

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

COLD WATER AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

I begin my story by the announcement, in time-honored formula, that "the twenty-third of July dawned in cloudless beauty."

I had not then assumed the duties of that position, to fill which our ancestress, Eve, was specially created; and had, for some time, devoted myself entirely to public Mission-work, principally among the British soldiers and sailors, many of whom had been thus induced to join our Temperance Society, and to form little military "Bands of Hope" for their children; their wives, too, attended my "mothers' meetings," so that I was considered as a general friend among the uniforms.

At an early hour on this Summer morning, the excursionists began to gather at the Portsmouth railway station, from which several special trains were to start for the Crystal Palace. In order to prevent confusion, carriages had been pre-engaged by our local Temperance Secretary, for the members of the society, and as I passed down the platform I observed three carriages labelled:

"FOR MEMBERS OF THE BAND OF HOPE."

Three more bore a similar card, with the notice:

"FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY."

Soon our friends began to collect around the doors of their respective carriages, waiting for them to be opened by the officials. The brilliant scarlet uniforms of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, mingled with the red of the Fusiliers, formed a picturesque contrast to the olive-green of the Rifles, and the dark blue of the proud Royal Marine Artillery; while our sailors, in their blue and white, were running about everywhere with the overbrimming joyousness peculiar to "Jack ashore." Several were accompanied by neat, happy-looking wives, and rosy children; the latter, dressed in white or light, pretty colors, glowing with delight that at last the day was come, and they were "going to sing at the Crystal Palace!"

Among the earliest arrivals was a young naval officer, whom I had frequently heard mentioned in the dressing-rooms of several young lady acquaintances as, "a bear" "horridly impolite," with sundry other epithets of an equally complimentary nature. Indeed, it was stated that not only was Mr. Ericson totally useless in a ball-room, but also exceedingly difficult to be secured as an escort; and when, by rare chance, captured for the latter duty, the reluctant fair one committed to his protection, considered herself doomed to very uninteresting society; inasmuch as it never seemed to occur to his mind, that a lady could not put on her own shawl, or that she would expect him to carry her pretty toy-reticule, pick up her glove, or gratify her vanity by nice little speeches suggestive of admiration on his part. Nay, it was even said that a double knock at his mother's front door would send him flying from the drawing room; and this assertion was supported by the testimony of more than one young lady, who deposed to the fact of having seen a vision of Her Majesty's uniform disappearing in some distant dogway, as the visitor was admitted at the principal entrance. Vainly had I, on more than one occasion, attempted to defend this much slandered individual, by declaring, that in his intercourse with me he had invariably evinced the qualities of a gentleman, not those of a "bear." The reply from my gay young friends was sure to be, "O! of course! Miss Hunt is certain to say he is a gentleman, because he goes to that Ragged School of hers, and helps her with her soldier's meetings! But then she doesn't frighten him; she is only a quiet little old maid, quite satisfied if a gentleman will talk to her about her Temperance meetings; while anybody who will also patronize the dirty little wretches she picks up out of the gutters, at once becomes a hero in her eyes!"

I remembered all this, as the young officer came up to greet me on the platform; and observed him then, passing from one to another of the men, with a kind word for each; and when, at length, the carriage

were opened, he stood on the step of one, carefully helping in the soldiers' wives, handing about two or three babies quite neatly, and tossing in the elder children in a genial way that drew forth many a silvery laugh from our little friends. One or two other aristocratic members of our society could not sacrifice their dignity so far as to ride "third class;" but Mr. Ericson took his seat on the uncushioned board, with an air of great contentment, and made himself generally useful throughout the day. I, according to my usual custom on occasions of this kind, left my more exclusive acquaintance to the enjoyment of their "first-class" comforts, and took my place among those who so well deserve their country's grateful regard, for whose welfare my heart was deeply interested, and to many of whom the Lord had already made me a means of blessing.

It was something thrilling to hear those manly voices raised in singing hymns of praise to God, as our train rolled onward, flinging on the rushing breeze the echoes of heavenly music.

We had to pause several times during the journey for regular passengers—having to pass us, and on such occasions were "shunted" on to a "siding." One of these seasons of waiting was too prolonged for the patience and holiday-spirits of the excursionists; and a tempting green bank by the road-side seemed to invite them to alight. But how was this to be accomplished? The careful railway-officials had, in accordance with their general rule, locked the doors. Small impediment this, to men who were accustomed to climb the rigging; and no sooner was the idea suggested, than all the lively "Jack Tars" were fumbling out of the windows, head over heels; while the soldiers followed somewhat more stilly greatly to the amusement of the grinning railwaymen, who evidently appreciated the fun. In a few minutes after this escapade, a sailor from the next carriage put his head in at our window, inquiring if "Miss Hunt and Mr. Ericson wouldn't like to get out for a bit, because we're going to stop here some pretty good while, they say."

