

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger, To the Mediterranean and back.

The following letter will be read by many with additional interest when it is known that it is from a recent graduate of Acadia College. His last letter was written from Sebastopol in Southern Russia. Having now returned, he kindly consents to give his friends and our readers some of the information and benefit of his observation during his travels.—Ed.]

NOTES BY THE WAY. THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Sailing eastward through the Straits of Gibraltar, a small island is seen on your left, extending a distance of some six miles into the Spanish coast. A lofty promontory, running North and South, separates this bay on the great inland sea. This is the celebrated Rock of Gibraltar.

It is connected with the hills of Spain by a low narrow strip of land called the "Neutral ground," as it forms the boundary between Spanish and English territory and is not ceded by either party. In shape the Rock is three sided,—the North overlooking Spain, the East the Mediterranean, and the West the Bay of Gibraltar, whilst the South it narrows to a point, called Europa. The North and East sides rise perpendicularly 1400 feet above the sea and the greater part of the Western slope is nearly as steep as the roof of a house. The town of Gibraltar is situated at the base of this slope, and faces the bay.

Of Europa point the fortifications first appear. They commence with a line of wall-mounted with heavy guns that extends from the point round the West side to the Neutral ground. Above the wall a terrace and forts with a double row of guns. Farther up, the barracks, and then the sloping hill is bristling with artillery; the North dotted with the portholes of batteries excavated in the rock, every embrasure an already loaded gun, pregnant with instant death, bastioning the bastion; and the whole surmounted by the sky battery, which sweep sea and land in every direction from the very summit of the Rock. Gibraltar is thus made the strongest fortress in the world.

We enter a harbor filled with men-of-war, condemned vessels, old hulks kept for coal depots, the light craft of Spaniards and Mos, and a hundred sail wind-bound by easterly gales. The only landing place for merchantmen is a stone pier at the North-West corner of the rock. It consequently presents a busy scene. Lighters unloading vessels in the bay, sail boats from Malaga, Cadiz, Ceuta and Tangiers, row boats and small steamers fill every available space near the wharves. On the wharf are large carts drawn by mules, rows of donkeys awaiting their turn to carry freight into the town, and a crowd of people of many different nationalities. Guns placed on different angles of the wall sweep it on the sides.

Present your pass the guard and you are allowed to enter through the two iron gates in the wall. These gates close at six o'clock every evening. After that time, those without not allowed to enter the town, and every person on the Rock is forced to remain there until the next morning. Through the wall on the right is the market-place, enclosed by a high fence. This consists of long tables running in parallel rows the whole length of the building. In one part we have meat, vegetables and fruit—white grapes from Malaga, the most delicious we ever tasted, pomegranates, apples, oranges and coconuts. In another, baskets of eggs, cages of birds, and coops of fowls. Joining is an iron frame-work for a market, the foundation of which was laid by the Prince of Wales.

On the left is the road to Spain. Pack mules, donkeys with pairs, and high two wheeled carts of Spanish gentry line the way. These come across the neutral ground over a mired road, and through other gates the wall closed like those that passed the firing of the gun every evening. At here the two tides mingle and flow through a passage way in an inner wall to the city.

We are now on the main street that extends the whole Western side of the Rock. The buildings on either side are

invariably painted yellow. The stores are two and three stories high and filled with all sorts of curiosities. On the streets we notice a great variety of costumes. English red-coats, marines in their blue suits, Jews with long black coats, black-eyed Spanish ladies, wearing no hat, but with a black veil sweeping to the ground, and Moors dressed in the gayest of colors. Some in white caps, blue coats, and red pantaloons, others in red caps, white cloaks and yellow slippers,—each in a different colored suit.

Half-way through the town is the Exchange and Jewish market-place. On an open square is the finest residence in Gibraltar, owned by its wealthiest man. He is a young and generous hearted person, but his mind is said lately to have become deranged. One expression which he frequently repeats is very true: that "money is very difficult to get, worth nothing, cannot take it with you!"

