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BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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WHOLE NO. 142

The Holy Land.

[The following deeply interesting letter, written from Palestine by the Rev. Mr. Richter, Agent for the American and Foreign Bible Society, we copy from the Bible Society Record.—Ed. Intell.]

PALESTINE, March 16, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—One cannot travel in the Holy Land without being impressed with the fulfilment of the Divine predictions concerning it. The land that was once the glory of all lands—"A land flowing with milk and honey"—is now a scene of desolation and decay. "The robbers have entered into it and defiled it." "The spoilers are come upon all the high places." "The highways lie waste, the wayfarer man ceaseth." "The earth is defiled and the inhabitants thereof." "Your land, strangers devour it in your presence," writes Isaiah, "and it is desolate as overthrow by strangers." How fully has this come to pass! Ten successive invasions have introduced into Syria the conquests of the Romans, Arabians, Turks, Europeans, Egyptians; and thus it has been given into the hands of "strangers for a prey, and unto the wicked of the earth for a spoil." So also respecting Jerusalem itself. "Zion shall be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." One sees the ploughshare driven across Mount Zion, and heaps of destruction in Jerusalem. As our Saviour himself predicted, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

The impression of the strict truthfulness of Scripture history likewise comes forcibly to mind. Though Jerusalem has been thus destroyed, and the country laid waste by the hand of strangers, yet the people who now possess the land have to a great extent retained the ancient names and localities. They are a pastoral people, dwelling in tents, and their habits and customs remain the same as in Bible days. You see women coming to the fountains, with their pitchers on the shoulder, to draw water; two women grinding corn at the mill; and upon Mount Lebanon they still wear the large ornamental horns on their foreheads, as in Scripture times. You see the shepherds tending their flocks and guiding the sheep, by going before and calling with the voice that the sheep knoweth, and at night, as they bring them to the fold, carefully dividing the sheep from the goats. You see the ancient landmarks set up; and as there are no fences, when the sower goes forth to sow, some seed fall by the way side, and some naturally upon stony ground, and the fowls of the air come and devour them. You see also the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, used for the same purpose still; and the beautiful lilies of the field, to which our Saviour referred, as he said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Constantly these, and such passages as these, were vividly illustrated before us, or strikingly impressed upon the mind. Then, too, the topography of the country remains the same—the mountains, plains, and valleys unchanged. There are Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, and the mountains round about Jerusalem. There too are Hermon, Tabor, Carmel, and the mountains of Moab beyond Jordan. There are Bethel, Bethlehem, Hebron, Nazareth, Tiberias; bringing forcibly to the mind the scenes connected with the lives of the patriarchs, prophets, and the Saviour himself, that transpired in and around them. How do all these strengthen and confirm the faith of the Christian traveller as he passes through the Holy Land. Though in desolation, under the eye of God, it is the land of the Bible still.

One is likewise strengthened in the belief of the full inspiration of Scripture. As you stand upon the spot, and read the sublime language of the Bible, far beyond all human thought and conception, you feel that none could have penned it but holy men of old, who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

I made a visit to Hebron, where Abraham dwelt, and built an altar unto the Lord. It is still called by the Arabs, El-Khulid; i. e., The Friend of God. "Then Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Here the Lord appeared to him, when he was ninety and nine years old, and established his covenant with him, and his seed after him, in their generations, that he would be his God, and give him the land of Canaan, wherein he was a stranger, for an everlasting possession. Here again the Lord appeared unto him, as he sat in the door of his tent, in debate of day, and revealed to Abraham the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; and as he pleaded earnestly for those guilty cities, that God "would not destroy the righteous with the wicked," the Lord declared, that "for the sake of ten righteous in the city," he would not destroy it. Here too, in "the cave of Machpelah before Mamre," the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan, the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, lie buried with their wives, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. A large Mohammedan mosque is now erected over the sepulchre, and no Christian foot is allowed to enter within.

Hebron was also for seven years the royal residence of David in the beginning of his reign; and in the midst of these scenes he

doubtless composed many of his Psalms, that "thrill through the soul, and lift it up to God."

As it is one of the sacred places both of Jews and Moslems, the people are exceedingly bigoted, and there is no circulating the Scriptures among them.

On our return from the city of David we came to Bethlehem, hallowed as the birth-place of our Divine Lord and Redeemer.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, and, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

proclaiming from heaven the Gospel of salvation to man, "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." It was most interesting to visit the place of our Saviour's birth at Bethlehem, and also to look forth on the plain where the shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, saw the vision of angels, and heard their song of praise for redemption to man.

