

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Paris.

No. 27.

(Correspondence of the Christian Messenger.)

THE DEATH OF BISHOP DUPANLOUP—SOMETHING ABOUT THE LEGION OF HONOR—THE OPENING OF A NEW MUSEUM—SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN AT THE EXPOSITION—A STROLL AMONG THE COLLECTIONS OF POTTERY AND CERAMICS—THE FAMOUS PORTLAND VASE AND OTHER WONDERS—WEDGEWOOD AND SEVRES WARE, &c., &c.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, Oct. 23, 1878.

The Catholic Church in France has just lost the only man of great intellectual eminence that she still possessed. Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, died on Friday, October 11. He was a native of Savoy, and was born at Saint Felix in 1802. The French clergy have not a single man to compare with him as a writer, as an orator, or even as a man of action, and the French Academy will be greatly embarrassed to find a priest worthy to succeed him.

In 1851, after the London Exhibition, 52 decorations were distributed, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, the number was increased to 174. The Government, with characteristic generosity and good sense, has fixed the number of elections to be made at 300. There are more than 30,000 aspirants to the distinction.

An interesting lecture was given at the Trocadero last week by the eminent French architect, M. Paul Sedille, on the subject of the employment of polychrome in architecture. The lecturer urged that although the climate of Northern Europe was injurious to fresco, as seen in the disastrous attempts at Munich, there was no reason why terra-cotta and mosaic decorations should not be employed, and he strongly recommended the use of these materials to his audience, which was composed for the most part of architects and other artists. Some magnificent work in that line has been done in the ancient chapel of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which, having of late been magnificently restored and converted into a historical museum, was opened yesterday by the Minister of Public Instruction, and M. Guillaume, the Director General of Fine Arts. The principal treasure in this ancient chapel is a very fine copy in oils of Michel Angelos' 'Last Judgment,' painted by Sigalon, of almost the same size as the original.

Down at the Exposition on the Champ de Mars, the Japanese appear to be selling off their wares with great rapidity. Already half of the costly bronzes and porcelains in that department are ticketed "sold," and that in spite of the fact that the prices are terrific, from one to two thousand dollars being asked for the choicer pieces. Unlike many of the other departments, where one looks in vain for a person to give information as to prices or to take an order, the Japanese have a man always at hand to answer questions and to inscribe the name of a purchaser. This business-like arrangement, combined with the fact that Chinese and Japanese wares, especially the latter, are very fashionable just now, has had much to do with the readiness with which their articles have been sold. The Japanese commissioners and salesmen, black-coated, chimney-pot hatted, and in all respects having the aspect of Europeans, are not half so interesting to look at as are the Chinese in their blue petticoats, baggy green plush trousers, clumsy shoes, and long pig-tails. The French workmen at the Exhibition delight in chattering to their Chinese comrades, who laugh and talk back again with monkey-like gaiety and vehemence. The Chinese department is certainly one of the most brilliant in the whole Exhibition; the show cases themselves are a mass of carving and a blaze of gold.

But of far more interest to the lovers of the fine arts are the sections of porcelain, glassware, and ceramics, which, however, would be much more admired if visitors were not so fresh from the English shore, where Minton and Wedgwood almost defy all foreign competition except that of France. Mr. Wedgwood presents a copy of the famous cream-colored service made by his ancestor Josiah, in 1770, for Queen

