

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Acadia College.

MR. EDITOR,

Your editorial in the Messenger of 29th ult., struck a note that should vibrate on the ear of each of its readers. "Acadia" in danger: our "College" in difficulties, should arouse us to enquiry, and, if possible, to exertion. No one likes to announce difficulties, whilst few hesitate to herald progress. But it is better that the friends rather than the enemies of this and similar institutions make known their fears and give timely warning. Our College in danger! Why? Have her foes risen up for the purpose of annihilating her? and is there no way of warding off their attacks? or is it not rather suffering from the supineness and indifference of its friends? "Were it an enemy, then we could bear it, but from its own familiar friends we feel it insupportable." Where is the difficulty? I presume it lies in the fact that the pastors and leading members of our Churches have left it to the Convention, and as the meetings of that body are held but once a year, and frequently at some distant point, but few are present who enter into the importance of forwarding this great object; that of giving a high moral training to numbers of young men in our Provinces. Sometimes in the hurry of the Convention's business things are done which much injure the institution; for instance, removing two of our most active and contiguous Governors and replacing them by two others, though highly approved of, yet being from fifty to sixty miles distant, they can seldom attend the meetings of the Board of Governors. Consequently from a Board of eighteen Governors, scattered over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, seldom more than three or four can be got together, causing its friends to become discouraged and feel powerless for any important action.

The pastors and leading members of our Churches who used to assemble from all parts of the Province, in all kinds of weather, to consult on the condition of this institution, have considered it as moving along prosperously, and therefore give themselves but little trouble in the matter. But a reaction, in this case, must take place. Its Governors, the pastors of our Churches, the Alumni of the College must rise up, and be willing to sacrifice time and business to consult together on the affairs of this institution. Is it not worth trouble, care, sacrifice? Is education anything to us as a denomination, as heads of families, as members of a community? Has any good been done by it already, in sending forth numbers, year by year, of well-trained minds to act on society; to fill our Halls of Legislation, the Bar, the Medical Profession, the Sacred Desk, the Counting-room; the Editor's Chair, and the Engineer's Staff, with the Scientific Mechanic and Farmer, and a multitude of first class School Teachers, to influence society and tend immensely to its true elevation? If so much has already been done and so much still remains to be done in the same cause, it is surely worth any sacrifice. What is to advance us as a people if a sound moral education does not? and who can bear to think of a reaction, in this matter? Shut up our higher institutions and you soon close Common Schools, for it is a fact—though denied by many—that common schools spring out of higher ones, and not Colleges from inferior schools.

As a denomination we are called upon to look our difficulties in the face and ponder the matter well, and when we begin to feel individually the difficulties are banished. Can we go back? Is not society advancing? Do not our children, our neighbors, our country demand of us an advance in education? It is perilous to think of anything but going forward. It is ruinous to stand still. If we, as a denomination, fail in the trust committed to us, and so far successfully carried forward, I sincerely hope other denominations, feeling more deeply in the matter, will do what it is our duty and privilege to do, and carry forward the work of morally and highly educating the aspiring young men of our land. With any such I would join heart and hand, as I feel that in no way can any one better serve the interests of his Country than in aiding its education; be it carried forward by any one or all sections of the Christian Church. "Acadia" in danger! Is the danger insurmountable? No. It is prosperous, compared with a short period back. 1850 found the College bereft of its two old and tried professors—Dr. Pryor and Crawley—without students, without needed buildings, and deeply in debt,—it owed £2000 and upwards. What is the case now? An able and experienced faculty of three

professors, a large number of students, buildings improved and increased, by £1000, and an increased and increasing library, debts all paid off, property worth £3 to £5,000, clear of all encumbrance, and a fund from endowment (independant of some unfortunate investments) collected and secured by notes, of £6 to £7,000. This shows no very desperate state of things, but indifference to our state will add to difficulties, whilst a vigorous effort may and will result in overcoming them. The endowment, to be effective, must reach £20,000, this will require say £14,000. The increase in numbers and property in the denomination within the last few years, in this and our sister Province of New Brunswick, could meet it at once, without an important sacrifice. Are there not twenty-eight of our leading Churches out of two hundred who could give £500 each, payable say £100 per ann. for five years, and the thing is done. The smaller churches could contribute to pay expense of agencies, &c. At the first view the thing may appear extravagant, but how little do many of our middle sized Churches think of building a chapel worth £500 to £1,200, and paying for it in one year and feel no inconvenience. I know of several now acting thus.

