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TO ADVERTISERS.

For Advertisements relating to Books, Sales, Articles of General Consumption, Situations, and Appeals for Philanthropic and Religious objects, the Visitor, which has a circulation of over 1600, can be scarcely surpassed. The terms are on the same scale as our contemporaries, and a reduction is made on Advertisements repeatedly inserted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is our wish to insert no communication whatever without knowing who the writer is. Those of our Correspondents, therefore, who wish the letters or the intelligence with which they favour us to be published, will best promote that object by attaching their names, which will be considered sacred.

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

SAINT JOHN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1852.

ACADIA COLLEGE.

The success of the Endowment movement, for the support of this Institution is beyond the most sanguine expectations of its warmest advocates. It has taken a deep hold upon the heart and conscience of the Denomination, and brings out in bold relief the power of the voluntary principle when thoroughly aroused in behalf of a good object. It is the principle which has sustained the truth, from the days of the Apostles, amidst the combined opposition of earth and hell. A cause that cannot be upheld by it, when rightly directed, ought to fall.

The following letter just received from Dr. Cramp, is full of encouragement.

With the sentiment of continuous exertion to increase the endowment to the greatest possible extent, we most cordially agree. We would say, let the work be pushed on with unabated zeal and vigor, until every Baptist in these three provinces, has contributed his fair proportion towards a work destined to extend the blessings of a religious education to thousands yet unborn.

ACADIA COLLEGE ENDOWMENT.

DEAR BRETHREN.—The work goes on well, and promises a triumphant issue. Letters received during the past week encourage the belief that the sum first contemplated, £10,000, is nearly, if not quite subscribed. The agency operations in several important districts in both Provinces are still unreported, and I am inclined to hope that when all the returns are sent in, the subscriptions will be found to amount to £12,000. Our brethren who have been requested to act as agents will doubtless persevere in their applications till the last day appointed by the Committee. Every church must have an opportunity of forwarding this great and noble object; no one must be passed by who has the ability and the will to help us. The larger the Endowment the more effective will our institution become. Brother Newcomb observes—"I am in hopes that after a thorough effort shall have been made in the three Provinces you will have at least £15,000, if not £20,000; the whole of the latter sum will be required to make the College what we would like to see it." Brother Newcomb is right. Give us a liberal endowment, and Acadia College will be the best institution of the kind in these Provinces. We aim at nothing less. Dr. Maclay obtained four Scholarships in Moncton. The donors are, Messrs. Oliver Jones, William Steadman, Joseph Crandall, Jun., and Abner and Moses Jones. A Young Man's Scholarship is also nearly completed.

A Joseph Crandall Scholarship is subscribed for at Salisbury, and two others (one a Young Man's) commenced. A Scholarship is in course of subscription in the 2d Salisbury Church. One has been completed at Norton. I learn that the ladies of St. John intend to constitute an Archibald Maclay Scholarship. Good! The venerable man richly deserves it.

Brother Dimock informs me that he has obtained subscriptions in Stewiacke, raising the amount subscribed there to £200, and that he hopes to obtain yet more.

The brethren Tupper, W. Chipman, Park are about to commence operations in Annapolis County. I expect to spend a few days with them at Nictaux. That church will come forward, we trust, with its accustomed liberality and zeal.

The Lord is prospering our endeavours.

Let us give him all the praise, and determine to labour in his cause with renewed activity.

Yours truly,
J. M. CRAMP.

Nov. 6, 1852.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A Letter from an esteemed correspondent at Wolfville says. "The Foreign Missionary Board met yesterday. A communication from brother Bentley was read, offering his services. It was resolved to invite him to meet the board at an early day, and to have him examined previous to the meeting, medically. Should the report of the physicians, and the result of the conference prove favourable, he and brother Arthur Crawley will be requested to visit the Churches in both provinces, for the purpose of exciting a missionary spirit, and raising funds."

This is cheering—it shows us that the foreign missionary flame, kindled upon the altar of Baptist hearts many years ago, is not yet extinguished. Let the sacred flame be cherished by our sympathies, contributions and prayers, and it will burn with increasing lustre, shedding light and glory upon the darkened soul of many a benighted heathen, to guide his wandering footsteps in the path to heaven.

We shall hope to hear officially from the Board, at an early day. The several Boards should lose no time in communicating their proceedings to the Churches.

ESSAY ON MIND.

(CONCLUDED.)

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on a lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
For these our interviews—"

Childe Harold, Canto IV.

and when once the ice of enquiry has been broken—when once the sweets of scientific investigation have been tasted—and these fair lights have once been revealed—when can we be satisfied? where shall we seek to stop our enquiries? The limit to the cultivation of intellectual pleasure is indeed infinite—a point that yesterday was invisible, is our goal to-day, and will be our starting post to-morrow; there is a field for the exercise of every taste—the wild pomp of mountain majesty, the dark ravine and sunken glen, the wide extending plain, the desert heath, the rich woodland, the laughing flower-clad meadow, and the breaker-beaten coast mingle in one enchanting scene of varied beauty. And again, the seasons—the bursting buds of spring, the rich and matured foliage of summer, the yellow tints and varied hues of autumn, and the wild and barren dreariness of winter, each in their turn are a study for the artist and the poet, and in fact for all men. The leaves that quiver in the gale, the waving corn, the varied beauty of flowers, the gaudy insect tribes which wanton in the sun, and display their many tints of purple, emerald, and gold, the colours in the sky above us, especially at the decline of day, the transient lights and shades which pass in quick succession over the landscape before us, and the prismatic hues of the rainbow—that smiling daughter of the storm—all these cannot fail to please the eye, and to excite the most lively feelings of admiration. Again, the wild melody of nature, and the laws of sound, exercise a powerful sway over the animal spirits, and awaken the soul to joy and gladness. Do we listen to the soft murmuring of waters, the gently sighing winds, the gay carol of the lark, high warbling in the air above us, the merry lays of the birds, the hum of insects, all mellowed by distance, and mingling in one harmonious concert, and feel no rapture? Is there not a light, exquisite feeling engendered, are not our sensibilities called into action by the careless singing of childhood, the cheering whistle of the labourer in his toil, and the distant peals of village bells, as these wild notes fall upon the ear, making one soft sweet melody?

And when we attain this height of refinement, this acme of human ambition, and feast upon the luxury of our mental pleasure, we are not satiated, as in the grosser and evanescent sensual enjoyments, but our appetite grows by being ministered to, and we are eager to reap new pleasures by a greater familiarity with the nature of all these many beauties around us. Nor is there a sameness of delight which clogs—the universal law of nature, too, is change; night and day follow each other in quick succession, the winds and weather are ever unsettled, and the gradual

alterations in the seasons all diversify our enjoyments, making one varying round of novelty, and our pleasures have no sooner blossomed than they bud again.

When relieved for awhile from the noise and turmoil of professional life, we retire from the busy haunts of men, and steal from the dust of crowded cities, how sweet and calm, and lulling is the repose which steals over our wearied minds, oppressed by constant and unremitting labour. Thus Carrington alludes to the wild scenery in the moorland solitudes of Dartmoor, where, worn out by his arduous duties, he frequently sought the repose he so much needed—

"Around
A holy silence reign'd;—the mountain's breast
Lay hush'd as midnight;—not a vagrant gale
Sigh'd through the woods of Plym, and on the soul
Fell deep the impressive calm."

The pure air and open freshness of the country give a buoyancy, an elasticity to our spirits, they minister a divine sensation, which rallies and renovates our shattered nerves, and befits us again to mingle in the constant whirl of occupation, and to encounter the stern realities of life. There are feelings ever suited to our age and prospects called into action, but all are replete with brightness and hope. The child, in innocent gaiety, chases the gaudy butterfly, and plucks the many flowers which everywhere meet his gaze—the careworn and aged parent, but too well acquainted with the anxieties of life, and too well read in the many dear bought lessons which grey experience teaches, allows his fancy, in the declining ray of life, to wander back through the dim vista of bye-gone years, to the period when his heart danced in the heyday of youth, and remembers the many associations connected with the spot he visited in the spring-tide of hope and happiness—he forgets not the rapture he felt as each fresh beauty in nature burst upon his ripening understanding, and thus is his old age comforted; thus, in his very decay can he taste again the happiness of his earliest childhood.

And if our pleasures are thus enhanced by a familiarity with nature's blessings when our minds are easy and our spirits high, so are we soothed in adversity and sorrow by the same all powerful agency. In bodily sickness and pain—in distress at the loss of any dear or valued relative or friend—or when, the victims of temporary insanity, we wander in the fanciful mazes of youthful romance and love, and lament in our ignorance an imaginary ill, and pine in childish folly at disappointment—the necessary consequence of too great a reliance on "fickle wavering woman-kind"—when in morbid ridicule we jest at all finer feelings warped in the world in disappointment's school—when all hope fades, and we imagine that the horizon of our future existence is shaded by dark and brooding clouds, when everything wears the appearance of gloom, and melancholy holds her iron sway;—in this

"war and chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed, combined,
Lie dark, and jarring with perturbed force."

The Corsair.

Then will the calm contemplation of nature's varied beauties relieve our distress—assuage our griefs—dispel that darkness which conceals our happiness—soothe our troubled minds—exalt our ideas—draw out our finer feelings—expand our benevolence—and strengthen our souls to bear in enduring patience, these the necessary ills of humanity.

Thus viewing, then, our capability for improvement, and the many duties, necessities, and pleasures, which so loudly call for an exercise of our observing and reflecting faculties, let it be our aim to fill that high station for which we are destined, conscious of the dignity and immortality of our nature, and convinced of the certainty of our eventually attaining that ultimate existence, when the mysteries which our finite judgment now fails to comprehend, will be revealed to us, and when we shall reap, in endless enjoyment, the reward of active virtue, and well-spent time.

R. T.

HISTORY FOR YOUNG PERSONS.
By ROBERT THOMSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE habitable parts of the earth are fifty millions of square miles in extent, and I have only seen a few thousands—the world is at least 6852 years old, and I have not lived fifty of them;—therefore I can but collect the information that I give you from the writings

of others:—first, such as were written by holy men in the scriptures of truth, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;—secondly, the histories written by men, according to their own pleasure, and most commonly with minds blinded by the GOD of this world.

In the earliest ages we have no light but the scriptures: for though the Chinese, Egyptians, and others, have pretended that their histories are of greater antiquity, the extravagancy and inconsistencies of them prove the emptiness of such a boast; and we are sure that all nations who have been without the revelation of God's word, have not known the secret of their own beginning.

Even my youngest reader would smile at the folly of the Arcadians, a people of Greece—who said that their ancestors were older than the moon; and things not less absurd have been affirmed by others. Herodotus, a Greek, who lived about the time of Malachi, was the first who tried to collect the historical records of Egypt, Italy, and Greece. For that purpose he travelled throughout those countries; and having gathered together their traditions, which were mostly preserved by the repetition of stories from father to son, he wrote a history in his own language: he says, however, some of the accounts given him by the inhabitants of these countries, were too wonderful even for him to believe.

Thucydides, another Greek, who heard Herodotus repeat his history at a place of public amusement, was so pleased with the work, that he was encouraged to search for fresh materials, and wrote a history shortly afterwards.

Xenophon, a warrior, was the next Greek historian: he wrote the history of the times a few years later, in much of which he was personally interested. Polybius of Greece died only 100 B. C. and the fragments of his history which remain are considered very correct.—Among the Romans, the names of Julius Cæsar, Livy, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, Suetonius, etc., are best known as historians; and from the translations of their works the histories in use are mostly compiled. The monuments of the ancients which still remain, and the coins in use among them, that have been found buried in the earth, confirm or correct many of the facts related by historians: but still we cannot receive their writings without suspicion; as so many motives induced them to write, and not being led by the Spirit of truth, they would naturally colour their history according to their own taste and disposition. The earliest writings were made on tables of stone, brass, or wood, covered with wax: prepared skins were also used, but among the Egyptians the use of the plant Papyrus was soon discovered, and from that our word PAPER is derived. The inner bark of the trees, or liber, was anciently used by the Romans; hence in the Latin tongue liber still means a book, and our word library is derived from it. It is said that an ancient copy of the books of Moses was found written on sheep or goatskin. In Ceylon, the leaves of the talipot tree are still used instead of paper, and being rubbed with oil they are preserved from decay, and books are found there of a great age. The natives write in the ancient manner, with a style or sharp-pointed instrument which scratches or graves the letters very neatly. We read of ink, however, at an early period, and it is mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah (xxxvi. 18).

[To be Continued.]

We are much pleased to see a beautifully executed lithographic print of this growing city. It will be a nice present to send to our far distant friends "who now and then send a wish or a thought after us," and may encourage them to come and assist in building up a city, which has capabilities second to none in the provinces.

We wish the publishers, Messrs. M'Millan, all the success they so richly deserve.

We particularly urge upon our respected local Agents to call upon all the subscribers who are in arrears, and send in the Cash immediately, as there are claims upon the Committee which must be discharged at once.

We have to thank "a Subscriber," from Pollett River, Albert Co, for two communications, the one on "Baptism," and the other on "the dangerous use of Tobacco." We have given so much space lately to the former subject, that we can't find room for this paper; and we have in print a paper upon the latter.