

Amongst the symptoms of Consumption which present themselves as the disease progresses, are cold chills, cough, shortness of breath, restlessness at night, loss of appetite, loss of flesh, night sweats, hectic, expectoration of white mucus pellets, also yellow and bluish or gray matter, sometimes streaked with blood; burning pains in the chest, diarrhoea, general prostration and incapacity for the ordinary duties of life.

The consumptive is admonished to resort to Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, when the first symptom presents itself, as it is the only sure remedy.

For the Christian Messenger.

MINERALIZING EXCURSION FROM ACADIA COLLEGE TO BLOMIDON, APRIL 1859.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME BY A STUDENT.

What means the bustle of this sunless hour? What urges now the Students from their beds? Fear they the early bell's disturbing power, Or will no longer sleep embalm their heads? Why reigns not silence in Acadia's halls? Dost she her matin spell no more retain? Why answer echoes from these College walls While yet the woodland warblers mute remain? While Sol, still living in the ocean spray, Has not yet given his steeds the slackened rein Should other students woo the tardy day, While slumbers yet the monitor enchain? What studies now demand such rigorous toil? Does Tacitus involve his thoughts the more? Or do Mechanics' weaker labors foil, Filching from sleep with problematic lore. Or rather, doth Geology demand Labor severe, to know our native dust, And by the science new, to understand The strange formation of earth's rocky crust? Surely some pressing claim must urge them

To roll the heavy slumbers from their eyes; Surely some dire necessity must gore To such unwonted sundering of ties;— For ere the earliest ringing of the bells, Forth come the students, Alward and Frank Higgins, Porter and Wickwire, Jones, Payzant and Wells, Equipped for Blomidon's famed mineral diggings, For Doctor C. had deemed 'twould answer well, To make the science please and profit more, While it would prove a recreative spell, And also swell Acadia's mineral store. Thus in their robes of buffalo and seal, And rubber coat, cumbersome and highland shawl, Having devoured in haste their early meal, The venturous voyagers began to fall In rank and file, adown Acadia's slope Benching their way thro' Wolfville's silent street; Bearing themselves with stately nerve and scope As for such company seemed highly meet. We sallied thro' snow-storms,—reached the bluff at noon— Reared a frail camp, and found our camp-fire duned; Then searched for minerals, till the rising moon And settling night, bade us our camp to find Weary we reached it, eagerly we fed. Upon the rich provision of our store; Then sweetly slept upon our spruce-bough bed, Lulled by the sea— waves rippling on the shore. The moon had faded from our evening sky, And the last watcher nodding out his turn, Startled at hearing voices drawing nigh, Rouses and gives the fire more: fuel to burn. The yellow streak, bright harbinger of day, Begins to pallid on madder-mora-her-blast, Up, and thro' breakfast—then away, away, Around bluff Blomidon's bold cliff we rush In quest of minerals for Acadia's store; While now and then from the o'er-towering steep Came thundering down upon the rocky shore, Great rocky boulders, with wild frantic leap, And clash, and crash, and cavern echoing roar. From dawn till sunset with exciting toil, We searched the bluff-base for its glittering stone.

Till worn with animation and with toil, We gathered round our boat to speed for home. But Eolus, with ever fickle whim, Revoked the mandate for a favoring breeze, And with r.olling waves, the ocean grim, Laid both our boat and prospects on their leas. The waves, obedient to the gale's behest, Lashed high the beetling crags along the shore, While with the boat to their rude mercy left, To hopeless doom, boomed off our mineral store.

Groping thro' darkling crags mid surf and shore, Gazing with longing o'er the leagues of tide, Jaded, at length we reached our camp once more.

The fateful issues calmly to abide. Another night long gleamed our wigwam fire, Another night the waves lulled our repose, Another morn of Him who soothed God's ire, Against a rebel world,—a Sabbath rose. The weary night in Wolfville slowly wore, With many a troubled thought and wakeful eye;

The flaming bonfires smoulder on the shore, And anxious, growing words begin to fly. The Doctor with his glass went forth to peer; The students from the belfry gazed with dread;

Around the church, the villagers with murmured fear, Spoke of the long-lost boat's crew—slumbering dead.\*

Meanwhile, beneath old Blomidon's unchilled fane, With winds for preacher, and with waves for lay,

Around their campfire, huddling to remain, They thought thus then, to spend that Sabbath day.

