily and so confidently. But he uses the "pooh"! See, here is very tangible evidence of that fact, H. B. M. Troopship "Malabar" moored at a "sid-ing" in the Canal,—a huge ark of a vessel, capable of carrying 3000 soldiers.—She has a truly defiant look, and there is barely room enough to pass her. There! our rigging has become entangled with hers,—crash, down comes our foretopmast—crunch, her boat is "chawed up" (unpardonably coarse, but really a very suitable expression for the sound and the effect produced) all this trouble and damage were caused by a snobbish, contemptible contempt of the commonest courtesies of life—a contempt, which, shame to say, the British Naval officer seems to think a virtue when shown to the mercantile marine! as if there would be any British Navy at all, were it not for the merchants of Britain. The rules of the Canal, common sense, and common civility required the "Malabar" to brace her arms which she obstinately refused to do.

After reaching the Arabian Sea we met THE INCIDENT OF THE VOYAGE.

One morning after breakfast the officer on watch discovered in the dim distance, what on closer scrutiny with the spyglass proved to be a small boat with five men.—Instantly the ship's course was changed, and in a few minutes the poor haggard, hunger-smitten men were on our deck—saved! Every heart was full, and every hand quick to give relief and comfort, and very soon they were able to give a brief account of their sufferings. They were the 2nd mate and 4 seamen of the barque "Arracan," owned in Greenock, Scotland, and from Shields, England, Sept. 11th, with coals for Bombay. In Lat 3° N, North Long. 63° E, the coal took fire.—All efforts to quench or keep under the fire were unavailing, and on the 10th of Feb, last, the ship was abandoned, and soon after, wrapped in flames, went down. The Captain, Nathaniel Leslie, officers and crew in their boats, kept together for three days when the boat we picked up lost sight of the others. Their provisions lasted them until the 9th of March; on that day they divided the last of their food and water.—From that date until the day we fell in with them, the 20th of March all they had to sustain life was one bird, two or three small flying fish, and a few barnacles picked from the boat's bottom! They drank large quantities of salt water, and two of the men became delirious. These men insisted upon eating lots, who, of the five, should be killed as food for the rest! the mate resisted the executing of their purpose, but they went so far as to cast the lot; the fatal short lot fell to the youngest, a boy of 18. The poor lad prepared to die, commending his soul to God. Here the mate interfered again, declaring he would shoot down the man that lifted his hand against the boy. Then the men, actually mad, it must be remembered, with starvation and thirst, plotted to kill the mate; but the boy kept close to him, and woke him up whenever the men gave signs of making an attempt. One of the crazy men became so frantic and furious that the safety of the rest seemed to demand that he should be killed. So the mate decided and drew the trigger upon him, but missed fire; snatched the gun again, presented it at the man's head, when a bird flew over the boat and saved the man's life, for the mate fired at the bird and it fell into the sea; quick as thought all plunged after the bird, which was instantly torn to pieces and devoured ravenously, every atom of it, with no wise discrimination regarding the wholesomeness or otherwise of the internal economy of the animal—one of them was asked how it tasted? he replied, "as you can't think how sweet it was." The two crazy men continued to fight furiously, nearly all the time. At last the stronger fell upon the other, struck him with a heavy iron spike, and caught the blood which gushed out in a tin cup, and, with a grim sense of fairness, divided the precious drops with his comrade, including the wounded man himself. It was touching in the extreme when arrived on our deck, and the certainty of being saved realised, the man who had been wounded fell on his knees and in simple words and most pathetic tones thanked God for His mercy. They are all doing well, and will not recognise themselves by

the time we reach Calcutta. One remarkable fact has still to be mentioned. The man just spoken of as returning thanks to God, asked Mr. Carpenter, (our missionary companion in travel) if he did not remember him? and proceeded to give a narrative of certain particulars, which soon quickened Mr. C's memory, and it came out that this man was a sailor on the ship in which Mr. C. first went to Burmah 12 years ago, and was then converted to God through Mr. C's efforts. How strange that the two should meet after so long an interval under such peculiar circumstances.

Saturday, March 24th, 1874.—Reached the Pilot station off the Hoogly this evening, took a Pilot and are now anchored for the night,—will leave for Calcutta at daylight. The Pilot brings the welcome news that the two missing boats of the "Arracan" are safe, having been picked up by steamers. A. R. R. O.

For the Christian Messenger.

CORRECTION.

WINE HARBOR, 15th May, 1874.