We objected that probably the doors would not be allowed to be unlocked, and an exit by way of the window was not precisely to our taste, personally, although we had nothing to say against the performance as executed by any who liked it.

"O! dear me, no, of course, Miss, we didn't think of getting you out that way," replied the Blue Jacket, looking shocked at being supposed capable of such a suggestion; "but I fancy all these doors can't be locked!"

A counsel was held, and, by some strange coincidence, one door in each carriage was suddenly found unfastened. I could not help suspecting a little good-natured smuggling on the part of our official jailors. Our naval and military friends then issued a general invitation that "the ladies" would descend from their close quarters to enjoy a "breath of fresh air;" and their smiling wives gladly stepped out on the green sward. (N.B. Every well-conducted woman is "a lady" in the estimation of a British soldier or sailor.)

Presently the porter came by, with a shout of "take yer seats!" and there was a general rush, amid which the request reached me that I would now spend some time in the next carriage; the man who preferred the petition, adding, as an inducement, "Several of the men have got their wives there, Miss, and I know you always want to do the women good."

So I went, and at the succeeding stopping place, the occupants of No. 3, said that it was now their turn, and they "hoped Miss Hunt would visit them. Thus, conversing and singing hymns, we at length reached our destination; and were soon scattered over the beautiful grounds of the Palace. Teetotalers had already won a triumph there that day, having obtained an order that no intoxicating drink should be sold on the ground during the whole day. Of course many visitors were present, who were not teetotalers, and the remarks overheard by us as coming from them were extremely diverting. One old gentleman was heard to grumble that we were going to have all the fountains set playing for our amusement at three o'clock, and he "should think that would be cold water enough for us!" A rosy faced countryman in vain implored the smiling waitress at one of the refreshment-tables to give him "a pint o' beer." She calmly offered him a glass of lemonade. Delicate ladies, accustomed to their sparkling wine, had to do without it, so long as they trod the soil that, for one day, was our own; and great was our jubilation, as we listened to the amiable ani-

madversions on the bigotry of "those disagreeable temperance people," or "them there stoopid teetotalers."

At three, all the fountains sent up a magnificent grand jeu; and after this, a grand procession of the various Temperance Societies was formed. "Good Templars," "Reebabites," "Sons and Daughters of Temperance," and "Bands of Hope," with many other sections of the noble whole, started forward with gay regalia, and escorted by bands of music, waving colors, and all the glory of "pomp and circumstance."

But alas! alas! The sky, hitherto so blue, gathered sudden blackness; muttered thunder grew every moment more distinct, until the storm burst with one mighty roar over the Palace of glass.

Down poured the pitiless rain, drenching with remorseless torrent, velvet insignia and silken banner, so that our grand parade broke into a general "skeddaddle." I have recently seen, in an American paper, that some savant has claimed a Greek origin for that very expressive term for an utter rout. Whatever it may be in origin, I know it was on this occasion, British in practice; for we all ran to the nearest shelter, yet even so, not escaping a most thorough soaking, but clasping our colors still to our hearts, by enthusiastically proclaiming that "Teetotalers did not easily take cold!"

As I had engaged to visit the camps at Aldershot, and was to reach it by the evening train from Sydenham, I sought the waiting-room as soon as possible, hoping to change my wet dress. Vain hope! no accommodation for such need was found in the depot; and although my train was announced to leave at six, yet it was ten o'clock before I had the pleasure of seeing it puff up to the platform. All those hours I had to stand in my dripping attire, a subject of great anxiety to my gallant friends of the army and navy, who were as much dismayed at the thought of my night journey, as at the wetting I had had. Some of our Aldershot soldiers who were to have formed my escort had failed to meet me in the crowd and confusion; but at length, one of my sailor friends found a worthy sergeant about to return to camp, personally unknown to me, but who readily undertook to consider himself responsible for my safety.

At one in the morning, I arrived at Aldershot, and my military guard, having recognized on the train one of the chaplains and his wife, handed me over to their keeping on the platform of the depot.

So ended the Sydenham holiday; and the warm reception accorded me in the camp by both old friends and new, soon made me remember only the agreeable incidents of the expedition; although I laugh even yet, when I think of the accounts which appeared in the journals, respecting the "Crystal Palace Fête," when "the Teetotalers had it all their own way, and treated the visitors to plenty of cold water!"

