

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Notes of a Trip.

(Concluded.)

MONTREAL: ITS CHURCHES AND CATHEDRAL—FIRE ON A RAILROAD—MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY—ROXBURY—PROFESSORS' SALARIES, &c.

DEAR BROTHER,

I resume the account of my trip. In noticing the improvements in Montreal, I omitted to refer to the new churches. Three were in course of erection when I visited the city two years ago. Two of them are finished and have been for some time occupied. The Presbyterian Church or Beaver Hall is a magnificent structure. Being placed on rising ground, its tall stone spire is very conspicuous, and is one of the objects that quickly attract the attention of strangers as they approach the city. The building is surrounded by a massive iron railing. The congregation is wealthy, and no expense has been spared. The Unitarian Church is on the opposite side of the street, and is considered an elegant specimen of architecture. At a short distance the Protestant Cathedral rears its head above the surrounding buildings. The medieval style has been adopted, to which a kind of sacredness is ascribed by certain religionists; but it seems to me that a close imitation of the grotesqueness of a semi-barbarous age does not speak very favourably for modern taste. For a Cathedral, the building is small. The nave is divided into three parts by two rows of pillars, as is ordinarily the case in such structures, and the choir is set off with true ecclesiastical precision; but there the resemblance to the old Cathedrals ends. The "long-drawn aisle" is looked for in vain, for the whole space is pedwed over—a very appropriate thing for a place of worship, but utterly destructive of the effect intended to be produced by the ancient arrangements. Externally, the appearance is handsome and imposing. The walls are built of native limestone, with corners and facings of the white stone of Caen. It is said that the cost will be about £40,000. The consecration is to take place this fall. The bishop of Nova Scotia, and other bishops, are expected to be present. I left Montreal on the morning of the 16th ult., and reached Boston between 11 and 12 at night, having been detained three hours by a fire at one of the stations, which consumed 600 cords of wood, and rendered the road impassable for a time. The passengers were compelled to leave the cars, walk three-quarters of a mile in the heat of the day to the other side of the fire, and then to endure considerable inconvenience in consequence of the insufficient accommodation provided. American politeness to ladies, which is often lauded extremely, failed to exhibit itself on this occasion. The Conductor entreated gentlemen to make room and give up their places till more cars could be obtained; but one met the appeal in dogged silence; another pleaded indispotion; and a third, sitting with his feet on the seat opposite, reserved that seat for one of his male friends, who was perfectly willing to take it, though a dozen ladies were anxiously looking for places. About thirty of us rode twenty miles in a freight car—some standing, some sitting on boxes, or planks laid on logs. I seated myself on the mail-bags; but the mail-conductor, who had a comfortable arm-chair for his own use, said to me, "I think you are considerably older than I am, sir; you are welcome to that chair." I accepted his kind offer, and could not but be pleased that in this instance respect was shown to age, in which matter some of our Yankee friends are said to be deficient. At Concord, which was thirty miles from the station where the fire occurred, these travelling troubles came to an end, additional cars being in readiness. Next day was spent very pleasantly. An excursion to Mount Auburn Cemetery occupied the afternoon. The drive through Cambridge is delightful. Wealth and comfort appear on every hand, in the form of substantially-built residences, with good gardens and pleasure grounds. I was sorry that time did not permit a visit to Harvard University. Its capacious buildings occupy a large space, and afford ample accommodation. The driver pointed out "Washington's Elm," where he took command of the American forces, and the house which he occupied, now the abode of Professor Longfellow. But the Cemetery was the chief attraction. I cannot attempt a description, to which I must acknowledge myself entirely inadequate. Suffice it to say, that the whole ground, diversified as it is by eminences and depressions, and admirably adapted to the purpose, is laid out

with exquisite skill. Some of the dead repose in gardens, amid shrubs and flowers of all kinds, and others under the shade of lofty trees. The utmost neatness is observed in every part, the services of the attendants being in constant requisition. Tombs, monuments, and memorial-stones, of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, are placed in the burial-lots. Among them are many chaste and classic designs. The broken column, indicating the shattered hopes of survivors, is a favourite form. A colossal statue has been recently erected in honour of Mr. Ballou, the champion of Universalism. He is represented in the attitude of preaching, and the likeness is said to be excellent; but it would have been better, I think, if the robe had covered the lower part of the statue; sculptured trousers (or pants, as they are now called,) offend the eye.

There are three well-executed statues in the Chapel, which is a commodious building, near the entrance. It is small, but large enough, I dare say, for ordinary funeral occasions. The statues represent Governor Winthrop, James Otis, a celebrated lawyer, and one of the leaders of the Revolution, and Judge Story. They are considered very favorable specimens of American Art.

The panoramic view from the tower is one of the most enchanting I have ever seen. A person might stand there for hours, noticing the varieties of the scenery, and discovering fresh objects of interest.