Dear Mr. Selden,—Mr. Eagles' letter in your issue of the 16th, conveys the impression that he has the pastoral care of Wine Harbor.—Allow me to correct this by saying, that from our peculiar position, we regard this as a Mission Station. Mr. Eagles preaches occasionally, as do Mr. Craig, Methodist; Mr. Gunn, Presbyterian, and others; but while pleased with these visits, we do not consider ourselves under the care of either.

Any Brother preaching "the faith once delivered to the saints," will receive a cordial welcome. Yours very truly, JOHN SPRAGUE.

The following came in a different letter from the above; and, although we are a little uncertain, yet we presume the writer is in some way, not remotely, connected with the writer of the above.

PUBLIC LIBRARY AT WINE HARBOR.

Dear Mr. Selden,—

As I see from your paper that you great people in Halifax like sometimes to have a few lines from your country cousins, I will tell you what is just now engrossing the mind of the public in Wine Harbor.

We are a small people, not in stature, nor in self importance, oh no! nor are we small denominationally,—witness our congregations including Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists,—but we are small numerically, so very tiny that we really were afraid of sinking from the world intellectually and socially if we did make some combined effort to do something.

But what public work could we all join in disregarding sects or isms? We thought of a Public Library and a happy thought it was,—all took in the idea eagerly and I may add they also took in the work, and right earnestly all last summer did we labour. Of course of late years the approved plan in such cases is a Xmas tree, which means work from the ladies, money from the gentlemen, and a general excitement and confusion for every one.

Well after the usual succession of sewing meetings and collecting cards and—not begging letters, but "appeals to the public," we did manage to raise what we thought and others thought a very considerable show of goods useful and ornamental, and to the delight of the junior devotees of the cause, for we included them—in our meetings, teaching the girls to sew and the boys to net. We had a very pretty well-lit Christmas tree, and we managed to raise, thanks to neighbors and some friends in "town" \$100. Now came a season of dead calm, while the book-sellers collected from England, from the States, and from their own stores, the books selected, and I can assure you we were very particular to have useful, readable instructive books, such as our children may learn to love and be benefited by.—No novels, no strictly denominational books, but such as will expand our ideas and intellects, and touch up our moral sensibilities.

Yesterday the Public Library was opened, and I trust the effort will in future ages have been proved a successful one even though by so small a people.

If my letter is too long just throw it into the waste paper basket and forgive the apparent egotism of the writer, and believe me,

Yours sincerely, R. A. SPRAGUE. Wine Harbor, May 19, 1874.

For the Christian Messenger.

WHY I LOVE THE "CHRISTIAN MESSENGER."

The fact itself I am not ashamed to confess. I love its face, its form, and its honest heart. My reasons are these:

1st. It is an old friend.—One does not care to renounce friends whom he has found true and trusty.

I am now past 40 years of age. For more than thirty years I have been conversant with its pages. Thanks to honored parents for their regard for their children, in furnishing them with suitable reading. Their memory is a joy. They are but few, if, indeed, any of its weekly issues from that time to this, that have not been perused. No wonder then that I have come to regard it as an inseparable friend, whose weekly visits are hailed with pleasure.

2nd. I have learned something, I cannot say how much, from its pages.—I have always endeavored to entertain feelings of respect for my teachers, and the Christian Messenger certainly comes in for a share. The lessons have been exceedingly varied; the field explored as wide as the earth and the heavens. Literature, science, morals, and religion have, in its columns, enforced their claims. Error in its specious forms have been unmasked, and the truth vindicated. I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Messenger for a fair proportion of the little knowledge I possess, I have reason to love it.

3rd. Through its pages I hold weekly communication with my brethren throughout the Province, and in some measure throughout the Dominion.—With many of these brethren I have a personal acquaintance, that seems to be renewed from week to week, or as often as there is a reference to them and their work. I would be by no means deprived of such a pleasure.

4th. Its weekly issues contain news from the Churches of stirring interest.—These churches I love. My heart is moved to sympathy in their trials, and filled with joy in their prosperity. The good news it has borne to me for the last few months have been as cold water to the thirsty—they have cheered and stimulated. As a pastor I have noticed the effect of the news of a revival elsewhere upon my own people, in moving and encouraging them to seek the same blessing for themselves. It becomes a theme for conversation at the fireside. It is narrated at the prayer and conference meeting, and while the tidings call forth gratitude to God for his mercies, they afford ground for increased trust in a faithful God.

