

the East bank. There are three or four low mountains or hills, two or three miles distant, on one of which the present king is building a small but handsome palace. The Regent has also built three houses on these hills and has some fine buildings in the town. Ratburee is quite a favorite resort for some of the Siamese nobles and Europeans living in Bangkok. It is quite an important town and would form a desirable station for mission work but there is no one to occupy it. Leaving the town we rowed down the river fifteen or twenty miles towards its mouth. Then by means of canals and creeks we reached the Petchaburee river.

The country between these rivers, near the sea is overflowed at high water by the tide, and so is unfit for cultivation. But it is by no means worthless. It is mostly covered with a low growth of Mangrove and other trees, and supplies a large part of the wood used in Bangkok. The people who live here to cut wood, have houses raised several feet on posts, and all around is nothing but mud and water.

After reaching the Petchaburee river, we had to row up five or six miles to reach the town. It is about ten miles from the mouth of the river. The population is estimated at from fifteen to sixteen thousand. It is in one of the finest rice growing districts in Siam and the crop this year is most excellent. We found the mission premises of the Presbyterians very pleasantly located. As at Ratburee there are several low mountains near the town. The nearest one is nearly a mile from the river and is three or four hundred feet high. It has two summits, on the highest of which, is quite an extensive palace and cut-buildings, erected for the late king, and on the other a temple and pagoda. The view from the summit is very beautiful. To the East, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, is seen the gulf of Siam stretching off to the South. On the West, twenty or thirty miles distant, were the mountains that form the boundary between Siam and Burmah. On the North and South far as the eye could reach stretched waving fields of paddy, studded with sugar palms.

NATURAL CAVERNS.

On the West side of the mountain half-way up is a small natural cave very curious and interesting. A flight of steps leads down twenty or thirty feet to a small brick pavement ten or fifteen feet across. On this floor stands several idols. Below this a few feet is another floor and from this a narrow dark passage goes away down into the mountain. The rock is of limestone. How the cavern was formed, whether by upheaval, or by the action of water seems difficult to decide. Two miles from this is another large hill, in which is a much larger cavern. A brick paved road leads up the side of the hill for perhaps a quarter of a mile to the principal entrance. A flight of stone steps leads down thirty feet or more to an uneven sloping floor. From this again another flight of steps leads down half as much farther to the floor of the principal part of the cave. This floor is of tile and about a hundred and seventy feet across the largest way, by about a hundred the other. The general shape of the cave is circular with an arched roof, probably eighty feet high. Through the top of this roof, is a large circular opening, by which the cave is lighted. There was a large number of idols all around in every nook and corner—some sitting, some kneeling and a large one reclining. There were many stalactites and stalagmites, some of them very pretty. There were two or three other large rooms in the cave, in one of which the rock was of a green color and at a distance was very striking in appearance. The road out to this mountain passes through paddy fields in which the paddy, now nearly ripe, was standing very thickly and in many fields nearly six feet high.

Leaving Petchaburee on Tuesday evening, we reached Bangkok on Thursday at noon, stopping by the way to shoot a large number of birds. The country, on our way over, was quite covered with water to the depth of a foot or more, but on our return it had fallen considerably.

NATURAL PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE COUNTRY.

This is the time of fish harvest and a plentiful one the natives have this year. Every creek and canal and ditch yields a supply, and the people have all sorts of traps for catching them. There is reason why people cannot live in Siam. From what I saw on our trip and from what I learn from others, I am more

and more impressed with the belief that the valley of Siam exceeds in fertility almost any other country on the face of the earth. It only needs a population with energy to develop its resources, to make it a wonderful land. And a change for the better is evidently taking place. Western ideas are penetrating the country. Reforms are taking place in the country. Reforms are taking place in the government, and changes in the laws are being made and talked of, which promise much for the future. But the great need of the country is a living religion—a moral principle at the foundation. This only can come through their having the Gospel of Christ. The country is in desperate need of this. Who shall give it to them? If our brethren at home could see the needs of the nation, I am sure their sympathies would be enlisted for the Siamese. If "Oriental" for instance, could take a tour through Siam and see its millions of people scattered along the rivers and canals—with no knowledge of any way of salvation but by their own good works, and with no one to make know a better way to them, he I am sure, would not write in so heartless a manner about shaking off the dust of Siam from our feet and leaving the people to perish, for "how shall they hear without a preacher?"

These articles that have appeared lately from "Oriental" are not calculated to help us who are out here on the field. They seem open to criticism on several accounts. The writer evidently has very little regard for the opinions or inclinations of those who are out here, and seems to think not at all of consulting their feelings as to where they shall labor. But I have neither time nor space for reviewing these articles at present, and must close by wishing, that we may all be guided aright in our work for the heathen.

