

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Boiestown, Sep. 11, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

I commenced my labours as a Missionary, under the direction of the N. B. Baptist Home Missionary Society, on the 11th June, and have, since that time, been visiting and preaching the glorious gospel of Christ, to the numerous inhabitants in this destitute region.—I spent the first Sabbath in the immediate vicinity where I dwell—then left home and travelled some 40 miles down the river—visited a number of families, and preached twice in the week, gave out appointments, and made other arrangements for the future. We met according to previous appointment on the Sabbath, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the Meeting-house in Blackville; it was truly satisfactory to meet with so many old friends in this place, hallowed by remembrances of scenes too sacred even to be forgotten. In the stream that glides near by, I have led the willing convert forth to follow the divine Redeemer in the ordinance of Christian baptism, and in his house I have given the hand of fellowship to scores of disciples, and introduced them into the Church of Christ. But O how changed is their situation! "How has the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed?" Not one solitary religious meeting of any description had been held in this house for more than twelve months past; but when, at the close of our first Meeting, I informed them that I had met with your Missionary Board at St. John, to represent their destitution, and that I was appointed a Missionary, and intended to visit them as often as possible, some of them wept for joy. I have now spent three Sabbaths with them (or a part of each of the Sabbaths) very much to my satisfaction and comfort, and I trust to the satisfaction and comfort of others. I have also taken collections in aid of the Missionary Board, the Sabbath afternoons I have preached in the Lower district of Blissfield, to crowded assemblies of most attentive hearers, and have taken collections there also.—Early in July I visited the upper district of Blissfield. We have here a very commodious house for the worship of God, (though unfinished) and a very good congregation, who should not be neglected, or remain destitute of the preaching of the Gospel. They are desirous to have preaching more frequent, and are able and willing to do considerable towards the support of a Missionary. There are some 8 or 10 professed Baptists in this place. I have spent three Sabbaths in this vicinity, and collected £3 18s. 3d. in aid of the Mission. I have visited the Parish of Ludlow, and preached in four different stations on Sabbaths and week days, to large and solemn congregations, and with some apparent marks of usefulness. I have also visited most of the families, and conversed and prayed with them. For all this vast region, with its multitude of inhabitants, there is no Minister of any denomination, to preach the Gospel of Christ to the people in my absence, except, it may be, an occasional visit, or a mere passing call. I have preached frequently at Boiestown, with much satisfaction.—Our congregation is constantly good. Also, I speak frequently at Campbelltown, to large assemblies of solemn and attentive hearers; and on the Ridge Settlement, on Tates River, in all these places I am well received, and most kindly entertained, and have taken collections in aid of the Mission.

I have in all preached 54 sermons, attended 4 funerals, and preached on each occasion, one conference meeting, two Temperance meetings, and Married one couple. I have preached in thirteen different places in all, and have taken collections in aid of the Missionary Board, amounting to £13 6s. 0½d., as follows:—Collected in Ludlow, £1 3s. 6d.; Boiestown, £1 7s. 10½d.; Blackville, £1 19s. 3d.; Blissfield, Lower district, £1 12s. 6d.; Blissfield, Upper district, £3 18s. 3d.; Campbelltown, £1 13s. 8d.; Ridge Settlement, 11s.: Tates' River, £1. I have, I trust, seen from the above Report, that this Country is very destitute, in reference to the preaching of the Gospel. How very inadequate your Missionary must be to supply the wants of a vast region, as this really is.—The utmost that I can do is to select the most prominent places for preaching, and then to preach to them only once in four weeks, preaching on week days and evenings to the

less prominent stations. I think that the Massidonian cry is distinctly heard from this place, "come over and help us." Try, dear brother, and send us some efficient help soon. Your fellow labourer in the Gospel of Christ, JAMES TOZER.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

The other day as I was passing one of these places of human misery, or liquor shops, near our city, to my astonishment I observed two men stripped naked from the hips upwards, with bloody hands and faces, who had been unhappily bruising each other, accompanied by a number of others, who had been enjoying the bloody fight. They were pouring water to wash off the purple gore. This circumstance with many others tells a sad tale, for our Licence selling Magistrates and Liquor Dealers to ponder. What our Magistrates, who sell out indulgences to spread the liquid poison, do with that strict oath which they take under her Majesty's Government, to keep the public peace, is surely a great mystery. But it affords us much pleasure to know that a large number of our Justices of the Peace, have washed their hands from the iniquity, and we trust that our newly Elected Representatives, will not fail to do all in their power, to establish a Prohibitory Law against the liquor traffic. Such a Law would relieve the community of an intolerable burden.

Respectfully yours,

St. John, Sept. 12th 1854. D. C.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Please insert in the VISITOR, a notice of our quarterly Meeting, which is to take place the first Saturday in October, in the Baptist Chapel, at Simonds, County of Carleton, to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M. At our last Quarterly Meeting, we appointed it on the above date, instead of the 16th of September, which was the proper time, on account of the Meeting of the Convention. It is too late for us to change again; but I trust the Ministers who pledged themselves at the time the Meeting was appointed, will not fail to come.

Yours, in best of bonds,

WM. HARRIS.

Simonds, Sept. 13, 1854.

(From the Christian Messenger.)

RANGOON, May 25th 1854.

DEAR BRETHREN.

We arrived in Rangoon on the 14th inst. Our passage from Calcutta in the Hon. Company's steamer "Sesostris," was an uncommonly pleasant one—occupying eight days. We touched at two places, Akyab and Kyauk-phijoo, both stations of the Baptist Missionary Union. Akyab is beautifully situated, and surrounded by romantic and commanding scenery. It was regarded by us with more than common interest, from the fact that here was for some time the residence of our lamented brother Burpe. There is but one Missionary labouring there at present, and though it is apparently a very desirable spot for a station, yet experience has proved fatal to so many, that it is not uncommon to hear it designated as "the grave of missionaries." But there are thousands of heathen there. Some one must "care for their souls." The field is the world—and the commission contains no clause which throws without the pale of missionary enterprise, unhealthy districts. We reached Rangoon on Sunday. The city is situated on the banks of the Irrawaddy, about twenty miles, I believe, from the mouth of the river. Here we saw none of the magnificence which met our eyes on the banks of the Hoogly—no princely mansion luxuriously situated in the midst of splendid gardens. Calcutta is somewhat truly styled "the city of palaces." Rangoon might with equal appropriateness be called "the city of huts."

The first object which catches the eye in approaching the city is the Great Pagoda Shwau Dagong 360 feet in height, towering far above the squalid mat dwellings of the natives like the very genius of idolatry itself; glorying in its shame, and boasting that such things flourish and are perpetuated under its influence. But this great monument of idolatry is no longer in possession of the priests of Guadama. The conquerors of the country have converted it into a fortification,

bristling with guns, powerful to repel a foreign foe, or quell an insurrection in the city.

Nearly everything in and about the town, bears the marks of the recent struggle. As if the war had been directed especially against the idolatry of the country, it is remarkable that scarcely a pagoda has been suffered to remain without some attempt to deface if not entirely destroy it. This was done by the hands of the British soldiers. Knowing that each pagoda contained a small amount of treasure near its centre, they have torn away the bricks and made so large a hole that in a short time the rains must complete what they have begun, and multitudes of these monuments will disappear from the landscape.

Very soon after the first glimpse of Rangoon, our anchor was fast in the mud of the Irrawaddy. Rev. Mr. Ingalls and Dr. Dawson, two of the Missionaries at this station came on board and gave us a cordial welcome to Burmah.

I fear I shall not succeed very well in attempting to give you an idea of the house we live in. Not very long before our arrival a fire swept away a large number of houses. The mission premises was not spared. The body of the house was built of brick, that of course was kept standing. But the bamboo roof, as dry as timber, the floor, windows, doors, in everything short of wood, was either wholly consumed, or left a charred or blackened mass. Here was a missionary family without a shelter for their heads. The rains would set in and the clouds pour their long pent up treasures in torrents upon the parched and dusty earth. Under these circumstances nothing remained but to throw together very hastily, and with the aid of Burmese coolies, whose lazy bawling was only equalled by their cool independence, and fifty of whom would not be worth one Nova Scotia carpenter, a roof of bamboo and matting, or thatch, as a shelter during the rains. Floors of the same material were laid down. Glass is a luxury rarely indulged in in a mission house. In its place we have stout iron bars, which do not exclude the air, and serve the better purpose of excluding the Burmese thieves who abound in Rangoon, and have adopted the excellent precaution of arming themselves with a very dangerous weapon, a short two edged knife. Our floors are not covered with Brussels carpets, but they are very elastic—so much so, that every step we take gives a practical illustration of "table moving." The sparrows and crows here evince much more sociability than they do in America. The former build their nests and rear their young in every nook and cranny about walls—while the latter entertain us from daylight till dark with their rich and varied notes. We have, however, learned to treat them with as much indifference as you do the house flies at home.