5th.—It is a "Defender of the Faith."—In these times error is rampant. Many unstable souls listen to its seductive utterances, and are led away by the "sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Like a faithful sentinel, the Messenger is ever at its post and ready to give the alarm when danger approaches. Rejecting human traditions, it enforces the teachings of the divine word, and is largely instrumental in building up the members of the churches in the faith of the gospel. He is a poor Baptist who does not patronize the Messenger, or some other periodical of like spirit and aims. Pastors who seek the welfare of the churches will seek to extend the circulation of the Christian Messenger.

A. AQUIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

REVIVALS. INDEPENDENT MISSION CONVENTION OF 1873. HOME MISSIONARY UNION, &c.

The out pouring of the Holy Spirit on the churches is causing "joy in heaven" and on earth. Heathen as well as christian lands are participating in this happiness. Prayer and praise are going heavenward from many a happy heart on account of this "good news."

Our beloved "seven," now far from their old home, are doubtless greatly encouraged in their "life work," as Messenger after Messenger reaches the shores of their new home, bearing to them the "glad tidings" of sinners being converted. Long may those "dear ones" be spared to labor for the Master there, whilst the churches here continue nobly to support them by their prayers and contributions.

The churches represented in the Baptist Convention in 1873, expected great things, from God by attempting great things for God, and thus far have not been disappointed. The setting apart of those "seven" devoted ones was a proud day for the Baptist Churches represented on that occasion. One fact

seemed to depress the minds of many good christians present, viz., the apparent "low state" of religion in many of the churches, and yet deep piety, earnestness and zeal was manifested. Surely God has honoured his people in a remarkable manner, by so soon returning into their bosoms some of the fruits of their labors. Have not the earnest prayers of the thousands of converted heathens for those who have so generously sent the gospel to them, had something to do with the present "revival work" in this land.

Some earnest workers feared that the undertaking was too great, and that "home mission work," so much needed, would be greatly retarded by supporting the "Independent Mission." Some such "doubtful ones" feared it was pride prompting our leaders. "Our Missions," "WHAT WE HAVE DONE, &c.," reflecting minds, however, it must be clear that the work is of the Lord and therefore must prosper. Is it not evident that the thousands of converts being gathered into our churches in christian lands, are to help on this mighty work of giving the gospel to the world. Thus the ways and means are being provided for our new mission.

The "Home Missionary Union" is proving indeed a success. Other modes of operation accomplished their work in their day but the work mapped out by the executive of this Society is just what is required at the present day. "Foreign Mission" work almost invariably begets a "Home Missionary" spirit. Our people need to be educated up to the mission work. Let the subject be often brought before the people through missionary meetings, &c., even the children in our Sunday Schools should be trained to make sacrifice in supporting missions.

LABOR.

"So in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give them no heed, Broad cast it o'er the land."

PROMISE.

"And duly shall appear, In verdure, beauty, strength, The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length."

W. J. G.

Religious Intelligence.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION. THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

LOCKPORT, May 18th, 1874.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

I thought it quite a pity to cloy the readers of the Messenger with good news, and consequently have delayed sending you a report of the Lord's doings in our midst. For be it known that while songs of victory have been sung in other churches, and the slain of the King's enemies have been counted, some twenty, some sixty, and some an hundred, we too have had occasion to rejoice, and may well exclaim, "the Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." It might be uninteresting, even painful to recount the vicissitudes, the "lightings without and the fears within," through which our church has come. One important purpose might be served, however, it would be proved to a demonstration, that never, under any circumstances does God forget or forsake a church of His own gathering, even when two or three only, "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and though the promise of His coming be delayed that He nevertheless will come, and when He cometh the almost "desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, it shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and with singing."

One short year has passed, since aiming at greater usefulness through independence, we withdrew from the late Ragged Island Church, and were organized into what is known as the Lockport Church, consisting of twenty members. Our numerical weakness will be better appreciated when it is known that nearly thirty years had rolled their weary rounds, since the place was visited by a revival of religion. How, with more of fleshly wisdom than that which cometh from above, even ministers of the gospel have unblushingly announced that the last conversion had taken place here, I dare not tell. It will answer my present purpose, simply to state that since the beginning of March our numbers have been increased by the addition of thirty—added to the church such as, we trust, will be saved. It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes. This pleasant state of affairs in the church, together with the hearty co-operation of the entire community, makes us feel very happy in view of the approaching Associational gathering. Extensive preparations are already going