

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

European Correspondence.

Paris, Oct. 2, 1854.

(Continued.)

MR. EDITOR,—

Being desirous of visiting some of the celebrities in the vicinity of Paris, and also of seeing what there may be of rural life in this country, I resolved to go from the city for a time.

"Bufont," said I, "are you disengaged at present?"

"Disengaged? I am always so. Why?"

"Would you like to come with me on an excursion to the neighboring places—to any towns near by, which may be worthy of a visit?"

"Like to? I will go to the end of the world if you wish it—Ami Americain!" he replied, with a tragic air.

"Which of all towns in the neighborhood would you, who are a 'natif de Paris,' pronounce most excellent?"

"Among all towns in our vicinity, large or small, rich or poor, I esteem most highly the city of the noble Cathedral, the home of the unfortunate Sorel, the chosen town of Jeanne d' Arc, the ancient—the classic Orleans!"

"Orleans! sure enough. Bufont, you speak justly, and I am glad that you have given me the hint. Come, prepare, and let us go there together."

On the morning of the following day the rail cars were bearing us swiftly away from Paris, and all its gaieties. The city, with its noise and tumult, was gradually left behind, and the country, all green and beautiful, became more openly presented to our view.

"I think," said Bufont, "that England or America must give more pleasure to the voyageur than France. There is such monotony here in the scenery, that I never take pleasure in travelling. Hence I always hang around Paris. In fact that is what every Frenchman does."

"I do not wonder at it," I replied. "What you have said about the monotony of your rural landscapes, has given me an idea concerning the reason of the preference which your countrymen invariably give to city life. In France everything is centred in the towns and cities. There seems to be no rural life; no country houses, no permanent residences on the open country, like those to which we are accustomed, exist in your land."

"True. I think it is to be lamented, but it is the fault of the country originally, I believe. It cannot be helped now. It is a pity, however. I have frequently lamented it. Indeed, about all my sorrows are on account of this. The artist in France continually misses the charming woodland scenes, and rustic landscapes of other more favored countries."

For the rest of the journey which was of a few hours' duration, the lively Bufont chattered of art, of beauty, of rustic scenes, and of everything which had any relation to those subjects. His mind possessed a great treasure of that knowledge which related to his artistic profession. His opinions here were very valuable, while on other subjects they showed great shrewdness and observation. He was a fine specimen of an accomplished Parisian, a character which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find in any place except the capital of France.

The country was level during the whole distance. The fields were green and cultivated by troops of workmen, who by the way seemed to be all women. I rallied Bufont about such a blot on French gallantry.

"It may seem strange to you," he replied. "I do not wonder at your feelings. But these women are used to it. There is nothing like custom, and as to gallantry, you will find it among these rude people in perfection. The labor of our farmers cannot be very great, since the soil which they till is very loose and sandy. Therefore, it is not so shocking a thing after all for women to perform the outdoor work."

Conversing in this way, we beguiled the monotony of the journey. Railway travelling is always dull, and in France it is unutterably so. The continual recurrence of the same scenes, the never-varying landscapes, the dull sameness of everything around is im-

mensely fatiguing. But I do not believe that anything could make a Frenchman dull, or if so, it could not force him to show it. Bufont confessed himself annoyed to death, yet there was no cessation of his lively remarks. So it appeared to be with all the others who were in the cars with us.

But Orleans at length gladdened our eyes, and we hurried out into the city. It is celebrated for its renowned Cathedral, which has been called the finest in France. It was also the scene of the exploits of Joan of Arc, who is called "La Pucelle d' Orleans."

"Come," said Bufont. "I have heard that Orleans preserves a thousand memorials of antiquity in the ancient streets. Come and let us search them out."

We walked through the City—through the streets that went with intricate windings among overhanging houses, whose quaint gables reminded us of elder days, and in squares which witnessed scenes of fierce tumult among excited burghesses long ago. Here we saw the place where perchance the wild crowd of enthusiasts had waited for the coming of their delivering 'maid,' and where Talbot had urged on his superstitious and panic-stricken soldiers, with a frenzy of excitement. We saw the other shores of the river which had been trodden by the beleaguering army, and the ruins of the very bridge over which passed the victorious army headed by "la Pucelle."

"Ah! la voila! le pont! le pont veritable!" cried Bufont, as he saw the historic bridge. "It is more glorious than that of Horatius Cocles!"

