

kind of trash that leads to barefaced infidelity, may the Lord stop the progress of such a truant. I am now almost 83 years of age. It is almost 60 years since I commenced travelling the shores and wilds of Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick, &c., and have witnessed many revivals of pure religion, I trust, and have seen much that hath borne the name, but alas, "it is not all pure gold that glistens."—But I trust many have been, and will be eternally saved.

There is no need of taking up time by making many remarks on our late Jubilee Association, as you have been sufficiently informed of that by brother Spurden and others, much more capable than I ever was. My age, infirmities, and particular indisposition at the time prevented me performing the service assigned me by my brethren, or attending all the meetings, though my lodging was the next door to the Meeting-house; but the preaching, addresses, &c. were of a high order, and much good I trust will be the result. But I will state, though I have attended about sixty Associations, though my hearing is very dull, I never felt a more calm and serene season at an Association in my life. The ministering brethren and messengers appeared like the Lord's host. The congregation throughout appeared like a field the Lord had blessed, and I trust He will bless in time and eternity.

We have been visited with a great drought, the prospect was alarming. The Baptist churches held a day of humiliation and prayer, the Methodist church followed, and then the Presbyterian church also attended to the solemn subject, and now the rain hath descended in copious showers. Glory be to a prayer-hearing God. There hath recently occurred among us a remarkable case of lingering sickness, conversion, and triumphant death.—Mr. Andrew Stuartt, a young man of respectable standing in society, though an honest man, a kind son, brother, neighbour, and friend, yet lived without religion, that is the religion of the heart. Some months past Mr. Stuartt's health began to decline, he had no alarming apprehensions that his end was near. Still declining, but he finally took the alarm, death stared him in the face and he cried for mercy, and mercy was found. Brother Hunt visited him to good purpose. I also visited. We were fully satisfied that he was a "brand plucked from the burning." Last Tuesday evening he fell asleep in Jesus. Last Friday, his corpse was interred; brother Hunt preached an appropriate discourse from Isaiah xxv. 8. "He will swallow up death in victory." Then we took our leave of a brother beloved and now glorified. I must close my hasty communication. My most unfeigned love to brother Robinson, and all the brethren old and young, and male and female, so far as the Visitor goes. My love to Mrs. Very, &c. while I remain your much obliged.

EDWARD MANNING.

Mrs. Manning is old and feeble, but we are both as well as common. Our daughter and family are well as usual. Nothing very remarkable hath occurred of late among us except the case of dear brother Stuartt.

I cannot write as I wish to write. I hope you will forgive my bad writing. If you knew the state of my nerves, I think you would not hesitate.

E. M.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER.—I have reflected much of late, upon the awful inconsistency of the Sons of Adam respecting their immortal souls.—How apt they are in looking after their temporal concerns! How eager in gaining worldly emoluments! But alas! how careless and indifferent they appear to be with regard to their eternal interests, how awfully negligent in securing an interest in the all-atoning blood of the Saviour!

Is it not lamentable to behold intelligent beings thus absorbed in worldly pursuits, while the far more important concerns of their precious souls are almost totally neglected! In this enlightened age too, and in this highly privileged land, where the Scriptures are so widely circulated, and where the means of grace are so extensively enjoyed, is it not heart-rending to see so many of our fellow beings heedlessly wending their way down to the gulf of everlasting woe! While the poor uncultivated heathen, destitute of a knowledge of the living and true God, is ignorantly though zealously, bowing down to gods made by his own hands, we see his more highly favoured brother, although blessed with the Bible and the faithful admonitions of the Lord's servants, yet apparently regardless of the

God that made him, and unconcerned about the future destiny of his immortal soul.

Is it not astonishing that a rational and accountable being, even unassisted by divine grace, can possess a knowledge of his relation to his Creator, of the sufferings and death of a crucified Saviour, or of the sad consequences of rejecting the invitations of the Gospel, without being at once convicted of sin, and alarmed at the awful danger of living without God and without hope in the world. But is it not far more astonishing that that being who has tasted the sweets of redeeming love, and who has experienced the goodness of God in delivering his soul from the bondage of sin, could ever again grow cold and indifferent in the cause of his Divine Master, and again return to the beggarly elements of the world?

I have, at the present moment, many individuals in my mind's eye, who have publicly owned the name of Jesus, and for a time bid fair to adorn their profession by a well ordered life and goodly conversation,—yes, I know of many who once bid fair for the kingdom of heaven; whose continual theme was praises to Him who had redeemed their souls, and promised to be ornaments in the church of Christ. But alas! where are they now? At all places of worldly amusement you may see them boldly acting a part. You will seldom hear them speak of the name of Jesus either in private or public; in fact they can scarcely be distinguished from the giddy mass of mankind. While the bleeding cause of the Saviour requires their aid, we find them cold and indifferent, and insensible to the prosperity of Zion.

