

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM REV. W. F. ARMSTRONG.

STEAM SHIP "TENASSERIM"
Mediterranean Sea, Dec. 7, 1874

Dear Editor,—

When in Scotland I wished to write you, but there were so many things to be attended to, I found it quite impossible to carry out my wish. Now that we enjoy the quiet which the sea affords, I sit down to say a few things about that romantic land in which it was our privilege to spend six weeks.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, Sept. 14th—the fourteenth day after leaving New York—the gentlemanly steward of the "Trinacria" came tapping at my state room door. "Well, what is it?" "We are in the Frith of Clyde, sir." He had "sighted" land (the north-west coast of Ireland) the night before, and I had been up late enjoying it. Fearing then that I would be likely to sleep late in the morning, and so miss a good deal, I requested the steward to give me an early call. My toilet hurriedly attended to, and a hasty breakfast taken I started for the deck to get my

FIRST VIEW OF OLD SCOTLAND.

That view I will never forget. It was by far the most magnificent I had ever beheld—and that is quite a concession for one to make who comes from the shores of the far-famed Bras d'Or. On the one side are the Alpine summits of the Isle of Arran, and on the other the fine sweep of channel bounded by the swelling hills of Ayrshire. A stern, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the Firth, with Ailsa Craig rising in lonely grandeur from its bed in the deep. While ahead lay a scene of most wonderful beauty—land and water, hill and dale intermingled in fascinating confusion, I am sure no pen can describe it. We are fortunate enough to have as fellow-passenger a Glasgow gentleman—intelligent and communicative. So we are sure of having everything of interest pointed out in our sail up the river.

A few hours of most delightful sailing, amid scenes of surpassing grandeur and we reach Greenock at the mouth of the Clyde. Here we are obliged to wait a few hours for the tide to take us up the river. We cannot well get on shore, so we must content ourselves with looking upon Greenock. We are told it has a population of 50,000, that it has a vast trade with all parts of the world, its customs revenues amounting to the respectable sum of £1,000,000 per annum. It has the largest trade in sugar and sugar refining in the three kingdoms. You may be aware that Greenock was the home of Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. Of him the town is justly proud—they are not satisfied with the memorial they have of him, a colossal one is in contemplation. Stones for the undertaking have arrived from every quarter of the globe—from Carthage, from New York, from Sebastopol, from Bombay, from Quebec, &c.

The time passes very rapidly—before we are aware we are under way. I cannot think of mentioning every object of interest in this up-river sail. The fact is, every object is an object of interest. It has been well said that the sail up the Clyde, quite repays a trip across the Atlantic. I must content myself with a brief note here and there. A few minutes after leaving Greenock, we came to

PORT GLASGOW,

which was in the not long ago, as its name implies, the port of the city. Lately, however, as we shall take occasion to remark hereafter, the port has been carried up to the city itself. Nearly opposite Port Glasgow, is Cardross, where Robert Bruce had a favorite residence, and where he died. Two miles further and we come to the huge fortress rock of Dumbarton, which looms up long before we approach it. This is by far the most picturesque, and at the same time, the most historically interesting feature thus far on the Clyde. It rises sheer from the river to a height of nearly 250 ft., and nothing can be more imposing than its precipitous and naked crags. To trace the history of the Castle would be to trace the history of Scotland. In ancient times, as you know, it was a sea-gate to the Clyde, and a mountain gate to the Highlands. I can well understand how it was the pride and glory of those who held it, and the envy and ambition of those debarred from it.

A few minutes more and we are steaming

past Duglass Rock with the unpretending obelisk to the memory of Henry Bell set picturesquely on its brow. No site for Bell's monument could be more appropriate, overlooking the channel in which he steered his little "Comet" the first steam-boat in Europe. It is but a few years since that crazy little craft with its five-horse power engine steamed down the river—a marvel at the time to mankind.

The monument of the man who built and owned her looks down upon a vastly different scene to-day. Further on we pass the charming little village of Bowling. By this time we are reminded that we must soon take our last look, as the curtains of night are fast closing around us. Ahead, little of beauty is to be seen, we are getting into the region of smoke, for we are nearing the city. So we turn and review part of the wide and changing panorama of hill and wood and river through which we have passed—a panorama of which the eye never wearies. The lofty mass of Dumbuck to the West, the precipitous rock of Dumbarton beyond the long sweep of gradually widening river, the hamlets and cottages sheltering under the hills, with the wide sweep of country stretching along the southern banks of the Clyde, compose a picture of marvellous beauty.