As we returned from the river on our way to the centre of the town, we passed a house adorned with antique ornaments, which appeared most prominently before the eye. The latticed casements and sharp roof, the projecting eaves and gable ends, all told of an ancient time. It was the home of the beautiful—the ill-fated Agnes Sorel.

Not far away is another ancient building, which in former times, Bufont informed me, was a temporary abode of royalty and the palace of a noble. "Now," said he, "it is a provincial museum, fallen, but not entirely, for art has found a habitation here, and the maid of Orleans rules here in sculpture." By this he alluded to the famous bronze statue of Joan, made by a daughter of Louis Philippe, so excellent in its workmanship, that it is pronounced equal to the productions of classic times. Besides this single statue there are few things of interest in this museum. Every town in France has a collection of this kind, and they are all alike. The valuable curiosities are most frequently taken to Paris, where they occupy a worthier sphere.

The Cathedral we reserved to the last. We found a noble street leading up to it. "Once," said Bufont, "there was a mass of antique houses, perforated by dirty streets, in this part of the town. But the chief people wishing a more imposing approach to their great Cathedral, tore down the houses, and made this street. Now they have no reason to be ashamed of the want of a proper view. Look ahead. There is the Cathedral."

I looked ahead. At the end of the noble street arose the magnificent edifice, with its stupendous towers, its innumerable pinnacles, its arches and buttresses. It is most imposing in its appearance to one approaching, and this effect continues increasing as one draws nearer and nearer.

This vast structure was begun centuries ago, but was not completed until a comparatively modern period. Some one has called it the only Cathedral in France which is completely finished. It is of the pointed gothic style which prevailed in the fifteenth century. Its huge towers rise up to a height of over 200 feet, and are ornamented with sculptures from top to bottom. Pillars which seem like slender wires, support fairy-like arches, and an innumerable collection of pinnacles and columns meet the upturned eye in every direction. There are three immense rose windows over the grand portal, and one at each end of the transept. Over the grand altar is a window 80 feet high, painted in a most gorgeous manner. Everything is most magnificent.

As we entered our ears were saluted by a burst of music from the organ. Its tones came pealing through the vaulted nave, and echoed with prolonged cadence among the arches and down the long aisles. Flashes of light streamed from the high altar and dazzled our eyes, while the odour of incense filled the place. All the senses were fascinated

and charmed by the scene. Many priests stood before the altar, arrayed in gorgeous robes, and performing their motions. The choristers surrounded them on every side, and their voices burst forth in unison, at times, as they chanted the services. As we stood by the screen, the officiating priest pronounced the mystic words and the change took place, as the worshippers believed, and down upon their knees the whole congregation sank in adoration, while after a pause, the Choir commenced a hymn with the accompaniment of the sounding organ.

Ave verum corpus natum
De Maria Virgine!
Vere passus, immolatum
In cruce pro homine!

We listened to all the services—we saw all the performances—we gazed upon everything and did not turn to go till all was over. "Ami," said Bufont, as we walked slowly out, "Ami—This is the temple of art; but not of Christianity!"

We remained but one day longer in Orleans. As far as the ordinary shows were concerned, we had exhausted them. I may remark, however, as a piece of news, that the Orleanois are rearing a monument to the honor of Napoleon le grand, which they intend shall equal any provincial work in France. At the end of the second day we returned to Paris, glad, beyond expression, to be among its pleasures again.

Yours, truly,
OUANGONDY.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

New York Correspondence.

New York, October 12, 1854.

(Continued.)