Passing through Roxbury, on the return to Boston, I visited the Reservoir—a lovely spot. There are many large factories in that district; Chickering's, for piano fortes, and one for church organs, were particularly observable. Houses are going up in great numbers in South Boston. They are much in demand, and can scarcely be built fast enough for the growing population. Rents are exorbitantly high. A comfortable house cannot be obtained under a rent of six to eight hundred dollars a year.

In the evening I fell into conversation with a Presbyterian clergyman who was staying at the Marlborough Hotel, where, by the way, I always take up my abode when I go to Boston. The quiet and comfort of the hotel must recommend it to all who wish to be at home when they travel. It is conducted on strictly Temperance principles. But I was speaking of a Presbyterian clergyman. He is the first minister of his denomination who has settled at Boston. He preaches at present in one of the large halls of the Tremont Temple. Speaking of Presbyterian Colleges in the States, he adverted to the difficulty they found in getting suitable men for Professorships, and ascribed it to the "miserable salaries" they receive—"only from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars." This evil is about to be remedied, I perceive, in the Western States. In the new Presbyterian University just established at Chicago, the salaries of the Professors are to be three thousand dollars each. Our Presbyterian brethren set a high value on education, and are willing to pay the price.

I was desirous of seeing the Theological Institution at Newton, and enjoying an interview with Drs. Hackett and Hovey, but it was necessary to return immediately, in order to attend the meeting of our own Convention. Leaving Boston on the 18th, I spent several hours at Portland, where I saw our friend Dr. Simon Fitch, formerly Treasurer of Acadia College, who now resides in that city, and has an extensive practice as a physician.

Of steam-boat incidents, which occupied the remainder of the time, it is unnecessary to speak. On the afternoon of the 20th I sat down again at my own table—thankful for preserving goodness.

Yours, &c., J. M. C.

Sept. 13, 1839.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Student's Musings.

Last Thursday, Sept. 1st, was commencement morning at Acadia. As the big bell rang and summoned all into one Room to answer to the roll-call, and receive sundry greetings, admonitions and assignments for the term, many a soliloquy was, doubtless, indulged in by both student and Professor. To me it was an interesting morning. What made it most so was one fact, suggested by glancing around over the faces of my fellow-students. All, save one, professors of the religion of Jesus,—professed disciples in the School of Christ. The sight of my eyes affected my heart. The fact had never before so vividly, so pleasingly impressed itself upon me. It suggested a train of reflections. It called down from heaven the Mannings, Hardings, Dimocks. "This is the Institution for which we prayed and toiled. These are some of the fruits of our earthly labors, the answers of some of our prayers."

But, as each tree is known only by its fruit, what kind of fruit may these saplings, nourished by the warm sunlight and genial showers of their Alma Mater, be expected to bear? Here and yonder sat those who have made up their minds to study and practice "the healing art," to fit themselves chiefly to administer to the physical wants of their fellow-men. Will they not also, as often as they are called to visit suffering humanity, commend their patients to Him who heals soul-diseases? Will they not seek on every occasion to direct them to "the balm in Gilead," to the great "Physician there"? Will they not, by the blessing of God, dignify and sanctify their Profession?

There sat one who has "the Law" in view. Will not the grace of God enable him to elevate that Profession? Will he not be one of the few Christian lawyers? Will he not do much towards demonstrating the compatibleness of that now strange couplet of words, an honest lawyer?

But near me and interspersed through all the student-company were those who have heard and tremblingly resolved to obey the call—Go, preach my gospel.

O ye departed, ye sainted pioneers of this Institution, ye who hallowed this spot of ground with your prayers, and toils, and tears; ye churches, ye living, and yet-to-live members thereof, could ye have looked in this morning and beheld this, to me, most interesting group, methinks emotions of holy gratitude and joyful hope would have filled your hearts, if not indeed your eyes, as you looked abroad into the world, and onward into the ages of eternity.

Then my thoughts strayed into the Academy. There, at the present time, is a goodly number of worthy, earnest-minded young men, whom it is hoped, God, by his Spirit, has specially set apart to the work of his holy ministry. Many of them are compelled to tax their brains, and absolutely to deny many of their physical wants, in order to get a "little learning," which, when got, may prove "a dangerous thing" from the very fact that they cannot "drink deep of the Pierian spring."

Here my sympathies were elicited on behalf of the poor Theologues in College and Academy. And as on the afternoon of that day I saw one, in a store, buying a book or other necessary article, on trust, another with difficulty summoning courage to ask the merchant, "is that your lowest price?" Feeling assured as I did, that that question (so often asked by the poor Theologue) did not in any measure, savour of penuriousness, but was prompted—and is usually prompted by a painful sense of sheer necessity, of stern duty, I could not help soliloquizing, "Ah Christian Churches, ye who expect to enjoy the labours of such young men, can you not do more towards relieving them of somewhat of this embarrassment? Are you conscientiously doing all in your power to aid them,—in the pursuit of that which you now almost require them to obtain before you will invite their services?"