They confess that they have enjoyed more real happiness in an hour, while living in obedience to the commands of God, than they now enjoy in the space of whole months, yet they still continue to live in this God-dishonouring manner, a burden to themselves and a stumbling-block to others. Surely such individuals have abundant reasons to dread the awful consequence of living in direct opposition to God's commands, and to the light they have received.

If you deem it prudent you may submit these thoughts to the consideration of those who have named the name of Christ; and may they be careful to depart from iniquity, and by their precept and example, influence others to turn from their wicked ways to serve the living God. Yours in the Gospel. W.

Saxse, 30th July, 1849.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

FLOWERS.

I love the flowers, the fair bright flowers, to me they speak of pleasures pure and unsullied, and lift my mind above the trifling vanities of earth. In their fragrance I imagine I breathe the pure air of blissful realms, and in their rich and varied tints behold an emblem of the bright unfading flowers which adorn the bowers of eternal joy. Their leaves breathe forth poetry, which for sublimity cannot be surpassed by aught that is earthly, and their pages are open for all to read.

Yes, they look up as bright and smiling to the lowly peasant as to the proud noble. We behold them climbing the walls of the cottage, decorating the windows of the humble, and the room of the invalid is enlivened by their presence.

Thus unconsciously and without ostentation they diffuse happiness around them.—Should not these bright children of nature infuse into our hearts a wish to be useful in the world, not from selfish motives, but from a pure desire to benefit and cheer our fellow creatures, and to serve and honour our beneficent Creator! And from their evanescent nature should we not draw a useful lesson on the shortness of life and the duty of being prepared for death?

May we, when called to bid adieu to earth and its checkered scenes of joy and woe, leave behind us like them a rich and lasting perfume!

LEONORA.

LETTER FROM MRS. BURPE.

We were about to make extracts from the following letter published in the Christian Messenger of last week, but it is so good a letter, and so kindly expressed, we presume none will regret our publishing the whole.

Akyab, April 24th, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR —, I feel quite sorry to think that I have allowed three mails to pass without writing home.

You will I fear be blaming me a little, and yet could you know all the circumstances which have prevented me, you would think them sufficient excuse. But without entering into any detail of these, let me hasten to acknowledge two dear letters which have reached us in the mean time, giving us good accounts of you all. What would I not give for a peep in upon you all, and to introduce my two little Indian boys to your happy little group. They would soon join in a romp for they both love it dearly.—They are both very healthy, and we have all much to be grateful for that we are all in such tolerable health this hot unhealthy season.—We have been highly favoured as regards situation. By the advice of the doctor and with the permit of the authorities here we have been spending a few weeks at a Government Sanatorium on the sea side, a short distance from town, and a little removed from the scene of the cholera's fearful ravages. This dread disease has prevailed this year very extensively, and been very fatal among the natives, in less than a month carrying off I think between one and two thousand. The little Burman church has lost four of its male members.—One was the teacher of the school, a very promising young man, and one who to us, it appeared could ill be spared. But the Lord hath done it and it is well. The event which cast the greatest gloom over the little English community was the sudden death, by cholera, of Mrs. Crawford, the wife of our then Commissioner, who has since removed to Calcutta.—On Saturday the 20th, she and her husband rode down to the Point where we were staying, and conversed some time with us, apparently in perfect health. On Monday we followed her to the grave. Oh, how difficult it seemed to realize the work which death had done in that short time. The nearest and dearest ties had been sundered, and no one could look on the bowed, heart-stricken mourner, as he was reluctantly almost dragged from the grave, without their hearts bleeding for him. She has left eight children, seven in England, and one little babe, of six months old, here. She was a most interesting, amiable woman, beloved and esteemed by all who knew her.—Our acquaintance was so short and slight that we had but little opportunity of knowing much of her religious character, but from what her husband said respecting it after her death, to Mr. Burpe and Mr. Ingalls, we have great hopes that she was a true christian, and that the exchange of worlds to her was a glorious one. He, poor man though deeply crushed, was, when he left here, seeking for consolation from the only source whence it could be obtained, and was enabled to say that he could kiss the rod. We felt quite sorry to lose him as our Commissioner, being, as we hoped, a pious man, and exceedingly friendly to missionaries. It is probable, however, that Captain Phayle, who was formerly Assistant here, and also friendly to missions, and who gave quite a large sum to Mr. Burpe for the benefit of the Kemees, will be appointed in his place. We fear the cholera will have some effect in deterring these poor people (the Kemees) from coming to town. There are none at present here, nor do we dare to make any efforts to get them until the disease is entirely removed. It has very much abated, and we hope and pray that during the coming rains, God may permit us to do something for them in the way of schools. The last six months have been very trying ones to us. My dearest husband's health has been such as to cause a good deal of anxiety, and it was deemed necessary for him to make changes that have kept us pretty much on the move during that time, and necessarily put a stop to missionary work, except at Ramree, where he did all he could and at times too much for his strength. He is now better, I hope decidedly better, but not well. His cough though less than it was still hangs about him, and he is subject at times to a good deal of lassitude. It is nothing however, like the weakness he suffered from before leaving Mergui, and I hope it may be principally owing to the state of the weather, which lately has been very warm. To-day we are having something of a rain storm, with thunder, and the air is already cooled. We do not really suffer much immediately from the heat, but it gradually tells on our constitutions, and we feel in attempting any bodily exertion, that we have not half the strength we had in America. We feel very anxious to be about our work again. Pray for us my dearest —, especially that my dear husband's health may be sufficiently restored to enable him to labor among the poor Kemees. We feel deeply interested in this people, having spent, as you may remember, some weeks among them be-