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

We have had a blessed season at the Bible Union Anniversary. It would have given you much pleasure to have been present. We often hear of City pride and stiffness, as seen among those who profess to love the Saviour in Cities. But, I can say, I never saw a more social time at a Baptist Association in the Provinces, than I experienced during the Meetings of the Union. The meetings were held in Dr. Cone's Meeting house, a building well suited to the purpose. And here I must mention one feature in the movements that gave to the whole the appearance and character of a *love feast* of the right stamp. At the close of the morning and afternoon session it was found unnecessary to leave the building for refreshments, as a large number of Ladies had provided dinner and tea in a part of the building unoccupied by the meetings. So beautifully was everything arranged, that it brought back to one's mind that primitive Christianity of which we read. When "all that believed were together, and had all things common," I could not help feeling solemn as I looked upon the silvered locks of the Society's venerable President and Treasurer, and as I followed across the mighty deep to the British Isles, that indefatigable servant of God, (whose name will always be remembered by the Baptists of the British Provinces with feelings such as the warmest Christian love and affection only can produce. I refer to Dr. Maclay,) and thought that at the very most the time was not far distant when they should be called upon to cease from their labours and enter into the rest and joys of their Lord. But while such thoughts should make us feel solemn, there is much to cause us to rejoice, for whenever they shall be called home, there are others that the Lord has prepared to fill their places, men with warm hearts, clear heads, and powerful intellects, will be found at their posts, ready to receive the Prophet's mantle, and to do the Prophet's work. Every day is bringing over volunteers to join the already mighty host of God's people, who are anxious to see the best translation of God's word that can be produced in the English language. I would ask those good Brethren and friends who believe the time to commence a work involving so great a responsibility as the revision of the English Scriptures does, has not yet come; when, according to the present movement of affairs in the religious world, might it be expected? The day is past, when as a body the Church of England could be expected to engage in such an enterprise, the Evangelical portion of those who belong to

her communion have quite enough to do to guide their already shattered barque of a State Church through the fearful storm that has been for generations gathering over her head. Heresies of the worst kind profess to have a claim upon her for a home; while many of the corrupt forms and ceremonies of Romanism show the fearful state of moral corruption into which many of her professed members have fallen. While the voice of a mighty nation that every day grows more bold in their demand for a separation of Church and State is only the prelude to the tremendous convulsions that must shake her to the very centre in the coming struggle through which she is doomed to pass. Dare we then expect her as a body to engage in the work of revising the English Scriptures, while her best Bishops have to contend for her doctrines in courts of law, against those who would convert the whole of her rites and ceremonies into one vast scene of Papal superstition, have they not enough to do? To that great and active body of Christians—the Methodist Society, we need not look, for they have already a revised version of the New Testament, at least, quite to their satisfaction, the production of that mighty man their founder. Then to whom must we look but to the combined energies of active, living, moving, American protestantism, aided by Evangelical men, lovers of the truth, from other nations. Let us then, dear brethren, do all in our power to help our Christian friends in bringing about the accomplishment of such a God-fearing, Christ-honouring enterprise.

Yours, truly,
EDWIN CLAY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Nashwalk, Oct. 27, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Since my last, I proceeded up the river as far as Woodstock and Jacksontown, the field of Brother Todd's labour. He very nobly introduced the object of my visit to the people of his charge, who responded to the claims of benevolence. Woodstock is considerable of a village, destined, from its local position as the mart of an extensive country, to become a large town. It is situated on the St. John river, some 150 miles from the sea coast.

Jacksontown is a fertile farming district. The Baptist chapel is about 7 miles from that in Woodstock. Those two churches are united in Brother Todd as their pastor, who is labouring to good acceptance. After passing a few days at those places, I commenced to retrace my steps homewards, and arrived here yesterday. I purpose, if the Lord will, to remain over next Lord's day, and then visiting Boiestown, &c., on my way, I hope to preach at Newcastle, Miramichi, on Lord's day 5th November.

Obtained for the chapel of Newcastle, by subscription, Jacksontown, £5 6s. 4d.; of which I collected £2 4s. 1d.; Woodstock, £3 4s. 11½d.; collected, £2 1s. 8½d.; a friend at Prince William, 10s.

Yours truly,
B. SCOTT.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Butternut Ridge, Oct. 23, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

I embrace the opportunity of offering my apology for not attending the Convention held in St. John on the 7th. We had baptism on the same Lord's day, and consequently I could not properly leave. I further beg to acknowledge the receipt of monies paid to me for the New Brunswick Tract Society, which I am to hold until the said Society is duly formed. The Lord is about to revive his own cause among us.

Yours in brotherly love,
MERRITT KEITH.

IMPRESSING SEAMEN.—When the British used to take seamen from our ships, a merchant vessel was once hove to by an English frigate, and an officer went on board the Yankee to look for subjects of H. B. M. Among other candidates for impressment was a stout Irishman, who roundly declared that he was born in New York, where all his ancestors had lived for a thousand years back.

"If you are an American," said the officer, "you can tell where Nantucket is."
"Oh, faith!" cried Paddy—"and don't I know her though, that Nance Tookit, and a gallows jade she is as ever you laid your two eyes on."
The biographer of Nance Tookit was requested to step over to the other side without any farther parley.