Have you not now among you many young men whose talents and piety you ought, by your sympathizing words and tangible liberalities, to seek out and place within the advantages and influences of these Institutions?—advantages, the living benefit of which you are already largely enjoying—influences, of the salutary character of which the fact now alluded to,—that of the present number of college-students, all, save one, are hopefully disciples of Christ, of these, nearly all converted here,—speaks volumes.

In an address the other day at a Sabbath School Festival, said a worthy minister,—whose Alma Mater is Acadia College—"I love the Sabbath School, because I love my country." My heart responded to the sentiment.

Fellow-christians can you better show the sincerity of your love of country than by seeking out and encouraging those who may become your Christian lawyers, doctors, farmers, merchants, statesmen, ministers, to avail themselves of the advantages and privileges here to be enjoyed?

For the Christian Messenger.

The Walton Bazaar.

DEAR SIR, The Bazaar, for the purpose of assisting to build our Meeting-house, came off at Newport Village on the 7th instant. The day was fine. About one thousand persons assembled. I have attended many Bazaars, but never saw a more agreeable company assembled. There was quite a variety in the Sale Room. The Refreshment Tables were well supplied—there appeared to be no lack of any thing that was really necessary. One table in particular, got up by Mrs. Shubael Dimock, exceeded, for comfort and appearance, any thing I ever before saw at a Bazaar. The people generally at Newport patronized

our undertaking. Great credit is due to the Rev. B. Scott, of Onslow, for his exertions in this matter. The Rev. Mr. Dimock and Rev. Mr. Bancroft assisted most cordially.

I am happy to inform you that we raised on this occasion one hundred and seventeen pounds. This amount far exceeded our expectations; as the Presbyterians had a Tea Meeting near the village only a few days before. I am informed 1000 persons attended. A Bazaar also came off at Falmouth the same day as ours at Newport. So that, all things considered, we did well.

I can not close this notice without saying that our Bazaar could not have been so successful had it not been for the untiring perseverance of the Dimocks and the Knowleses. I believe it is determined to have two pews in the Walton Meeting-house well finished and set apart for the use of the people of Newport who have acted so noble a part on this occasion.

Yours sincerely, WALTON.

Walton, Sept. 12th, 1859.

P. S.—The inhabitants of Walton will be prepared for another effort early next summer to assist them in finishing their Meeting-house.

For the Christian Messenger.

Tancook.—New Germany.—Chester.

Since I left Horton Academy—in June last—I have spent some three or four weeks on the islands of big and little Tancook, and held some deeply interesting meetings. Evidently the Spirit of God was there—sent in answer to fervent prayer. Five were added to the Church. I believe many more precious souls would have been brought to the Saviour if they could have had preaching among them. They remunerated me for labor while there, besides giving me five dollars to aid in sending the New Testament to the European Armies.

After leaving there I paid a visit to Margaret's Bay, and spent a little over a week among the brethren and friends there, who received me kindly with open hearts and houses. I preached twice at each of the following places:—Indian Harbor, Hubley Settlement, Black Point, and the head of the Bay, making eight times in all. The brethren took collections in each of the above named places, which amounted to something near a dollar a day, which I believe is missionary pay.

I returned home to Chester, and, finding a brother there from New Germany, who kindly offered to take me, I started with him for that place. We arrived there on Saturday. I preached twice on Sabbath, and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. I think New Germany is destined to be a fine farming country. The people are remarkably industrious. The church there have received the services of the Rev. W. H. Caldwell, who is shortly to be settled among them as pastor of the church.

I returned on Thursday as far as New Cornwall, and remained there over Sabbath, and preached twice. I returned on Monday as far as Mahone Bay. There I found the people in a state of great excitement on account of a great bear and her two cubs coming almost into the village. Several persons pursued them with guns and other weapons, but they escaped from them all. I came on Tuesday as far as Chester Basin, where I found that Bro Hurd had commenced holding meetings. I was induced to stay and take part in them. They were continued during the week, and seemed to increase in interest. At the Conference on Saturday our persons, who had experienced religion many years ago, came forward and united with the church. They were baptized on Sabbath afternoon before a vast crowd of witnesses. May the Lord keep them, and may they adorn their profession. We expect more to come soon in answer to prayer. I desire to trust in God, and go forth making mention of his righteousness. Desiring to spend the coming winter at Horton Academy,

I remain, affectionately and truly yours, ISAAC HUMB.

Chester, Sept. 12th, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

New Baptist Chapel at Mills Village.

MR. EDITOR, I fear that, through the neglect of some one, you have not yet received any account of the opening of the new Meeting-house in Mills Village. Your readers are always glad to hear of progress in all that relates to the kingdom of Christ. I take pleasure, therefore, in informing them that Mills Village, a thriving little place about ten miles from Liverpool, is now adorned with one of the neatest places of worship to be found anywhere in this locality.