We keep on to the South, past guard-houses, officers quarters, barracks, the Court House and English Church; pass through a gate in a wall and come to a small but very pretty park. In the centre is a parade where the soldiers drill; around it are seats, walks, beds of tropical plants, groves of trees, summer houses, magazines, great heaps of cannon ball, and numerous batteries mounted with mortars or the largest of guns. Farther on are more barracks, officer's residences, and batteries, until we reach Europa point with its splendid light house.

Back again to the Jewish market-place. We will now visit the galleries in the Rock and climb to the signal station on its summit. We leave the main thoroughfare for mere lanes called ramps. These are laid out with no regularity whatever, as the houses are built on shelving ledges, one above the other, wherever the best chance offers. Soldiers are everywhere the chief occupants. Now we ascend stone steps directly up the hill; now we descend in order to double some projecting rock. Backward and forward; on and up.

At length the town is left beneath, and our way winds round the Western side until Moor's Castle is reached; part way up the North-west edge of the Rock. A sentinel, pacing to and fro, guards the entrance under one of the towers of the castle. We are now accompanied by a guide, with a number of donkeys which the company mount, and a soldier with a bunch of keys. The path from here leads round the North side and is dug out of the precipitous cliff. It ends with a door in the solid rock.

This is the entrance to Victoria gallery and its battery, excavated in 1789. There are four of these galleries, in tiers, one above the other, several hundred feet apart. They are a work of wonderful mechanical skill and engineering. All the excavations in the Rock are on the North side, facing Spain. "Open sesame" and the soldier unlocks the door. We enter from daylight into a dark subterranean passage. Blinded by the sudden change we find ourselves, now and then, jammed by the donkeys against its sides. Above us is the arched roof; on either side are well-drilled walls.

At a short distance rays of light fall across our path. They are admitted through portholes in a small room excavated between the gallery and the side of the Rock. In the centre of this room stands a loaded cannon. Sponges and rammers line the wall. Balls and shell cover the well-paved floor. A few steps farther on, and there is another room with its loaded cannon, threatening death through the opposite porthole. Eight guns composing this battery are passed in succession, and the end of the gallery is reached. The soldier unlocks a door, and we emerge out of darkness into light. Up a narrow and zig-zag path until the gallery above is reached. Again the door opens; the company pass within and the key turns behind their backs. The donkeys are left without, as it is too low to permit of any one riding through. This gallery presents the same appearance as the one we have just passed. Part way on one side a deep hole like a well is excavated in the rock. A winding staircase leads from top to bottom. In single file the party descend, and step out into a large room in a portion of the rock that juts out from the perpendicular cliff. This is Cornwallis battery, with its four can-

non commanding the road from Spain to Gibraltar.

We lean out of the port-holes and see far beneath us the Neutral ground, with its row of guard-houses; the burying-ground of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, the white sails of vessels beating behind the Rock, and away in the distance the vine-clad hills of Spain dotted with white Spanish villages.

Ascending the steps we follow along the gallery to St. George's battery in the North-East corner of the Rock. From this room there is another winding staircase, which leads to sky battery on the summit.

Frequently an alarm is sounded in the dead of night of the approach of a foe and in a very few minutes every gun throughout these galleries is manned with its quota of men. The guns, however, are only fired on the Queen's birthday.

We now pass back through the gallery, emerge again into daylight, and follow our guide farther up the Western side of the Rock. At every turn there are guard houses and sentinels, heaps of balls and shells, and batteries mounted with mortars or Armstrong guns.

The summit reached, and we enter the great signal station. The telegraph connects it with the town below.

Around us are scattered large black-balls and the various colored flags of the commercial code, used in signalling. Soldiers stand peering through spy-glasses at the flags hoisted on the mast of some distant ship. Every steamer, and most sailing vessels that pass through the Strait of Gibraltar, are signalled from this station and telegraphed to the chief ports of Europe and America.

From this standpoint we have a splendid view of the harbor and its shipping; of the straits which separate the Pillars of Hercules; of the blue surface of the Mediterranean; and of the Atlas Mountains, that stretch far away in the distance along the African coast.