Charlotte—whence its name, "Queensware." The reproduction now at the Champ de Mars is of a pale canary tint, ornamented with brilliant hued butterflies and leaves. No one would look twice at such a thing if it were a modern conception, whereas, as a pseudo rococo, it excites raptures. There are several toilette services of Egyptian and Tuscan patterns here; but the most effective piece is the Barberini vase, whose original, now in the British Museum, was purchased by the Duchess of Portland for 47,000 francs. Broken by some accident, it was repaired by a skillful workman so that no traces of fracture remain visible. At the sale of this magnificent relic, Josiah Wedgwood, who was a rival bidder to her Grace, agreed to stop his competition on condition that he should be allowed to make 50 copies. These were sold at 50 guineas apiece, and lost money to the factory, but the Wedgewoods had attained their object, which was to prove that English ceramists could produce a work of art equal to that masterpiece of antique pottery, the so-called Portland vase. Beside these, there is a buffet, whose glass doors are ornamented with jasper bas-reliefs representing scenes from the plays and poems of Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton; also, two swan-shaped vases of painted porcelain, illustrated by a triumph of Flora and a group wherein Samson and Delilah are the figures. The Mintons, like the Elkingtons, have to thank French artists for their best pieces. They have recruited them from Sevres, and naturally profit by the secrets—so far as the workmen have them—of this greatest of all porcelain establishments.

LOUIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Visit to old Friends.

Dear Messenger,—

I am sure you will not refuse your columns to one who has good news to communicate. You have been the bearer of many a glad message in the past; and, doubtless, will fill the same enviable office in the future.

What more joyful than the re-union of old and long-parted friends? What more profitable, also? How glad to see, face to face, once again those whom long ago we prized as friends and loved as Christians! How good the hour of social intercourse in the home circle! How cheering, too, to mingle, as in former times, our voices in prayer and praise in the house of God! How inspiring and elevating to declare the wondrous love of God as manifest in all His dealings with us during the years of separation!

Such has been my privilege of late. About the beginning of September, accompanied by Mrs. Kempton, I left our home for a visit to the island of Cape Breton, where we spent nearly eight years of our lives. In that island some of the most painful and some of the most pleasing experiences of my life were passed. There I learned, as never before, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, as found in my own heart and life. There I learned also, as never before, the glorious doctrine of justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. There I wept and trembled in view of sin committed; and there, rejoiced exceedingly in the sweet assurance of sin cancelled.

There, too, I was publicly set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. And never shall I forget the dear fathers in the gospel who were present and officiated in the services of that day. The retiring, but clear-headed and pious McQuillan, now, doubtless, with the Redeemer in glory, was there. Wise were his counsels and comforting. With a strong grasp he would seize the sweet promises of the Bible and hand them over to the weak and despondent believer in Christ. He knew all the road traveled by such; he knew, too, as few that I have met know, how to come to their assistance with the Word of truth.

The late Rev. Geo. Richardson was also present on that, to me, important day. He was a man of great boldness in the faith and practices of the gospel. In early life he had accepted Christ as his Redeemer; and he never hesitated to believe that Christ had redeemed him. A stranger to doubt in regard to his own acceptance with God, he scarcely knew how to deal with the weak and trembling believer, as such. But when he proclaimed, as he loved to do, the

love of God for the lost sinner, his soul would melt into great tenderness; and hard must be the heart of that man who should fail to be drawn, by means of his appeals, toward the "crucified One." His love to God was ardent; his faith, unwavering; his example, inspiring.

But, pardon me, dear Messenger, I had almost forgotten for the moment that the thought I had introduced was, "the joyfulness of reunion," to those long separated. In our recent visit to Cape Breton we did not meet the dear brethren named, and many others of a like spirit whom we used to see there in former days. They were not there now, but had gone above; and we greatly missed them. But our surroundings and associations, both in regard to places and persons, so vividly brought them all before our minds that we seemed again to hold converse with them and enjoy their society.

Already, I fear, too much space in your columns will be required to give this rambling letter admittance. Very well, then, deal with it as you please; and we shall try and cheerfully submit. Some other time we may refer again to old friends in Cape Breton; and our visit among them.

Yours, &c., J. F. KEMPTON.

Parrsboro', Oct. 29th, 1878.

For the Christian Messenger.

Christian Devotion.