But some beheld the curling smoke aspire, And thought perhaps some fated wreck had bore, Who, shivering now around that very fire, The sullen waves had left to the stern shore.

Down strolling thus in meditative mood, A farmer came upon our morning meal; Gazed on our comic home, and wondering stood,

Perplexed to take our lot for woe or weal. But seated on the boughs he heard it given, The story of our past adventurous day, And how he thus had found us, not storm-driven,

Although storm-buffed on our homeward way. Home ward he trudged, and soon again he came

With chariot, befitting heroes' train, With horned steeds and destitute of mane, But oh! the vehicle, it was a wain. Not to describe it shall be our intent, For ink would fail to amplify each part; Suffice to say, what'er our preference, At such a time, we scorned not the old cart. Sunday or Monday, little heeded we.

But heaped our cumbersome luggage in the wain, Left our lone wigwam by the sounding sea, Marched for new quarters,—formidable train. Welcome the strangers to the farmer's cot, And smoothly passed the Sabbath eve away; Night fled, but the surf trampled not, Save to our dreams, which camped amid the spray.

Breakfast, and bustling preparation through, A double team with luggage, led the van, And though with less parade to outward view, Yet spite of the exterior—"man's man" — And man-like did we plod the weary mire, The long way backward, to our fondling home, Till to our vision rose the village spire, And from its circling cope, the College dome.

Forward we urged, enlivened by a view So beacon-like, upon our toilsome way. Athwart the tidal stream, that wandered through

The broad rich valley that between us lay. Hark! 'tis the bell's rich peals that strike mine ear Floating like music from the College dome. Hail! Mother, brothers, your wild shouts I hear

Of gladly welcome to the wanderers' home. Prof. Chipman, Verry, Grant and others.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LETTER FROM REV. R. S. MORTON.

Dear Editor,— It is 44 months to-day, that I have been deprived of the privilege of going up to the house of the Lord, either to confer or commune with His children. To me it has been a sore trial, to be so long separated from the earthly temple of God, for it was there, that for more than thirty years I had been in the constant practice from week to week of gathering with those who go up to worship the Lord. And O! what happy seasons have I there enjoyed. Well, I will not complain because I can no longer meet, as I used to do with the assemblies of the saints in the house of God here on earth, but I will thank God for the many privileges I have been permitted to enjoy in other days, and for the mercies with which he still surrounds me.

It might be far worse with me than it is, for I still enjoy from time to time the company and conversation of the dear people of God, and often find it to be exceeding pleasant to talk of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of Christ. And then I am looking forward, often with great joy, to the

time when I hope through the amazing grace of God, to meet all my Heavenly Fathers' children in the New Jerusalem, when the last pain and sorrow shall have passed away, and where "the Lamb shall feed his flock, and shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Yes, such is my present anticipation, though utterly unworthy, but Christ is worthy, and to Him shall be ascribed all the praise both now and forever. I have been for these many months past, standing as with my feet dipt in the waters of the cold dark river, through which all must pass, sooner or later, when this mortal life is ended. Thousands have crossed that stream since I arrived at its bank. Why I am permitted, or perhaps I might say, compelled to tarry thus, while others come down and pass over, I know not. But it is all right. It may be that I shall yet be permitted to return and wander for a time in the wilderness ere I cross the stream, or perhaps, I am to linger here to learn more of the evil of sin, and of the wiles of Satan, and of the power of God's grace to sustain his children, under the greatest affliction. For aught I know it may be that I may send back some message that may be of benefit to those who are still traversing the wilderness, but who may soon arrive at the river. There are thousands that to-day seem in their own view, to be far from death, but of whom God may be saying, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." Oh! it is a sad thought, that those who are the most unprepared, are generally the most careless. So it was with the five foolish Virgins, no oil in their lamps, and yet they slept, when the door was finally closed they were shut out. Oh! what a lesson for careless professors. It is to be feared that there are many such. Their names may be on the church book, but their heart is in love with the world, and with the world they are living. And dying in their present state they must have their portion with the world. While I am lingering then, let me shout in the ears of all professors of religion who are now asleep, the Bridegroom is on his way, wake up, see if all is in readiness; only such as have the true love of God in their heart can be accepted when he comes. All others, no matter how much they desire to enter in through the gates into the city, must nevertheless be shut out. And I would add one word to those who are filling the responsible position of the Gospel Ministry. Dear Brethren, suffer the word of exhortation, do not stay to polish the truth too much, but "cry aloud and spare not." There is great need of plainness of speech in this day of pride and worldly prosperity, "reprove, rebuke and exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine." "He that winneth souls is wise," and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

I am as ever yours, &c., ROBERT S. MORTON.

