

**PALPITATION OF THE HEART.**  
FREEPORT, DIGBY COUNTY, N. S.  
12th February, 1869.

James I. Fellows, Esq.,  
DEAR SIR,—I have during several years been troubled with a Nervous Complaint and Palpitation of the Heart, so much so that at times I became unconscious of everything around me: in fact, my pulse stopped sometimes altogether. Hearing of the good it afforded to others, I was induced to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have derived great benefit from its use, and whenever I am troubled again with the old complaint I shall always have recourse to your Syrup, feeling sure of obtaining relief from its use.

You are at liberty to publish this for the benefit of other sufferers.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,  
FANNY HAINES.  
For sale by all dealers.

The following is the Acadia College Alumni Prize Essay, to the writer of which the prize of forty dollars was awarded at the recent Anniversary.

**"THE PROVINCE OF POETRY."**

"Truth I pursued as fancy sketched the way,  
And wiser men than I went worse astray."

Feeling all unable to grapple with a subject so noble, broad and commanding, yet possessing high notions of this heaven-ordained companion of virtue and Religion, we modestly present our unworthy tribute of respect in the following paper. Let it not however be thought that such a theme can be discussed as it deserves to be within the limits of a thirty minute essay; or that we shall attempt anything beyond a rapid glance at some of the higher uses and purposes of poetry, and the object intended to be served by it in the social economy; which we understand to be the range and meaning of the "Province of Poetry." Rousseau has observed that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this remark is true of all kinds of composition how much more so of poetry, which is confessedly the most difficult of all, and how pardonable the praise which has bestowed on the combined virtue and talent and labors which are capable of producing it in perfection the appellation of Divine.

What is Poetry? The ancients said that it was the art of imitation, but this is too comprehensive, since it would include painting and sculpture which are imitative arts as well, and too limited since it would exclude the great lyric branch of song in which the loves, the passions, the sympathies of the Poet are given forth, and cannot be said to be imitative. Another class of critics made its essence to consist in fiction, but fiction, although it forms a weighty element in a great deal of poetry is not really essential to it; unless we understand by fiction as here used, that lofty imagining, that transmuted and transforming tendency of high wrought imagination "Which gives to airy nothing,  
A local habitation and a name."

Taking a general view of the subject, we shall venture to give a definition of our own as the basis of our reflections, and we shall call it that production of genius, which contains, embodied, generally in numbers, whatever is remarkable and instructive, either in the objects of vision or of faith, in a manner best adapted to awaken the power of virtue in the human soul. By poetry, then, we mean that mode of expression or avowment which lifts the soul above the mere region of sense, which reaches beyond the merely physical and mechanical aspects of the truth affirmed, and apprehends that truth in its universal character and all-pervading relations, so that our own natures are exalted and purified by its contemplation.

Poetry, or what passes by that name, may doubtless be manufactured of the excerpts and shreds of thought, and if the object of poetry were simply to please the ear with musical expression, to tickle the fancy with pleasing images, and fill the memory with quotable phrases, we could ask no more; but if it has a higher aim, which is to restore to man the freedom of his entire nature through the perception of beauty, this can only be attained by conducting the mind along such gradations of thought and emotion as shall conduce to the harmonious reconciliation of his faculties, so as to leave each in its freest activity. It must bring serenity to the distracted, hope to the despondent, comfort to the afflicted, inspiration to the disheartened, and repose to the weary.

Genuine poetry is liberal and catholic and embraces all classes of men in the bonds of human charity. It may be prodigal of its favors, but not of its curses. It is not the object of true poetry to represent rulers as tyrants, the rich as robbers, and the priests as a set of knavish hypocrites mainly bent upon fleecing their flocks, nor must he perdid for them a day of fearful reckoning, when the people stung by multiplied afflictions, shall arise in their power and exact a bloody retribution for long arrears of iniquity. This picture may be only too true, but the truths of poetry are profounder than those of politics.

There is the same human nature for the rich and the poor, the noble and the serf; the politician may expose the interests of a class or a party, but the poet recognizes a common humanity, underlying all social distinctions, and by those simple touches of nature which makes the whole world kin, seeks to restore the ruptured ties of human fellowship. In this poetry is the handmaid of religion; both set a value upon man, simply as man, and merge the attributes of caste in the more essential attributes of character. The office of both is to allay, not to inflame the irritations of society, to be the almoner of charity, not the pander of hate, to promote the equality of human conditions, by opening the heart to wider and more fraternal sympathies, not to stimulate it to envy and uncharitableness. The heart will melt in pity over the homely narration of obscure sufferings which would be as flint to the maledictions of intemperate philosophy. Distress is more efficiently succored by touching man's better nature in its behalf than by violently assaulting his selfish passions. Sir Walter Scott, tory as he was, was a truer friend to the poor in investing the vicissitudes of their lives, and the traits of their character with the attraction of his genius than many a radical declaimer against political abuses; and Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and "Bridge of Sighs," are more powerful pleas for the dependent and the outcast than whole volumes of virulent denunciation. Let the poet be an eyewitness of the life of the poor, let him as poet delineate it in the severity of truth, let him paint all its foreboding aspects after the sombre colorings of nature; let him make the relations of labour and capital palpable to the heart by life-like illustrations; let him do equal justice to both sides of the picture; let him describe poverty in its heroism and degradation, its virtues and its views, and trace in fitting examples, the steps which lead from servitude to independence: let him but do this with conscientious candor, and the truths, so embodied, shall instruct the rich and the poor, and live on with ameliorating effects for ages after the partizan invectives of both verse and prose have passed into oblivion.

If art fulfils the high and holy purposes for which she was given, she never panders to our grosser appetites, by depicting the coarse, the vulgar and the sensual, but she holds before us forms of un fading beauty and imperishable worth. If she descends from her lofty work, she forfeits her legitimate influence and glory, and shorn of her chiefest splendor, consigns herself to contempt. If the poet claim the title of artist, and we cheerfully assign him the highest place among the painters of the beautiful, he must conform to the rules of art. He is not to picture scenes which offend natural decency and elevated taste. If he descend to such employment he offends no less against the laws of aesthetics than against the laws of moral propriety. It is not true that because the poet is not an advocate he is bound to represent whatever he sees, no poet acts consistently on such a theory. Every one exercising a choice takes those subjects which best suit his purpose. Life is not long enough to reproduce in poetry the whole boundless world. A selection from its treasures must be made. Now, what shall guide the poet in determining on his theme? Surely the laws of aesthetics and they require whatever is highest and purest in beauty. In aiming for the noblest aesthetic triumphs, the poet will necessarily obey the highest impulses of his moral nature, and poetry effects her noblest aims. For if beauty in its essence be not goodness, they are inseparably allied, and we cannot enjoy the companionship of the one without catching something of the spirit of her divine attendant. But must the poet not paint life as he finds it? Alas! that is impossible. The most ardent disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite school cannot represent every leaf and sprig of grass, and again, every poet artist, tinges his work with his own subjectivity.

The great portrait painter lends some-

thing of his greatness to the most insignificant man that he paints. Often the picture has more of the master than of the subject. All representation is in one sense ideal, it partakes of the nature of the artist. It gives us the object as seen or conceived by one man, whose perceptions may be more or less true than those of his neighbor.—We cannot then attempt to represent everything, we cannot represent what we do attempt precisely as it is in its objectivity. Therefore, it is no excuse for the poet who chooses vulgar and repulsive scenes, that he is obliged to paint the world as it is. Art makes no such absurd claims upon its disciples, it does not ask them to paint the whole, but only such parts as will most successfully minister to the desires of our better nature.

All the truthfulness which can fairly be asked of poetry is secured without descending to those disgusting details, and all the higher ends of poetry are gained, which could never be reached by copying with Chinese fidelity the unimportant and the repulsive. Let it not be understood however that we think it is the Province of Poetry to fill the world with stories of good boys and girls who lived and died without an impulse or a passion. They would be only caricatures of virtue, and would be utterly wanting in beauty. Nor would we have all poems written to "point a moral," for art is not primarily didactic. If it ever teaches it is because it pleases. It does not please especially in order to teach. But we ask the poet to imbue his works with that spirit of transcendent beauty, which ever distinctly recognizes the sublime and unchangeable worth of all moral excellence. Let him remember the difference between errors with their consequences and flagrant vice with its scenes of unblushing and polluted sensuality. Let him give us indeed pictures from life with its mingled woof of good and evil, its alternations of cloud and sunshine, of tears and smiles. But do we need the vile and degrading sallies of wit which are banded about in second rate theatres? Must we witness the agonies of ungrateful lust and the burning of unhallowed desire? Shall we pass the night in the stench of gamblers' hells? Must the muse lend her melodious voice to utter those thoughts which none dares to utter in prose? Must her robes be used to adorn and veil those vices which cannot come forth to the sun in their nakedness? Did she descend from above to defile her train in the mire of impurity, and to prostitute herself to sensual passion, or to ravish our ears with heavenly harmonies, and kindle in our souls the burning desire for purer and loftier songs than those of earth? Surely if poetry be heaven-born let her breathe forth at all times the spirit of her celestial home. Let her show by the blessings which bloom on her path that she is a heavenly visitant. In defining poetry therefore, to be an act which awakens the power of virtue in the soul, it is equally clear that virtue is essential to the production of good poetry; or in other words that poetry and religion are mutual helpers to each other. They have it is true been forced to an unnatural separation, and that which was designed as the handmaid to piety has been perverted to its abuse. In the hands of the weak and unskilful, it has been degraded; among the mere dreamy votaries of romance it has been exposed to ridicule; with the licentious it has been defiled. But these might very appropriately be addressed in the words of the Roman poet.

"Procul. O'Procul. Este profane."

The muse will not acknowledge them as worshippers at her shrine; she will not afford them shelter, or ought they to be dignified with her name. It is sacrilegious to obtrude with rashness or impunity on her consecrated ground. She may be profaned, but she cannot honor the injury.—Her choicest inspirations descend only on the good, and are indeed only inspirations when found in beautiful and harmonious union with goodness.

"Poet and Saint, to them are justly given,  
The two most sacred names, of earth and heaven."

What are the sources of Poetry? Nature teeming with the evidences of God. Life, whose sad and mysterious harmonies appeal to all the deepest and holiest sympathies of the human soul. Religious faith, which only the pure in heart can comprehend. What influences nourish and minister to its spirit, but those arising from the vast, the beautiful, the spiritual, and the eternal? What works contain the best specimens of its powers? We answer unhesitatingly those which are most imbued with the love of truth and piety. Who are those who have met with the most dis-

tinguished success in this department of literature? Unquestionably, those who have been most fervently religious; who have held most converse with God in his word and his works? Who have entered most deeply into the plan and spirit of goodness on which he acts, and who have most feared, loved, and adored his character. What names form so beautiful a constellation of moral worth in the hemisphere of genius, as those of Milton and Cowper and Coleridge, and White and Pollock and Hemans and Montgomery? Where are minds which have been so deeply baptized in the Spirit of intellectual and religious contemplation? What is the testimony of Coleridge on this very subject? "Religion is the poetry and philosophy of all mankind. It unites in itself whatever is excellent in either; and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imagination and the intellective, superadds the interests of the most substantial and homefelt reality to both, to the poetic version and the philosophic idea." And again says the same author. "I can truly affirm of myself that my studies have been profitable and availing to me, only so far as I have endeavored to use all my other knowledge as a glass enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the Word of God." Can one then, doubt that poetry derives its value and its power from the vivid perceptions of religion, or suppose that any thing else but the faith of the gospel can promote its freedom, purity and perfection.

The excellence of great works of religious art consists in the principle, that the purity and nobleness, with which they are imbued, pass into their admirers; and thus the serene repose and celestial fervor in which they are conceived are perpetually reproduced so long as the original qualities endure. The earliest poetry was religious, and its spirit migrated through succeeding generations; and even down to the most degenerate age, perpetuated a delicate moral sense in the judgment, and mostly also in the works of the Greek nation. The refined taste, for which they have always been extolled, was produced entirely by this. Even the wit-intoxicated muse of Aristophanes perpetually maintains a chaste demeanor, and shows on her earnest countenance, the moral meaning of her gaiety; while the tragic genius of Aeschylus was imbued with religious sentiment, and found the fittest material in the simple and sublime traditions of his forefathers. He has handed down to our days clear memorials of the still popular faith, in his noble drama of "Prometheus Bound," wherein he represents Jupiter as sending to beg from the tortured prophet, a revelation of the future decrees of destiny.—Hence in every age since the Harp of David was first struck in the praises of Israel's God, genuine poetry has not failed to leave its impress upon the characters and sentiments of all classes of mankind.

The strains of Homer as they dwell on the lips of his countrymen, through succeeding ages, not only stamped the natural character of Greece to its latest day, but gave complexion to all classic antiquity. "The poet binds together by passion and knowledge, the vast empire of human society as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time." Especially in its simpler forms true poetry is everywhere felt and acknowledged as nature's own power breathed from the soul of man, when his spirit is stirred within him, and having touched and swayed the passion of a kindred soul, it commands, at will, the obedience of the whole man.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE NATIONAL DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE, recently had its annual session in Chicago. The report of the Grand Scribe gives much detailed information respecting the Order. The total number of members last year were 96,934; number this year reported, 94,877; deduct for Tennessee, 1,539; total net decrease for the year, 4623. The largest losses are 3,400 in New York; 1,100 in New Jersey; 800 in Nova Scotia; 700 in Maryland; 500 in western New York, and 500 in New Brunswick, Pennsylvania made an increase of 2,600; Ontario 1,500, and Missouri 500.

The returns of the grand divisions for the year ending December 31, 1871, show 1,969 divisions in operation, with 93,877 members. During the last year 12,954 were expelled, 4,208 for violating the pledge and the remainder for other causes.

Ten years ago there were only 25 grand divisions and a total membership of 63,132. There are now 35 grand divisions and 93,887 members.

**Correspondence.**

For the Christian Messenger.

**BURMAH CORRESPONDENCE.**

LETTER FROM REV. A. R. R. CRAWLEY,  
HENTHADA, May 15, 1872.

Mr. Editor,—

From letters, etc., which have recently appeared in the *Messenger* and *Visitor*, it is evident that *one fact*, with regard to the native Burman preachers is unknown, or has been forgotten. The writers referred to, speak of preachers as if they were *pastors of churches*, while the *fact* is they are *all missionaries to the heathen*. I have written to several brethren in the Provinces, calling their attention to this fact, hoping they would correct the entirely false impression which they themselves have originated, or, at least confirmed, but as no such correction has appeared, I now ask you to give this letter as prominent as place as possible, in your columns.

I can well understand the anxiety to secure for the Treasury of the Foreign Missionary Board in the Provinces the largest possible amount of money. It will all be needed. The contemplated Independent Mission can not be established without ample funds at command. But I am sure the most earnest advocate of that mission would scorn to employ a false impression as a means of raising money.

Now it is fair to presume that few, if any, have a more accurate knowledge of missionary matters, than the brethren who wrote the letters, etc., alluded to. Hence the general impression throughout the Provinces must be, that to continue to support these native preachers will be positively injurious to the Burman churches! An argument for withholding that support which falls to the ground at once, when it becomes known that these brethren are church members, but, otherwise, have no connection whatever with the churches but give their time entirely to preaching the gospel to the heathen! As well argue that Bro. Somebody is injuring the churches because he contributes largely for the support of Acadia College! The two churches in this mission, small, scattered, poor, are doing well in the matter of contributions for religious and benevolent purposes. None can be more forward than are the missionaries in purpose and effort, to make the native christian self-reliant and self-supporting; but it has never yet occurred to them that this purpose demanded the withdrawal of the funds, hitherto provided for the support of eight or ten Burman missionaries, who are laboring for the evangelization of 330,000 of their heathen countrymen.

Let it be remembered that all I have said has reference exclusively to the Henthada Burman Mission. It has pleased brethren, in various parts of the Provinces, to send me funds—specifically designated for support of "Burman native preachers," or "Karen native preachers." This money I have endeavored in every case, so to dispose of as to meet the donors' wishes. But, of course, I feel no responsibility except for the Burmese preachers who are under my own immediate Superintendence. I have most unquestioning confidence in all the missionaries, to whom I have sent the money entrusted to me,—as regards their wise and prudent disbursement of it. But I would not have it forgotten that I am speaking now *only for our own Burman Missionaries* at this station, and in this mission district. They are good and faithful men. They are an element of power in all our evangelizing work. Our hope for the general conversion of this people lies in the multiplication of just such men as these. Can I then look with other than most unfeigned concern upon a movement which proposes to make it imperative that these brethren should cease to preach the gospel and engage in secular pursuits?

And *why*—may I not justly complain—has it been so readily assumed that I am indifferent to the best interests of the Burman Christians? For ten or twelve years the churches in the Provinces, and many brethren individually, have reposed unshaken confidence in me as their agent to distribute the contributions for the evangelization of Burmah; whence the ground of this sudden assumption, without a single query being put to me, that I have adopted an unwise course, and one calculated to cause serious injury to the people, to whose interests I have consecrated the last 18 years of my life?

If a young missionary should come to Burmah expressly to labor for the Karens,