The captain tells us that it will be two or three hours before we are up to the wharf. As there is not much now to be seen, it being quite dark, we go to the saloon and pass the time very pleasantly in conversation and singing. About nine o'clock we reach the wharf. The custom-house officer is there with his brass buttons and gruff voice. We take only our small trape ashore with us. Officer is only anxious to know whether we have any cigars or tobacco in our valises. We assure him that none of the men of our party indulge in the vile weed, none ever have anything to do with it, that we certainly have none. If there is any in our party at all, it must be in possession of the ladies—officer smiles, and we pass on. After being tossed on the sea for fourteen days it is good—how good, only those who have experienced it know—to feel something solid beneath our feet. As soon as we touch terra firma we breathe our thanks silently to the Heavenly Keeper, and proceed to our lodging place. Dewar's Hotel has been named as suitable. A few steps, and a short ride in a horse-car bring us there and in a little while we are exploring the land of dreams. Next morning we proceed to the office of Mr. Shirra, our agent. Business being arranged, and we being assured that we will be obliged to remain some six weeks for a ship we proceed to the "Anchor Line" wharf and get our luggage ashore.

In the afternoon we are joined at Dewar's Hotel by a party of seven Baptist missionaries from the United States. After we all get nicely rested, we go strolling about Glasgow, "doing" the city. American tourists who come over here with three or four weeks at their disposal, in which they are to "do" Great Britain and the continent, do not as a general thing remain long in Glasgow. Very little it is said is to be seen here save tall chimneys, and smoke, and bustle. We took our time zigzagging through the streets, and really we saw a good deal to interest us.

As to the situation of Glasgow, it lies pleasantly on both banks of the river Clyde, the bulk of the city lying on the northern or right bank which gradually ascends from the line of bridges till at about 300 yards from the river it covers the slopes and crowns the summits of a succession of ridges running irregularly east and west. The whole of the great city fast rising on the south side of the river is built on a dead flat, but being altogether more modern than the bulk of the city on the north it is more regularly laid out, and in most quarters with some regard to the purposes of health. Such is the situation of Glasgow, and if we add to this that it possesses four very respectable parks, innumerable factories,—engineering, chemical, cotton, ship building, &c., two hundred churches and chapels, and a population of upwards of half-a-million, you will be able to form a tolerable idea of this first of Scottish cities.

STREET SCENES IN GLASGOW,

are somewhat different from what we have been accustomed to. An American cannot fail to be struck with the appearance of the horses. These are to be seen constantly passing four distinct classes. There is the elephantine truck horse. His truck and harness would be a heavy load for one of our Western horses. Then there is the coach horse, a size smaller than the truck horse. The carriage horse—very much like our own. And then running through the

streets in every conceivable direction is the little donkey with his huxter cart dangling after him. The street presents a motley group. Although there is considerable bustle and hum there is not that rush always to be seen in an American street.—The horse cars (or tramway cars as they are called here) carry passengers on the top as well as inside. This is quite an improvement on ours. In fine weather it is very much pleasanter to ride on the outside where one can have the air and the view than to be smothering in the ill-ventilated car, shut up from everything. The omnibuses are constructed on the same principle as the cars—"nineteen in and twenty out" is the complement. The architecture along the streets is much heavier than ours.—Solidity stands out as the prominent characteristic of every thing one sees. But this heaviness of style, together with the dark colored stone so generally used in building gives to the streets a sombre aspect. Altogether there are many things that remind a Westerner that he is away from home.

There are two buildings that are deserving of special mention. One of these is the University, beautifully situated on Gilmohill. These are incomparably the grandest College buildings I ever saw. They are from the designs of Mr. George Gilbert Scott of London, and are of the Gothic or early English Style of Architecture, with an infusion of the Franco-Scottish domestic style. The southern side is most imposing—right over the central entrance the great tower rising to a height of upwards of 300 feet. The length of the main building is 534 feet, and its breadth 295 feet. The number of apartments is 98. Every professor has his distinct class room, with retiring room, laboratories, etc. The heating and ventilation are effected by a novel apparatus. The fresh air is drawn from the tower, and propelled over the surface by hot air pipes, by means of gigantic fans, and the vitiated air is drawn from the class rooms by the suction power of heated flues. There are no less than five miles of hot-water pipes leading through the building, and nearly 2,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air may be propelled through it per hour. The Glaswegians are justly proud of the building as well as of the venerable University within it—which has but recently removed to these its new quarters.

