

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

Miramichi.

Mr. Editor,

The Miramichi is the second river in New Brunswick, and considerably larger than any in Nova Scotia. It is navigable forty miles for large ships, then it branches into two, each of which is navigable fifteen or twenty miles farther for small craft. It is great in resources, which are lumber, fish, shipbuilding, farming—on the country Miramichi. An outlook from the Miramichi Station, Intercolonial Railway, overlooking the town of Newcastle, gives one some idea of the magnitude of the lumber business. About twenty double ganged steam saw mills may be seen, the smoke representing some, within an extent of about ten miles. This view takes in the principal towns. Chatham the metropolis, Newcastle the shire-town, and Douglastown, embracing a population of some ten or twelve thousand. In niches up the river are the one-horse mills. As if savage with the hungry lust of lucre the steam power mill fiercely rips the shapeless log into shapely lumber, and like the grave seeming never satisfied. The spring feet this season numbered over a hundred, which with half a dozen steamers going to and fro, gave the place quite a mercantile appearance. The rafts may be said to be ubiquitous, lining the shores, filling booms, and floating down stream. Far up the river their rate of travel is rapid, and affords a pleasant means of passage. We step on board, and glide as smoothly along as if there were no inertia to be overcome, without the roll of the sailing craft, the jerk of oar, the tremble of steamboat or the jolt of car. But this sort of navigation sometimes meets with disaster, the most common of which is termed a "spill." We are approaching that protruding shore. The man ahead cries, "We will go ashore!" "No danger," says the skipper. "Look out," "sweeps," "boat-hook," "push," scrub, crash, butt against a protruding obstinate stump, and away goes half the raft in somewhat of a chaotic state. On we go, scarcely retarded, estimating more highly than ever the old adage concerning the half a loaf. The raftman whose reputation would now suffer, made excuse, "It was the wind that did it." "He should not have taken so heavy a raft," "He never could get in there before," and one plea seemed I thought to reflect on the passenger, "He should not have been talking," and the ultimatum "There was no help for spilled milk." Such is life floating, floating, down so easily, unsuspecting danger. Shipbuilding has been for some time completely suspended. Twenty ships a season was the average when this business was good.

The fisheries of the river are very important. Salmon, Bass, Trout, Smelts, Bass and Smelt are caught Summer and Winter. In winter the Bass are caught through holes in the ice, by large scoop nets. With a hoop on the bottom, the pole some thirty feet long, is run round the hole and then pulled up. A bush marks a hole in the ice, so that the river in many places assumes a forest appearance; as, Burnham wood removed to Dunsinane. These fish find a good market in the United States, the opening of the Intercolonial Railway giving great facilities for transportation. In summer, when prices are low, they are preserved in refrigerators. The riparian rights question, has become vexed, and not yet pacified; which is—shall the fish be taxed? Fishermen think such a tax an outrage; lumbermen do not see why fish should not be taxed as well as lumber, and those who fish and lumber consider both a burden, whilst those who neither fish nor lumber are Gallic like. The laws limiting the time and season for fishing are not fully received and not the best observed, though carefully guarded. "Why can we not be allowed to fish till eleven o'clock Saturday night instead of only to seven?" "It is surely no harm to catch just a few for ones own use at any time." If a fine Bass should be placed before you for dietetic discussion, out of due or legal season, it might have come from the refrigerator, but it might be as well to ask "no questions.—Laws for the protection of the fish, and so for the people, are very necessary. Oyster beds are raked into mere mud banks, rivers are fished so that scarcely a small fry is left; the goose that lays

the golden egg is stupidly killed. The value of these fisheries and the importance of little things, may be understood from the instance of one firm in Shediac, several winters ago, netting \$2,800.00 on smelts. Whilst on a soft turn of the weather, they were stored up in quantity, other merchants thought they smelt fishy, but these smelt gain, and secured it. In spring these fish are used in large quantities in Miramichi as manure. Farming is perhaps not the least resource of this country, but it is the poorest developed. People prefer cutting down trees to digging out stumps. Yet in the face of these resources, gaunt hard times stalks abroad; at least I heard the bruit. Harder would have been the times last winter, had it not been for the timely opening of the Intercolonial Railway, as much of the supplies were shut out by the early winter.

The benefit of the new school law is seen, from the fact that respectable school houses have been built throughout the country, and schools generally maintained.