Directly beneath, on the one side is the perpendicular rock, with the waves dashing against its base; and on the other, the sloping hill covered with the prickly cactus, the light-house on Europa point, and the town of Gibraltar.

We now descend towards the Southern point and re-enter the town. Half-past five, six o'clock, and the gates close. There is then just time to hasten through the city and pass the gates before the evening gun is fired unless one wishes to remain until the following day, a prisoner at large upon this wonderful Rock. B. R.

For the Christian Messenger. Notes from the Third Baptist Church.

Since writing last, the intimated exchange has been made, and the change was profitable and pleasant. To a minister whose life has been spent in the city, a 36 mile sleigh ride in the country, is full of variety and charm. On account of the morning being very stormy, the start was delayed till after 2 p. m., and as evening shades gathered upon us, and we found ourselves in the woods on a strange and unknown road, miles away from our destined resting place, our thoughts were as strange and various as the turnings we had to take. But we arrived safely although somewhat unseasonably, and our kind hosts arose from their beds and we were warmed and fed in a kingly style.

When we retired, we neither required rocking or lullabys to soothe us to sleep. And when the morrow's sun came smiling into our room, we arose cheerfully forgetful of the past night's adventures, and hopefully prepared for the Sabbath's duties.

How pleasing to see the houses well filled by men and women, who had come across the ice and snow for miles. And never will their zeal be forgotten, as amid the ice floes they pushed and toiled to bring their boats, so as to attend the meeting on the other side. It did my heart good to hear their loyal testimony to their pastor's zeal and love; and according to the impression made by our good brother in College Hall, one would judge that they have good cause to love him for his work's sake. I think as pastors we both have cause for thankfulness, and reason to expect that the fruit will be seen after many days.

And now in giving a statement of the day's collection, it is my desire to

heartily thank the brethren for their hearty and liberal spirit, for they gave not of their abundance, but like the widow of their living, the Lord reward them, and may their example stimulate others.

Feb. 18th. Per J. F. Avery, contributed by the Jeddore Brethren, collection on the West Side, \$6.30. The East Side, \$7. At the Head, \$4.25. Donation received after evening sermon, Mr. Wm. Arnold and his son John, \$5. Mr. John Weston, \$1. Mrs. Palmer, 55 cts. Mr. Arnold, 50 cts. Mr. W. Arnold, \$1. Mr. Samuel Weston, \$1. Mr. Harris Arnold, \$1. Mr. Peter Maskell, \$1. Mr. John Maskell, 40 cts.

On my return I found an envelope had been received from Windsor, E. D. Shand, \$2.

A blind brother brought me 55 cents, collected for the new church. And whilst writing this the postman has brought me a letter from D. Lamont, Clerk of the Church at Long Creek, West River, P. E. Island, containing \$2.62 in postage stamps. Thus, by small sums, over \$50.00 have been received since the 3rd of this month. Reader, do please try and buy a few bricks or shingles, contributions small or great thankfully received, and it is by the help of many and God's blessing we hope to build the house.

J. F. AVERY, Halifax, N. S., Feb. 26.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

EPISCOPALIAN.—Mr. Tooth, and the churchwardens of St. James's, Hatcham, having declined to deliver up the keys of the structure, it was forced open on by order of the Bishop of Rochester, and the Rev. Benjamin Dale, who had been licensed by his lordship as temporary curate, took possession. The church was accordingly opened for public worship.

The Church Times declares that there are seventy priests—that is, Church clergymen—in London and the suburbs, who are prepared to imitate Mr. Tooth's example, and who must therefore soon be lodged in gaol. The same journal likens Mr. Tooth to Daniel cast in the lion's den.

Mr. Tooth has since been released from Jail.

So long as the sacerdotal party, of which Mr. Tooth is now a distinguished ornament, continue to claim the sanction of the State for their superstitious practices, a rough method is sure to be taken by a section of the people for the purpose of showing their discontent with the arrangement. There is only one way of curing the evil, and the scandalous proceedings at Hatcham are calculated to hasten the dissolution of that unholy bond between the Church and the State which has brought so much discredit on the cause of Christianity.—London paper.

The Bishop of Lincoln has written to Sir Antonio Brady, objecting to the use of bags for the offertory as a variance (1) with the spirit and letter of the law of the Church, which prescribes "a decent basin"; (2) with the usage of the ancient Church of God; (3) as leading to great evils, being the receptacles of scurrilous scraps from newspapers and other things which had better not be mentioned; and (4) as against a true interpretation of St. Matthew iv. 5 and 6, which is not directed against public almsgiving; and (5) because, by means of the secrecy of bags, some of our rich men, who ought to cast much into the treasury of God, do in fact put into it the widow's two mites, without the widow's faith and love. His lordship adds that the use of bags has been discontinued in several large churches in the diocese, with good effect.

A Trappist monastery is to be established at Buffalo, N. Y., the monks who are to inhabit being now on their way to the United States from Turkey, Ireland and France. The Trappers are the most ascetic of all the monastic orders. They sleep on the floor, rise to pray at midnight, go through the form of digging their own graves as a reminder of death, preserve unbroken silence from year to year, and eat only vegetables and bread, and drink water.

Cardinal Ledochowski has been sentenced to imprisonment for two years and a-half, and a fine of three hundred marks, or in default to three months' imprisonment, for violating the ecclesiastical laws of Prussia, and resisting the authority of the State. He has also been found guilty of high treason.

The little band of thirty Protestants in Cosarea has grown, within the last twenty-two years, into a community of 1,500.

AVERAGE OF LIFE IN THE BAPTIST MINISTRY.—The American Baptist Year Book for 1876 records the death of a large number of Baptist ministers during the year, with their respective ages. On examination, we find that the average of the ages is sixty-six years and four months. There are few classes of men in which the average will be found higher. It comes very near to the three score years and ten.

Parliamentary.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

On TUESDAY, Mr. Allison introduced a Bill to incorporate the town of Windsor. Mr. Woodworth gave notice that he would formally request the Government to lay on the table of the House all correspondence between the Government of Nova Scotia and the Dominion Government relating to the Great Seal of this province.

Hon. Provincial Secretary deprecated the remarks made on a previous day on this subject as calculated to create unnecessary alarm.

Mr. Woodworth also asked that the Hon. Prov. Secretary, produce the great seal so that the House might see it—the seal that was now kept carefully in his safe, so that hon. members might look at it.

The House in committee on Bills till the time of closing.

On WEDNESDAY, Mr. Longley presented a petition from certain inhabitants of Annapolis County, with reference to a glebe lot, the grant of which had a seal that must be all right, as it was a hundred years old.

Mr. Longley also presented a petition from the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Company, which, he said, referred to matters of importance to the country, as well as the company.

The petition was read. Mr. Longley also presented a document from the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Co., setting out reasons why the prayer of the petition should be granted; and moved that both documents be referred to a Special Committee.

Mr. Dickie introduced a bill to revise electoral districts and post districts in the County of Colchester. He said that it was thirty years since the county had been divided into districts, and in the interval a good many changes had taken place. Some districts were much too large. The bill had been prepared, and would, he thought, meet the requirements of the case.

Hon. Prov. Sect'y. laid on the table the Financial Returns of Revenue and Expenditure for the year 1876.

The following is a summary of the financial returns:

The Province of Nova Scotia in Account Current with the Provincial Treasurer for 1876.

Table with financial data including Dr. balance, To cash paid Agriculture, To cash paid Advances, Contingencies, Crown Land Department, etc.

January 1st, 1877. To balance \$121,781 27

Table with financial data including To cash received from Annapolis Co., Cumberland Co. Road Service, Fees, etc., Hospital for Insane, etc.

The Provincial Secretary asked the attention of the House to the fact that during the past year the amount actually received from the various sources of revenue with the exception of one, which he would presently indicate, had fallen considerably short of the estimate. From the Hospital for the Insane it was estimated that a revenue of