The other building of which I wish to say a word is the Cathedral. This is the oldest, most beautiful and most interesting monument in the city. It dates back as far as 1115. I am told, that with one exception, it is the only perfect specimen of the ancient Cathedral architecture in Scotland. I will not attempt a description.—Quite recently private munificence has greatly augmented the beauty of the building by the introduction of stained glass windows. This is said to be among the richest displays of stained-glass in the world. It is from the Munich School. The subjects are from the Old and New Testaments and from Jewish History. Every one seemed perfect in execution; but the one illustrating Christ's interview with the woman of Samaria by Bertini was the one that seemed to me, and indeed to all our party, the best. The Samaritan woman was so life-like, we would hardly have been surprised to hear her speak.

I must not fail to say a word or two about the greatest of all marvels to be seen in or around this great city. A greater triumph of human industry, enterprise and sagacity than

GLASGOW HARBOR,

I have never seen. Great ports for the most part have grown up along the sea board, or in the mouth of some wide estuary, or on the banks of a stream, deep enough to float the largest merchantmen.—The port of Glasgow, on the contrary, has, so to speak, made itself. The harbor has been literally dug in the bed of a shallow stream, and a deep channel cut to admit the waters of the estuary, 20 miles distant.—Nature made the Clyde at Glasgow a fordable stream, inaccessible even at high water to all but the smallest craft, man has made it a great harbor, wide enough, and deep enough to admit to the very heart of the city, vessels 300 feet in length, and drawing 13 feet of water. Nor was this herculean task been done in a year or two. Since the idea of making Glasgow a first-class port dawned on the mind of its merchants, and since the first stroke at deepening the channel was made, the labor has never flagged. Gigantic dredging machines are constantly employed in removing the mud and rubbish which constantly find their way into the stream. It is to the harbor perhaps more than to anything else that the energy and watchfulness of the local au-

thorities are directed. How to deepen it, how to extend it, how to strengthen it, how to put it into communication with other parts of the country are questions which are constantly being forced on them. The quays along both sides of the river with Kingston dock present a busy and exciting scene. Here are the coast steamers of which there are a great number,—there the "Anchor Liners," and other large steamers—further on are the sailing ships lying four or five abreast, of all shapes and sizes from the gigantic hull of the merchantman to the roughly fashioned foreigner hailing from some of the Spanish or French ports. Further on still is the quay with its enormous steam crane where the great liners, built in the yards down the river, receive their boilers and other heavy fittings, and I am told it is rare indeed to see the berth empty. The sheds all along the quays are crowded with every conceivable kind of merchandise. Every thing speaks of life and activity. And I may say at this point what has been constantly pressed upon my attention during my stay in Scotland, that those who think this country is about ready to be buried are greatly mistaken. It certainly has the full vigor of manhood yet. If it ever was old it is now certainly renewing its youth.

But enough about Glasgow sight seeing. Let me say a word or two about the people and their reception of us.

(Conclusion in our next.)

For the Christian Messenger.

AN APPEAL TO OUR SISTERS.

APRIL 9th, 1874.

My dear Sisters,—

In reading the notices which appear from time to time in the *Christian Messenger*, acknowledging the receipt of our contributions towards the support of our dear sisters who are laboring in the great Missionary field, I find myself continually wondering what those among us are thinking about who have given nothing in behalf of this glorious work. Have not all been informed of what is being done, and what is needed? Have not all been kindly requested to lend their aid. Perhaps some do not take the *Messenger*, and therefore do not know much about this Missionary enterprise. If so let us use our influence to have the *Messenger* scattered abroad. Let us urge our neighbors to take it; and thus put the means of information in the hands of all.

Many have never attended any of our public meetings, and others live so far away from us that they have heard little or nothing about our Mission and Missionaries.—If this be true, are the members of our societies doing their duty in staying at home and contenting themselves with simply paying over the regular fee when called for! Surely there is something more than this to be done. If you cannot in all cases attend the monthly prayer meetings, urge others to do so. Let all feel that the name "Sister" is not used only in baptism; but that it indicates a holy family relationship, and implies union, co-working, in the best of all employment. All should have the privilege of helping in carrying the "glad tidings" to all nations. Do not be discouraged if you sometimes meet with failure or difficulty. The whole enterprise is a grand success. Let no one say, "I cannot do anything that will be of any benefit," or "I am not able to give." Let us consider whether some useless ornament or article of dress may not be dispensed with, and thus a dollar be given for missions. At the end of the year we shall be the better for having made a little sacrifice. Let us make every possible effort to promote the glory of God.

