

such a fountain of religious instruction and influence as is opened in it every week, by such a periodical. The variety I find there, meets the cases and wants of old and young, male and female, ministering to the welfare of the entire circle.

6 My neighbor needs my paper. He won't take one for himself, as he ought to. But he shall not escape. He shall have a look at mine. For when it has walked into my dwelling and stayed long enough to scatter blessings on all sides, it walks up street or down street, or over the way, to scatter them further, or takes wings, by the mail, and does good a thousand miles away.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, if you find a paper of mine return with the word stop upon it, you may infer that I have gone to the poor-house, or the mad-house, or to the narrow house appointed for all the living—*Congregationalist*.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES OF TRAVEL

No. xv.

BULLETIN BOARD—INTOLERANCE—SHEBA—PACIFIC VOYAGE—OUTWARD BOUNDERS—SUDDEN DEATH—LAND HO!—YELLOW FLAG—SHALL POX—QUARANTINE THREATENED—TATOOED—GEYSERS—ACROSS THE CONTINENT—"HOME AGAIN."

Yeddo is full of objects of interest. Among these is what might be called the Bulletin board of the Government. This consists of two posts with a shelf covered with a small roof, under which repose, written on boards, the most important edicts of the Empire; and still among them, at this time, was the decree of intolerance against Christianity.

The Temple of Sheba is the grand attraction of Yeddo. It is entered by beautiful folding gates of bronze. The Temple is built on a foundation of massive granite masonry. Superbly rich ornamentation abounds on every side in great profusion. The priests, smiling and courteous are ever ready to exhibit all the wonders and beauties of the Sacred edifice.

The voyage across the Pacific was—pacific. Weather and events were equally calm—with one exception, as regards the latter. On the route taken by the Pacific Mail Steamers, ships are rarely met with. The time when the fortnightly outward bound steamers will come in sight can be calculated almost to an hour. Two of these were met, and an interchange of courtesies, news and fruit was effected.

Among our passengers was a wealthy American, who had spent many years in Japan. He was in the prime of life. Wealth, position, with the various advantages which they confer, all combined to gild the coming years with peculiar fascination. In the course of an eventful life he had once been shipwrecked, and had suffered severely from many days' exposure on a raft. During his residence in Japan consumption had been gradually stealing upon him and sapping his vital forces. At last he decided to go home and seek health in his native air. But death waited for him in mid-Pacific. At first he rallied wonderfully. The delusive power of this fell disease was never more conspicuously seen. Visions of home, bright and joyful, occupied his mind. Full of new hope he talked and laughed light-hearted and happy; and—even while his lips were parted with a smile, the crimson life tide poured forth, and in five minutes the heart was still forever! So suddenly, so quietly had death come, that two card players at a table a few feet from the scene and in full view of it, played on unconscious of the event which made that saloon a solemn place.

Land ho! the Golden Gate in sight! But what is this that comes to chide the pleasure peculiar to the close of a long voyage? There is something ominous in the very air. It chases away the look of happiness from the faces of the voyagers and supplants it with one of foreboding. Men look up significantly at a small yellow flag flying from the main top. Among the 700 Chinese in the steerage, there were four cases of small pox! Gloomy quarantine for an indefinite period seemed almost the least evil that could be expected. But after protracted consultation by the Board of Health, it was resolved to vaccinate all the cabin passengers and permit them to land. But difficulties did not end here. Better be quarantined in a magnificent steamer than unsheltered in the streets of Frisco. A

few years before the population had been decimated by small-pox, and the recollections of that visitation were still vivid and painful. Admission was refused. Five hotels in succession turned from their doors applicants from the "pest ship." The landlord of the sixth, more shrewd than his fellows, applied to the Board of Health, and on the strength of their assurance that no danger need be apprehended received all the "Japan's" saloon passengers. Vive "Grand Hotel" of San Francisco. A wonderful history has Frisco. Twenty four years ago a barren sandhill,—to-day a city of 250,000!

One hundred miles from the city is one of the great natural wonders of California—the Geysers. Seventy-two miles of the road by rail—the rest by stage. The excitement of this stage drive may be imagined when it is remembered that at every foot of the road there stares one in the face the not very remote possibility of a horrible death! Think of a stage and four dashing along, ten miles an hour, over a road every inch of which runs on the brink of a frightful precipice. The slip of a hoof—a hitch in the reins—a slight hesitation, an accidental turn of the hand in the driver—and down go horses—carriage—passengers, there down many hundreds of feet.