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM ROME, ITALY.

ROME, SEPT. 21st, 1874.

A State paper recently published among the official Acts of the Italian Parliament (atti ufficiali della Camera, No. 817.) gives a table of the suppressions and seizures of religious houses effected between the years 1866 and 1874. According to this official return, the religious corporations have been deprived of a patrimony amounting to 13,499,020 lire, (5 lire are equal to one dollar) which consisted of estate subject to conversion to the value of 6,240,594 lire; and of other revenues amounting to 7,158,425 lire. The value of the estates of corporations liable to conversion and seized up to the 31st December, 1873, was 23,446,555 lire. That of corporations suppressed by the law of August 15th, 1867, was 15,568,413 lire. The total loss sustained by the Catholic Church by conversions and suppressions of property up to the beginning of the present year is estimated at 62,535,989 lire of annual income. According to the value or price realized by sales, the total sum of the church estates seized up to the end of the past year was 649,208,434 lire. Of this sum the Government appropriated no less an amount than 530,592,200 lire. The editor of a leading paper in this city remarked the other day that he was surprised that no English or American speculators came to Rome to buy property. It sells at a very low figure, and may in five years be worth twenty times what it sells for.

Rev. Mr. Wall in one of his reports to the English Baptist Missionary Society, says:—

"Since I last wrote, we have had some very interesting meetings. Easter Sunday six were received into the Church. They had all been baptized the week before. One was the wife of Signor Grassi. This was a very great source of pleasure and consolation to him. Another was a young man who had been for some time connected with the Wesleyans; he was convinced baptism was right, and came forward determined to follow in the steps of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ. He speaks well, and we hope will be useful in the cause of Christ. We found it much too warm to hold the Lord's-day morning service upstairs, so we came down for the first time that day; it was a time of blessing to all present. We had a congregation of more than a hundred persons; more than half of these Christians."

"On Monday (Easter Monday) we held an Agapé at a very quiet wayside inn; about eighty present. The deacons had prepared a room to hold a service, so, at 11 o'clock A.M., we sang and prayed together. Several spoke; and after this we had the Lord's Supper quite in primitive style. I think all felt the sweet presence of Jesus was with us. A young man who had been suspended from the Church came back that morning, confessed publicly his sin before the Church, and asked, with tears, to be received again. At 2 P.M. we had a very simple dinner under a straw shed, and after this walked to a retired spot, about a mile farther on, where all sat on the grass and held a little prayer meeting. The singing attracted several to the spot, and we trust good was done. We returned home about 5 P.M., after a very profitable and pleasant day. One poor woman has since told me she never spent such a happy day in her life, and that she had reason to thank the Lord for permitting her to go. Sunday last I heard, with pleasure, that the mistress of our houses had given her Testament to her sista (dress maker), and that she, with her husband, read it regularly every evening. She has given up going to mass, and says she will no more listen to what the priests say, but she will take God's Word as her guide."

According to a local paper, the sanitary statistics for this month show a large increase of attacks of fever from malaria. In 10 days 1,147 sick persons were received into the Hospital of S. Spirito alone; 906 of whom had fever from malaria, and came into Rome from that horrid desert, called the Campagna. A great many cases are also reported within the walls, especially in the neighborhood of the streets where the new sewers are being laid down.

W. N. CORN.

For the Christian Messenger.

Dear Editor,—

I am glad to agree with "Massillon" whenever I can, and so I say, with him, "folly needs shooting as it flies; no matter whether its perch be a pulpit or a platform;" and I would ask the liberty of extending this short list of the names of places where "folly" rests her weary wings, by saying, "shoot her as she flies" even though she should be found on a bench, or bar, or bush.

It is evident that "Massillon" has really consecrated himself afresh to the noble work of improving the preachers. This is a great work, and to the purpose; that it shall be done, and done well, "let all the people say amen!" yea, and the ministers too. Yes, "Massillon" will "assist in perfecting" the man in the pulpit, though he should "lessen his self-sufficiency." The less the brother has of that element himself, the more successful he will be in removing it from the preachers. As he has given himself for a little to the work of picking motes from the professional eyes of the clergymen, it will not hinder him, but it will greatly help him, should he take a beam or two out of his own eyes. You will bear in mind, Mr. Editor, that this is a rule from the old Book.