As to religious denominations in Newcastle and vicinity, the Catholics and Presbyterians are the chief; then come Church and Methodists, and last and least Baptist. Lenten services are strictly observed by Catholic and Church, which are concluded by a grand ball, music, dancing and feasting; in which also the Presbyterians do not object to participate. A few years ago the Methodists had but one minister in Miramichi, now they have four and have recently opened a respectable new meeting house at Newcastle.

The Baptist churches in this region were planted and nourished by some of the aged ministers, as James Blakeney and Joseph Crandall; who have gone to their reward. Through the agency of Rev. Benjamin Scott, a meeting house and parsonage were built at Newcastle. The longest, some 8 or 9 years, and most faithful pastorate of these churches was that of Rev. Mr. Hickson, now of Carlton who materially out of his own private means aided North Esk to build a meeting-house. He also took the largest share in the House at Bathurst, which unfortunately was burnt. In those days the Baptist cause promised well, it has however much declined, chiefly through the removal of members to other parts.

Were it not for the meeting house and parsonage at Newcastle, and meeting house at North Esk, the church at those places may be said to have lost their visibility. They can scarcely be said to be as "A tall tree and as an oak whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves." But in the topmost branch there is fruit. At Little South West, twenty miles from Newcastle, there are quite a few Baptists and a lively Church which do not forsake the assembling of themselves together as the manner of some is. This interest which was once self sustaining is now quite dependent which no doubt the Home Mission Board of N. B. understand. May they come to its aid, and to the aid of the declining interests of Restigouche and other places and to the help of the Lord.

One occasionally meets with a person who escaped from the great fire of 1825, and who has a story to tell, which deepens our impression of the fearful reality of that event. A man several years ago told me,—"My mother took me by the hand with baby in her arm, and hasted to the river, leaving considerable money and other valuables behind, expecting to return and secure some of them, but the fire got them." The story of this man's life is the accumulation of a snug property, more than was lost, he did not lose his senses in calamity. Extensive forests of burnt pine trees still remain, reluctantly yielding the situation to the plough or to second growth. I did not see them myself or I should have been disposed to interview them.

I have been told that though it was not the Judgment, it was a judgment on the place, for its wickedness. If so I fear there is some danger of another such event. Certainly those who do not repent will not stand in the Judgment of the Great Day.

J. M.

"On one occasion," says Dr. Charles Hodge, "I went into the room of my old classmate, Bishop Johns, of Virginia, and, picking up one of his vestments, threw it over my shoulders, and asked—'John, is there any grace in these clothes?' 'Not now, Charlie,' retorted the bishop."

For the Christian Messenger.

Ordination at Caledonia, Queens Co.

At the request of the church at Caledonia, a Council met in the Baptist Meeting-house at that place Nov. 15th, at 10 a. m., to consider the propriety of ordaining Bro. F. O. Weeks to the work of the ministry.

Rev. G. O. Gates was appointed Moderator and J. Brown, Clerk.

After prayer by Rev. A. J. Cogswell, the Minutes of the church, authorizing the calling of the Council, was read by the Clerk of the church, also correspondence between the Brookfield and Caledonia churches, appointing Caledonia as the place of ordination.

The delegates present were:—

Liverpool.—Rev. G. O. Gates.

Greenfield.—Rev. A. J. Cogswell.

Port Medway.—Rev. A. H. Lavers.

Kempt.—Deas. Delong, S. Ringer, J. Kempton, A. Harlow.

Brookfield.—Deas. P. Murray, A. Christopher, J. Daly, A. J. Leadbetter.

Middlefield.—Dea. E. Morton.

Caledonia.—Deas. S. D. Minard, B. L. Telfer, Bro. M. Douglas, G. A. Cleaveland, W. A. Kempton, S. Kempton.

Milton.—Rev. J. Brown, Dea. J. H. Nickerson, Bro. Jos. Ford.

The following brethren were invited to a seat in the Council:—Rev. L. M. Weeks, Bro. Johnson, from the church at Brookfield; P. Freeman, Greenfield; J. Kempton, Caledonia; J. Rawding, J. Ringer, B. Early, J. W. De Long, and G. Early of the Kempt Church.