Let us work for our Missionaries as though they were our own sons and daughters; as though we felt that their whole maintenance depended on our benevolence. Let us pray for them as though on our prayers rested their whole success, and the conversion of the entire heathen world.—"And when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Part of that reward shall be the pleasure of seeing myriads of happy souls converted from heathenism; but a nobler part will be the joy of reigning with these redeemed ones in the Heavenly Canaan.

ELIZABETH.

Let it be deeply graven on our minds, that all God's dealings with us, from regeneration onward, through all eternity, is a discipline, a molding, a training, an education.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. AMORET MARSHALL,

wife of Mr. Daniel Marshall, of Greenwood Square, Aylesford, unquestionably fell asleep in Jesus, April 13th, 1874, at the age of 73 years. While the Baptist Church of Lower Aylesford and South Wilmot is rejoicing in numerous accessions, a loss is sustained by the removal of this justly valued member: but doubtless it is great gain to her.

Our departed sister, whose maiden name was McKean, was graciously brought to know the Saviour in the early part of her life. For many years she has been an exemplary member of a Baptist Church.—From youth she was happily adorned "with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." It is, indeed, of inestimable value in the view of all the true friends of Zion.

It has been the privilege of the writer to be intimately acquainted with Sister Marshall more than twenty years. He never knew her to be concerned in any matter of strife, or to utter an ill word of any person. He does not deem it right to suppress an expression of gratitude for personal favor. When his late wife was long suffering extreme distress from *asthma*, this kind sister sat by her a number of wearisome nights doing all in her power to alleviate the tribulation endured. This was a specimen of her kindness.

She was not only a prudent and affectionate wife and mother, but when three orphan grandchildren were left, she readily took upon herself the charge of them. It is not strange, therefore, that her departure is mourned by many. But their assurance of her everlasting welfare may justly afford them strong consolation. During sister Marshall's last illness she was sustained by steadfast hope. Having anticipated a severe struggle at the close of life, she could hardly think she was dying, but lay quietly and easily till the last breath was drawn. In her case was verified the last verse of one of the hymns selected by her for her funeral:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

At her burial a discourse was delivered by the writer, aided by Bro. Vidito, from a text appropriate to the occasion, namely, 2 Cor. v. 8. "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—*Com. by Rev. C. Tupper.*

PATRICK NOWLAN, ESQ.

Died at New Tusket, in the Township of Clare, in the County of Digby, on the 5th inst., Patrick Nowlan, Esq., J. P. of Digby Co., aged 77 years, for many years he was clerk of the Baptist Church in that place. Mr. Nowlan was a native of the County of Wexford, Ireland. Let Ireland, April 11th, 1814, and came to Newfoundland, then only 17 years of age, stayed two summers, and came thence to Yarmouth, where he landed Dec. 10, 1816. On Jan. 1st, 1817 he came to Weymouth, where in 1819, after a desperate struggle with his former opinions, he was a Roman Catholic, he was hopefully converted, but did not get sufficient strength to go forward in the ordinance of Baptism, although satisfied that he was an unbaptized person until 1842, when he was baptized by the writer. At the organization of the Baptist Church in New Tusket, he was chosen church clerk, which office he held to his death. In March of 1823 he was married to Miss Susanna Grant, eldest daughter of the late John and Mary Grant of Weymouth.—They had but one child, a son who has a large family. Mr. N. suffered considerably, especially on the day of his death, but was evidently happy in the prospect of death, and sang until his voice was lost through weakness, and he ceased to breathe. He has, we humbly trust entered into rest.—*Com. by Rev. Chas. Randall.*

For the Christian Messenger.

DISCUSSION ON BAPTISM AT INGRAM RIVER, MARGARET'S BAY.

Dear Sir,—I observe in a late issue of the *Messenger*, mention made of the Discussion on Christian Baptism which took place at the Hall in this place on Wednesday the 8th inst., between the Episcopal clergyman of Hubbard's Cove, and our much esteemed pastor, Rev. W. E. Hall. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that baptist ministers are not a belligerent class of men, and I would like to