"An accident ever happen on this road, driver?"
"Not much."
"Always get thro' all right do you?"
"You bet."

Reassuring—but a little laconic? It came out afterwards that about two months previously a stage disappeared down one of these terrible chasms, and was never seen again!

Who may hope to describe the Geysers! John Milton, perhaps. The phenomena are not as the name would seem to imply natural fountains of boiling water; that is the water does not rise in the air—though it certainly boils. The whole area, some miles in extent in which these geysers are formed is pervaded with a strong smell of sulphur; and the soil is so hot, that, in many places, the bare hand cannot rest upon it. The hills and gorges are covered with vapor, and the air vibrates with the tumultuous sound of the ceaselessly boiling bubbling waters. Might the spirit of Dante visit this region—he would think he wrote the Inferno too soon. Different spots are named "the Devil's Pulpit," "Witches' Cauldron," "Devil's Inkstand," &c., &c. Showing the general impression of visitors that this was certainly part of Satan's peculiar dominions. Hot gasses, and steam bursts from every vent with a hideous hissing, reminding one of the famous serpent scene in Milton's Pandemonium. A short piece of iron tubing placed at one of the vents, makes a powerful steam whistle. Passing up one of the canons (pron. canyon) the guide points to a huge boulder and tells you to "taste it"; oh yes, of course, and, not to seem nervous you address yourself to the operation as coolly as though you had been accustomed to taste boulders all your life, and rather liked it! Done! But your tongue does not remain behind adhering to the rock, when you withdraw your head—does not shrivel in your mouth. The one remarkable result of the tasting is that you discover the whole boulder to be *allum!* Here, too, are found pure Epsom salts—sulphur, and various other valuable substances in exhaustless quantities. No vegetable life, of course, can flourish on this hot gas-permeated soil. The appearance of the whole Geyser-area, is as if a tide of hot lava had rolled over it. The "witches' cauldron" is a boiling well of unknown depth, either without bottom, or else no line long enough has yet sounded its depth. It boils fiercely and unceasingly. Its contents are not water but a thick inky substance, some decoction of this Infernal Laboratory—fit soup for such a cauldron. This is the place for medicated bathing. The boiling sulphurated water is led into bath rooms,—cold water is at hand to reduce its temperature. A brook of cold water once ran not far from the cauldron; and it is said the angler could draw his trout from the brook, and, simply turning round, drop it still dangling from the line into the boiling liquid! Breakfasting made easy!

Back again through the grand scenery of the stage road—back to Frisco, thankful for so much gratification at no expense of neck or nerves.

Across the continent, from San Francisco to Chicago, may be divided into four stages,—Beauty—Grandeur—Desolation—Comfort and util-

ity. The first stage carries you across the State of California, through miles and miles of gorgeous wild flowers, spreading out each side of the railroad, as far as the eye can reach. The second stage presents a succession of the grandest mountain scenes—among which the long train winds and bends and doubles on itself; the pulsations of the iron hearted giant waking the echoes and reverberating through the gloomy canons. The third stage crosses the "American desert"—a vast alkali plain, destitute of all vegetation, save the scrubby "sage bush," a low stunted melancholy-looking shrub—the only thing that could grow there. This plain extends from the foot of the mountains to the very suburbs of Omaha, and is a dreary monotonous waste. Looking from the car window there is nothing to break the desolate sameness, save occasionally the long lean figure of the wild Coyote, or rarer still a herd of buffaloes in the distance. Beyond Omaha, all is utility, comfort, civilization. From Chicago to Wolfville is rapidly accomplished. The voyage round the world is completed. Fatigues and pleasures alike are forgotten in the joys of "Home again."
A. R. R. C.

Foreign Missions.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Although the attention of the readers of the *Messenger*, has already been invited to this subject (see *Messenger* Nov. 5th) the Board desire still to urge its importance, and to call upon the brethren to carry out the suggestions named below.

At the last meeting of the Convention the following Resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That it be earnestly recommended to all our ministers in these Provinces, to hold combined Foreign Missionary Meetings, in connection with other active brethren, as soon as may be convenient, in their several fields of labor, in order to diffuse information, and to excite increased interest in this important cause; and that at these meetings collections be taken up, and subscription papers circulated to increase the necessary funds."

