

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene of every day life,

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MR. EDITOR,

I have often heard of my good brother's lectures on the above subjects, but had never the opportunity of hearing any of them until very recently. He commenced a course last week in Sackville, New Brunswick, and closed them last evening. I had the pleasure of listening to the opening lecture, and the closing one last evening. And I must say that if the intermediate ones were as interesting as these were those who heard them got the full value of their money. I would not for a good many York shillings, nay, not for a good many hundreds of them, be deprived of the information I received from the two I heard. It was pleasant to perceive that his audience steadily increased; and last evening they were kept for two hours delighted and fascinated by his eloquence, his telling anecdotes, his sparkling wit, and his plain convincing arguments. I have determined on attempting a Report. I want my family, and my friends, and every one else to read it. I understand, too, that the Doctor intends visiting Halifax, and other parts of Nova Scotia, and if I can be the means of inducing people to avail themselves of a rare opportunity of receiving information on the most important of all subjects, viz., their own physical, mental and moral organization, communicated in a way calculated to delight and elevate the soul, and to impress itself indelibly on the mind, I do not know that I can in any better way serve my generation.

My report can only be a meagre one. Had I written every sentence he uttered, the truth could only even then have been half told. The "outs,"—beautifully executed—the human skeleton, suspended at his right hand, the bones of which he seemed to clutch and rattle mechanically, as preachers rattle the leaves of the Bible, during the gradations of their oratory, his inimitable mimicry, as he showed how "Sulky Tom" comes in to his mother, wiping his eyes, and blowing his nose, complaining that the "old feller, his father, wont let him go to the launching,"—or how the boys "take the rise" out of "Dandy Bill," when the Squire's daughter politely declines his escort, preferring to wait at the meeting-house door until her father has finished counting the collection for the Micmac Mission, and handed it over to Mr. Rand, or to Brother Christmas,—that she may walk home with him,—his illustration of the mode in which the hale, cheerful affectionate wife, can rouse and invigorate, and put new life into her nervous, gloomy husband,—as he rushed up to the stranger opposite, with his bushy locks, manipulating those locks, and uttering words of encouragement, such as none but an angel of a wife could utter, and none but a Clay could imitate, putting the man himself and the whole house into a sublimated roar of laughter, from the fact that he had hit upon just such a man, with just such a wife. All these parts and appendages of the lecture, your ablest Phonographers would not be able to seize and paint. They must be witnessed in order to be appreciated.

But I will attempt something like an analysis of the lectures, more particularly the closing one, on the "Proper Government of the Passions," last evening. I will first notice the opening one.

He commenced with the "skeleton"—the "frame of the house in which we live." The ghastly object was suspended before us—the human skull and human bones all fitted together in their places and articulations, by art, so as to exhibit exactly the fearful and wonderful frame, which we daily move upon, the care and preservation of which is committed to our charge, and upon the healthy action of which life, reason, health and happiness depend. Some may imagine, he told us, that this subject must be hard, dry, and bony. Nay, some might shrink from it with horror. A human skeleton! Only think! Death in the primer! looking out of those horrid sockets, grinning that ghastly grin, and clawing at you with those bony fingers. But, don't be too hasty in your conclusions. Put off your prejudices. These are nothing after all but bones. No one need be frightened at a bone. A bone cannot hurt you. I have slept quite quietly over these harmless bones, having been obliged to prop up my bedstead with them, or rather with the box containing them, for some time, on one occasion. And then it is a beautiful piece of mechanism after all.

Only examine it. How it illustrates the power, wisdom and goodness of that God who made us, and who preserves us. Thus were our fears and foolish prejudices overcome, until some could handle the beautiful structure and examine it with as much coolness and interest as we could look upon the parts of a steam-engine, or a "Spinning Jenny."

Then commencing at the "crown of the head," he proceeded to the "sole of the foot." Tossing aside all his Greek and Latin, and leaving the harsh, horrid technicalities to the doctors and the dogs, he just told us what the different bones are, and what are their uses.

There were, I am happy to say, a goodly proportion of ladies present on the first evening, who had the good sense to endeavor to learn something of themselves. The proportion was largely increased last night.

A lady said to me this morning, observed the lecturer, "I suppose we must divest ourselves of all our *mock modesty*." "I said yes, the *mock modesty* can be dismissed to advantage; but the *real modesty* should be retained; and we will all see to it, that it shall not be shocked in the least." Nor was it, I am bound to say, in any thing I heard or saw.

A company of ladies, of one hundred, assembled on Tuesday afternoon, to hear a lecture for their special use and behoof. I cannot report that one. I was not present, of course; but, as a husband and father, with five lovely daughters to educate and prepare for all the solemn responsibilities of life. I do devoutly hope and pray that they, with their mother, and hundreds more, may have the opportunity of listening to a similar one at Hantsport, before many weeks.