But it strikes me that "Massillon" betrays a special liking for this peculiar work. Be it so or not, let him take the first preacher that he chances to meet, and himself, and reduce the self-sufficiency of both every day for a year, and my word for it, his experience, either in the one case or the other, will be that of the eagle in Grecian mythology and that of the fat kine in Latin poetry. The voracious bird that returned each day to Prometheus, chained, found his liver as large as it was before he took his supper off it the evening before; and Virgil's thriving cattle that left their dewy beds, as the day returned, saw the succulent grass as high as it was the preceding morning.

The advised purpose of this new arrival and recent acquisition to the staff of instructors to clergymen, is to do them essential service in things great and in things small. His method smacks a little of war and smells somewhat of blood; but what of that, the means are thoroughly sanctified by the end—ministers perfected. It will require not a little nerve and not an ordinary effort, on the part of the congregated Bap-

tist clergymen, to keep calm, so that their teachableness shall be in its best condition, when "Massillon" enters among them for the first time. If it were to be simply a lesson in syllable quantity, in vocal-tone, in accent, in pronunciation, and in repetition, cruel to the refined ear drum of the cultured, and overmuch refined, then the poor clergymen could command their spirits to undisturbed quietness, could take their lessons, and, much profited, bow themselves gratefully out of the presence of their gratuitous, self-constituted professor; but the references and hints lead us to expect more than all this; armed with every imaginable weapon, from the flesh-cleaving thong of "satire" to the Damascus blade of criticism, he proposes "onslaught"—"bone-peeling," the fleshing of his sword in quivering "sensibilities."

Ah, we have concluded that he is the high priest of the people who blow their trumpets at every street corner, and call on the passers by to stop and hear that they are plain men, frank, outspoken characters. These are the plain, faithful men, who can bear the point of their lances ring on the bone and not feel faintness about their hearts; they can see tender "sensibilities wounded" and bleeding, and carry about unmoistened cheeks. Ah, good is done, and that is the comfort of it. But what of their unconcealed satisfaction when they are sometimes seen to laugh "consumedly" as they tell of their feats and exploits in giving "raps" and performing "take-downs." There is a book that refers to taking in a large draught of spirituality and meekness, to refresh and mollify the soul withal before discharging these duties.

In the second paragraph of his second article, "Massillon" seems to regard the pulpit as a place for rigorous, vigorous, contests in dialectics; and the preacher is a loser withal because he gets no muscle, no nerve in hard encounters with stout antagonists. That is "something new under the sun." The new method of the boat-matching, race running, gauntlet-throwing, tilt and tourney character. Whether the Samsonian preachers who might be reared under this severe training would best represent the meek and lowly Master whose gospel they are to herald, and whose ways they are to follow, and whose sympathies they are to cherish, and to cultivate in others, remains to be proved. The little matter of consoling the afflicted, of warming and attracting the hearts of the unrenewed, and of being vessels—earthen vessels—in which all the great things, good things, and the pleasant things of the glorious gospel are to be served out to hungry, perishing souls, should also be taken into the account. The minister may need vinegar, but he needs honey; he may have service for rope-cord muscle, for withering irony, for clanging steel, but he will also find frequent use for the "balm of consolation," for meekness and the quiet power "to love the more, the less he is loved," and to teach the people to do the same.

"Trenchant blades" and "bones laid bare" and "lashes freely falling," have never done much as yet, in the pulpit. The earnest speech, the unctuous soul, the living, yearning solicitude for the edification of believers and for the salvation of the lost, have done more for the church and the world, than ever cutting blades, and cracking lashes, and thunder and smoke and battles of logic have ever done; and the celebration of their victories included.

But the little school master-business of "Massillon" is really needed, and will do good. Let us have more of it. Let us get our accounts right, our *ins* straightened out into *ings*, and our *u* mollified into its various sounds, ranging all the way from the snubby jerk in *public*, to the dulcet note in *deu*. But advice wont buy dictionaries, neither will it take the poor minister abroad to hear good speakers and to brush up his speech and manners.

"There was a cobbler had a cow,  
And he had naught to give her,  
He took his pipe and played a tune,  
And bid the cow consider,  
The cow considered with herself,  
That sound would never feed her."

Mr. Editor, I saw something like this once in the Scotch dialect, you will accept it in the plain English dress.

You may give the poor preacher your windy words of advice, and keep the silver in the till, but that will not polish his speech and habits. It will however, keep him rowing like a slave in the galley, to the music of the plash of his own oar.

The little supplication from "Massillon" to be merciful to over sensitive ears, comes with a refreshing touch of the ridiculous and absurd, after all the blood and thunder of backs lashed, bones revealed between the