Bro. F. O. Weeks was then called upon, and gave a relation of his Christian experience, call to the ministry and views of Christian Doctrine, after which a number of questions were put to him by the brethren, and were very satisfactorily answered. At the request of the Moderator the pastor elect retired; when brethren present who were members of the churches where Bro. Weeks had been labouring were requested to state to the Council their own opinion, and as far as they knew that of the respective churches, of the ministry &c., of the candidate; which they did to the full satisfaction of the Council. It was then unanimously resolved,—

"That having heard the relation of the Christian experience, call to the ministry, and views of Christian Doctrine from our brother, and being perfectly satisfied therewith, and having heard moreover the very satisfactory statements of Bro. Leadbetter of the Brookfield Church, and others respecting Bro. Weeks' standing and ministry, it was resolved that his ordination be proceeded with in the afternoon at half-past two."

It was resolved,—

That Rev. G. O. Gates preach the Ordination Sermon.

That Rev. J. Brown ask the Questions.

That Rev. A. J. Cogswell offer the Ordination Prayer.

That Rev. L. M. Weeks (twin-brother of the candidate) give the right hand of fellowship.

That Rev. A. H. Lavers give the charge to the minister.

That Rev. J. Brown offer the closing prayer.

That the Pastor close with the Benediction.

The above order of service was observed; the attendance was large, and the service one of much interest. It was deeply interesting to witness the twin-brothers standing together while the one with words of tender affection and evident heartfelt emotion welcomed the other into the fellowship of the Christian ministry.

The Rev. Mr. McArthur of the Methodist Church assisted in the preliminary exercises.

J. Brown.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Margaree, C. B.

Dear Editor,

Surely these are days of progress and improvement of every kind, yet I fear that apostolic zeal and unwearied toil for the conversion of sinners, strengthening and comforting of weak and scattered churches are not making much improvement beyond that which existed fifty years ago. The motto of our ministers then was "Preach the Gospel in the regions beyond," also to call upon and visit weak and feeble churches. The result was that the little one has become a thousand and the small one a strong nation. We read in the good book of an interview between two Baptist ministers, "Come" said one of them "let us go again and visit our brethren in every place where we have preached

the word of the Lord and see how they do."

We find that these good preachers went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the churches, no matter how far apart or how difficult to get to them. One of the ministers tells us in order to accomplish his object, he had to encounter many perils, weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst in fasting often, in cold and nakedness. What of all that? The care of all the churches was pressing on him until finally he became so habituated to these troubles, he said "I will glory in these things" as he saw by such a course that the churches were established in the faith and increased in number daily. Again we find him visiting a very wild region, a very rude kind of people and after he had spent some time there, (that is at Antioch) he departed and went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order strengthening all the disciples. In their labors of love these servants of God had many obstacles to encounter. They were reviled, defamed and were considered the offscouring of all things, yet these were termed by them "light afflictions which are but for a moment working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," when they saw the disciples were filled with joy, and the Holy Ghost as the fruit of their unwearied and persevering toil.

It is by a course somewhat similar to the above that the Gospel of the grace of God has been propagated and defended until this day.

Fifty years ago the Rev. Joseph Dimock visited this Island—preached the everlasting Gospel and a few believed and were baptized, others soon followed—many believed and were baptized.

Baptist churches were organized in many parts of the Island, altogether 12 or 13 churches, two or three of the number have become extinct. Two or three more are now dying, thus you see that nearly one half of the churches organized are soon to be out of existence. Is there not a cause? The people did not forsake these different localities as the Icelanders did, on account of volcanic mountains, neither have any scarcely forsaken our denominational views, truly, many have died, and gone home to their reward.

"Part of the host have crossed the flood And part are crossing now."

I know of no other denomination on this Island that has allowed their churches or out stations to die out of existence but the Baptists. One of our church members has written to the Messenger a brief sketch of the history and present state of this church. We thought then that surely one of our aged and experienced pastors would pay us a visit of three or four months at least. Good brother, D. W. Crandall came, and only stopped two weeks. May the Lord reward him for his trouble. Our hearts were cheered, we thanked God, and took courage. Why could not Brethren G. F. Miles or D. A. Steele of Amherst, or J. E. Goucher of Truro, or S. March of Onslow, or perhaps others of whom we know but little come to see how we do. Acts 15-36. Any one wishing to come on a missionary tour to this county can come to Pictou by rail, cross the channel by steam to Fort Hood, then they are on their field of labor at once.

