

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Jottings by the Way.

[No. 2]

NEWTON INSTITUTION.

Seven miles from Boston may be found the only Theological Institution belonging to the Baptist Denomination, exclusively devoted to the training of the ministry of New England. The locality of this important place is most beautiful. Let the reader imagine a large brick building—three stories high—with the mansion house adjoining, for chapel, recitation rooms, and steward's apartments, surrounded by trees; the grounds are well laid out; the gravel walks are tastefully arranged, and the Institution, being situated on a rising eminence, commands a very extensive prospect. Here are embowery shades and secluded walks where the Theologues may meditate and pray, whilst seats placed at picturesque points of observation invite to rest. The little grave yard connected with the Institution is invested with a sad interest.—Here repose the ashes of Professor Knowles—so much lamented—a marble monument marks the spot, on which is inscribed a well written tribute of respect to his high qualities, as a Minister and Professor; near by, a stone marks the place where the only son of Professor Ripley reposes until the morning of the resurrection; and three small marble slabs are marked—Bonham, a sister and two children; a student's grave may be seen, where a neat stone indicates the affectionate esteem of his class-mates. This spot is one where a sad and afflicted spirit will love to linger. Here are the memorials of departed worth. Here is a resting place which the tempest-tossed Christian may regard as a place of calm repose after life's toils are over. O Death, thou art a mighty conqueror, and beneath thine iron sceptre the most admired and the best beloved are arrested, cut down and withered; but the material alone is thine, the spiritual is beyond thy power: the spirit ascends to God who gave it. O Christianity! at the grave of the Christian, thy glory is most glorious of all! Thou pourest the balm of heavenly consolation into the hearts which Death has well nigh broken. Thou sheddest a pure and tranquillizing light over this sacred spot, which else would be a place of darkness and uncertainty; and, with the voice of a conqueror, thou dost say, "Thy dead men shall live. Together with my dead body shall they rise." And ye departed spirits may be hovering near the sweet spot where your sleeping dust remains.

Every thing around Newton is conducive to the cultivation of a pure and lofty piety. In these sequestered walks a Peripatetic Philosophy might be taught. A Plato might well envy this scholastic retreat. The view of the country is very fine. It is thickly wooded, and you can only get a glimpse of the many villages and spires which meet the eye. Between an opening of undulating land may be seen Boston, the dome of the State House and the steeple of Dr. Neil's Church being the most conspicuous objects; or, if you wish a wider range of view, let us ascend to the *Crow's Nest*, the most elevated attic in the Mansion House, where a solitary student holds his vigils, to be nearer to the stars and to heaven. The eye embraces a wide extended prospect. Brighton, Brookline, and Watertown are small villages within a few miles of the great city, and the whole country is dotted with places of worship, houses, and country seats. No part of the Union can surpass this for beauty. Though we do not see the dykes of Kings and Cumberland, and agriculture is not in such an improved condition as in many parts of Nova Scotia, yet there is an air of refinement and education which invests Boston and its environs with a peculiar charm.

Let us enter the sacred domain of this School of the Prophets, and try to write something, which may awaken a holy ambition in the rising ministry of Nova Scotia to avail themselves of its advantages. In the first place, we shall endeavour to give a few pen and ink sketches of the Faculty, and without writing any thing offensive. It is intended to extend them to New England life, its Institutions and its Ministry. The Faculty of Newton is composed of Dr. Ripley, Professor of Hebrew; Dr. Hovey, Professor of Theology; Dr. Cushman, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric; Dr. Stowe, Professor of Pastoral Duties; and Dr. Hackett, now in Greece.—He is employed by the Bible Union, to mature the new translation of the Holy Scriptures, and is a Professor of ripe scholarship, excelling in New Testament Exegesis. He enjoys an European celebrity on account of his profoundly critical work on the Acts. A professional ex-