P.S.—I am pleased to learn through the Christian Messenger of the work of grace at Yarmouth and many other places. May it continue and prevail gloriously, is my earnest prayer. I don't know how Baptists can live in Nova Scotia without the Messenger, I should be quite lost without it, the article from the Baptist Quarterly on the Mutual relation of Baptism and the Communion, is worth the cost of the paper for a year. I hope everybody will see and read it, and consider it well. My health is much as it has been for many months, I am still very nervous, and have continual pain in my lower limbs, Mrs. Morton has quite ill health, but as yet, able to take care of me. I hope that my brethren may have a good and profitable meeting at the approaching Association at Berwick, and that we may all meet in Heaven at last.

Waterville, Aylesford, } R. S. M. May 18, 1872.

For the Christian Messenger.

IMMIGRATION.

LETTER FROM DR. EDWIN CLAY.

Editor Halifax:—

DEAR SIR,—Among the many wants to which our country is now subjected, outdoor farm labor and house servants may be considered the greatest; and the question how shall the want be supplied? is not one easily answered. All over this country the position occupied by capital and labor is constantly changing in favor of the latter, by every day giving to first-class labor, higher wages, and shorter time.

A vast number of first-class young women have been taken out of the labor market

here, and transferred to the Australian Colonies, free of all cost to themselves, and with an almost certain prospect of becoming the mistress of their own houses—for emigration to Australia means successful marriage to almost every young woman who goes there. A still larger number have been transferred to the United States and Western parts of the Dominion. This gives the first class female servants an opportunity to obtain what in our Province would be called high wages. In the hotel at which I am now staying, and it was the same in Liverpool, London, and other places, the cook, a young woman—is getting thirty, and the rest from twelve to eighteen pounds sterling a year, so we need not think of supplying our wants from that class of servants, unless prepared to give them the same or better wages, and to pay their passage across. Our supply must come from two other classes. First, from the class taken out last fall by Miss Rye, and, secondly, from the poor untrained girls of country districts. No doubt but the large majority under such training (and train them you must or go without) as Nova Scotia house-keepers can give, would soon make them superior house servants. But both of these will need help in getting across. The Government of the Dominion is prepared to give assistance to the amount of one-third the fare; and the parties needing help from servants must be prepared to give a helping hand in getting them over. Could not something be done by forming Immigration Aid Societies in Halifax and other parts of the Province, for the purpose of giving some assistance to indigent persons of good character, in getting a passage to our Province? Before leaving Nova Scotia the writer had spoken to a number of gentlemen on the subject, and all appeared interested and anxious to aid the work. His Worship the Mayor promised, if a meeting was called for that purpose, to give it the benefit of his presence and influence, or any work that should have for its object the supplying the city and Province with much needed labor. If once started, many no doubt would willingly cast in their mite to help a society having such an object in view.

As regards the farm labourer, and the new settler, they need some encouragement, something to act as an incitement to them to leave the land of their birth. If our farmers desire to have help near at hand, they, too, must offer some inducement. One of the greatest troubles in the mind of the farm labourer here is the thought of going to a strange country and finding no home. In many parts of the United States and Ontario farms have one or two cottages attached for the labourers' family, with a lot of land for the family to use as a garden, &c., so that the labourer might not have so far to walk to his work—a thing much complained of in this country.