Alas! alas! what days and weeks of suffering: what a destruction of health and life, and of that which is infinitely dearer than either, are caused by our ignorance of that delicate machinery we are required daily to attend to, and regulate, and protect.

Why, a man would not trust me for a single day to tend his "grist-mill," his "saw-mill," nor even his "cider-mill," much less his watch, his chronometer, his "telegraph office," unless I knew something—and a pretty large amount of something, too, about the mechanism, the internal structure, and the working of these machines. And were he fool enough to do so, I should soon smash them up. Just as hundreds and thousands of children, women and men, their bones, their vitals, their minds, their health, their morals, their bodies and souls, are smashed up and destroyed, through the ignorance of those who have them in charge. I, for one, quite agree with the doctrine of the lecturer, that, as a general rule, "it is wicked to be sick." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred sickness is the result of the known or ignorant "violation of law."

Dr. Clay took good care to illustrate and enforce this thought as he proceeded. Exhibiting the bones of the neck, he related how a father, by lifting his sweet little girl by the head, had displaced a bone, and rendered her a cripple and deformed for life. The danger of *twitching* a child by the arm—a thing often done—was pointed out. The beautiful curve of the backbone, and how this curve protects the brain was shown and explained. The danger of jumping upon a hard floor, either from the "hay-mow" by the boys, or in running down stairs by the girls, fetching a jump down the three last steps, was exhibited, and various other dangers and deaths to which we are daily exposed, by the ignorance of our structures and the materials of which we are made. Then the bones and joints of our legs and the beautiful arch of the foot, were pointed out, with a capital illustration of what might be termed "*mock modesty*," in the use of terms. A polite, modest Nova Scotian lady had been shocked, quite horrified, at the want of modesty in an English lady, who professed to be educated and refined too, but upon whom our bluenose friend could never again look, except as a low-bred vulgar thing. What do you think she had said? Only think of it! and right before a gentleman too!—She had said the *leg* of the *piano*! (Laughter.) "But, pray what could she have called it," she was asked, "under the circumstances?" "Why, she might have said its *walker*." "Well," said the Doctor, "we can call these *walkers*, if you are afraid to call them *legs*." But mark that beautiful *arch* in the foot. We walk upon elastic springs. But these springs may be broken. And he proceeded to show the mischief frequently done to the heavy fat little baby's foot by trying to make it walk. We were solemnly cautioned never to do that. Let the little walk alone, give him full swing, and he will walk in due time. You cannot prevent him.

The ruinous effects of "tight lacing" was

shown, and the necessity of keeping the chest expanded, and the spinal column, or, in other words, the backbone, in an erect position, so as to get no lateral *slew*, and the way in which it could be done, were pointed out, with many other impressive lessons.

I could not but conclude that the hearer who did not obtain a good deal of information about his *house-frame*, from the illustrations and familiar explanations of the lecturer, and who was not inspired with a desire for further knowledge, could not have had much in the "bony box" which ornamented the top of his "spinal column."

But, I will conclude this paper. In my next I will report more fully the "closing lecture."

Yours truly,

S. T. RAND.

Point DeBute, July 14th, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

"More Labourers."

SIR,

Permit me through the medium of the *Messenger* to call attention to a subject which—although it has doubtless been entertained, and even discussed, by some of our brethren—has not received generally that consideration to which its importance, as a means of producing good, entitles it.

My mind has been brought to dwell upon this subject—by the urgent appeals for Baptist preaching, or, in other words, for the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, which so frequently resound from different parts of our Province,—and the knowledge that there are young men, willing and anxious to engage in the work, wanting only the means of acquiring that education necessary to fit them to do so. The fields are indeed "white unto the harvest, but the laborers," alas! "are few," compared to the work which is to be done.

At a time when those who look for the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, cannot but discern in the aspect of passing events—the signs of his long-anticipated coming—when Satan, too, knowing doubtless that his time is short, is putting forth every effort to deceive and lead astray—at a time when God's peculiar people must rejoice in the fact that Baptist principles are just gaining ground—cannot we, the Baptists of Nova Scotia—we, who profess to walk in the footsteps of Him who "went about doing good"—who denied himself to accomplish the salvation of lost sinners—we, who, more than all others, should feel that to him we owe a debt of gratitude we can never repay. Can we not put forth one more effort, and by contributing, each one, as God has prospered him, to a fund for the purpose of assisting young men in their education for the ministry—help on the good work?

Happily, in our churches, the youthful shepherd cannot enter the fold, but by Him who has said, "I am the door." He cannot climb up the unauthorized, but, alas! too much frequented ways of worldly ambition, love of ease, contempt for honest labor, &c. He must exhibit the credentials to which alone Christ has affixed his signature, and when we see the door wide open—hear within the bleating of those flocks who are hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life, and know that there are earnest zealous young men, filled with love to God and to the souls of sinners, hindered only by the depressing weight of pecuniary inability, which drags them down and paralyzes every effort. Oh! shall we not stretch forth a helping hand, and, by assisting them to enter, thus share in the glory and happiness of leading sinners into the paths of peace and happiness?

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." May this encouraging promise incite our brethren to give this subject the consideration its importance demands.

BAPTIST.

For the Christian Messenger.

Rev. D. Crawford's Rebutter rebutted.

DEAR BROTHER,

Perhaps this matter of Campbellism as it exists in our friend has been argued enough. I propose, therefore, in my present dealings with Mr. Crawford, more of a review than a refutation. I shall comment upon certain things which occur in his rebutter, and leave your readers, to some extent at least, to draw their own inferences.

I. Here is an instance of gross irreverence. Thus writes Mr. Crawford:—"He [Mr. Davis,] has much to say about the spiritual element, which I must pass unanswered, just because it is unanswerable. Such metaphysical nonsense may, for aught I know, be very interesting to

his mind, but I must confess my inability to appreciate its worth. After a tour in these mysteries," &c. Would your readers know what this "metaphysical nonsense" and these "mysteries" are? I will tell them. "Confessing their sins—the remission of sins—He that believeth . . . shall be saved—Except a man be born of . . . the Spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God—the gift of the Holy Ghost—Wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord—Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the . . . renewing of the Holy Ghost—Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience—Not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God." Your readers will please to add, Eph. i. 12, 13: ii. 4-9. Here, and in expressions and passages of the like kind, dear reader, you will find Mr. Crawford's "metaphysical nonsense" and "mysteries." I had referred to a number of passages, without transcribing them, for the purpose of shewing the preponderance in the New Testament of the spiritual element over the ritual, and of thus exploding Mr. Crawford's theory about a man being "made free from the state of sin by baptism." I have given Mr. Crawford's reply as above, or rather his contemptuous refusal so much as to look in the face, not my words, but the words of the Holy Spirit himself. I have given a specimen of the phrases, passages, thoughts, on which Mr. Crawford bestows such treatment. They are all of them, it seems, beneath his attention. They are mere "mystery" and "metaphysical nonsense." Against such ribaldry I appeal to the spiritual instincts of all God's children. Nay, I appeal to high heaven itself. Meanwhile, what are we to think of Mr. Crawford's piety, or of the soundness of his system, when he will venture to employ such language in such a connection?

II. Here is a deep hostility to the doctrine of justification by faith alone.

I had affirmed, in effect, that faith in Christ is that act of the mind which alone is needful to give men an interest in his work. This, however, does not suit Mr. Crawford. It undermines the foundation of his scheme of baptismal justification. Thus, therefore, he objects:—"If nothing is required of a man but faith, his actions may be what he pleases. He has no need of repentance or obedience of any kind." This is truly an ancient objection. So when Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, taught the very doctrine for which I plead, there were those who objected in terms like these:—"Then we may 'continue in sin that grace may abound.' Yea, we may 'do evil that good may come.' Mr. Crawford, therefore, has to settle his controversy here with Paul rather than with me. Nor do I shrink, sheltered by apostolic authority, from re-affirming, that it is by faith, and that only, that a man is introduced into Christ, and built upon him. Here, down at the foundation itself of a sinner's hope, "he has no need of repentance or obedience of any kind." A man is justified before God, not on account of what he is—nay, he is justified in spite of what he is, when he "believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly."—but on account of what Christ is; not on account of the faith that apprehends Christ, but on account of that faith whom faith apprehends; not on account even of what the Spirit of God works within him, but on account of what Christ has wrought for him. No need here of baptism, or of any other work, since the blessing is "to him that *worketh not*, but *BELIEVETH*." Man's work here mars the whole. Here, Christ is all, and the creature nothing. Let Mr. Crawford make the best of that avowal,—or the worst.

I return to his rebutter. Thus he endeavours to fortify his own position:—"But what saith the Scripture." It says "a man is justified by faith;" it does not say by faith *alone*. It says that "a man is justified by faith *without* the deeds of the law;" it does not say he is justified *without* the obedience of the Gospel." Farther on he quotes James, "But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead:—For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." Another stale device—common exceedingly from the beginning to those who would get rid of Paul's doctrine, not mine, of salvation by grace, through faith, and faith alone. Let me, for the thousandth time, shew its fallacy. What is James's object, in the whole passage cited by Mr. Crawford? To shew how God justifies the persons of sinners? Certainly not. That, as is notorious, is Paul's mighty argument, as in his epistle to the Romans and Galatians. But James's object is very different from this. It is to shew how works justify the characters and