I have penned these remarks from my deep feeling in this matter, and not being a Governor or having any official connection with the College, I do it on my own responsibility, but should feel guilty to learn of more serious embarrassments without having lifted my feeble voice to warn the friends of this institution that they may in time arise to its rescue.

J. W. BARSS.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. EDITOR,

If you think the following oddities are worthy of a place in your columns, please to publish them in part, or in whole, as you may judge right. And thus you will oblige

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

P. E. Island, April '57.

Odd Things.

"It is an odd thing," said a fellow, hiccuping and staggering along the street, in his shirt-sleeves, with a blacksmith's apron round his loins,— "it is an odd thing that I cannot keep my legs!"

To me there seemed to be nothing odd in the matter, for I doubted not he had taken beer enough to make any man stagger.

"Oh," says one,

"That men should put an enemy in their mouths To steal away their brains."

"It's an odd thing," said a woman as she passed by her habitation, "but that lad of mine is always in mischief. That is the second pane of glass he has broken this week, and last week he was near blowing up the house with gun-powder." Odd as this appears to the lad's mother, it seemed a very common-place, every day affair. To my knowledge she had let her son have his own way in every thing; no wonder, then, that he should plague her heart. "The rod and reproof" says the wise man, give wisdom: "but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

"It is an odd thing Sir, that I can't get any work," said a man, by way of moving me to give him an alms; but the oddity to me would have appeared much greater if any one had given work. So dirty was his flesh, so ragged his clothes, and so strong did he smell of tobacco, that his way of getting a living would hardly have been better known had he placarded the word "beggar" in the front of his hat. Work, indeed! he might almost as well have talked of algebra as of work, for I suspect his knowledge of the one was very like his acquaintance with the other.—"An idle soul shall suffer hunger."

But though there did not appear to me to be any thing very odd or extraordinary in a drunkard staggering, a spoiled child getting into mischief, or a lounging, idle looking fellow not being able to get work, even if he was sincere in asking for it; there did appear to me to be many other things that were really odd, and of these I kept musing as I walked along.

It's an odd thing, when we think of it, that we should be quick-sighted as eagles, in seeing the faults of others, and blind as bats in discovering our own. It ill becomes a man to see a pimple on the cheek of a neighbour, while he is unconscious of the lump on his own back, and the blot on his own brow.

This would not be so if we really loved one another. Oh for more of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind," that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

It is somewhat odd, that in our calm moments

we are ready to admit we may be wrong, but that when in a passion we invariably insist upon it we are right. What is this but standing up for hood-winked judgment? Passions blind our perceptions; and he must have strong faith in mesmerism, that believes a man can see as clearly with a pocket-handkerchief bound over his eyes, as he can without one.—"He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."

It is an odd thing that we who deserve so little should expect so much; we never think of pay-what is not due to another. Why then should we think of receiving what is not due unto us? This question is rather a puzzling one; but if it lead us to put ourselves in the balances, it will not hurt us.

Among other odd things may be reckoned the impression which most of us have, that we should be better off in another situation than in our own; and that if we had a little more money, or a little more land, or a few more comforts and luxuries, we should be much happier than we now are. Depend upon it, this is all a delusion. The better course for us to take will be, to ask ourselves how we should be off, if we had a little less money, a little less land, or a few less comforts and luxuries? For this would make us content with such things as we have.

It is certainly odd that, to understand shoemaking and tailoring, a seven years apprenticeship should be adjudged as necessary; but that to understand politics according to the opinion of some, no application is necessary at all. Many a shoemaking hero of the tap-room, with his hat on one side, a pipe in his hand, and a pewter pint before him, holds forth as confidently to his companions, about the government of the people, as if law and legislation had been his study from his cradle. Odd as things are, I fancy they would soon become still more so, if law makers were to manufacture our shoes and clothes, and shoemakers and tailors to make our laws.

It is not only odd, but very odd, that by the common consent of mankind, the slayer of one man shall be clothed with shame, while the destroyer of thousands shall be covered with glory. From the earliest age battle-fields have been the pet pleasure-grounds of history, and nations have delighted in war. Greece had her field of Marathon and pass of Thermopylae; Rome her Pharsalia and Philippi. Switzerland had her heights of Morgarten; and France her Marengo and Austerlitz. The only way to account for such an odd taste is, to admit the full force and truth of the words of Jeremiah, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Though all do not regard it as an odd thing, many do, that he should be branded as a thief and a robber who forcibly takes that which belongs to his neighbor, while a nation which does that same thing is honoured and glorified. In the one case, the stolen goods are torn away from the offender; in the other they are admitted, as the reward of heroism, to be the property of the spoiler; his by the right of conquest and the usage of civilized nations. We cannot see the policy of such a proceeding with an unassisted eye-sight, but a magnifying glass of strong power would be required to discover its principle.

Another odd thing is the fact that many an owner of an old lead mine, or copper mine, or coal mine, has set to work, body and soul, with money, miners, pickaxes, shovels, steam-engines, ropes, rail-ways, and other things, in search of uncertain profit; while his old Bible, a mine of a thousand times more value, has been altogether neglected, though he might have wrought in it by his own fireside, without running a risk, employing workmen, or paying wages; securing to himself certain profit, and laying up treasures that would endure for ever. That is being "diligent in business," but it is not being "servant in spirit serving the Lord."

Has it ever struck you as an odd thing that shrewd, long-headed men, who have made their way through the world by their prudence and sagacity, who have the credit of forethought, and the character of going always to work in the wisest way, should expect to get to heaven without any preparation at all, when they never think of going a hundred miles from home without supplying their purses, packing their portmanteau, preparing their great coats, and booking their places. There must be something out of order in this! Either they make too great a preparation for the one journey or sadly too little for the other.

Such are a few of the many odd things that occur to my remembrance; to sum up all, though I have met with odd things, odd

thoughts, odd words, odd deeds, and odd people, one of the oddest, the strangest, and most unaccountable things in the world to me is this—that a man believing his Bible, or professing to believe it, and knowing that there is but a step between him and death, should employ every power of his body, soul, and spirit, to possess himself of the passing shadows of time, and leave unsought the enduring realities of eternity.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mission to West Sherbrook.

MR. EDITOR,

The Missionary Board of the Central Association having appointed me a mission of four weeks to West Sherbrook, I submit the following report for their information.

In consequence of ill health, &c., I did not attempt the work till January. At this time, (with health improved,) I spent two weeks in preaching and visiting the people,—I trust to some profit. I again commenced labouring in February, but only remained one week, thus spending three weeks in the service of the Board. I was then obliged to abandon the field through increased weakness, occasioned by bleeding at the lungs.

This little Church seemed to be more and more quickened to labour in the vineyard of the Lord, and to appreciate the gospel of salvation. A spirit of enquiry was increasing among them. One man who had hitherto been a Romanist gave evidence of conversion to Christ, and has since been received for baptism. These places need the gospel and its ordinances. I wish that some of my brethren in the ministry may be disposed to visit this place, and also Springfield, to administer baptism to those standing ready, and also to preach the gospel, and break bread to those churches as it is enjoined by the great Head of the Church.

As I am about to remove from the churches at New Albany, Springfield, and Sherbrook, I pray that God may direct some of his servants this way to labour permanently, in word and doctrine,—one who will be willing to endure hardness, as a good soldier, who shall labour and care for the churches and for the conversion of sinners, especially the dear youth and children, that they may be saved as brands plucked from the fire.

In the affliction, which is my lot, I would humbly submit to the Divine Will.

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. C. PLUMB.

New Albany, May 1st, 1857.

For the Christian Messenger.

[THE author of the following had not seen our last number when he wrote, or he would have perceived that our contemporary had merely made a man of straw to hide himself behind, and as it was only necessary that we should remove his outer covering to show that he was perfectly harmless, our "iron gauntlets" were not required and were left undisturbed.—Ed. C. M.]

"The Witness."

MR. EDITOR,

Why don't you put on the "iron gauntlets"? Surely it is time you did. Have you seen last Saturday's Witness? Do you think the Editor has ever read the ninth commandment? I don't believe that John Knox would have endorsed such representations, for he was an honourable man, though he hated the Baptists. Last Saturday's Editorial savours far more of the Jesuit than of the Presbyterian.

There is a long extract, too, from an English paper called the Christian (!) Times. It is a vile, scurrilous libel. I think it may be traced to an "Acadian" pen. There is reason to believe that the article was manufactured here and sent home ready-made to gull the old country people.

Measures have been taken to set the matter in its proper light before our English friends.

The Witness talks about a Protestant Alliance. If he continues writing in this style, the Protestantism of Nova Scotia will be broken into innumerable fragments.

I don't care a straw about your political parties. I am neither a Conservative nor a Liberal, but an out-and-out Radical Reformer and

A HATER OF HUMBAG.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. MERITABLE JANE DOANE,

The beloved wife of Capt. Martin Doane, departed this life on the 6th ult., in the 43rd year of her age. Loved by all who knew her, her memory will not soon be effaced from the minds of those with whom she was intimate. She was born in the year, A. D., 1814, in