Dear Editor,—

On turning over some family papers in my possession, I was greatly interested in the following record and prayer, from the pen of a dear friend, who, twenty-three years after her baptism, went to glory. The piece was never intended for print. It seems to have been the spontaneous utterance of a child of God under the influence of first love. It is copied, word for word, in the hope that it may be useful to some reader of the Messenger, who has lately put on the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism. There is no doubt the prayer was answered to a large extent in the experience of the writer. She says:—

"Came before the church Nov. 24th; baptised Jan. 2nd, 1840; received into the church Jan. 5th. O may that be a season long to be remembered. Was cautioned by our dear minister against pride and told to be watchful in prayer. O may we never fall back again to the beggary elements of the world; may the church never have to mourn over us as having left our first love; may the Bible always be our guide in distress and perplexity. May we trust in the Lord, be grateful for daily mercies, and humbled at a view of our past offences and present unworthiness. Teach us thy way, O Lord, and lead us into thy paths; may thy people warn us with faithfulness, and may we always have a Christian friend ready to give us advice, and, with an eagle eye, to point out any error in doctrine or pride, in dress or in heart. Make us more and more acquainted with the deceitfulness of our own hearts, and may we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Make us useful to those around us and teach us, that we may be able to give an answer to him that asks a reason of the hope that is within us with meekness. Make us diligent members of the church on earth, and grant, O Lord, that the promise may be verified in us: 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Make us to know what thou wouldst have us to do."

These utterances of a soul now in heaven, who lived in a far off land, years ago, awake an echo in our hearts to-day, if we are born again. They show that God's grace produces the same effects at all times and in every clime. We might constantly present such petitions at the throne of grace. Though very comprehensive, there is nothing mentioned that God may not give; and to have such a prayer answered, in the experience of our young converts, would be such a blessing to the church, in every part of the world, as would "make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord."

H. BOOL.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Visit to St. Margaret's Bay.

MELVERN SQUARE, NOV. 4, 1878.

Dear Bro. Selden,—

A short time ago this church granted me a vacation of four weeks, and, with your permission, I would like to give your readers a short account of what I

saw during that time. I have nothing to say about the Paris Exhibition, for I was not there; but I have seen more than many may see there, viz., the grace of God in the salvation of men.

Of the two weeks spent in New Ross I have already given you an account. The first Sabbath spent there with Bro. Haverstock I baptized eight, the second Sabbath I wrote that I baptized two more, but your compositor made me say two men.

On the 14th ult., I left home to attend a tea-meeting at Hubbard's Cove, a section of the 2nd Margaret's Bay Church. The day appointed for the gathering was fine, and yet but few attended and the patronage given to the enterprize of paying a debt on a Baptist meeting-house showed our principles to be at a discount in that locality, the second and third attempts having also failed. Geo. Dauphinee, Esq., kindly placed his hotel at the Head of the Bay at our disposal. Our people from Hubbard's went up and gave a splendid tea, which was well patronized, and so the debt was greatly reduced. While at Mr. Dauphinee's we could but notice the great advance made in temperance matters in the last three years at Margaret's Bay. The house once noted for its intemperance is now a strictly temperance hotel. We would like to say to all temperance men travelling that Halifax road: "Be true to your principles and favor the 'Temperance Hotel,' by Geo. Dauphinee, Esq., 21 miles from Halifax.

But the most of my time was spent on the east side of the Bay, at Indian Harbor and Hubley Settlement. There I saw much of God's power. At Hubley Settlement the church was greatly revived. Wanderers who had been long and far from home came back to their Father's house, and some, we trust, were converted to God.

On Sabbath, the 27th ult., it was my privilege to baptize five and welcome them to the fellowship of the 1st Margaret's Bay Church. It was with reluctance that I left the field just at the dawning of such a day of grace. But my furlough was out and I had to return to duty. Now is there not some brother whose religion, as a living power, is a part of himself, and who is not afraid to throw his whole being into the work, that is ready to go there at once and take up that work for God. Oh! that God may send the man.

Yours, &c., WM. E. HALL.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Word in Season.

Dear Brother,—

The pastors of this County are under obligations to you. You have generously published our notices without remuneration. You have also intimated a willingness to give your readers the results of our meetings. But we hoped that matter of more importance might find its way to your columns. As the last was our annual meeting, you may find space for a few items touching the interests of the Baptist body.

