

The other side.

A FEW WORDS IN FAVOR OF TOBACCO.

Notwithstanding the numerous body of tobacco-smokers, there are few who attempt to defend its use, or to deny that it is in its effects injurious to health. But a Dr. Le Comte, of Philadelphia, comes to its defence in a paper presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences, of that city. He says he has used it for sixty years without perceiving any ill effects, having never observed it to have any exciting effects on the body or mind, but on the contrary, its action appearing to be entirely soothing and sedative. "Let a person," he says, "overwhelmed with fatigue of body and mind, set himself down in an easy posture, light his segar or pipe, and cease to think; by the time his funate is burnt out, he finds himself entirely relieved from his fatigue, with mind refreshed and body strengthened. Drs. Pereira and Christison say they have never known any well ascertained ill effects having been produced by the habitual practice of smoking."

Dr. Le Comte complains loudly of the prevalent practice of adulterating the weed, whereby it is almost impossible to buy good tobacco. Of the way in which spurious tobacco is manufactured he gives this savory account:

"Almost all the pressed tobacco is defiled with liquorice or molasses, which substances conceal the bad taste of the inferior qualities. The method by which the flavor of one plant is imparted to plants that have none of their own is as follows:—A quantity of the refuse tobacco is boiled in wine, or more frequently in human urine, until a fluid extract is obtained; to this some salt is added. It is then poured upon the leaves of other plants, such as rhubarb, burdock, sunflower, cabbage, or broad-leaved dock, which, after remaining in the fluid a sufficient time to absorb as much of it as they can contain, are hung up to dry and then made into Havana cigars."

We think that with the chances of injurious effects even from good tobacco, so difficult to be obtained, and the certainty of injury from an adulterated article, so likely to be used, there is little comfort for the tobacco-users.—New York paper.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

BERWICK.

From "The School Quarterly" of the Ladies' Select School, Berwick.

OUR VILLAGE.

Our little Village seems destined to occupy a prominent place in the literary history of our Province, and we think therefore calls for some notice in our new Quarterly.

Picturesque in its appearance, it lies between the hills of our County adorned with pretty gardens and rich forest trees, and favorably impresses the passing traveler by the beauty of its natural scenery, the taste and neatness of its architectural designs, and the intelligence and enterprise of its thriving inhabitants.

In glancing at its history we are carried back through a period of some forty years, to the time when our honored grandfathers entered these western wilds, and the germ of our little village might be found in the little log cabins that occasionally sent up their morning wreaths of blue smoke through the forest trees. The steady enterprise, temperance and virtue of those men, who cleared these lands, laid out these streets, and erected these time-honored farm-houses, formed the basis upon which rests the good moral tone of our society at the present day. And to their influence may be traced, in a great measure, the entire exclusion of all intoxicating liquors from our peaceful country village.

On entering Berwick, one is struck with the neat appearance of the public and private edifices. Among the former may be mentioned two churches, and the Hall, whose walls are not only the nursery of temperance principles, but in many other ways occupies an important position in the intellectual and moral improvement of the inhabitants.

Here from week to week the Temperance cause finds warm-hearted and able supporters—Here we meet for social prayer and praise. And here too, our Village Singing-school flourishes, and merry tones peep forth from happy hearts under the direction and superintendence of a competent teacher.

Noted as this building is for the happy influences exerted within its walls, may we not hope all evil habits will be forever banished therefrom, and that noxious weed, Tobacco, leave no trace of its footprints in our Halls?

In noticing the individual members of our society, we find those who regard instruction, both secular and religious, as of the highest importance. This may be seen in the large and

well conducted Sabbath Schools, and in the flourishing Village School, under the charge of a teacher whose competency and success none can doubt since the recent interesting examination of his pupils.

The Select School for Young Ladies deserves a passing notice. A Sister Band, we number twelve. In the first number of our Quarterly we trust may be seen at least the dawnings of that spirit of literary genius that is to be a characteristic of our village.

The above was read by one of the pupils of the Ladies' Select School, Berwick, at their last examination. It is perhaps a fair specimen of the original productions of that "Sister-band." Their recent examination elicited much interest and applause. The "Hall" was well filled at an early hour; among those present were three Ministers, the resident Physician, &c. While all seemed pleased, and many, as they retired, expressed their satisfaction with the thoroughness and efficiency of the School, as evinced in the examination of the different classes, not the least attractive features of the exercises of the afternoon, were the interspersions of gems from the School Quarterly, and the excellent piano-performances of the music Teacher.

The "sister-band" now numbers between sixteen and twenty.

Jan. 14th, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

Reflections on New Year's Eve.

SATURDAY EVE, December 31st, 1859, half-past eleven o'clock.

I am sitting alone in a pleasant parlour, with nought to disturb me but the tick tick of two clocks, that seem to be trying which can first end the Old and usher in the New Year. Ah! why should we wish the time quicker to fly. Had we not better wish the time lengthened, that we may say a few more words? beg forgiveness again for the many offences committed when the now Old Year was young. I fear we have often offended him in his youth, his manhood, and in his old age; and now that we are to close his eyes, and wipe the death-sweat from his forehead, may we determine that his successor shall be better used. Determine that the time passed shall suffice wherein we have wrought folly.

I look into the grate, the embers are fading fast—scarce a lurid ray to be seen. Deep solemnity prevails. A period of life soon will be passed, and a new era will, in a few moments, begin.

My soul, have you nothing to say concerning the time that is past. Thy mercies have been more than the sands of the shore. Boundless as the mighty ocean has been the love of God to you,—the Triune God, thy adorable Father, Blessed Redeemer and Gracious Comforter. Much indeed hast thou to acknowledge; much to deplore; and much to implore. To acknowledge all, thou canst not; but must say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Thou must deplore thy many shortcomings; opportunities for doing good neglected. A word which might have been spoken in due season to be as an "apple of gold in a picture of silver," kept back lest thou shouldst be met by a sneer. The world and its cares creeping into the closet, hiding the Saviour's smile from thee, thus losing the blessing he designed to give. Sins too numerous to be mentioned or numbered. Much to implore.—That forgiveness (for the sake of thy dear Redeemer) of all these transgressions. That the blood of Jesus that cleanseth from all sin may be applied. That the Holy Spirit may take up his abode in thee, and make thee fear to sin against God. That he would help thee to renew thy covenant vows and accept thee anew to-night a living sacrifice on the altar—that sanctifies both the giver and the gift. That thou mightest be made useful the ensuing year, made wise to win souls to Christ, which is thy most ardent desire and daily prayer. That he would give thee humility, strength and grace, to employ every talent in his service. And that he would endue thee with a true missionary spirit, make thee willing to leave native land, parents, friends, all that is dear to thee here, if He should require thy service elsewhere. And Oh, that at last thou mayest hear the "Well done good and faithful servant." "She hath done what she could."

My years roll on: then let me know  
The great design for which they flow,  
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,  
My vessel, Lord, in mercy save.

My years roll on: and as they roll,  
Oh may they waft my ransomed soul  
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore,  
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more.

My years roll on: my soul be still;  
Guided by love, thy course fulfill;  
Ah! my life's anxious voyage past,  
My refuge be with Christ at last. M.B.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation to the Rev. J. Stevens.

DEAR BROTHER EDITOR,

Will you allow me a place in your paper to acknowledge the kindness which my friends here have expressed to myself and family, by two donation visits paid us since our removal here,—a little more than a year ago. The former of those visits was made on the first day of 1859, and the latter on the second day of the present month. These friendly and benevolent gatherings were conducted with the most perfect order and harmony. The repasts furnished by the ladies almost exceed description, and the addresses delivered on the occasion by several gentlemen present, furnished a social and intellectual repast of no ordinary character.

The first donation mentioned, amounted to Thirty-two dollars in cash, and Thirty-six dollars in articles for family use. On the second day of the present year the amount received was Sixty-one dollars in cash, including several dollars sent in afterwards by friends who could not attend at the Mission house, and Twenty-seven dollars in useful articles of produce.

Such expressions of friendship and respect are always valuable, but especially so under my peculiar circumstances. In consequence of ill health, I have not been able to perform my usual labour with the people more than half of the time during the last three months, nevertheless their sympathies seem not to have abated. May the Lord reward their kindness.

J. STEVENS.

South Rawdon, Jan. 16th, 1860.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

DEACON JAMES PURDY

Died on the 8th of October, 1859, aged 60 years. Brother P. was early made the subject of religious impressions. At the age of twelve years he became deeply concerned on account of his sins; at length being led by the Spirit to the Saviour, he found peace through the blood of the cross. It was not, however, until he was 21, that he put on Christ by being "buried with him by baptism." For the last ten years I have known Brother P. as a living active Deacon of the Church. His house was ever a house for the servants of God, and he was ever ready to administer consolation to the afflicted.

In his last illness he was a great sufferer, notwithstanding he would often speak of the goodness of God and his love to poor sinners, among whom he felt himself to be chief. He often said to the writer, "When I am gone, my dear brother, do not praise me, but ascribe all to the sovereign grace of God bestowed on me, a poor sinner."

Brother P. has left a beloved wife and seven children, together with a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn the loss of a kind husband, affectionate father, and faithful friend. May the Lord comfort the widow, and lead the fatherless to imitate the example of the departed.—Communicated by the Rev. A. Cogswell, Clements, January 6th, 1860.

From the Watchman & Reflector.

Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

I am not able to compliment you upon your discretion in selecting me as your correspondent, for I am, in the matter of letter-writing, among sinners the very chief. The mass of unanswered epistles upon my table is a burden upon my conscience, and I fear that you will compel me to increase my sins of omission in this respect. But as you are convinced that a few lines from my pen may be useful to the church of Christ in America, I am unable to withstand your solicitations, and must at least attempt what I fear will be a labor to me, and a disappointment to you. Let me, however, begin with a good understanding of what is required of me, or rather of what I hope to accomplish. I shall send you a sort of olla podrida— anecdote, quotation, event, sermon, remark, and everything all mixed, compounded, and perhaps confounded. You have had the folly to request me to tell you what I am doing, and what is going forward in my own church. Surely you must have forgotten your usual prudence, for how can a man write of himself, without incurring the censure of egotism or boasting? When you have answered this very difficult question, you will, I am sure, request me to discontinue my epistles, for I shall be quite unable to obey the commands of your new philosophy. I shall, however, until that time, take license from your request, and venture to thrust a page or two of my own unwritten journal into my letters. At the same time permit me to say that if Caesar must write his own commentaries, they ought not to be read until Caesar is in another world, and I must beg you to remember that my egotism can only be considered bearable, because I am writing for another world, and if my spirit is not divided from you by the great river of death, there is, at least, a very broad Atlantic between us. I shall hope for your pardon when I am prexy, for your patience when I am brief, and for your affectionate remembrance at all times. I write to you as a friend, and as a brother in Christ, and not as to a stranger or a critic. I shall sit down with you or our rocking-

chair, and talk in my rough, but hearty Saxon, about the work of God in the old country, and other matters which concern the progress of our race and the spread of the Gospel.

We have all, as you are aware, been called to mourn the death of that venerable servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, Rev. John Angell James. It will be a long time before the church can fully estimate the loss of that prince and great man in Israel. He was to the Independent denomination a standard-bearer around whom its members delighted to rally, and to all of us he was a bright example we longed to imitate.

In an early year of my ministry, while but a lad, I was seized with an intense desire to hear Mr. James; and although my finances were somewhat meagre, I performed a pilgrimage to Birmingham solely with that object in view. I heard him deliver a week evening lecture in his large vestry, upon that precious text, "Ye are complete in Him." The savor of that very sweet discourse abides with me to this day, and I shall never read the passage without associating therewith the quiet but earnest utterances of the departed man of God.

Some three years ago when I was preaching in Birmingham, he was my hearer, and came with many other brethren into the vestry after the sermon. I cannot venture to repeat the loving words of encouragement which then fell from his lips; but I am free to record the brief conversation, so far as it related to himself. I informed him of my having gone many a mile to hear him in former years; to which he humbly replied that he feared I was illy repaid for my journey. I assured him that I was quite the reverse, and upon quoting the text, he smiled, and, shaking his head, he said, "Ah, ah, that was one of your favorites, you liked the Calvinism of it, and so you put up with me, for the sake of the doctrine," adding, in a jocular manner, "I wonder whether you would like me as well on some other points."

Before this letter reaches you, Rev. H. G. Guinness will have arrived in your land. Before he departed for America I happened to be preaching in Cheltenham, and he had announced to deliver a farwell sermon in that town, in which his mother and family reside. He very kindly postponed his service until nine in the evening, that those who wished might attend both services, and he had no reason to regret the arrangement. After preaching, I was delayed for a short time, and then hastened to the Town Hall to hear him, but was too late, for the doors were shut, and, like many others, I had to retire, because there was no room for entrance. I trust that his visit to your country will be greatly blessed. I must leave you to hear him for yourself, and form your own judgment of his power as a preacher. For my own part I think that criticising God's ministers is an unhallowed employment, and I am accustomed to estimate preachers not by their talents, but by their usefulness. This, then, is my willing testimony. I have met with many brethren whose churches have been increased by his ministrations, and there are many souls who must to all eternity bless the Lord for having heard his voice.

And now, my dear friend, I have run out both my time and matter. May every blessing of the new covenant be richly enjoyed by you, and by your friend, for Christ's sake.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Clapham, London, 1859.

[We have omitted two or three passages in Mr. Spurgeon's letter. They consist merely of comments on facts which have already appeared in our columns.]

Religious Intelligence.

REVIVAL AT NEWPORT.—The Rev. J. Burton writes, dated Newport, Tuesday, 17th instant:—"In pursuance of my mission here, I have baptized on four different occasions since the Sabbath before last. Thirty-two persons have thus made a public profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus, and have united with his people. Brethren Longille and Shaw, and Father Dimock are happily engaged in this good work in connexion with the newly-formed church in this place. I will furnish an account of my whole mission here soon. To God be all the praise."

MR. SPURGEON AT EXETER HALL.—On Sunday last the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon commenced a new series of Sunday morning services, which, notwithstanding the frost, snow, and chilling wind was crowded to excess. There was not, in fact, standing-room for another individual; and many who came late were obliged to leave. The reason why the rev. gentleman left the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, is the fact that it is now opened on Sunday evenings for musical entertainments. The congregation was as usual admitted by ticket up to half-past ten, when