While we made an excursion to the Dead Sea, where the Lord overthrew the cities of the plain, and "raised down brimstone and fire upon them from the Lord out of heaven, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." The waters of the lake are black, acrid, and bitter, and the shores, plains, and mountains around, present a complete picture of volcanic desolation and destruction, exhibiting to this day the wrath and vengeance of God.

Just above we came to the banks of the Jordan, "over against Jericho," where the children of Israel passed over, and entered the promised land. Here also "came Jesus to Jordan, unto John, to be baptized of him, and as he went up straightway out of the water, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Returning, we came to Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, the town of Mary and her sister Martha, with whom the Saviour loved to dwell, and whose brother Lazarus he raised from the dead. It is situated in a lovely vale at the Mount of Olives, and seemed a fitting place for our Saviour's favorite retreat. We were shown the house and reported tomb of Lazarus, a large sepulchre cut in the solid rock.

Then we came to the side of the Mount of Olives, and enjoyed a beautiful view of the Holy City, spread out like a picture before us. From this point Jesus beheld the city, and wept over it, exclaiming, in the deep utterance of his soul, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and he would not!" From thence, also, our Lord made his triumphant entry into the city. "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

I loved to walk out from the city by St. Stephen's Gate into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and across the brook Cedron to the garden of Gethsemane, and beyond upon the sides of Mount Olivet. Here our Saviour withdrew, and spent the night in spiritual communion and prayer: "And in the day-time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the Mount of Olives." I sought also for Calvary and the holy sepulchre, but could not persuade myself they were located, where Catholic tradition fixes them, within the walls of the present city. Though the places are not, the scenes connected with the crucifixion and resurrection are; sure as the word of God, giving pardon from the cross, and bringing life and immortality to light through the Gospel of Christ. How precious are these sacred associations to the Christian heart, quickening our piety, strengthening our faith, and filling us with all the fulness of the Word of God! But I must not linger longer in and around the Holy City. From Jerusalem we journeyed northward, and came to Bethel, or House of God, where Jacob saw in his dream a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold, the Lord stood above it, and said: "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And he called the name of that place Bethel."

Passing by the way of Shiloh, where the ark and tabernacle long continued, we next arrived at Nablous, the ancient Shechem. Near by is Jacob's well, where our Saviour sat weary with his journey, and as the woman of Samaria came to draw water, he discoursed to her of the water of everlasting

life. On the right rises Ebal, the mount of cursing, and on the left Gerizim, the mount of blessing, when on the Samaritans built a temple and worshipped God, in opposition to the Jews at Jerusalem. And here the small remnant that is left still go up four times a year to offer sacrifice and worship. They live entirely distinct, and as of old, "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."

The Day of Judgment.

That there is to be a day of Judgment, of final reckoning, is clearly revealed in the Holy Scriptures. No one can imagine the terrors and glories of that great occasion.

We are appalled by the tread of the earthquake, by the crushing tornado, or by the fearful utterances of a terrific thunder storm, but what are all those even combined, when compared with the,

"Great Day of God Almighty and the Lamb." A day in which will be exhibited a

"God in grandeur and a world on fire." "Great day of dread decision and despair! At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp and quits the world." Speaking of this day the Apostle Peter says, "The heavens and the earth, which are kept in store reserved unto fire against the day of Judgment, and perdition of ungodly men. The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

Paul speaks of it (11 Thess. i. 7-9) as a day "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."

The Apostle Jude assures us that "the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them (men) of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." This day of judgment is not appointed for men merely, but God will bring to judgment the fallen angels, too, for says Jude, the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

From these and other passages, familiar to the Bible reader, we learn who is to be the Judge on the great day—the once crucified, the long-contrived Jesus; we learn also what is to be the manner of his coming and what the object of his advent.

The sea shall deliver up the unnumbered millions that have gone down to its deep and silent chambers—in the storm, amid the din of battle, or in the silent, ocean funeral. The Earth, the great charnel house of the dead, whose alluvial deposits are made up in a great measure of the once living nations, will return its dead—an immense concourse. All these the long-resplendent lines of the righteous, clothed with robes of immortality; the broken ranks of the "fearful and unbelieving;" the fallen angels and the millions of the glorified angels from heaven—all—from heaven, earth, and hell—all—from North, South, East and West—all—all—will be seen on that great and awful day coming, coming, COMING, to the Throne of the Eternal!

What rejoicings will be witnessed on that glorious day!—what fearful lamentations will be uttered! What splendor and power will be displayed by the Judge on His throne! How great the contrast between the crown of thorns that lacerated his brow, and the crown of glory that shall adorn his brow on that great rewarding day!

How great the contrast between the robes of meek royalty forced royalty forced upon Jesus by Herod and his men of War, and the effulgent robes of purity and light which will beautify and adorn the Beloved on the last Great Day!

Now longer will he be viewed as the crucified—as a blasphemer and a malefactor, the object of scorn and contempt, but he will be seen by the guilty as the stern, avenging Judge, and admired more and more by His people, as the glorious Deliverer!

No longer will he be followed by the poor, the deaf, the blind, and the halt, begging for bread and praying to be healed, or by enemies seeking to entrap him in his words, but he will be surrounded by angel and arch angel, by cherubim and seraphim, by Patriarchs, Apostles and Prophets, by the spirits of just men made perfect, an innumerable multitude, an interminable procession, shouting, "like the sound of many waters, like the sound of mighty thunders"—"Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Reader! you must be present on that Great Day, for says the Apostle "we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." You will see the Judge on his throne, for "every eye shall see him" we are assured; you will be one of the billions that will stand at the bar, and if you would take your stand there, not among the fearful and unbelieving, amazed and terror-stricken, if you would be there with a joyful heart and the song of praise on your lips—then take your place now among the friends of Jesus—for "now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

—Due West Telescope.

Memorable Mornings in Scripture.

There are some very remarkable mornings recorded in Scripture worthy of attention. It was a morning long to be remembered in which the angels hastened Lot and led him and his family out of Sodom. The sun rose before he entered Zoar; and when Abraham got up early and looked towards Sodom he beheld, and to the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. It was a happy morning in the life of Isaac when peace and plenty were secured to him and his family by a contract confirmed by oath between him and a neighbouring king, to perform which they rose betimes in the morning. It was a morning sacred in memory with Jacob and his posterity, when after his dream of a frame with steps opening a passage from the earth to the temple of the King of kings, graced with heavenly officers, going up and down to teach him the doctrine of Providence; he rose up early, set up a pillar, and dedicated both the place and himself to God. Nor could time ever erase out of his memory that other morning when a man wrestled with him until the breaking of the day: "Let me go," said one "for the day breaketh." "I will not let thee go," replied the other, "unless thou bless me." What memorable mornings were those, in which Moses rose up early, stood before Pharaoh, and in the name of Almighty God demanded liberty for his nation! What a night was that in which the Israelites passed through the sea, and what a morning succeeded when Moses stretched out his hand, and the tide rolled back with the dawning of the day, and floated the carcasses of the Egyptians to the feet of the people of God on the shore. Early every morning for forty years the cloud was taken up and the manna fell. What an honorable morning was that for Daniel when a great king visited him in the lion's den! And to mention no more, that was a morning sacred to memory throughout all generations, in which Jesus, the King of Israel, was cut off. It was early in the morning that the anxious Mary resorted to the tomb of Jesus. "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn, towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to the sepulchre." Mat. xxviii. 1. Mark says it was very early in the morning at the rising of the sun; John says it was very early when it was yet dark.

While Christ is proclaiming himself to be the light of the world, and declaring that he who followeth him shall not walk in darkness, surely the slumberer will no longer remain in a state so degrading and so similar to that of nature's darkness. Since the Holy Scriptures are asking him, let the sleeper arise and call upon his God.—Duty of Early Rising.

Seven Hundred Murders

Were committed in the United States in the year 1854. Nine out of ten were direct fruits of the liquor business. Let an honest man look at the record of blood, and then support the rum traffic without a burning check if he can.

What a fearful slaughter, what darkening crime! So many have transformed into fiends; so many hands have been stained in human blood, and their souls with crime. Stains that never can be washed out have been affixed to so many names. The people have tried and punished all these, and borne the burden of the taxation thereof, and in God's holy name, what benefits have they received from the traffic, which has wrought all this.

And so for ages, blood has smoked hotly from rums sacrificial altars. The gullows and the penguins are as necessary to the rum traffic as peacocks to the plague. A heathen people might plead an excuse for this infernal system. But a Christian people have none. Murder riots in its unbroken feasts of blood. Fiendish butcheries are of common occurrence.

With the shadow of these scaffolds darkening the land, statesmen stand up and petition about nothing, and wait about the value of property invested in the rum business! God teaches us that man is of more value than many sparrows. Politicians teach us that rum is more sacred than the interests of the two worlds. Flones, hearts, and human life, must all be sacrificed to feed the consuming fires of these hells on earth.

But the better day comes steadily on. Human fiends shall not always gorge on human blood "on authority." Our presses shall not always give daily record of revellings and blood butcheries.

What is it to be Saved?

Reader, I dare say you have often heard ministers speak of people "being saved." You have probably a secret feeling in your heart, that when you die, you would like to be saved. But, after all, what is it to be saved? Listen to me, and I will try to tell you what the Bible says about it. Alas, there are many who talk of being saved, and yet know nothing of the meaning of the words!

To be saved, is not merely to profess and call yourself a Christian. You may have all the outward parts of Christianity, and yet be lost after all. You may be baptized into Christ's church,—go to Christ's table,—have Christian knowledge,—be reckoned a Christian man,—and yet be a dead soul all your days, and at last be found at Christ's left hand, among the goats. No, reader, this is not salvation! Salvation is something higher and deeper than this.

To be saved, is to be delivered in this present life from the guilt of sin, by faith in Jesus Christ, the Saviour. It is to be pardoned, justified, and freed from every charge of sin, by faith in Christ's blood and mediation. Whosoever with his heart believes on the Lord Jesus is a saved soul. He shall not perish. He shall have eternal life. This is the first part of salvation, and the root of all the rest. But this is not all.

To be saved is to be delivered in this present life from the power of sin, by being born again, and sanctified by Christ's spirit. It is to be freed from the hateful dominion of sin, the world, and the devil, by having a new nature put into us by the Holy Ghost. Whosoever is thus renewed in the spirit of his mind, and converted, is a saved soul. He shall not perish. He shall enter into the kingdom of God. This is the second part of salvation. But this is not all.

To be saved, is to be delivered in the day of judgement from the awful consequences of sin. It is to be declared blameless, spotless, faultless, and complete in Christ, while others are found guilty, and condemned forever. It is to hear those comfortable words,—"Come ye blessed;" while others hear those fearful words,—"Depart ye cursed," it is to be pronounced free from the portion of the wicked, —the worm that never dies,—the fire that is not quenched,—the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, that never ends. It is to receive the reward prepared for the righteous,—the glorious body,—the kingdom that is incorruptible,—the crown that fadeth not away,—and the joy that is for evermore. This is complete salvation.

Such is salvation. It is to be saved from the guilt, power, and consequences of sin. It is to believe and be sanctified now, and to be delivered from the wrath of God in the last day. He that has the first part in the life that now is, shall undoubtedly have the second part in the life that is to come. Both parts of it hang together, let no man dare to put asunder. Let none dream he shall ever be saved hereafter.

Reader, take notice, the grand object of having religion, is to be saved. This is the great question that you have to settle with your conscience, and to which I want you to attend. The matter is not whether you go to church or chapel,—whether you go through certain forms and ceremonies,—whether you observe certain days, and perform a certain number of religious duties. The matter is, whether, after all, you will be saved. With-out this, all your religious doings are weariness and labour in vain. Never, never be content with anything short of a saving religion!

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God's Sabbaths Wasted.

Exodus xx, 8, 9, 10; Isaiah lviii, 13, 14; St. John xx, 19.

What are you doing with your Sabbaths? God saith, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Do you remember, and keep it holy?

In each year there are fifty-two Sabbaths; in thirty-five years, five whole years of Sabbath! In seventy years, ten whole years of Sabbaths!

Are you wasting your Sabbaths? If so, when the day of reckoning comes, and justice says, "Pay me that thou owest," think, sinner! What wilt thou do?

"Will a man rob God?" Alas, then wilt thou find that thou hast robbed him of the day which he claims, "The Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

Does business get thee gain on that day? It is a hard bargain for thy soul. Does pleasure bring thee mirth? "The end of that mirth is not happiness."

How will mis-spent Sabbaths look at a dying day, and the light of eternity? If you have no place in God's house on earth, God has no place for you in his house in heaven.

Distance, care, poverty, or any feigned excuse keep men from entering his house now, but the unchanged heart that allows these excuses will be an eternal bar to their entering his house hereafter. Excuses for the most part are like floors with the dry-rot; woe to him who trusts his weight on them.

Sinner! it may be that thy winding-sheet is even now ready, and the wood seasoned of which thy coffin shall be made. Beware lest that vision of St. John speak awful truth to thee. "And I looked and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat upon him was Death, and Hell followed with him." (Rev. vi, 8.) What would souls in hell give once more to hear those Sabbath-chimes, which many now regard as little as the tinkling of a sheep-bell! What would they give once more to get the offer of mercy through Christ, which many now will not cross their threshold to obtain? What would they then give to be quit of the sting of those sins to which they now cling so closely?

O sirs, "consider your ways." Sin is like a gold cup, with sugared poison within; it looks well, and handles well, and tastes well, but death is in the drinking; the dregs will be bitter indeed.

O, loathe sin, and leave it. Humble yourself before God for the past. Begin another and a better life. Come and sit at the feet of Jesus, who is the best master, the kindest friend, the wisest counsellor, and the only Saviour. He pardons freely, blesses largely. He gives his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. O, come to Jesus, and you shall be safe and happy.

You shall then know, by happy experience, that "one day in God's courts is better than a thousand." In prayer, in praise, and in the

hearing of the Word, shall the Lord's day thenceforth be spent. Your song shall be: "Thus may my Sabbath pass away, My best, my holiest, happiest day, The sweetest of the seven, But yet a rest for saints remains, A Sabbath free from cares and pains, Eternal and in heaven!"

To that rest you will press forward, and when 'the time of your departure is at hand,' you shall rejoice in the Lord and say, "My flesh and my heart, and my portion for ever." "Remember," then, "the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Let but a few more of these days pass by neglected, and you will bewail their loss throughout eternity—you will then find, too late, that

"God's Sabbaths wasted, Are hell's pains hastened."

Correspondence

For the Religious Intelligencer.

A Missionary Tour up the "Restigouche" River.

MR. EDGEMOND.—If you think the following sketch of a short excursion, will afford any interest or pleasure to your numerous readers, you will oblige by inserting it, in your excellent paper.

We left Bathurst on the 20th Aug. on a tour up the Restigouche, in company with a young and ardent friend, who enjoyed himself greatly. We reached Mountain Brook, the same evening and was most hospitably entertained by a Jersey man and his kind and christian family. Preached to a small company who assembled to hear the word of life. Drove the next day to Campbelltown and preached to a goodly company of attentive hearers. The whole distance from Bathurst, to Campbelltown, is 70 miles, and is settled the entire extent.

On Friday we crossed the Restigouche River at Campbelltown and for the first time set my foot on Canadian soil. The River is about a mile wide at this point. On the Canadian side is situated the Indian Village and Mission. In this village there is a large Chapel, and about one hundred and fifty houses and wigwags, containing from seven to eight hundred souls. The place swarms with Indians; but all behaved civilly and orderly. A Priest resides here, and is said to be very zealous in his work. Some good may result from his efforts to promote sober and industrious habits among these natives of the forests, and some moral and spiritual good may accrue to their souls; but we thought what a pity there was not such a man as John Sunday, to reside among them to teach them the way of life and salvation. The soil is very fertile and the crops are good. Crossed the River Du Loupe. Called at two or three places and were hospitably and courteously entertained. Passed Battery Point, where the French in former times had a few guns mounted to prevent the enemy from coming up the River. Preached at Esclimaire to a serious and devout congregation and dedicated a person to God. Here we took up our lodgings for the night with an old Scotchman who with his wife—their wife and three children—paid us every attention in their power. On our return we visited a few families and partook of their hospitality. We did ourselves the honour to wait upon the Mayor and Mayress of Mann. Ascending further up the river we passed Mission Point off which two pirate vessels were sunk by the English and are yet to be seen. In this vicinity a band of pirates many years ago resorted for winter quarters. An expedition was fitted out by the English on the St. Lawrence, marched through the wilderness surprised the enemy destroyed their fortifications and sunk their ships. Human bones, fire arms, broken swords, cannon balls &c., are still to be found in this locality. There are two or three excellent farms above this point before you turn off on the Kemps Road up which we travelled about three miles to a Mr. N.—S. The Kemps Road was opened to the St. Lawrence in one thousand eight hundred and thirty one. The distance is eighty-five miles. Mr. N. has given evidence to every man woman child who passes this road what industry and economy can do. He settled here twenty three years ago, cleared a large farm and has it under good cultivation and last year raised six hundred bushels of grain.

Preached at Campbelltown Sunday morning, and administered the Sacrament of the Lords Supper to about thirty-five persons some of whom had never communed with us before. This is a rising village but it would have improved much more rapidly had the shipping port been here instead of at Dalhousie. There is however some considerable trade here still. We saw two large vessels on the stocks soon to take their destined station on the restless ocean where many a gallant ship spreads her flowing canvases to catch the passing breeze and where full many a vessel freighted with human beings lies buried deep beneath the towering wave. Here is a Wesleyan Church a Wesleyan Chapel with other large buildings. In the rear of the Town a mountain called the Sugar Loaf, rising its hoary head some six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Up this mountain a Wesleyan Minister once ascended with the agility of a giant, preaching