

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

European Correspondence.

Paris, Sept. 25, 1854.

(Continued.)

MR. EDITOR,—

It is a difficult thing to begin a letter from Paris. As I sit down to the work, my pen rests idly upon the paper, and the numberless thoughts which come crowding upon my mind, render it difficult to say anything whatever.

Of course, the Russian war is the great topic of conversation here, and engrosses all the interest. The Baltic, the Crimea, the Black Sea are spoken of on every side, the last news from the seat of war is earnestly debated, and the wise ones offer their opinions, while the more unpretending listen in silence. While the news from the seat of War thus attracts the minds of the Parisian, it does not at all weaken his intense love for grand spectacles. Occasionally, the Paternal Emperor will take advantage of this feeling and render himself for a time the idol of his people, by presenting to their eyes some military show.

The Champ de Mars, a few days since, was the scene of one of these imposing spectacles. My friend Bufont told me that it was to take place, and advised me to go.

"For there," said he, "you will have a perfectly magnificent opportunity to see the wonderful evolutions and admirable manœuvres of the elite of the 'grande armée Française.'"

"Is it possible?" I meekly replied, somewhat amused at the grand way of the enthusiastic artist. "Allons donc"—let us see what the Emperor can show."

So we went off arm in arm, and after a long walk beside the Seine, we arrived at the Champ de Mars.

This is an immense open square, upon the banks of the river, formed for the exercise of the French army. Trees surround it on every side, affording a grateful shelter to the spectators. The plain is parched, and trampled by the ceaseless movements of marching soldiers, for this is the place where military shows are always seen. At the side which is farthest from the Seine, lies the "Ecole Militaire," a large and magnificent quadrangular building, which, from the Champ de Mars, appears to great advantage.

As soon as we arrived at this place, a splendid scene burst upon our view. Fifteen thousand soldiers of the Infantry, with five thousand Cavalry, were arrayed upon the plain, their polished armor gleaming in the sun, and their burnished arms flashing back the rays of light in dazzling splendor. The sight of the long and orderly rows of soldiers, with their various colored costumes, of the cavalry with their brilliant accoutrements, of the fiery steed which neighed and snorted with excitement, and of the spectators in multitudes around was one sufficient to excite within the mind the strongest admiration and delight. A staging had been erected beneath the upper central balcony of the "Ecole Militaire" and covered with scarlet cloths bordered with gold. Here, upon a magnificent seat, was the Empress Eugénie, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of the chief Ladies and Gentlemen of France. Excelling all the ladies of her court in beauty, wit, and every charm, she sat there an Empress, worthy to be the centre of the admiration, which expressed itself in every eye. All who were assembled around her appeared intently gazing upon the scene before them.

The Emperor rode upon a splendid horse among his soldiers, and himself reviewed them. As this was the first time that I had seen him, I looked at him with deep interest and close attention. This then was the man who, a few short years before, was an insignificant lodger in an obscure London dwelling. Then, he was pointed at as a specimen of "your true-out-at-elbows-Frenchman,"—now, at the head of a mighty nation, he is hailed as Emperor, and viewed with awe as the possessor of formidable power.

Louis Napoleon—many were the opinions which, at different times, I had formed of this man. At one time, with the invasion of Boulogne fresh in my memory, I had esteemed him a mad man. Afterward when he led an exile's life in London, I had thought of him as being simply insignificant. Afterward I

had watched him—leaving England—becoming known in France—rising, becoming powerful, and at last ruling in his native land.—Louis Napoleon—there he was before me now, Emperor of the French and master of a mighty army,—stern, palled, silent,—the one whom the fortune of the past had marked out as being like his Uncle—the man of destiny. In his face there is nothing which tells of greatness, indeed a superficial observer might call it common; but beneath the outward expression of stolid indifference, the close observer can detect a world of energy and indomitable resolution; the physiognomist who views that face carefully, will pronounce it to be the index to a soul which possesses a will of iron.

The evolutions of the army were all performed in the most admirable manner.—Wheeling, doubling, and turning, they performed the most intricate manœuvres, they became apparently entangled in a labyrinth of movements, they seemed to become all mixed up in inextricable confusion, then as the word was given, back they would come to their proper positions, beautifully and orderly. It was truly a gorgeous spectacle. As they marched along, the roll of drums, and the inspiring strains of martial music arose on high, mingled with the blast of trumpets which sounded the signals to the Cavalry.—The rattle of the musquetry was blended with the deeper roar of the Artillery, the smoke from fifteen thousand guns rolled on high, with the clouds of dust from the plain, while amid the dark folds of smoke and dust, appeared:—

"Far to the left and far to right
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright—
The long array of spears."
"And louder yet and yet more loud
From underneath that rolling cloud
You heard the trumpet's war-note proud
The trampling and the hum."

"Oh c'est magnifique! ma foi! ma foi! c'est magnifique ne est ce pas?"

I was roused by the exclamation of my companion. "Yes, indeed it is," I replied, and as we turned to go away the trumpet sounded to recall, and the troops retired, while the vast crowd of spectators went slowly home.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Rangoon, June, 9, 1854.

—, I wish you could have seen us as we sat in the veranda a few moments ago surrounded by a group of Burman men and women disciples, all striving most laudably to aid one another and our old teacher Bayer to communicate some intelligible ideas to us, by means of a great deal of gesticulation, and a multiplicity of words. We have got through the Thimbergue and have commenced to read a little—know a few names of things and some common phrases, but it seems to me we make but slow progress, though Mr. Ingalls thinks we get a long very well.

I have a great deal to do—which with my housekeeping, and what I do at the languages, keeps me pretty busy from morning till night. Poor sister Ingalls still continues very ill, and to-morrow or next day leaves for Prome, to try the effect of change of air. Mr. Ingalls leaves with her, and we shall no doubt feel lonely enough, in this strange old house, with no one but Mr. Ingalls' child Amelia, for an intelligible companion. I had a note from Mrs. Douglass last steamer, they are very comfortable indeed at Mulmain. They were very anxious we should come up and board or have a home to ourselves as we chose, but we preferred remaining here. It was the week of the deputation that we should do so, and there is such a pleasant state of things here among the Burmans that we do not repent our choice at all—here there are baptisms almost every Sunday—and enquirers thronging Mr. Ingalls' study. Oh, we long so to be able to talk with them, and tell some one for the first time about Christ—but our lips are sealed for the present. On Sunday the service is very well attended, we have meeting in the centre hall where I am now writing, and your heart would leap to see the simple truthful faces of the native Christians, as one by one, they gather in so noiselessly and reverently, and take their seats upon the mats around the room. I love to hear them sing, Horton is a favorite tune—I wish so very much that you were here, every now and then I come across a disciple, who knew and loved and warmly remembered mamma Burpe

—a woman whose life you saved by your care when ill with the cholera is now living with Mrs. Kincaide, and was so anxious to see and speak to me about you—her looks told her grateful tale, though the words were unknown. I often see the assistant who has been with Mr. Ingalls so long, and who lost his wife and children when you were out here.

Oh what a pretty lovely shower—down it comes like a torrent, we do not often have such a rain at home. We are not as well protected as we would be at Annandale from the wet, and when a rain with wind comes down, our bamboo blinds have to be fastened, and we are in darkness unless we sit in the verandah—we have roofed our two rooms with mats and so keep pretty dry and comfortable ourselves, though in Mrs. Judsons words "our choicest treasure bears its stain," mould gathers on the walls—if you could see and feel the musketoes, dear —, you would not wonder at my disconnected letter—I am almost eaten up, literally covered with bites. I got thrown into a perfect fever half a dozen times a day by the swarm of little flies, and all sorts of things that attack me, I feel sometimes as if I almost wanted to go home to escape from this plague, but I suppose I shall not always suffer so much as I now do. We have to keep a lamp burning all night and our door padlocked inside, as at any time we may have a visit from a dacoit, as they call a thief here, they are generally prowling about, particularly these dark rainy nights, and might possibly pounce upon us through our mat roofs—but there is a good watch dog in the house and we feel pretty secure—though at first my sleep was somewhat broken by every little noise that might be the stealthy step of a great black Burman, with a long sharp knife.

I have not much more time to spare dearest —, before the steamer leaves, as I have to write to Mrs. Leslie this mail, and ask her to send me some things from Calcutta that I cannot get here—every thing is so tremendously high priced in Rangoon, and few comparatively as our expences are at present, it will require economy to live within our means; but I flatter myself I understand managing a little. Do you really even think of returning with Mrs. Stevens, or one of the many missionaries that are in America now—you have so many friends out here, it would seem like coming home—and then having you with us will keep us from feeling discontented or home sick—Mr. Ingalls thinks decidedly you ought to come out again, I am sure the American Board would be very glad to bear your —.

It is a great amusement for me every day now while I sit at work in the verandah, to watch the figures that peep backwards and forwards constantly—the Jewish dress is my particular admiration—it is generally so beautifully white and clean—the thin muslin drape hangs gracefully, the faces are all handsome, though the expression is rather too effeminate in some—and then there is the endless variety of plaid peras which the Burmans wear, some are most beautifully colored, and the gaudily dressed native troopers with their crimson tufted forms, the turbaned Musselman, and only now and then one or two solitary Europeans just to make by their families keene like appearance, the contrast and novelty of the strange scene greater. The air is oppressively close to day, oh for a bracing autumn or winter wind to sweep through our woods for one half hour or so, and carry some of this stagnant atmosphere off loaded with little teasing insects. I cannot say I think India will compare at all with America—that is to our part of America, Nova Scotia, in regard to comfort, not at all. Its far famed fruits as many as I have tasted, are to me exceedingly insipid.

You know how I feel when I think of sending love home to each precious parent, brother and sister, how weak are words to express what one really feels.

Yours —,

A. R. CRAWLEY.

St. John, Oct. 14, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—The opposition of others can never affect the confidence of a Baptist in the truth of his peculiar sentiments, nor do either the elaborate arguments in the far-fetched ridicule of Pede Baptists in the least affect his faith. It is a source of pleasure to him to witness the unanimity with which the learned testify to the fact, that the true mode of baptism is by immersion, concerning which the contemptuous sneers or the superficial reasoning of those opponents who have not looked into the subject, are silently passed

over as being simply unworthy of notice. Occasionally, the spontaneous coincidences of Pede Baptists in his views, attract his attention, and he considers such testimony as evidence of the liberality of their minds. The following extract from the "London Quarterly Review" for July is of this kind.—It is an extract from an article on "Millman's Latin Christianity" written with skill and learning. I have transcribed it for your paper in the hope that your readers will feel as much gratification in the perusal as was felt by

Yours truly,

A BAPTIST.

"There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the very meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal waters, and that, for at least four centuries, any other form was either unknown, or regarded as an exceptional, almost monstrous case. To this form the Greek Church still rigidly adheres; and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it—that of the Byzantine empire—absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin Church on the other hand, doubtless in deference to the requirements of a Northern Climate, to the change of manners, to the convenience of custom, has wholly altered the mode, surrendering, as it would fairly say, the letter to the spirit, preferring mercy to sacrifice; and, with the two exceptions of the Cathedral of Milmain, and the sect of the Baptists, a few drops of water are now the Western substitutes for the threefold plunge into the rushing river, or the wide baptisteries of the East."—[London Quarterly, July, 1854, p. 27.]

Miscellaneous.

TOO BIG TO PRAY.

I tarried for the night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavored to impress the minds of the children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy, of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he rose from his knees he turned to his father, with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him. "Father, I have said my prayers; have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?" I thought it was a question that would reach the father's heart, and it might yet be said of him, "Behold he prayeth."

I have since noticed many, very many, who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a college student, of brilliant talents and fascinating manners. Yet he would sometimes sneer at piety and pious men.—He was considered a model by a certain class around him. In a revival meeting, the Spirit of God reached his heart. He saw his danger and resolved to reform. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak-minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps forever. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change came over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange event. He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former position and indifference. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment joined with an intelligent mind made him a pleasant companion. But he was skeptical in the doctrines of the Bible. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last trying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. "Almost," he was persuaded to become a Christian." But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He could not humble himself at the foot of the cross. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man of great learning and great worldly wisdom. He became a disciple of Christ, but he mistook the nature of prayer. Instead of praying in the "simplest form of