

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER BILL:

The Foreign Missionary Board desires the insertion of the following address to our Ministers and Churches in the *Christian Visitor*. Please give it a place at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

A. S. HUNT,

Secretary to the Foreign Missionary Board.

The Foreign Missionary Board desires to lay before the Baptist Churches of these Provinces, the present state and prospects of our Foreign Missionary Cause. In doing this, the Board is influenced by long-cherished feelings of interest, and affection for the Foreign Missionary enterprise, and also with the desire of turning the especial attention of Ministers and Churches to such inquiries, as shall eventually enable the Board to resume active duty, and again engage the service of Missionaries for a foreign field.

The history of our past efforts is doubtless fresh in the memory of our brethren, nor will our Churches soon forget, our esteemed and lamented Missionary, now resting from his labours. His failure in effecting all that the most sanguine could possibly anticipate, arose only, from one of those mysterious Providences which, though dark and painful to us, have often in the progress of the Church thwarted its designs and tried its faith. Though removed after, but an introduction to his labour, we, nevertheless, are assured, that by him some darkened heathen saw the light, and embraced the truth. This, cannot, but afford an additional incentive to renewed and continued activity.

Since our relation with Bro. A. Crawley ceased, by his engagement with the American Missionary Union, this Board has not been in a position for resuming its work. We, however, greatly desire, that our Churches should not lose sight of this branch of Christian duty, but by prayer, and earnest inquiry before God, seek that guidance by which we may know and do His will.

This Board feels assured that all the applications for cheerful missionary exertion are in the Churches of these Provinces, and are to be called forth under the influence of brethren now addressed. The Board presumes, that all will perceive at once, that our first, and most important want, is men. Men who feel moved by the Holy Spirit to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. We believe that such men are in our Churches, and require only encouragement, and Christian counsel to make known their ardent longings for the Missionary life. This Board would, therefore, most affectionately address itself to such, and express its earnest desire that feelings and impressions so essential to the great Christian enterprise, should not be permitted to lie dormant, or lost in view of other claims, more pressing in appearance only, because at home, and also express to such, the assurance, that at all times correspondence on this topic, will most gladly be opened, and encouraged; and the inquirer assisted by such means as the Board may possess. The attention also of Pastors of Churches is affectionately invited to the above inquiry, in order that ample facility be afforded to such as desire to engage in Foreign Missionary labour. The long tried and prompt liberality of our Churches, is to this Board sufficient assurance that when men of the right kind are before the Churches, means will be cheerfully supplied.

Many considerations might be urged upon the attention of our Ministers and Churches, relative to duties that connect themselves with the subject now considered; such, however, we feel, are not required. Who, in the entire Baptist Denomination, has not long ere this, seen the relation that Foreign Missionary work sustains to prosperity in other departments of Christian enterprise? Who, has not observed and advanced the beautiful symmetry of the Christian organization, when all the parts adapted in infinite wisdom to effect the will of Jehovah, work in beautiful and uninterrupted harmony? How delightful, we exclaim, when the Church covering the whole area of gospel enterprise, scatters in every land, and among every people the saving knowledge of Christ! We need the Foreign Missionary work, that the cause of Christ may be presented in its own native excellence to

the unbelieving and impenitent. But especially, we would remember the requirements of God, who, in His Providence has opened in almost every land, a wide door of utterance to His Church, and who daily widens that door, and presents to those called to preach his word more powerful attractions. In these Providences we would not fail in hearing the voice of our Master saying to us, "go work in my Vineyard." In conclusion, the Board would again express its sincere desire to engage once more in Foreign Missionary work, and to this end will be happy at any time to open a correspondence with any young brother who may long for a work so useful and glorious.

July 5, 1854.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Quarterly Meeting in Albert and Westmorland Counties.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

At a meeting held this evening in Springfield, at which were present Elders N. S. Coleman, Pastor of 1st Baptist Church in Sackville; J. W. Hughes, Pastor of the Church in Hillsborough; L. H. Marshall, pastor of the Church in Harvey; E. F. Foshay, Pastor of the Church in Hopewell; Deacon Joseph Bleakney, of Salisbury and others, after serious deliberations in reference to the welfare of Zion, it was unanimously recommended,—

"That Quarterly Meetings be hereafter held, embracing the Pastors and Churches of those two Counties, and

"That the first of these Quarterly meetings be held with the Baptist Church in Hillsboro, to commence the 2d Saturday in October next.

They expressed their assurance that the Ministers and Brethren generally in connexion with those Counties will acquiesce in the above proposal, and that they will cheerfully co-operate in a movement so expedient and so well calculated to promote the cause of God.

It seems evident that this a movement in the right direction, and it is hoped that great good will result from its being properly carried into operation.

Further notice will be given by Brother Hughes, in reference to the meeting in Hillsboro' in October.

Yours, most truly,

ISA. WALLACE.

Springfield, July 12th, 1854.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

SKETCH.

NO. I.

The glorious sun was shedding its declining rays upon the bosom of the beautiful—Lake. Flours ornamented the sloping side-hill which led to its brink. All nature wore a beautiful appearance. A few months ago I sat by the side of the same Lake: the evening was delightful: the Lake without a ripple save where the water-rat was moving over its surface. The voice of mirth and merriment arose from a dwelling near by and fell upon my ear: my feelings were sad and my heart was heavy: a silent prayer arose from my lips in behalf of those mistaken pleasure-seekers. But even in so short a time death has visited this neighbourhood; several youths then in active life are now in the cold grave. Some were taken suddenly without a moment's warning.

What changes are visible even after a few months absence. The traveller who is absent from home for a short time, on his return sees then the foot-prints of time. How changed are the scenes in my native place. The old meeting house to which we went Sabbath after Sabbath is demolished, and the beautiful grove by which it was surrounded is destroyed. The school-house too, how many pleasing reminiscences of former days does it bring to my mind. I passed the spot this morning. Desolating fires have destroyed the beautiful woods and the many and much frequented paths where we used to wander. The playground no more resounds to the hum of bus feet. Some who frequented those ground are in other cities and in other climes. Some sleep in the village churchyard. There too the Teacher, I think I see him now, as he walked the floor of the school-room—his youthful countenance brightened with a smile at some well recited lesson, or fixed with attention on some difficult problem. His ashes now lie in a grave far from this spot and far from his native land—in a land of strangers

I can scarcely realize the facts of the case, yet they are so. Reader, look back on your life—see if you cannot call to mind similar scenes and circumstances. I have not penned these things as of a long time ago, but as changes which have taken place in a short time. O reader, remember thine own dissolution draweth nigh.

FRANK IVERSON.

Miscellaneous.

Destruction of Saint Salvador by an Earthquake.

The night of the 16th of April, 1854, will ever be one of sad and bitter memory for the people of Salvador. On that unfortunate night our happy and beautiful capital was made a heap of ruins. Movements of the earth were felt on the morning of Holy Thursday, preceded by sounds like the rolling of heavy artillery over pavements and like distant thunder. The people were a little alarmed in consequence of this phenomenon, but it did not prevent them from meeting in the churches to celebrate the solemnities of the day. On Saturday all was quiet, and confidence was restored. The people of the neighborhood assembled, as usual, to celebrate the Passover. The night of Saturday was tranquil, as was also the whole of Sunday. The heat, it is true, was considerable, but the atmosphere was calm and serene. For the first three hours of the evening nothing unusual occurred; but at half past nine a severe shock of an earthquake, occurring without the usual preliminary noises, alarmed the whole city. Many families left their houses and made encampments in the public squares, while others prepared to pass the night in their respective court yards.

Finally, at ten minutes to eleven, without premonition of any kind, the earth began to heave and tremble with such fearful force that in ten seconds the entire city was prostrated. The crashing of houses and churches stunned the ears of the terrified inhabitants, while a cloud of dust from the falling ruins enveloped them in a pall of impenetrable darkness. Not a drop of water could be got to relieve the half-choked and suffocating, for the wells and fountains were filled up or made dry. The clock tower of the Cathedral carried a great part of the edifice with it in its fall. The towers of the church of San Francisco crushed the Episcopal Oratory and part of the palace. The church of Santo Domingo was buried beneath its towers, and the College of the Assumption was entirely ruined. The new and beautiful edifice of the University was demolished. The Church of the Merced separated in the centre, and its walls fell outward to the ground. Of the private houses a few were left standing, but all were rendered uninhabitable. It is worthy of remark that the walls left standing are old ones; all those of modern construction have fallen. The public edifices of the government and city shared the common destruction.

The devastation was effected, as we have said, in the first 10 seconds; for although the succeeding shocks were tremendous and accompanied by fearful rumblings beneath our feet, they had comparatively trifling results, for the reason that the first had left but little for their ravages.

Solemn and terrible was the picture presented on that dark, funeral night, of a whole people clustering in the plazas, and on their knees crying with loud voices to heaven for mercy, or in agonizing accents calling for their children and friends, which they believed to be buried beneath the ruins! A heaven opaque and ominous: a movement of the earth rapid and unequal, causing a terror indescribable; so intense a sulphurous odor filling the atmosphere, and indicating an approaching eruption of the volcano; streets filled with ruins or overhung by threatening walls; a suffocating cloud of dust almost rendering respiration impossible. Such was the spectacle presented by the unhappy city on that memorable and awful night.

A 100 boys were shut up in the college, many invalids crowded the hospitals, and the barracks were full of soldiers. The sense of the catastrophe which must have befallen them, gave poignancy to the first moments of reflection after the earthquake was over. It was believed that at least a fourth part of the inhabitants had been buried beneath the ruins. The members of the government, however, hastened to ascertain as far as practicable the extent of the catastrophe, and to quiet the

public mind. It was found that the loss of life had been much less than was supposed, and it now appears probable that the number of the killed will not exceed 100 and of wounded 50. Among the latter is the Bishop, who received a severe blow on the head; the late President, and Senor Duchas; a daughter of the President, and the wife of the Secretary of the Legislative Chambers—the latter severely.

Fortunately, the earthquake has not been followed by rains, which gives an opportunity to disinter the public archives, as also many of the valuables contained in the dwellings of the citizens.

The movements of the earth still continue with strong shocks, and the people, fearing a general swallowing up of the site, or that it may be buried under some sudden eruption of the volcano, are hastening away, taking with them their household goods, the sweet memories of their infancy, and their domestic animals, perhaps the only property left for the support of their families, exclaiming with Virgil, "*Nos patriæ fines et dulcia inquitimus arva.*"

The Death of "Willie."

Long years have flown since death took from me my brother Willie. He had been sick a long time, and, at his worst, I was always from home on a sort of holiday visit to a distant village. One evening, while enjoying myself with a group of young friends, a letter was handed me by a gentleman who was connected with the village post-office, and who knew that I was in town. I broke the seal. It was from my mother. Willie was worse. That night I began my preparation to return. Taking the cars early the next day, I reached home toward nightfall. The long shadows of sunset were playing about the house. Presently I was on the door-step. A bright fire was within, for the frosty days of autumn had come. My sister Carrie was at my side, clapping her hands for welcome. But when fairly entered I saw sad faces. My mother, taking me by the hand and folding me to her heart, whispered poor Willie's name. The doctor I saw slipping out of the bed-room door with glasses in his hand, and—I hardly know how—my spirits grew sad, and my heart gravitated to the heavy air all around me.

"You cannot see Willie now," said Carrie, nor could I in the quiet parlor tell her one of the many pleasant things I had seen in my visit.

"Willie has grown so thin and pale since you have been gone, you would not know him," continued my sister.

I listened to her, but could not speak myself. She asked me what I had seen and what I had enjoyed, and for a moment I began to talk joyously; but then the door of my sick brother's room opened, and hearing a faint sigh I could not go on. I sat with my hand in Carrie's, looking patiently and thoughtfully all the while in the blaze.

I could not talk. No words would come. Early I went to my chamber with singular and perplexed fancies haunting me. Toward the middle of the night with a shudder running through my whole frame, I woke up. Once more I fell into a doze, but I was soon dreaming that I saw Willie all pale and thin, and that he was quite still in his cold, starched grave-clothes. I tossed over in the bed and grew hot and feverish; I could not sleep. Getting up stealthily and creeping down stairs, I saw a dim light burning in the hall. Willie's bed-room door was ajar, and, listening, I fancied I heard a whisper. I stole through the hall and edged around to the door, pushing it gently open. A small lamp was burning on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lay dark on the ceiling. It was long after midnight. My mother was in her chair, with her head upon her hand. The doctor was standing with his back to me, and with Willie's little wrist in his fingers. I heard hard breathing, and now and then a low sigh escaped from my mother's chair.

An occasional gleam of fire-light made the gaunt shadows on the wall stagger like something spectral. I looked wildly at them, and then at the bed where my own brother lay. I longed to see him, and creeping a step or two forward my mother's ear caught my footfall, and, beckoning to me, she again pressed me to her bosom. My heart throbbed as I whispered to her what I wished, and taking me by the hand she led me to the bed-side. The doctor looked very solemnly as we approached. He took out his watch, but he did not count Willie's pulse, for Willie had