Now, if throughout the Province every farmer needing help from laborers of that class, would build one or more small cottages on his property, having a spot of good land attached, for the benefit of the laborer's family, and would transmit to the Immigration Agent in Halifax, or to those in this country, a statement of the position of such cottages and the rent they would be expected to pay, they would be enabled to remove from the mind of the emigrant one of his greatest fears, by sending him direct to a home where, if intelligent and industrious, he would soon secure a small property of his own, leaving the way clear for others to follow in his footsteps. Our farmers would thus be supplied with constant or occasional help, while our population would rapidly grow and the general prosperity of the Province be advanced; and here, I would remind those friends who are anxious to have young men or women, or families, sent over to them, expecting to assist, by paying part or all of their passage, that nothing can be done on this side of the water until we have the money, or a passage ticket has been sent from the Agents of the steamers in Halifax. Since I have been lecturing and otherwise circulating information relating to Nova Scotia, quite a large number of persons, tenant farmers, and others having some means, have made applications for a list of properties for sale, and also a statement of the different parts of the Province where ungranted land can be obtained that is suitable for agricultural purposes. The latter I can answer for New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. But not for Nova Scotia. The former, I have been partially able to answer from statements given to me before leaving. And if persons holding property, either cultivated or in a wilderness state, would furnish the agent in Halifax (John Murray, Esq.) with a full description of the land,

with the price and terms of sale, he would forward a list to this country, and thus the attention of tenant farmers and others here would be directed to the subject. If our farmers, mechanics and house-keepers need an influx of immigrants to aid in the different departments of life in which they are engaged, and our soil needs them to reclaim it from a wilderness condition, we must remember that neither the Local or General Governments of our country can do the work alone. For in seeking a share of the spare population of this land we have to contend with the West Indies, the Diamond Fields, the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, the Australian Colonies, South Sea Islands, and last though not the least the United States. Our people then to secure a fair proportion must hold out all the inducements, and give all the assistance in their power.

Asking your pardon for taking up so much of your valuable space, and hoping that some good may be done.

I am yours, obediently, EDWIN CLAY.

P.S.—Parties wishing to write to me can send their letters to the care of Wm. Dixon, Esq., 11 Adams Street, Adelphi, W. C. London.

Exeter, May 7th, 1872.

\*We are given to understand that information such as that here referred to will shortly be provided.—E. D. C. M.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEACON WM. CROSSBY

finished his earthly course on the 31st of March, and in the 82nd year of his age. The angel of death has again put forth his sickle and severed another branch from our little vine, laden with precious fruit of the Redeemer's grace and righteousness, and it is borne away to the house of many mansions. Fifty-five years ago while attending upon the ministry of Elder James Munroe the deceased was led to knock at the door of mercy, pleading for admittance in the name of the Sinner's Friend, nor did he plead in vain. The dear Redeemer took him in, and in his blood he washed him clean. For many years he served the church as deacon, and attained to a good degree of boldness in the faith. Even after he lost one of his legs he continued by the aid of his crutches for some ten years, or until a year before his death, to visit the house of God. In answer to his friends who spoke to him concerning his hope in Christ as death drew near, he said, "I am upon the Rock, the anchor holds me fast." His wife had passed on before him, some of his children had the privilege of ministering to him in his last hours, others are far away. May they all find a home in heaven at last. At his own request his funeral sermon was founded upon the words of Martha to Mary. "The Master is come and calleth for thee."—Com. by Rev. G. A. Weathers.

Kempt, May 1st.

For the Christian Messenger.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

KEMPT, May 14th, 1872.

Dear Brother,—

As from week to week I have read the pages of the Messenger, it has afforded me pleasure to learn that my ministering brethren have been so generally favoured with donation visits through the winter, and as I have been among the favoured ones in this respect, I desire to have the readers of the Messenger know something of the friendly doings of the people in this quarter, in addition to the donations given to their own settled pastor. A few days ago I received \$180, nearly all of which was made up on a day appointed for that purpose at Cheverie. Surely such kindness speaks well for the people of Kempt. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church of Kempt, I was often called upon to attend funerals and marriages and visit the sick among my Presbyterian brethren as much of the time they were without a settled pastor. At the present time in connection with Walton, they are sustaining a minister of their own, but after making him a good donation they found wherewith nobly to help the Baptists in making a donation for me, now that I am no longer able to take charge of a Church. Nor do I wish to forget the happy smiling faces of our good Methodist friends who cheered me with their presence. The assistance rendered me was very timely, as I am no longer able to toil for my Master and family as once I could. May the Lord return fourfold to the donors. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN.