

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

European Correspondence.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1854.

(Continued.)

To those who would wish further information about this great creation of modern enterprise, I would strongly recommend the perusal of the "Guide book to the Crystal Palace." It may be obtained of all booksellers.

After spending two weeks at London, I reluctantly departed. To see thoroughly so vast a city, many and many a fortnight must be busily spent. But France lay before me. Accordingly left London, and passing through Winchester arrived at Southampton. Winchester is one of the oldest Cathedrals in England. Here the early kings of England were crowned, and Winchester is full of associations connected with royalty.

Southampton is a flourishing commercial town. It is situated in a very busy part of England, where ships congregate in thousands. The neighbourhood of Plymouth and Portsmouth cause the face of the ocean here to be dotted with ships of every size. Around this part of England the armaments assemble, whence they depart to carry war to hostile countries. Southampton has about 40,000 inhabitants. The famous Netley Abbey lies in ruins a short distance from here, and is visited by every tourist.

At midnight, on the day after my arrival, I was on board the steamer on my way to Havre. We went past the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth, and soon were out in the British Channel. The steamer was not so large as those which coast on our waters; but she had the good qualities of perfect comfort, safety, cleanliness, and speed. Her interior arrangements were elegant, and luxurious. The days of dreadful passages across the stormy channel seem to have passed away. At least between Southampton and Havre, all the horrors of the middle passage may be called entirely visionary. I was rather troubled about the way to conduct myself in this foreign country which I was approaching, and commenced musing up all the French which a year's study had given me. Some French sailors on board suddenly became invested with peculiar attractions for me, and I conversed with them for a long time to my great satisfaction. Fortunately, I found an English gentleman on board before we landed. He was taking his wife and daughter to Paris. I put myself under his protection 'pro tem,' and was directed what to do, where to get my baggage, and passport, all of which I had to part with on landing, and I was consequently saved from a great deal of annoyance.

Havre is a noble city. Its spacious harbor, its massive piers, and noble quays, with the long line of stately warehouses, fill one with admiration. To judge by the bustle on the wharves and in the streets, there is a great amount of business carried on in this city. But a pleasure-seeking traveller cares not for towns like this. I, who had been brought up amid the noise and bustle of St. John, did not feel much interest in Havre. So before evening I left, and late at night arrived at Rouen.

This is one of the oldest towns in France, and teems with historic associations. It was the capital of the Norman towns, and of the English possessions in France. Wherever you go you meet with some relic of antiquity, such as an old cross, or carving, or perhaps the former mansion of some noble, now used as a grocery or stable. It lies upon the borders of the Seine, and though so very old is yet flourishing. The population is 100,000.

I went to the Cathedral. This building was commenced by William the Conqueror, and contains several fine monuments. It also contains a statue of Richard Coeur de Lion, and a box in which is preserved his heart. But the Cathedral is surpassed by the Church of St. Ouen. This is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the north of France, and is truly magnificent. The Palais de Justice is a noble quadrangular building in the renaissance style. In one of its halls the English Parliament held their sittings long ago, when Normandy belonged to England. But Rouen is chiefly renowned on account of its connection with Joan of Arc. In the market place there is a statue erected to her

honor, upon the place where she was burnt as a witch, by order of the Duke of Bedford, and the house is pointed out, from the window of which he feasted his eyes with her torments.

Behind Rouen there is a lofty hill. I climbed up to its summit, and had a beautiful view of the City and its suburbs, with the lovely river Seine as it wound along many miles through the verdant plain. Vineyards and groves of many kinds appeared, and long rows of trees shading noble avenues, roads, and paths. After descending, I wandered about for yet a little longer time, and then late in the afternoon left this interesting city. After riding five or six hours through an immense number of tunnels, and occasionally being charmed with a glimpse of the winding Seine, I found myself in this city. Here I am now in, what the Frenchman calls, the capital of the Universe.

Here I will conclude at present. In my next I will be able to furnish you with some items of intelligence, besides a mere description of places. Adieu then, for the present.

Yours, truly, QUANGONDY.

Canadian Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

St. Catharines, Sept. 14, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Since my last communication important events have transpired in this Province, events which may materially effect both our civil and religious interests for all time to come.

We have just passed through all the exciting scenes of a provincial Election. The results of which have greatly disappointed the political party. The party in power, who was instrumental in securing a public Election at this unfavorable time of the year—a time when every hour was of the greatest importance to the Canadian farmer—and who, consequently, were not able to leave the harvest field to engage in Electioneering duties. The appeal to the people was made with the firm conviction that the Government would be sustained in their refusal to secure to the Province a boon, promised year after year, for the last twenty five years; but made the especial question upon which the party in power were elected—viz., the secularization of the Clergy Reserves—a portion of the Province amounting to one-seventh, given by George the Third, for the support of a Protestant Clergy if required, and, if the legislature of the Province deemed best, might be appropriated for the general improvement of the Province. The people have demanded the appropriation of these lands to Educational purposes for the past twenty-five years, but as yet have failed in securing their just wishes. The Episcopalian Clergy, who succeeded in getting their hands upon this Property, have thwarted every effort to rescue them from their unjust possession—they have squandered past redemption hundreds of thousands of pounds of this Property, and are determined to retain their unholy grasp upon the remainder. The result of this election has been a public condemnation of the Government for proving recreant to their pledge to the people on this question. Many of the warm supporters of the Government have lost their elections, and in their places, in every instance, have been returned independent reformers—who differ from the Government only in the settlement of this question, and who are also in favour of a Prohibitory law.

The Temperance community were fearful that the Election, being at such an unfavorable time, would result unfavorably for a Prohibitory law; but I think our prospects in this respect are much better than they ever were before. We intend commencing a general agitation of the Province on this mighty question immediately, rousing the people to the importance of flooding the new House with petitions for protection for the innocent, the industrious, tax-paying fathers, brothers and sons, mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of Canada. Moral suasion, kindness and common sense usage for the drunkard—But legal suasion with all its resistless, overwhelming might for the drunkard maker. The increasing tide of crime, pauperism, and misery, surging through our fair land, demand another united, mighty effort to stay its damning progress, and roll it back to its native course. If we fail this time, the greater will be the necessity of trying again and again, until we can revel in the sober fruits of victory.

The Churches in the Province, and especially the Baptist Churches, who have ever

been, in Canada, the champions of personal, civil and religious liberty, are being awakened to the necessity of being more actively engaged in this movement, and, in many instances, are urging their Pastors into the field, who have hitherto done nothing to effectively aid in this bitter contest. A few remain inactive, and while professedly in favour of Temperance, are in reality, from the influence of their do-nothingness, aiding the drunkard makers. Some few Ministers, especially Episcopalian and Scotch, look with contempt upon our labours, and openly range against us. But the number of opponents among the Churches and Ministers are becoming encouragingly less. We are anticipating great advantage from the Reciprocity Bill, and we are determined to prepare ourselves for all its advantages. And while the United States admit our Wheat, and the general products of our Country, but not the result of our Manufactories, we do not intend to admit the result of their Rum Manufactories any more than their cotton and cloth, neither are we willing to receive the first manufactured articles by the payment of duty, for if it comes, it must suffer the penalty entailed by Prohibition. The Churches are in a quiet state. No special excitement. Our Church is increasing in number every fortnight. The attention and interest among the people indicate a constant increase, and afford great comfort and support under the labours and trials of a Pastor's life. My sheet is full.

Yours, truly,

J. G. R.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

The following interesting letter from our valued Brother Rev. A. R. Crawley, of Rangoon, was kindly enclosed for the *Visitor* by Dr. Crawley of Acadia College. We take this opportunity of saying, that we shall feel very great pleasure in giving publicity to any communications, which may come to hand direct from these beloved Missionaries, Brother Crawley and wife, or which may be enclosed by their friends. The life of sacrifice and self-denial which they have chosen, touches all the sensibilities of our inner spirit, and calls forth our most earnest prayers that God's richest blessing may attend them in that far off land. We have mailed the *Visitor* regularly to their address ever since we heard of their arrival in Rangoon:—

Rangoon, May 18th, 1854.

DEAR —,

I have just been taking my first lesson in the Burmese language, Laura and I have begun the race together. I think at the close, of this first lesson, we find ourselves neck and neck, neither outstripping the other. Our old teacher is a fine old Christian. He was formerly a Burman monk, but with his wife who was a nun believed in Christ and was baptised by Mr. Ingalls. I feel very homesick this morning dear —, and just a little down in spirits, and discouraged—there seems still to be such a distance between us and the Burmese—so many months must be consumed before we are prepared to do anything in our proper work—and in just coming to a new country and getting settled there are so many perplexing things to attend to, that I am weak enough to feel occasionally quite down hearted—but I hope such feelings will vanish gradually. Oh my dear sister you know well how much the grace of God is required by the new missionary. There lies my want, I am not sensible enough of my intimate and constant dependence upon God. I do not feel deeply enough the sweet and sacred nature of my relation to the Saviour—in one word, I have not enough of the true missionary spirit, which treats with due indifference all objects except the great one of saving souls. I feel so confused dear, that you must not think very hard of me for writing such short and stupid letters, yours was such a delicious treat that I feel almost ashamed to send you such a scrawl as this. I sometimes feel it hard to reconcile myself to the thoughts that I shall never see you again on earth, but separation is one of the conditions of our pilgrimage and our probation—and it is only a gracious condition, for, separation now, will make our eternal union the more sweet. We received our messengers in Calcutta, and through them

had been made acquainted with the dreadful scene of wrong and bloodshed which has plunged two families into no common grief. We are very anxious to hear the particulars which I suppose will be contained in the next paper. Those glowing little pictures which you draw dearest, of your snug little cottage make my eyes swim and my heart rebellious. Oh! how I would enjoy myself there—but duty requires me here and I only give myself pain in indulging too often in such mental pictures of a sweet peaceful christian fireside, and there too is dear —, in her happy home. Oh! sweet Wolfville—happy Nova Scotia—never shall I know such a home again.

May 19th.—My dearest sister this is a marked day with the young missionaries, just arrived at Rangoon. We experienced all the sensations common to young house-keepers all over the world, when we sat down to breakfast by ourselves, in our own room this morning—it was a simple meal, only fish, bread, rice and tea, but you can believe that it was eaten with a relish. Laura has spent most of the morning in taking a likeness of the old Burman pastor here—the likeness is to be sent to the missionary room in Boston, and will probably be engraved for the Magazine. She has succeeded in taking a very good likeness of the old man,—if it appears in the Magazine I presume a short sketch of his eventful life will accompany it. Our share of this house consists of 2 rooms and a bath room—it is very fortunate for us that we are putting up in the same house with Mr. Ingalls, he is very kind and takes so much responsibility off our shoulders, that I fear we would have been in a very sad plight without his assistance. When you write which must be often, return good for evil and make your letters very long, I don't ask you to make them interesting, for that I know they must be. Give my heart full of love to your father and mother, and to each and all at Annandale. Remember us to all our friends who enquire for us. Mr. Ingalls and the Vintons send much love to you. When we get nicely settled in our own house at Hentteday, and a little at home in the language, I hope I shall be able to write a letter more worthy to appear at Annandale. I shall have yet all the trouble and perplexity to pass through which attend building a house in this country. Pray much for us, dear —, that we may have grace properly to meet these little vexatious, annoyances, as well as any sharper trials which may await us.—and that we may be faithful.

I am always your affectionate brother,
ARTHUR.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

DEAR BROTHER,—

As it may be expected of me to furnish the friends of the Tract and Colportage Society with a short notice of my agency in your Province, with your permission I proceed to do so.

After my appointment by the N. B. B. H. M. Society (to which was confided by the Eastern Association, the working of the enterprise for the time being) I visited the Eastern section of the Province, and obtained in subscriptions and donations upwards of one hundred pounds, a considerable amount of which had been paid into the Treasurer's hands. I would take this opportunity of tendering my thanks to the friends at St. Martins, Sackville, Point de Bute, Dorchester, Moncton, Salisbury, Sussex, Butternut Ridge, New Canaan, Cambridge, Jemseg and Fredericton, especially to Rev. W. A. Coleman, J. Newcombe, J. Herritt, and M. Kieth, who each spent one week assisting me from place to place. I beg also to thank the Pastors and Brethren generally in St. John, Carleton and Portland, for the aid afforded me while in the City, where the sum of nearly fifty pounds was raised, with the prospect of considerable increase when the Society goes into full operation. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that young men of fervent piety and zeal—of business tact—whose hearts are burning with love to God and love for souls, and who will not pass my destitute families without seeking to do them spiritual and eternal good, may speedily be obtained to go into the highways, and lead as many as they can find to the Gospel Feast.

Yours, affectionately,

AARON THOMP.

Horton, N. B., Sept. 20th, 1854.