perience of thirty years has obtained for Dr. Ripley a wide spread reputation. no person can sit under his instructions without regarding him with the most sincere reverence—an exalted piety seems to pervade every action.—Dignified without haughtiness, and faithful without austerity, he affords one of the best models, as a Professor, that this country or any other can afford. He gives ten recitations during the week—six in Hebrew and four in Greek, and so thorough has been the drill, that his class of juniors have read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible, giving the construction of every word, in less than two months. The language is very difficult to acquire, and is forgotten very easily. The beginner at first thinks the difficulties insuperable: he wanders in a wilderness of hieroglyphics, and if he should come after the term commences he is almost ready to give up in despair; but he pushes on, the vowel points are mastered, he can read the text, go through the modifications of verbs, and tell the declensions of nouns. The crust is broken, the light of the oldest language in the world now dawns upon him, he marks the simplicity of its structure, and associating in his mind the events of the past, in the infancy of the world, the mists of forty centuries are rolled back, and he seems to hear the voice of Jehovah God holding converse with man, and feels a solemn and subdued emotion when he enunciates those peculiar words pregnant with meaning, and bearing on them the stamp of their divinity. Hebrew must be read every day to be retained, and its acquisition gives to the mind the best discipline. The Professor's Greek lecture is interesting, interspersed with critical exegesis. Many pious suggestions are made, calculated to give holy trains of thought to every member of the class. In connection with these exercises, the class is required to prepare Essays in connection with subjects relating to the history of Palestine. These are of a very high order, marking the superior cultivation of the students. One sentence which was read was remarkable for its originality and beauty. The Essay was upon the River Jordan. After minutely tracing it to its origin, and noticing its course, the writer, a young man from Brown University, thus closed, with this thought, "The river which had washed the steps of Joshua and Jesus, of Apostles and Prophets, rolled on to stagnate on the sepulchres of departed cities." Essays are also required on topics connected with the New Testament. These require a very diligent preparation, much thought, and a complete reading up of all books bearing upon the subject. There is no time lost. Student life at Newton is one of toil, and much midnight oil must be consumed to make progress, and if we get through without getting blind it will be a great blessing. Hebrew vowel points try the organs of vision. The junior class this year is large, numbering seventeen. Here are six from Brown, including their valedictorian, some from other Institutions, and last, though not least, two from Acadia, who maintain the honour of their Alma Mater. The plane of intellectual culture takes a higher stand point here than in the Provinces; their training is very severe, and if New England concentration of thought were combined with the off-handed Newlightism of Nova Scotia, the ministry would be more effective.

For the Christian Messenger.

College Agency.

MR. EDITOR,— Having just returned from a tour on Prince Edward Island, in behalf of Acadia College, a statement of my success will be expected. On old and new pledges the sum collected amounts to £26 ls. 8d., principal: £5 0s. 7d., interest: £14 8s. 10½d. for current expences. In all, £45 11s. 1½d. N.S. Currency. But as no principal can be expended, this gives £19 9s. 5½d. to be laid out. Adding what was reported in the Christian Messenger of Oct. 13, we have for the current expences of the College, £45 17s. 3½d. collected by the Agency thus far. The local agents, subscribers, and friends of the institution will therefore see the need of prompt remittances to the treasurer to enable him to meet the demand of £250 by the last of this month.

Besides what was collected, the new pledges amount to £119 18s., with a watch and gold chain worth together about £4. This sum includes £87 10s. of a Scholarship in honour of Deacon Thomas Desbrisay of Charlottetown, secured by his five sons. When business improves on the Island, this sum may be largely increased.

The promise of five pupils for the Academy was also obtained, one of whom—Brother John McDonald, of Belfast,—is probably now on his

way thither, the others expect to go next summer.

The missionary wants of the Island are very great. My tour there embraced 3½ weeks—300 miles of travel, and 13 sermons preached. From Charlottetown as a centre, I went in different directions. On the Western Shore to North River, Tryon, Bedeque, and St. Eleanor's. To the North as far as Cavendish on the Shore. To the East as far as East Point embracing Lots 48 and 49, Uigg, Three Rivers, and Souris. All these and other places would be open to Baptist preaching. Two faithful missionaries at least are needed: one in East Point and vicinity, and one in the region of Bedeque. In this last place I saw indications of a revival, and every where the deepest interest in the gospel. We have but two who are "wholly" devoted to the work of the ministry,—Elders Davis at Charlottetown and Burnett at North River. These brethren are unable to perform a tithe of the work before them.

Is there no faithful men among us who will hear the Macedonian cry from those feeble and expiring churches, and from those perishing thousands, and go over to the rescue. If there be, let him go at once. Such an one would be adequately sustained through our missionary society.

There are also large settlements of Roman Catholics for whom we are doing nothing. The traveller will pass through a settlement of Scotch Catholics, one of Irish, and another of French, with no one to care for their souls. In one place near East Point, for a distance of thirty miles thickly settled, there is known but one Protestant. In the sound of such calls can Baptist churches find nothing to do but "to bite and devour one another"? At Vernon River, at Rustico, and Tignish are large communities of French. It occurred to me that at Cavendish, near Rustico, a branch of our French mission might be established. Here are a few Baptist brethren, apparently of the right stamp, to co-operate in such a movement.

Returning from this digression, the following have kindly consented to be local agents for the College:—Elder Davis for Charlottetown, Lots 48 and 49, St. Peter's Road and Cavendish; Brother Burnett at North River; Rev. Malcolm Ross at Bedeque, &c.; Elder John Shaw at Three Rivers and East Point, and Elder Samuel McLeod at Uigg. In closing I would call special attention to the last sentence of the first paragraph of this letter.

D. FREEMAN,

Financial Agent of Acadia College.

River John, N. S., Nov. 6, 1858.

[The Christian Visitor will please copy.]

For the Christian Messenger.

An Acknowledgment.

MR. EDITOR, Two ladies of the Baptist congregation of Chester called at the Parsonage on Friday, the 5th inst., and, in behalf of the "Ladies Sewing Circle," presented me with a neat little purse containing the handsome sum of Ten Pounds in cash.

Such acts of noble and disinterested liberality can be duly appreciated only by the grateful recipients; and such unequivocal demonstrations, on the part of my friends, of their appreciation of my labours amongst them, cannot fail to strengthen the harmony and mutual affection subsisting between us, as also to afford the highest encouragement to persevere in those labours with increasing energy.

Hoping the example here afforded may be extensively imitated throughout the Province, and that the Lord may amply reward the "cheerful givers."

I remain, Mr. Editor, Very truly yours, J. C. HURD.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. EDITOR, As I see by the Messenger in various places that I travel through that you are of a liberal mind, and friendly to all who have anything to communicate to the public of general interest, I sit down to send you a few observations for publication, if they meet your approval, and for putting in the stove if they are disapproved of.

I have for some time past been engaged in the advertising of a celebrated and successful medicine, a medicine that has performed some most marvellous and most miraculous cures in our world since it was first promulgated by the proprietor. But lest some of your readers may charge me with a mercenary motive and a desire through your valuable columns to advertise myself and the medicine referred to, and thus reap a rich harvest of customers as I pass through

those localities where the Messenger circulates, I will neither tell your readers my name nor the name of the Physician by whom I am employed and most liberally paid, neither will I tell you the name of the medicine, so none can say I have a sordid or selfish object in writing this letter. Speaking of medicines, however, I may perhaps be permitted to speak of some diseases, and some complaints that afflict mankind that it seems to my mind no medicine and no Physicians of earth are capable of reaching or remedying.

In my passage through the world, I have met men afflicted, as I thought, with some types and forms of disease that no pills, lotions, ointments, or pain killers are competent to cure. For instance, I have met men rich in this world's goods, having, apparently, speaking after the manner of men, "all that heart could wish," and yet, when we engaged in conversation and I questioned them closely, would acknowledge to me, with a heavy sigh, that they were not happy.

Now, Sir, here is a style of malady, that I find in my travels through the various countries that I visit for my employe, to be almost universally prevalent, and who will invent or compound a remedy for this disease? As a travelling agent, I will guarantee to make the fortune of any man in one year who will compound or prepare a medicine that will effectually meet this most inveterate and very general complaint, a complaint, Sir, that I find in the halls of the rich and in the hovels of the ragged, and one that causes a vast deal of trouble and expense in our world. Men afflicted with this disease are constantly seeking for rest, and peace, and happiness; and, as a general thing, the farther they go the farther satisfied they become that it is most difficult to find. The young man just entering on life, with hopes all bright and buoyant, and every prospect bright and promising, imagines that he will have no difficulty in finding happiness, and he sets out on the life voyage rejoicing in his strength, beauty, and youthful vigor, and he says he intends to show the fools who have gone before him that he can find what they have failed to find, though they sought for it in every lawful (so called) direction, as well as at times in what, by others, is called unlawful directions. Yet he, at the last, has to acknowledge, with the wise man, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, that neither gold nor honor, fame nor position will make the heart happy. And if the young man follows the example of by far too many of the young men of the present day, yea, and of the old men too, and seeks pleasure in the paths of vicious indulgence: as, for instance, in the use of intoxicating liquors—moderately at first, and then, as most moderate ones do, madly at the last, he will find with the great army who have been slain by sin and vice, that the way of the transgressor against the laws of health of body or mind, the laws of society, and the laws of God is a hard way, and, in all probability, he will, like the miserable, though talented BRON, be ready to exclaim, towards the end of his sinful career,—

"My life is in the sear and yellow leaf; The fruit and flowers of love are gone; The worm, the canker, and the grief Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom glows Is lone as some volcanic isle; No torch is lighted at its blaze— A funeral pile!"

Now, Sir, what will we do to meet the urgency of the case that many men's experience presents us. Who will compound a remedy or a medicine competent to meet the case of the unhappy hearts of the UNHAPPY MILLION? Can you tell, Mr. Editor? If you can, then, in the name of suffering, and miserable, and unhappy humanity, please to make it public, and make it public as plainly and as cheaply as possible, so that the poor as well as the rich may be able to purchase it and find relief.

In my travels, as an agent, I have met some most pitiable cases of mental and physical disease. I have seen the victims of vice on crutches, and the victims of the bottle tottering on their limbs like walking skeletons, wan, wasted, and wretched, and really their appearance has made me think much of the woes spoken of in Isaiah 5th chapter, and the cautions given in Proverbs 20th and 23rd; and Romans 14th chapter in reference to the use or abuse of wine or strong drink; and when I see the woe in Habakuk 2nd chapter spoken of in reference to those who put the bottle by example or business to their neighbor, it seems to me that a good many so-called Christians in our world at the present day do not believe the Bible to be of Divine origin, else they would obey it; but this is the business of the Clergyman to attend to, and the business of the Christian Editor. You will, doubtless, do your duty in the exposure of