Alas for us that our Government is so tardy in carrying on Eastern Extension. May a kind Providence give our Government more zeal in carrying on the iron rail to the Gut of Canso, and branch the same to the different important stations in Cape Breton.

In days gone by, the kind and successful ministers that used to come to Cape Breton had to ride on horse-back from the Western part of the Province, preaching as they went on their way, visiting weak and small churches in Pictou, Antigonish, and Guysborough Counties, on their coming here would preach in our log cabins and sometimes sleep on beds of straw, now we have carpeted rooms and downy beds and comfortable places of worship, but no venerable servant of God to occupy them, and come and see how we do. In days gone by notwithstanding the inconveniences, the servants of God had happy times as they saw the Gospel which they preached falling on their hearers like the dew on Mount Hermon. Elder John Shaw has visited this Island very often in days gone by. He had some-

times to take his chance of sailing vessels, may be for some days at the mercy of the winds. Why could not Elder D. McDonald cross the ferry and see how we do? Permit me here to quote a verse or two from a Gaelic poet, P. Grant. Aithichidh sibh' na buach illean a fhuair dheth mo ghras Se 'n toil uinntinn gu buan bhi toirt luaidh air mo bhias Cha chunntiad ach suarach gach cruaidhdal 'u s cas Fa 'n tha an suil res a duais o na Bhuachail is aird.

Chaidh mo chaovraths air chall air na beanntaibh gu leir 'S rinn luchd fair dall moran call air mo threud Ach na buachailleallean seolta fhuain colas uam fein Bheir iad dhachdhd dom chro iad le seoladh mo bheul.

Now in closing I would say it is not my design to dictate but merely to suggest, would it not be a good time for our ministers at their Quarterly meetings or perhaps at our associations to institute the inquiry where 2 or 3 or 4 months ministerial labor is most needed and to find out the person most fitted for such places or places?

Could not one or two of the Professors of Acadia spend part of their vacation on Cape Breton? Such as might come to Margaree we could give plenty of good bread and new milk at least. They could come and see how we do. Bro. E. J. Grant from Granville, Annapolis Co., wrote us early in September, giving us to understand that he intended to visit us this fall. Alas on his way he was captured by our friends at Port Hawkesbury. May his captivity be long and sweet. So he did not come, as yet, to see how we do. It may be some of our dear brethren who have their pastors engaged will be ready to say we cannot spare our ministers, they have more work to do at home than they are able to perform; besides Cape Breton is very far off, the roads are bad, the people wild and uncouth, therefore we cannot let them go. All I have to say to such brethren is what our Lord told his disciples to say to the owners of the beam of burden that was to carry him for the last time in triumph to Jerusalem, "Loose him and let him go for the Lord hath need of him." Dear brethren loose your ministers and let them go for the Lord has need of them in Cape Breton.

Our good ministers may say Cape Breton is so far away and so much trouble in connection with our going and coming. All I would say to this, Dear brethren, the Lord Jesus came a long way, even from heaven to earth. When on earth He had no rail road, no Pullman cars, no cushioned waggons, no where to lay his head, yet he came to see what this world was doing, and rejoiced in the glory that was to follow. Brethren come and see how we do. In coming here I cannot guarantee the full missionary pay, yet I would venture to say that travelling expenses would be paid at least.

Your brother in Christ,

MAR TALLA WU NUMBMAN.

P. S. As many of our learned writers give us their signature in some of the dead languages, why not a poor ignorant highlander give his signature in living language spoken by a large majority in Cape Breton.

"The echo of the mountains."

[If our friend "the echo of the mountains" intended that we poor ignorant (of Gaelic) English readers should know what is the sense of his stanzas, he would have given us a translation of them as well as of his poetic name.—Ed. C. M.]

A Quiet Ordination Service.

A Philadelphia correspondent reports a service which is unquestionably as novel as interesting, even though he should not prove quite correct in speaking of the event as unique in the history of the church or the world. The occasion was the setting apart to the ministry of a deaf-mute. He writes:—On Sunday, October the 8th, in the church of St. Stephen's in Philadelphia, Mr. Henry W. Syle was ordained to be a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania, assisted in the service and ceremonial by Bishops Bedell of Ohio, Elliott of Texas, Perry of Iowa, Lord Bishop Hellmuth of Canada, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, son of the first founder of American schools for deaf, and his friend and associate, the Rev.