fore we removed to Mergui, and now we long to get them about us again, and have our hearts and hands employed in striving with the blessing of God to do them good. The little hope there now seems of our soon being reinforced from home has caused us to feel sad, but perhaps our unsettled state has made the disappointment less than it otherwise would have been. Since I last wrote we have had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Moore to Akyab, missionaries from the United States Board. They have not yet decided whether they will go on to Ramree,—for the present at least while learning the language they will remain here and live with Mr. Ingalls. We have bought a house quite near them, and it will be a great comfort to me having a female missionary to associate with. They appear to be kind good people. We are so far away from them just now that we have not seen very much of them yet. We shall return probably in a few days, and then get better acquainted. The steamer is expected hourly, dearest, —, and whether I shall have time for a line to —, is doubtful. As soon as the steamer makes her appearance we must despatch our letters. If I should not be able to write please say to her with much love that her pleasant little notes have given me much pleasure, and I do sincerely thank her for them. I have not the face to beg for more until I write her.—How delighted we were to hear the good news with regard to M— and M —, and that the young converts in Horton were continuing steadfast in their Christian course. Oh! may the Lord preserve them from every temptation blameless unto the end. Dear — and —, I feel anxious about them, and long that they should be made partakers of the same blessing. Tell them I want very much to hear from them both. We feel quite disappointed when the monthly steamer comes in without any letters. Do dear —, write often. There are so many of you, once a month wont be too often will it? We are very glad to receive the Messenger. One or two of old date generally comes with the late ones. Who was it that so kindly thought of sending them overland to us? G. W. not knowing that we received them, sent us his by the last steamer. Mrs. Leslie, of Calcutta, often writes me, and has proved a very kind, steadfast friend to us, often sends us down some little niceties of her own preparing, and which she knows we cannot get here. You will remember we staid at Mr. Leslie's house in Calcutta, and a happy home we found it. They have but two children—the eldest, a girl, is quite an extraordinary child. I think she is only 14 years old, and has made astonishing proficiency in many languages—reads with ease, Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French, Italian, and is studying the Persian, I think, and some of the other Indian languages. Her father has been her only instructor while the mother, I believe, has had the boy mostly under her care. They were both such modest, quiet little things, and yet so affectionate and kind that we became quite attached to them. The girl has been baptized lately which has given her parents a great deal of joy. I must hasten to close my letter, dearest —, as it is quite late. A heart full of love to all the dear, dear ones in Horton and Halifax, and lots of kisses for the darling pets. What a lovely account you gave of dear Grandmamma's death. There surely was more cause for joy than sorrow, that she was permitted so peacefully and cheerfully to enter her rest. Good by my dear, dear —. Oh how often I think of you all, precious darling parents, and dearly loved sisters and brothers. May God be all our portion in this life and that which is to come, is the earnest desire of

Your ever affectionate

LALAH BURPE.

FATHER MATTHEW.—Father Matthew arrived in Boston from New-York on Wednesday last, and was escorted to his quarters at the Adams House with a procession, &c. On Thursday evening a grand festival in honor of the great "apostle of Temperance" was held in Faneuil Hall, at which the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., presided. The Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen; and Clergymen of various denominations were present to welcome the "apostle," including the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, and his son Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Sharp, &c. In the course of the evening the chairman stated "that there was one of our good old puritanical practices which Father Matthew was desirous of seeing carried out; and that was that at 10 o'clock, every honest man should go home and go to bed." The meeting then, after giving six cheers for Father Matthew, separated.

Father Matthew, during his stay in New-York, administered the pledge to 20,000 persons.

A lady in Georgia was recently struck with lightning, which scorched her neck, injured her watch and destroyed her shoes. She was otherwise unhurt.

William Manning, Esq. the oldest Printer in Massachusetts, died at his residence in Cambridgeport on Wednesday, aged 84.