

THE PILGRIMAGE OF SORROWFUL.

By ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT. Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan. CHAPTER VI.

Day began to break, and Sorrowful rejoiced once more in the light of the sun; yet her countenance did not appear as cheerful and animated, as it did while she was passing through Comfort.

Faint-Heart. "You will never be able to get on the top of that mountain, for after you have gone a little way, you will become giddy, and fall back to the bottom, and perhaps will be dashed in pieces."

Impatience, perceiving that Sorrowful listened to Faint-Heart, also joined with him in saying many things to discourage her, and then advised her to sit down a little, and consider whether she had better attempt to ascend the mountain or not.

Faint-Heart. "This path on the left keeps close to the foot of the mountain; suppose you go a little way on it, you may perhaps discover some path more easy of ascent."

Sorrowful rose to go; but one passing by, said:

"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

At this, Sorrowful halted; but Impatience spoke hastily:

"It is not necessary that you should take the most tiresome way; why should you! when many who are admitted to the City of Refuge, are taken from Comfort to the Holy Land in a chariot, and know nothing of the vexation you feel."

Sorrowful felt every word that was said, and accompanied Faint-Heart as invited. But her path was rugged. Thorns also and brambles were thick in the way, so that her feet were sadly pierced, neither could she perceive any place where the mountain was easier to ascend.

Night was coming on, and she began to hear the roaring of lions, and the sharp bark of jackals. Many of the servants of the Black Prince had dwellings near where she was, and they failed not greatly to distress her.

"Now I am lost!" she exclaimed; "I am dying, I shall never reach the Holy Land! I shall never again see the smiling countenance of my beloved Lord!"

But she was mistaken; for she had no sooner done speaking, than she heard the voice of her Lord saying:

"I am come to seek and to save that which was lost. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me it thy help found."

He then took her from the ground, and carried her to a Lodge kept by Consolation, situated on the right way, near the spot where she had first met with Faint-Heart. He then (being the most skillful of all Physicians), extracted the poison left by the serpent in the wound, applied a healing balm, and commanded Consolation to take particular care of her.

to spring forward, forgetting for a few minutes her own pains in contemplating His. She threw herself on the ground, bathed his feet with her tears, and would not let Him go. Yet in the midst of her weeping these were happy moments for Sorrowful, for her Lord was not in the least displeased with her freedom, but smiled on her the whole time.

But she soon began to remember her own base forgetfulness, her failure to cleave with more steadfastness to so loving, forgiving, and constant a Friend. Again were sighs, tears, and lamentation her principal employment; and her tears so dimmed her sight that she could not perceive whether her Lord were present or not.

"Ah!" she cried, "What have I gained by wandering? Only painful reflections! What did I get by choosing my own way? Only new sorrows, new trials, new difficulties! For the mountain is yet before me, notwithstanding all my endeavors to shun it; it must still be passed over. But who can tell?"

And for this she kept listening, hoping, and praying, until the time came for her to proceed on her journey.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

GOOD CROPS. STARTLING PREVALENCE OF GREAT CRIMES. CAN THE GREATEST SOURCE BE REMOVED? A CANADIAN PLIMSOLL NEEDED, &c., &c.

In the midst of the universal complaint of "hard times" and scarcity of the circulating medium it is encouraging to hear the almost universal accounts of the excellent crops which have been and are being gathered in in Canada. In most sections and in regard to most kinds of crop in Ontario we hear very favorable reports.

In the absence of any very stirring public events, it would seem as if a carnival of private crimes and brutalities were being held all over the Dominion. Robberies, burglaries, forgeries, murders and other unmentionable crimes even more terrible, seem to have become of almost daily occurrence.

I fear, Mr. Editor, that what was intended to be somewhat of a news letter has gone sadly aside from the mark, but I am obliged to plead as my excuse for not now attempting to correct the fault confessed, the same apology mutatis mutandis which a lecturer once offered for the inordinate length of his lecture: "I had not time to write a shorter one."

J. E. W.

THE MICMAC MISSION.

Dear Brother,—

I notice in the Christian Messenger of Sept. 8th a letter from Silas T. Rand under the above caption. At the close of that communication the following passage occurs, "I shall now be happy to receive further aid in the same way towards meeting the expenses of printing and binding our Reading Book, or for the general purposes of the mission."

causes, with a view to find if possible efficient causes. The most prolific of causes, the one which no doubt towers in horrible pre-eminence above every other, is not hard to find. The simple facts in a large majority of cases reveal it. No reasonable man can doubt that were it possible, as we trust it may be found possible at no very distant day, to carry out the views of the Prohibition Convention assembled the other day at Ottawa, by securing a real suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Dominion, the next decade would show such a diminution of crime, and such an advance in wealth and general prosperity in Canada, as would make us all wonder more than ever at the blindness which has so long tolerated and legalized the source of so much evil.

Coming from the general to the particular we wonder whether the poor British sailor is indebted directly or only indirectly to the christian element in our civilization for the scant measure of protection to his life, afforded by the recent legislation in Great Britain. Be that as it may, recent events are making it very clear that we are much in need of a Canadian Plimsoll.

The helmsman was rescued after clinging for 36 hours to the pilot house. It is now stated that this ill-fated boat loaded at Saginaw with nearly 6000 barrels of Salt and a deckload of Lumber to boot, and was so manifestly overlaid and unseaworthy that the Engineer protested against leaving port, but was over-ruled. Insurance \$7000. Estimated value \$8000?

published translations of various parts of the scriptures, and numerous reports, both in poetry and prose, of the work done, he has trumpeted far and wide his change of ecclesiastical relations and of raising funds relying on prayer solely for money. For several years the missionary appealed to every Baptist Association for aid in this undertaking. Then for many years the work was intrusted to the hands of good men of several denominations, who sought to give it a local habitation and a name they cared not where nor what.

A FRIEND OF THE MICMACS. Sept. 27th, 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE CONVENTION.

No. 4.

BY A DELEGATE.

It will ever be a memorable event probably, how it came to pass, that a Band of Missionaries from the shores of British America, destined for Siam, the dominion of a foreign and a heathen potentate, settled down after two years wanderings, in Coconada, in British India, some three thousand miles perhaps, by water conveyance, distant from the capital of the Siamese Empire.

The records of the Conventions,—our Year Book,—will furnish a solution to the inquirer who may hereafter seek the information. There was a section of the friends of Foreign Missions, who never heartily accepted Siam as a field. In proof it need only be remarked that an agitation, and inquiries and comparisons, between it, and Hindustan—the banks of the Godavary at its debouchment,—soon after began to appear in the organ of the denomination, the subject discussed, found ready readers, facts were elicited that seriously shook confidence in reference to the decision of 1873, arrived at in Windsor, at the public Convention held there.

A persevering correspondent continued to agitate, and to advocate the abandonment of Siam, and the adoption of Coconada as the more eligible position, for the location of the enterprise. Just, however, when the advocacy of the change seemed about ceasing—just when there appeared to be no probability, that such a change of base was at all likely—just then, came the letter of the Missionaries, dated from Rahaing, announcing the fact that the result of all their inquiries and investigations and travels was, that Siam was not a suitable place for establishing a Mission.

The Karens of that country were nomads, and wanderers, and their number seemed doubtful, so they wrote the Board, they relinquished the policy of a Mission, among

these ancient Buddhists of the eastern world.

They expressed themselves, however, at the same time, favourable to a Mission to the Burmans of the Upper country. But that was not to be and for reasons not known perhaps to them. It could not be without endangering the friendly relations existing between the American Foreign Missionary Board and our own Board.

There, action was taken, which resulted in a determination to instruct the Board, to recall the Missionaries from Siam, and to locate them in Hither India. Some difference of opinion existed at first, but eventually the expression was all but unanimous that Coconada was the most eligible situation, and the Missionaries were expected to repair thither, on being communicated with by the Board.

There, then was a field, wide, and a door open. Our Brethren of the Western Provinces, had a Mission in Coconada, too weakhanded for desired purposes, and were sadly in want of more missionaries. They gave us a cordial invitation to come in, and divide the inheritance with them. The Special Convention accepted the offer, but then it required weeks and months to know what the Missionaries themselves would think or say, and how they, who had expressed themselves so decidedly favorable for Burmah, would receive this determination of the Convention.

A single mind, that of Gabriel, the indefatigable, the sainted originated this Coconada Mission. One of the servants of the Most High, evidently called to pioneer the enterprise, having exhausted his means and his health, all other prospects failing he handed over the seemingly disrupted organization to the Canadian Missionaries, then in the employ of the American Board, who were prevailed upon to accept it.

In the providence of God all these seeming difficulties are made to harmonize, and within a few months, to vanish, and between the 12th May, 1875, and the 20th of Aug., not only is the new policy of the denomination announced to the Missionary staff on the Banks of the MEINAM and the IRRAWADDY, but the tidings reach us, that the Missionaries are at length at the end of their journeyings. Was there ever such a chapter of co-incidences? Such an illustration of the adage that "Man proposes but God disposes!" How auspicious, where but a few months ago, all was doubt and gloom and uncertainty! "The pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night" brought the wanderers of old to the land of promise. So may it prove with our beloved Missionaries!

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM ROME.

ROME, July 21st, 1875.

The Pope recently delivered two addresses which are sharply commented on by the Italian Press. The first was made to the Sacred College, in reply to the congratulations of the Cardinals on the twentieth Anniversary of his elevation to the Papal throne. The *Italie* which reproduces that discourse at the head of its columns, remarks justly how useful it is to inform Europe of "the prisoner of the Vatican" says, and can say publicly of his "jailers." Not that the Pope's allocution contains anything very novel; but the Government of the Quirinal is, for the hundredth time, and with the utmost energy, accused of having unobeyed throughout the Italian Peninsula all the revolutionary passions, and put itself at the head of "every thing evil" in its desperate struggle against "all that is good." That journal then adds: