

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

[ORIGINAL.]

European Correspondence.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—

It is difficult to express the feelings of a young man from the Provinces, when he first arrives in the Mother Country. As he lands upon the shores of England, the sights which meet his eyes in every direction, the various people who cross his path, and above all, the thousand associations which throng upon him, all fill him with feelings which cannot be spoken; and particularly, when we arrive in London, these feelings possess that character. London! the very name is enough to excite in the mind a thousand indefinable thoughts, what then must be the effect of the city itself. But to you, Mr. Editor, who have yourself experienced these feelings it is useless for me to describe them.

It was evening when I arrived there, from Cambridge. Every one, when arriving there for the first time, is filled with confusion and embarrassment at the noise and deafening clamor which arise from every side. The terrific screech of the locomotive echoes along the vaulted roof of the vast station house, mingled with the wild uproar of a thousand carriages rumbling along the stony streets outside, and the countless noises peculiar to a great city. Scarcely had I stepped from the car, and taken my little valise, when I was seized by a cab-man, and hurried through innumerable streets and squares to a hotel in the heart of London, where I passed the time of my stay.

But who can rest in London? My first waking thoughts on the following day, were of the thousand wonderful sights around me. St. Paul's, the vast Cathedral, came to my mind, and presented the first irresistible attraction. Thither, like a pilgrim to the shrine of some patron saint, filled with veneration and solemnity, I walked with earnest steps through the wild confusion of the crowded streets. As I caught sight of the mighty dome, as I walked into the spacious yard, and actually approached the great Temple, I felt like one in a dream. It is impossible to convey my first impressions of this glorious pile. Solemn, grand, and black with the smoke of centuries, there it was far above me, and I looked upward almost imagining myself in the sky, and was only convinced of my error, when I lowered my eyes and beheld my fellow mortals. The Church contains most magnificent monuments, all, with a few exceptions, being in honor of those who have distinguished themselves in arms. Chief among these warriors two repose here, their bones hallowing the crypt. The world knows well their names for they once shook the earth. One is a sarcophagus of black marble, cornet and cushion, containing the name "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The other is of later date. It is of polished red granite, and has a cornet and cushion, and the name "Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

There is also a plain slab of marble near the northern entrance which contains an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "Beneath lies Sir Christopher Wren, builder of this church and city, who lived 90 years, not for himself but for public good.—Reader, seekest thou his monument? Look around!" Ah! what a glorious epitaph is that! These are the most interesting of all the monuments here. The two former possess a stranger interest. How strange to think that this was all that remained of the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo!

Of what I saw in London, however, your readers have heard so many descriptions that it would be useless to attempt another. I may say though, that I visited the famed British Museum, and spent half a day in wandering discontentedly about the vast rooms, not because I did not admire what I saw, but because I was sorry that I could not see everything at once. It is almost impossible to bear away, from this stupendous collection, a distant idea of anything. Days and months, yes, even years would be necessary to give true benefit to the student visitor.

Then there is the Tower, in which have been enacted some of the principal events in English History. I saw the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, the blocks on which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey suffered, the armory, where all styles of armor

of ancient and modern times are gathered in an invaluable collection. There, too, were showed me the crown and jewels, and all the "regalia" of England.

Westminster Abbey! For days I was haunted by the solemn charm of this Cathedral, the Wajhalla of England's lofty spirits. I saw it at a distance, and gazed upon its lofty tower, and turretted walls, its pinnacles and gothic ornaments, for many a time before I ventured to enter. At last the time came.—I passed by Henry VII's chapel, and entered by a low door. At once, from the cold monastery of every day life, from the coarse and calculating nature of the world, I found myself removed and standing upon hallowed ground. Before me stood the monuments of all that English literature holds great. For in these

"holy precincts, lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality."

Chancer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Thompson, and many others, here were their monuments. The bones of some were not here, but their monuments were, and it was sweet to sit and meditate upon their lives, while surrounded by the speakers of their immortality.

I might speak of the great Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where I spent many days in a kind of continued wonder, but I could not speak what no tongue can fully tell, nor can I describe what is indescribable. Suffice it to say that in this enchanted spot, art and nature have exhausted all their resources. Beneath this new born palace, re-erected with splendor, beside which its former beauty grows dim; within the wondrous place which has risen, like the Phoenix, to new glory, is all that is lovely and admirable in art, all that is gorgeous and overpowering in nature.—Here are assembled repetitions of the *chefs d'œuvre*, of the Painter's and Sculptor's art, model of the masterpieces of the Architect, and perfect types of mechanical handiwork. Here science vies with art to produce admiration in the spectator's mind, and both are victorious. Here history is written upon stone, and the eye running along the scenes before it, takes in at a glance information, which, under other circumstances, long travel and much study would fail to impart. Here, within the edifice and without, rare exotics are gathered from all the world; the Cedar of Lebanon overshadows the linear that modestly looks up from its roots, and the noble palm, and the funeral cypress rise up, while ten thousand rare and wondrous plants bloom in verdure all around.

[To be continued.]

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Stromach Mountain, Sept. 14, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

Before I had ascertained when the Convention would meet, I complied with the request of the people in Upper Aylesford to hold a series of meetings there, which will commence on the 25th instant, and consequently I cannot attend the Convention. I have suggested, thro' the C. M. the propriety of recommending a day of Thanksgiving. I have also forwarded a communication to-day with reference to the Foreign Mission. I have not time to copy it for the *Christian Visitor*, but should you deem it right to lay it before your readers, when it comes to your hand, I shall be obliged. If any man, or men, adapted to the work is disposed to go on a Mission to Australia, I will gladly forward the enterprise; but I hope there will be no contention about that while it is merely speculative.

I enclose a Resolution to be proposed to the Convention, if you approve of it, please present it; if you do not deem this consistent, be kind enough to hand it to some one that will present it.

Ever yours in Christ,

C. TUPPER.

From the Christian Messenger.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

Messrs. Editors,—

It was my intention to meet with my Brethren in Convention this autumn; but events that have transpired prevent my attendance. I would therefore respectfully suggest, to those who may assemble, a few thoughts

relative to the important subject named at the head of this communication.

With reference to the duty of taking an active part in the evangelization of the heathen, we are undoubtedly all of one mind. Some diversity of opinion, however, is known to exist as to the method by which this may be best accomplished.

The view entertained by many others as well as myself, that the separate and independent action of our own Missionary Board will the most effectually call forth the contributions and energies of the Baptists in these Provinces, appears to me receive confirmation from statements contained in the Memoir of Dr. Judson (Vol. I. pp. 77-79, 122-126.) If all the Congregationalists of the United States handed over their men and their money to the London Missionary Society, or to the Baptists, as was also proposed, to the English Baptist Missionary Board, it cannot be reasonably imagined that one fourth part as much would have been done by either of these bodies, as actually has been done by them for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. The natural feeling by individuals of a more lively interest in a mission established and conducted by themselves, more frequent agitation of the subject among the people, and a deeper sense of responsibility to sustain such Mission, have unquestionably prompted to enlarged liberality in the contribution of funds, and have called forth an increased number of labourers into the foreign field.

Another illustration may be given. Had it been concluded that we had not in these Provinces sufficient means, experience, &c., to endow a College, and that it was therefore best to contribute towards the endowment of one in the United States, (though we could have no direct right in it, or control over it,) and send our young men thither for collegiate and theological education, can any man imagine that there would have been contributed a tithe of the amount which has been raised for the endowment of a College of our own?

It is not any prejudice against our Brethren of the American Baptist Missionary Union that renders me unwilling to unite with them. I was the first one in the Provinces, if I mistake not, who contributed and induced others to contribute, to their funds; and I will cheerfully aid them again, if no other measure can be adopted that is better calculated to promote the general cause. It does, however, still seem to me, that, if we can not at present carry on our Mission, it will be a preferable course to unite temporarily with our English Baptist Brethren. They, it appears, will readily allow us all that measure of control which we can reasonably desire; and will restore to us any Missionary sent out by us, whenever we may be in circumstances to resume our separate action. If we give our money to the American Union, and send our Missionaries, as these can never return to us, our organization must virtually cease to exist; and the hope of conducting a Foreign Mission must be relinquished. That this will tend to diminish the contributions for this object is undeniable.

Under these circumstances, as some one Missionary may perhaps be found who will undertake to re-commence our Mission, and to labour alone till a coadjutor can be obtained, I beg to propose the following Resolution, which I hope some Brother at the Convention will move:—

Resolved,—That though it is obviously desirable in the establishment of a Foreign Mission, that at least two Brethren should go together, yet, if the Board can obtain the services of only one suitable man at a time, in the opinion of this Convention it is proper to send him forth without delay, in the hope of being enabled to send others ere long to join him in the work.

I am aware that some are anxious to have the funds now in hand employed immediately. If, however, these be exhausted, when suitable men offer, we shall be unprepared to sustain them; and thus the Mission will be indefinitely postponed. Let us then, earnestly "pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers," let us diligently search for men adapted to the work, and, in the meantime, be actively engaged in providing funds to support them when found.

It appears to me useless to speculate, and inexpedient to debate, respecting the establishment of any new mission, until it can be ascertained that we have men of the right stamp who are disposed to engage in the work.

Having now freely communicated my thoughts on this subject, I remark in conclu-

sion, that it is my determination, as it should be of all that are absent, in this and other matters to acquiesce in the decision at which the assembled Brethren may arrive. May divine guidance be graciously afforded!

Ever yours in Christ,

CHARLES TUPPER.

Aylesford, Sept. 14, 1854.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Newcastle, Miramichi, Sept. 12, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

I returned on Thursday last from an excursion as far as Shippegan, visiting Tabusintac and Pokemouche. The two former places are seldom visited by a Minister of the Gospel. They are settled mostly by Roman Catholic French. There are a few Protestant families, however, scattered among the population, which are gratified to receive Missionary visits. I think there are but two Baptist families in that region, brother Thos. Harding at Pokemouche, and Robert Bishop at Shippegan.

I regret that I was not able to leave my field of labor at the time to attend the Association at Fredericton. I am gratified to learn from the account of it in the *CHRISTIAN VISITOR*, that the Session was edifying, efficient, and harmonious.

Received, by subscription, for the Newcastle Chapel,—at Pokemouche, £5; Shippegan, 15s. 7½d.; Tabusintac, £1; of which I collected £4 15s. 7½d. For the Mission, 6s.

Yours, faithfully,
B. SCOTT.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Newcastle, Miramichi, Sept. 18, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—

As some time has elapsed since I wrote requesting you to have the kindness to consult the Board, respecting my leaving on an agency for the Chapel of this place, without having received an answer. I take it for granted, that the Board will at once see the propriety of such a step for the progress and establishment of the cause here.

We could not obtain Carpenters to work on the house, until I wrote to Charlottetown, from which we expect Mechanics about the 1st of Oct., and must have funds to meet demands. I, therefore, deem it necessary to leave immediately on an agency or the above object. I purpose to travel directly to Fredericton, and visit the neighbouring villages up and down the St. John River.

I have just received a letter from my young friend, Mr. Daniel Bishop, of Shippegan, of which I submit the following extract for publication:—

"Enclosed you will find £1 17s. 6d.; 5s. for my brother's subscription; 7s. 6d. for the *Christian Visitor*, and the remainder a collection for the Mission funds."

Yours, truly,
B. SCOTT.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Moncton, Sept. 19, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—

You have seen by Brother Wallace's letter in the *CHRISTIAN VISITOR*, that we supplied Shediac and the Bend, for several weeks during my visit to Nova Scotia. Since my return I have been labouring at Shediac as usual apart of the time. I have to regret that so little good is being done through my efforts, for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. I have been thinking much of late on the importance of an earnest, faithful, and devoted ministry, and I have had to mourn how far short I come of discharging my duty in the sacred office. I hope that a harvest day may yet come for the Shediac, when precious souls shall be gathered into the fold of Christ. We have had a great many deaths in this parish the last week. Three lovely youths were interred last week, one on Tuesday, and two on Saturday. The meeting-house at Shediac, has not gone forward towards completion so rapidly as was anticipated. The pews are now being put up, and we hope in a few weeks to see it open.

I remain yours,
JAMES NEWCOMB.

OBITUARY.

Died in Moncton, on the 15th of August, Mr. James Lewis, in the seventieth year of his age. Brother Lewis was baptized by father Orandal, and united with the Baptist Church