There is a native church here consisting of about eighty members. The pastor, Ko Tha A, is an aged Burman in his 84th year. He was baptized by Dr. Judson in '32, and has ever since been engaged in preaching Christ to his countrymen. He has suffered much persecution "for the truth's sake"—and has undergone severe bodily torture at the hands of the Burman officials. At one time a naked sword was held over his head, and he was commanded to declare that he rejected Christ, and worshipped Guadama—"no, never!" was his firm reply. We have had the pleasure of witnessing the baptism of a young native by the old pastor. It was deeply interesting to observe the expression of earnest sincerity—mingled with reverential joy which beamed from the young convert's countenance. He was baptized in the same beautiful lake, whose waters mirror the graceful spires of many pagodas built in the neighbouring hills, in which Ko Tha A himself many years ago publicly sundered the tie which bound him to the venerated idolatry of his ancestors, and in the observance of whose rites he himself had grown grey.

We have had a very pleasing illustration of the practical working of missions, and an exemplification of the repeatedly asserted truth, that the freshest emotions of the converted soul when carried out into action, make every Christian a missionary. The young man to whom I have just alluded, came to the mission house a day or two after his baptism, bringing with him another, a sincere inquirer. And I presume he had not been a member of the Church one hour before he followed the prompting of his new nature and from the abundance of his heart spoke to some poor idolater, told him how he had become a free man, and urged him too to apply to that God

with whom alone is salvation. Oh! brethren these simple converts from heathenism can teach Christians at home many things.

While we were sitting at worship last Sunday morning, and just after Mr. Ingalls had commenced his discourse to a congregation of some fifty or sixty native Christians, a stranger came in. His haughty independent bearing, as well as the sacred yellow cloth which he wore, proclaimed him a priest of Guadama. Being directed to a seat, he fixed his eyes on the preacher, and listened with respectful attention to the whole sermon. He remained after the service to argue against the sentiments which had not spared the absurd errors of his religion.

But my pen is transgressing the limits of a newspaper letter, much that I wish to write must form the contents of another letter.

We receive the *Messenger* regularly, and you will believe we know how to value it, in this distant land. Father Harris Harding is no more! The pioneers will soon all be gone, but God will qualify men to fill their places.

Will you be so kind as to direct my *Messenger* to the care of Rev. L. Ingall, Rangoon, Burmah.

I hope to write you soon again, and keep you advised of the progress of religion at our own station and in Burmah generally.

I am with Christian affection,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

Miscellaneous.

A few Words to Young Men.

Nearly all things can be accomplished by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and labor. Labor is the price set upon everything valuable; nor has any man, whatever his genius, risen to eminence in any art or profession, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient labor. Dr. Johnston once remarked, that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius, and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have discovered a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors dared never attempt."

The remark is as applicable at this day as it was in Johnston's time. Our young men are still eager to arrive at great results without paying the inevitable price—hard labor. To be really wise, we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practice self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying; to be great in anything we must have patience. Longfellow has admirably said, "Learn to labor and to wait."

Has the reader ever thought of his amazing capacities? His mind may not have a direct turn to any art or science in particular, but still he has some talent; and let that talent be improved, and who knows what he may yet become? It is not within the bounds of reason to fold the arms, and say, "If I am to be great, I shall be great." Whatever you may become by perseverance, it is quite certain you cannot make any advance without it. Philosophers never grew in a night; neither were the pyramids built in a day. Such a theory reminds me of a man who said that he never learned his business, but that one night he dreamed he was an engineer, and that he awoke in the morning master of his trade.

Let there be an object in your living.—There is no time to be lost; every hour, if lost, is lost forever. Time waits for no man. We may stop and idle away the time, but all nature besides moves onward; then onward in the path of duty and usefulness should we go. Remember the principle of Napoleon, "An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future."

For young men to be really and practically industrious and useful, they must improve those minute particles of time known as "spare moments." Of all portions of our life, these spare moments are the most fruitful for good or evil. Spare moments are the gold-dust of time. Idleness wastes a man as insensibly as industry improves him; evil deeds and evil thoughts seldom creep in upon him who is assiduously employed upon good ones. The mind and body both require activity, to keep them pure and healthy in action. For the sake of happiness get knowledge. The unlettered and uncultivated mind seeks excitement; study to such a one is misery.