Our annual meeting was held at Maitland, which is not less than forty miles from the most of our pastors; yet they were all there but one.

Maitland, and the country round about, is a field of interest and promise. The Union did well in sending Bro. Balleffine there—an enthusiastic missionary, influencing his circuit from centre to circumference. By sufficient aid and wise management it may soon become self-sustaining. But we need not look for growth and wealth in church property without outlay. If we could now expend three or four hundred dollars in purchasing a suitable piece of land in the village, the future would see a parsonage and a church erected thereon. Indeed, the former would go up at once. The field would furnish material and labour. The church there ought to have the land. Why? The Baptists have hitherto lumbered in building many of their places of worship away from the population. It has been so here. They should, when possible, move to the most favorable location. The glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of souls demand this. A church without a parsonage is not fully equipped for church work. In Maitland, as in other places, a house for the pastor is a necessity. He is not like the Falls of Niagara—able to live "out-doors." He is obliged to pay high rent for an in-

ferior dwelling, and may have to change quarters twice or thrice in one year. The brethren must go to work and secure a building lot. How? "That's the rub." They are already taxed to their utmost. The times are hard. During the last year many of the most liberal men in our body have given up to, if not beyond their ability—due deference to "James, the Confessor;"—but the heart of a true Baptist is like a Boston cab. It has always "room for one more." There could be no propriety in sending an agent to collect funds. Travelling agents are about receiving a new name. Our churches ought to keep pace with the age, and much of its machinery is self-acting. Two men will do to-day where four were needed twenty years ago. Our churches in these depressing times cannot afford to go "ten miles for a horse to ride him two." The leading principle in this kind of business is bad. What then can be done? Much, without any great effort. The work in Maitland has the sanction of the Baptists of the two Provinces, speaking and acting through the Union, and they will speak through it, and say, "We must have a desirable plot of ground there." All may help to pay the price; All the pastors who were at our last meeting offered to help, and they suggest that Bro. Ballentine write to every church or pastor in the two Provinces—N. S. and P. E. I.—asking a little help and each will be supposed to invest in real estate in the growing village of Maitland. Brethren, your hands and hearts are full, but you have "room for one more."

As you have seen by our announcements, we hold our Pastors' Meeting in the fore part, and the Missionary Meeting in the after part, of the day on which we meet. The former has been from the first helpful in Home Mission work, but we did not deem it wise to "enlarge the base of its operations so as to become more fully an auxiliary to the Union." We recognized the Auxiliary Board as the creation of the Union, and proceeded in harmony with its authority. Such creations are in the various counties, and they should respect the fact that placed them among the things that are.

Our last meeting was full of interest and the prospect is bright with hope. The churches are more than willing to help. They are simply waiting for some one to say how they can lend a hand. They are not suffering for the lack of men who will complain and whine because they do not work and give, but they may be on account of the scarcity of those who will organize and lead the way. And as the churches in the County of Hants are so hearty in the work of the Lord, the pastors in their last meeting proposed to give them an opportunity of doing something more. It was therefore resolved to ask each church in this County to send its pastor at least three Sabbaths out of the present Associational year to labour in the more destitute sections of our County.

The pastors will please bring this resolution before their people without delay and report to me by the 18th of November, as I am Chairman of a committee on the best method of supplying weak and destitute fields, and I do not wish to call a meeting until I hear, as the liberality of the churches will in all probability be our basis of action. I should also like to hear from any church that may be without a pastor, that I may know what they would be disposed to do should they secure one.

J. A. McLEAN, Sec'y. Poplar Grove, Hants Co., Oct. 31st, '78.

ACCOMMODATING.—It is stated that in the church occupied by the Reformed Episcopalians in London, and in which Bishop Gregg ministers, there is a large baptistery, similar to those used in Baptist churches. This is to accommodate those who believe immersion to be the scriptural mode of baptism.

The Jordan is not far off. A few more breathings of the air of the wilderness, a few more struggles with the difficulties of the way, a few more steps across the dreary sands, and then we are at home forever!—Bonar.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.—Longfellow.