The Foreign Missionary Board fully endorse the recommendation of the Convention, and would urge it upon the ministers of our Churches at the present time. We are now fully committed to an enterprise which must be prosecuted with vigor, if we expect to see large results abroad, or to experience a powerful reflex influence at home. We must guard against everything that would tend to weaken or retard the movement. It would be very imprudent to permit our Treasury to become empty. In order that there may be no danger of such a state of things, timely measures must be taken to keep the people interested. They must be made acquainted with missionary operations, and the nature of the work in which we are now engaged. Steadily and persistently, every pastor must carry forward this department of the church's work. By all means have a monthly prayer meeting on behalf of missions, and there talk of the general subject, and give all the information possible concerning the movements of our dear brethren and sisters whom we have sent to represent us in Siam.

But we would call the attention of the brethren especially to the suggestion contained in the above resolution, viz., to hold public missionary meetings in all our churches. In conducting these meetings, neighbouring ministers can assist one another. By assigning different features of the great subject to the different speakers, and by making due preparation, these services might be rendered very interesting and effective. Let subscription lists be opened at all such meetings. But we would not prescribe any routine or fix any time, knowing that the mode and time must vary in different localities, and that the brethren have wisdom to direct in each case. Such services cannot fail to promote the object we have in view, and must prove beneficial in many ways.

We hope soon to hear that such meetings are being held all through the Provinces, and shall expect a tangible response, in accordance with the concluding part of the resolution.

On behalf of the Board,
W. B. BOGGS, Secretary.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 4, 1873.

One of the Presbyterian Missionaries from Nova Scotia, Rev. Mr. Goodwill, has had a narrow escape from death at the hands of a band of savages at Santo. He put 25 of them to flight.

For the Christian Messenger.

Miss NORRIS.—In a letter to Dr. Cramp, dated Sept. 11th last, Miss Norris says:—

"Our Schools have been remarkably blessed, both in numbers, freedom from sickness and trouble from other causes, and the marked advance of the pupils in love to God as well as in the knowledge of his ways. There is a sympathy with the religion of Christ manifest in both Schools, in an unusual degree. There are several applicants for baptism; two of them, Burmans, have already come before the church."

"Our Karen schools number 50; our Burman school, nearly 70. I inclose a programme of the daily work in the two schools, which I wrote out for the Commissioner of Public Instruction, who visited our schools the other day and expressed himself much pleased with them—especially astonished at the numbers gathered in so short a time."

The "Programme" shows that the pupils receive instruction constantly in reading, writing, grammar, geography, composition, and natural philosophy. The girls are taught sewing. All are exercised in singing, and all receive Bible lessons.

Miss Norris adds:—"I can read Burmese without difficulty—understand most of a conversation—talk a little—pray a little. But my hands are almost too full for much study."

"Besides the school work, there are five services a week in Burman, and seven in Karen; so you may judge I do not lack work, since they all look to me for a word now and then. I have three Burmese assistants, and three Karen; and God is over all, guiding and controlling, and making all work together for good."

(From the *Missionary Magazine* Dec. 1873.)
FROM MR. GEORGE.

HENTHADA, August 22, 1873.

Jungle Work.—I have just returned from a trip to Mingyee and adjacent villages. The work needed that I go, and although not at all well I decided that it was my duty to go. As the water fell suddenly, leaving the country a hot bed of malaria, I did not remain much to cheer. At the town of Myanong I find one who has spent Rs. 40,000 (\$20,000) in offerings to priests; he told me he had not found peace, and would now try Jesus Christ's gospel. He wanted books, and I supplied him. A neighbor of his is also deeply interested. I heard of others in that town who are examining the gospel, but did not meet them.

After four days at Myanong I started for the circle of villages especially under Ko A's care. At Kyankwah-yuah I found a man who had applied for baptism some three months ago, still desirous to follow Christ; as he gave good evidence of conversion, he was baptized. This case is rather remarkable. Two years ago he had made ready to build a large kyoung, but the baptism of his uncle had the effect to make him study the gospel; he did not build the kyoung, but a good house to live in, and is now a decided follower of Jesus. Being a man of influence in his village, there is no doubt that others will be awakened by his example. I find that the majority of the Burmans know very little about their own religion, and have little respect for Gaudama; they follow a few strong-minded men, who in their turn believe because their forefathers did. Such being the case, we may expect a wide-spread turning to the Lord as soon as a fair number of the acknowledged leaders are brought to the light. Even now, although the government by its own careful neutrality is teaching the people that the Bible is a dangerous book, large numbers of the heathen readily send their children to mission schools, and in many cases pay for their tuition.

During my recent visit to Thit-naph I found a man teaching fourteen boys, using Christian books as textbooks. This man has been baptized only one year and a half, yet seeing this opening to do good, is now heartily engaged in the work. With help to build a suitable house he could soon have a large school.

The following letter from Miss Haswell was sent to the Woman's Board, and by request was furnished for the *Magazine*. It will be read with interest:

MAULMAIN, August 11, 1873.

School Work.—In June I excused Mrs. Miller from her Burman classes, as the East Indian girls needed her

care. At the beginning of July I released her from all duties in the Burman school, so that now her whole time is given to the East Indian girls, of whom she has nine. Mrs. Ady has kindly offered to examine these girls once a week.

Mah Bwin (my right hand) left nearly a month ago for Henthada, to attend the marriage of her son, Moses, with Mah Ong, one of Miss Adam's girls. To make things harder for me, one of the pupil teachers left school. Since Mah Bwin has been away, I have had from ten to eleven hours of steady teaching daily.

The day-schools are all prospering, except one; that one I have given up. Three of the schools have 20 pupils each; the other two have 13 and 14 each. The primary department of this school has 42. I examine them all once a week. The pupil teachers, of whom there are five in this school, are now going to board themselves in part. I mean if possible to make this the beginning of the natives paying for their daughters' board.

"To do the Work of God."—This school has sent out its first missionary. When Mr. Colburn came up from Tavoy and told us of Miss Norris's need of help, I wanted to send a girl from this school to assist her. Then it came out that one of the first class girls, herself from Tavoy, had been praying for weeks that the way might be opened for her to go to Tavoy, "to do the work of God." The needed funds were lacking. In the girls' prayer-meeting special prayer was made that the money might be sent. During that very week a donation was sent to me to be used as I thought best; and in less than a month from the time it was first spoken of, Mai Shway and also Mah Lat were in Tavoy. Mai Shway is in charge of a school of 50 children, and Mah Lat going from house to house among the women. Mah Lat has been employed here and in Rangoon as a Bible-woman for several years.

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 10th, 1873.

Rev. Isatah Wallace the general agent of the N. S. Baptist Home Missionary Union arrived in Halifax from his tour in Cape Breton and the eastern part of the Province on Thursday last.

It is to be regretted that some portion of the extensive accounts he informs us he has sent home of his progress have not appeared in print so that the churches might know fully and definitely, as he passed along from place to place, what are the objects the Board is seeking to accomplish by his visits. He has spent about three months in prospecting and finding out, from intercourse with the churches and brethren, through the east, where missionaries may be best located, and how they might profitably combine the stations and places for preaching into groups, that might employ such men as may be obtained to labor under the direction of the Board.

We much regret that more definite word had not come to the city so that arrangements could have been made for meetings here. Bro. Wallace attended a good meeting of the North Baptist Church on Friday evening, and on Saturday went to Sackville, preached there, and at Hammonds Plains, three times, on the Lord's Day.

On Monday evening Bro. W. attended the Missionary Prayer Meeting of the North Baptist Church, and on Tuesday evening at Dartmouth.

This, Wednesday, evening a meeting will be held in Granville Street Church to hear Bro. W.'s statements respecting his tour through the eastern counties, and the arrangements made for prosecuting mission work in the more destitute parts of the province.

THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

Only a week or two since we had in our English exchanges an interesting account of the opening of the New Baptist Chapel in Paris. In the correspondence of the *Missionary Magazine*, we find a graphic description of a baptismal service observed there. We suppose from the source whence the account is taken—*La Liberte*, the leading daily paper of Paris—that this Church and people will be soon better known to the inhabitants of that populous and gay city. The simplicity with which the writer describes the details of the ceremony is quite charming:—

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, RUE DE LILLE.

[The following account of the first bap-