G. CHURCHILL.

For the Christian Messenger.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FEARFUL WEATHER. THE SCARLET FEVER SCOURGE. NEW POLITICAL DAILY. PARLIAMENTARY SILENCE. RELIGIOUS REVIVALS. THE WOODSTOCK CHURCH.

"How stands the thermometer this morning?" This has been the question of questions for the last two or three weeks nor has the general interest in it wholly abated even yet. The reiterated statement that never, within the memory of that venerable but impersonal being, "the oldest inhabitant" has such weather been experienced, must perhaps be admitted to be a little apocryphal. It may not even be strictly true that the like has not been known within the last twenty-five, or twenty, or fifteen years,—the number depends somewhat upon the individual's idea of euphony. In regard to each and all these too definite assertions, your correspondent being of shorter memory, begs leave to be noncommittal. But that we have had an intensely cold "spell"—one worth to figure in the annals of the country and to be described for the wonderment of the grandchildren of the present generation—when imagination, aided by the mists of years shall have wrought its embellishments upon it—of this we have no doubt whatever. To find the "Minimum," registering with admirable consistency night after night for a fortnight degrees of cold ranging from 8° or 10° to 30° 35° below zero is no joke in Western Ontario. And when the atmosphere, in addition to being of the temperature indicated is found rushing constantly along towards warm latitudes at the rate of a New Brunswick or Nova Scotia gale, which is nearly equivalent to an Ontario hurricane, nothing but an instructive dread of the nameless terrors of the passage can repress the fervent wish that one might spread a pair of wings and go along with it. Happy they who can so far comprehend George McDonald's mystic philosophy as to know how to find their way to the "back of such a north wind." But the worst is, we hope, past and with the exception of here and there a frosted nose or cheek, or a memory of more intense suffering on the part of many a one, we are not much the worse. Alas, though for those we are forgetting, but whose sad histories are appearing here and there in the columns of our newspapers, who have succumbed in the snow drift, or the wretched hovel and yielded up life itself to the pitiless blasts. It is no less instructive than saddening to notice in how many such cases the key to the tragedy is furnished in the closing sentence of the

history, "he" or "she" "had been drinking."

Whether there is more than a coincidence in time between the two facts we are unable to say, but contemporaneous with the severity of the weather is the prevalence of sickness, especially scarlet fever in the country. The type is generally we believe a mild one but the disease is widely prevalent. Several schools have been obliged to suspend in consequence, amongst them our own Institute in Woodstock. Finding four or five cases already on their hands and the prospects of their being able to prevent further spread of the disease unfavourable, the teachers were compelled to dismiss, very reluctantly, their 180 or 190 pupils for the space of three weeks. The patients left behind are all convalescent and there is a good prospect of their being able to resume work on the day appointed.

March 3rd. The loss and inconvenience are however sufficiently serious.

The appearance of a new morning paper, "the Liberal," in Toronto, is an event of sufficient interest to deserve chronicling in the history of our journalism. It is, as the name indicates, on the same side of politics as the hitherto omnivorous *Globe*, and its appearance may be regarded as an attempted check to the despotism of that powerful engine for the manufacture, propagation and destruction of opinions. The new paper is to take the place of the morning edition of the *London Advertiser*, hitherto, probably the most influential journal west of Toronto. It has long been understood that a large number of persons sympathizing in the main with the *Globe's* political and politico-economical views were yet heartily tired of the arrogance and violence of that powerful organ, and would gladly exchange it, if possible, for an organ equally sound on the main points, but able to advocate its views with more moderation, tolerance and courtesy. The new venture is manifestly, though not avowedly, a bid for the support of such. Whether it will be able to continue the unequal contest remains to be seen. It is said to have the aid of Mr. Blake's pen and some assistance from his purse, to help it on. The *Globe* has maintained a most ominous silence hitherto, having not even a word of welcome for its new ally.

While on semi-political matters, I can hardly refrain from asking what has the New Government at Ottawa done with all the speaking talent of the Maritime Provinces? Have the orators been left at home at the last elections, or have they registered vows of perpetual silence under the new order of things? How is it that with one or two exceptions it is almost a prodigy to find in the reports a speech of more than a few lines from any one down East? Probably though the solution is to be found in the lack of comprehensive or exciting topics, and we may hope to hear from them again when Mr. Costigan's perennial resolution comes up. Seriously it would be an evil should the burden of either debate or legislation be allowed to devolve wholly or mainly upon the representatives of one or two provinces. It is not of course so much the talking that could not be done without, but talking in a deliberative assembly represents, or should represent thinking, and thinking in this case is the condition of earnestness and intelligent interest in building up the institutions and consolidating the political structure of what is essentially a new nation.

Turning for a moment to religious matters, I am happy to be able to note signs of progress. In many parts of the country there are indications of profound interest in spiritual things and numbers are being added to the different Christian Churches. In Brantford a great work, originated through the instrumentality of Mr. Vailley's labors, and carried on and shared by most, if not all, of the Evangelical Churches, has been in progress for some time. In London too his labors are producing much fruit. He expects shortly to visit Quebec and prays that he may be made the instrument of shaking that ancient city from its state of religious apathy.

In Woodstock the faithful labors of the new pastor Bro. Goodspeed are being abundantly blessed. He had the privilege of baptizing on a recent Sabbath, some 16 or 17 into the fellowship of his own Church, in addition to seven in an adjoining district. The use of the baptism has been prevented during the last two weeks by the fall of a portion of the heavy plaster ceiling, but probably not less than twenty additional candidates are asking for the ordinance and will be

immersed on Sabbath evening next. The accident above alluded to occurred on a Sabbath evening, within a short time after the dismissal of a very large congregation, which filled the Church to its utmost capacity. The incident should be a warning to us against defective workmanship and shams in architecture, especially as it is not long since one of the heavy plaster centre pieces in the same building fell, likewise on a Sunday evening shortly after the dismissal of the congregation, with such force as to crash the pew into which it fell. Had the incident in either case occurred a little earlier the results must have been dreadful.

I dare not intrude further on your space to notice the spirited controversy which has been going on between the (alleged) Futurist party in the Church of England, and the recently organized church association. The dispute waxed warm. Proceedings have been instituted by the ecclesiastical powers but whether they will be carried through seems doubtful. The old questions of posture, genuflections, facing the East, elevating the host, &c., are inviolated.

J. E. M.

The Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, N.S., MARCH 3, 1875.

The matter of an Asylum for the cure of Inebriates in this Province has now for some years received more or less of attention in the press and in the Legislature. And although nothing practical has resulted as yet, we are nevertheless not without hope that there may soon be an awakening on the part of our public men to the value and necessity for such an institution. We are informed that a Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, Superintendent of the "Appleton Temporary Home" in Boston is expected to pay a visit to Halifax about the middle of March, and will deliver some Lectures on these institutions and the mode of treatment adopted in them for the restoration of the intemperate to habits of sobriety. These lectures will doubtless be full of interest for all who care for the families of those who are held in bondage by the demon Intemperance.

We have been requested to publish the following sad and yet joyful experience from the pen of one saved by means of this institution under the superintendence of Mr. McKenzie:

We may add to the above that we have learned that since the Institution was opened in April, 1873, it has admitted 2278 men, and has furnished lodgings and food and clothing to a large number and procured employment for 1701, all at a cost up to Dec. 31, 1874, of \$14,711.95.

Here is the evidence of what is felt by some of those who have been cured taken from the *Boston Evening Herald* of Feb. 2nd, 1875.

A THANK OFFERING.—Mr. D. Banks McKenzie has received the following letter, accompanied by the sum mentioned: "Since I came to Boston with God's blessing I have made more money than I anticipated. I have visited your institution on several occasions, and I am satisfied that there is no institution in this city more worthy of support. I give you one hundred dollars as a thank offering to Almighty God for his blessings conferred on me, to assist you in establishing your new home for inebriates. Yours,

Newport, Nova Scotia."

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH AND HELL.

The editor of this paper having requested me to give some account of my experience since coming to Boston, early in last November, I will endeavor briefly to do so without trespassing on the patience of its readers.

Removing from Waterford, New York, in my eleventh year (April 1853) to Milwaukee, Wis., I have for the last twenty-one years made my home in the great and growing West, and witnessed the changes which have been wrought in the business, social and religious phases of the community in which I took up my abode. Engaged from an early age in various commercial pursuits, in the midst of a population largely foreign, (fully one-half being of German or Irish descent—the German element predominating) in a city which this influence has filled with beer and whisky saloons, Sunday gardens and dance-houses; like thousand of young men with good business prospects and money at command, I drifted insensibly into the seething maelstrom of dissipation whose whirling eddies surrounded me, an losing hold on my early religious impressions and falling into selfish and reckless self-indulgence during the easy money-getting times of the war, sank lower, morally and physically, every year.

During the great revival of 1857, I was drawn into the Cong. Church (being then in my sixteenth year.) Dr. Z. M. Humphrey, my pastor, removing to Chicago, where he entered the Pres. Church, and thence to Philadelphia, I lost his influence and counsel, and the enthusiasm and zeal

of the young convert, untired in the fiery ordeal of this world's temptation, soon cooled under the indifference and worldliness of older church members, and was swept away like a dream before the engrossments and illusory visions of young manhood. Founded on the sand of unstable and transient emotions, such faith could not withstand the rude shocks and tempests of trial and temptation; and the influence of a praying mother the comforts and surroundings of a good home, could not avail to withhold me from tasting off of the foaming cup of sinful pleasures; yea and of drinking of them even to the bitter dregs. Yea, unto ashes, desolation and mockery of spirit. Then my soul cried out in anguish, but there was none to deliver!

Beginning the habitual use of stimulants in the sad and gloomy fall of 1862, when the nation's fate hung trembling in the balance, and the dark and rebellious powers of earth and hell seemed triumphantly leagued together to destroy the hope of mankind in this Republic; my course received therefrom an inevitable acceleration downward; and an added misery thenceforth overhung my darkening life and the lives of those who, by every claim, should have been dear and sacred to me. Tears, prayers and entreaties, disregarded, counsel and warnings set at naught, and pride, self will and sensual appetites asserting their uncontrolled domination over a wretched dupe and victim who gloried in his chains. Shook and startled from time to time by some narrow escape from death or prostrating sickness, vainly I tried to throw off in my own strength the relentless shackles which bound me; medical treatment, pledges unnumbered resolutions and new beginnings all ending in the old, old story of failure and discouragement. Temperance organizations, water cures, inebriate asylums, cures for drunkenness, and even imprisonment;—the whole round were tried and without avail, a few weeks or months of sobriety, and the slumbering demon again awoke and re-asserted his power to enslave the soul of one of those beings of whom the Psalmist could sing:—"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But at last, after twelve long years of weary watching and waiting, came the response to a mother's faithful prayers. A younger brother reformed by the all-powerful grace of God, and at the present time Superintendent of one of the leading Y. M. C. Associations in America, heard of the "Appleton Temporary Home," conducted by Mr. McKenzie in this city. "Hedged in" by the Lord, reduced to dark and dismal straits and almost despairing, I came, on three hours notice, over a thousand miles to this "Home," and, I thank God, I can say to day, that I firmly believe it has been the gracious instrument, under Him and working in the power of Christ's love, of my salvation. Received with a warm, quiet and brotherly welcome, as a fellow sufferer seeking release and enfranchisement from the wearying and corroding fetters of sin and Satan, from the moment I crossed the threshold of the Home, I felt that I had come into a new atmosphere, and the desire and craving for drink left me, and to this day, has never returned. "O that man would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderfully works towards the children of men."

Treated as a man and a gentleman, restrained by no bolts or bars, debarred from no freedom of action, I have walked the streets of Boston, and with means to gratify the desire and opportunity on every hand, have felt strong in the might of the Lord Jesus Christ to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan," to even the suggestion of such a thought. Not of me, O Lord, not of me, but of Thy grace, and that alone, for, dear reader, whoever you may be, I feel that without Christ's saving power to sustain me I could not stand one hour.

In conclusion I will briefly say, that in all of a somewhat wide and varied experience of men and of reformatory institutions and measures, I have never met with such a man as Mr. McKenzie, himself plucked "a brand from the burning" by the power of God, after seventeen years of reckless and fearful dissipation, and in His gracious and almighty hands made an instrument in reforming, helping and saving his fellow men. Never have I been in a place where the spirit of Christ, in His work and labor of love, and helpfulness, seems so to pervade the daily atmosphere, and, during my nine weeks' sojourn here, I have seen again and again, signal instances of the power of Christ's love, as manifested through human instrumentality, to touch the hearts and awaken the consciences of reckless, indifferent, and despairing men. And not only are the victims of intemperance cared for, but the doors of this Home are open to all, to the extent of its ability to provide for their immediate wants; the hungry are fed, the homeless are lodged, the destitute are clothed, and if strangers, sent home to their friends or employment found for them. Dependent wholly on voluntary contributions from the charitable, and those who have been benefited and reformed through its agency, for the means to carry it on, deficits must inevitably occur and have occurred, in the ignorance of the Christian and general public as to the true objects of this Home and the mode of carrying it on, and a debt of over \$300, incurred for absolutely necessary expenditures, now cripples its means of usefulness, and hinders and thwarts Mr. McKenzie in his unselfish labors of love; he receiving nothing for his time and constant and unwearying efforts, but the bare support of himself and family.