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REV. DRS. I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITORS.

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ACROSTIC.

Please accept this Acrostic written on the dying sentiment of your departed husband, by your sincere friend and well-wisher.

E. Liza dear, my soul must now depart,
 Death's gentle summons I shall soon obey—
 Weep not at my distress; compose thy heart,
 All care and woe forever pass away.
 Redeemed from every sin I soon shall stand
 Dressed with the robe of Christ in heaven above,
 And there with yonder bright immortal band
 My soul shall bow and shout redeeming love.
 I charge you all with dying groans and pain,
 Love Jesus and obey him from the heart,
 Ere long, in Heaven, we then shall meet again,
 Saved from all woe, and never more to part.

Mrs. ELIZA MILES.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

An Oration delivered at the Anniversary of Acadia College, June 17th, 1853.

BY THOS. A. HIGGINS.

Who cannot steal a moment, even amid the din and turmoil of life, or after age or anxiety has worn many a deep furrow upon the brow, to enjoy again, in retrospect, the blissfulness of a youthful home or youthful society? Who cannot at times visit again the banks of his own native stream, or sit again beneath the wide spreading branches of the old oak or elm?—the much loved spot of by-gone days, endeared by a thousand fond ties, where youth and innocence loved to linger, and while away the sunny hours of childhood?

"O! scenes in strong remembrance set,
 Scenes never, never to return."

The cheerful countenance, the radiant glance, the innocent mirth, the merry laugh, the thrilling appeal, the affectionate tone, of some former friend may be indelibly stamped on memory's page, to be gazed upon in a foreign clime, or to be read, and again enjoyed, after a thousand restless incidents of after life have escaped, leaving no footprints.

Few perhaps can call up a greater variety of associations than the student. Long after he bids adieu to the pleasures of a College life, and College associates, he meets with the name of some one labouring or travelling in a distant land, and recalls that they were fellow-students. In glancing over the periodicals of the day he learns that another Missionary has fallen. But why is his countenance saddened? Why? Because that name calls up a much endeared friend of his youthful days, and he is reminded that another of his fellow students is gone. Or he takes a solitary ramble around the institution where he studied, and visits the oft-frequented spots of his College days. What emotions thrill his bosom. Every little bush and hillock echoes some tale long ago committed to its keeping. The gentle rivulet babbles on now as it did in former days, and utters distinctly the names of those who were then wont to sport upon its banks—"it speaks in the same voice now in which it spoke then." The blossoming flowers smile now as they smiled then, an emblem of the happy thoughts exchanged, and blissful moments spent in their delicious retreat. Oh! how he lingers around that spot! All is now silent as the grave—he steps lightly as if among the spirits of the departed. He stands gazing with deep emotion upon some old tree or huge rock. There stand the initials, but little impaired by time—he recalls that he stood by the side of that name when those initials were cut. But the hand that carved them is now cold in death. Again he imagines that his friend stands by his side, and who can say that he does not? A thrill of something not to be described passes through him—an awful sublimity surrounds him, and

he feels that he is in the land of spirits. With a pleasing fear, he still gazes at those initials. All the circumstances are recalled; the day, the hour, the conversation, the plans, hopes, fears, are all present. Oh! how confidently they talked of to-morrow—how hope swelled their throbbing bosoms; how they loved, how they confided. For a moment it is all again a reality; the intervening time is annihilated, and he stands again upon the threshold of manhood, fresh ready to bound into the hopeful future. Ah! call it delusion, so it is; but it is a delusion that may leave the heart more tender and the head wiser.

These thoughts have been suggested by our own feelings during the present time, flowing from the mysterious and afflicting events of the past year, in connexion with this institution. We crave your forbearance while we mourn our sad bereavement. We met you at our last Anniversary under circumstances very different from those of the present. Then there were those with us, (oh, how we prized their society,) who are now inhabitants of the land of light and joy. Ah! how little we then knew of what was just before us. Then they addressed us from the platform—a few fleeting moments and they were conversing with the ever blessed inhabitants of an unknown world. Then they sang with us—they sympathised with us, enjoyed our joy, sorrowed in our sorrows—a few fleeting moments, and we saw their many forms dragged from that cruel and watery grave; but their spirits were chanting the sweet melodies of Heaven's happy choir.

As long as Acadia College has a friend, or truth and pure religion are advocated in Nova Scotia, the name of our dear Professor will be held in grateful remembrance. His warm attachment, his anxious solicitude, his sympathetic care for all under his charge, bound him to us with a strong cord of affection, not severed without pain and sorrow. How energetically, and devotedly he laboured for the cause of education and virtue—his aim was high, the cause glorious; of his abilities we need not speak. The success that crowned his labours in this institution, considering the many disadvantages with which he had to contend, bear ample testimony. None can deny that he was a man of uncommon powers, early in perception, keen in discernment, comprehensive in knowledge, possessed of varied talents, and distinguished by tender sensitive feelings, and devotedness to whatever he believed to be for the good of his fellow-man. Life may be real, life may be earnest; man may so act, that his deeds will live, when he is not—he may so live that his monument shall be erected in the hearts of succeeding generations. To live for the good of man is real—to be the instrument of adding but a few drops to the cup of human happiness, or in diminishing the amount of human woe is real. To diffuse the salutary influences of a sound and enlightened morality—to contribute to the stock of human knowledge, and bring it to the homes and hearts of many who might otherwise never have participated in its blessings, and thus to elevate the affections, strengthen the moral qualities, and reform the character, are realities which tell upon the present, live in the future, and bear the memory down to succeeding generations embalmed in the undying gratitude of the great and the good. Such was the noble aim of him whose loss we are called upon to mourn. God and his native land were always above self. In giving up his time and talents entirely to the cause of education, he was sensible that he was adopting the only means of developing the latent powers, or creating a high moral or religious tone of feeling. How he longed to see his own dear native country, as dear to him as life, advance, shake off her shackles of ignorance, and take a position in the world. Are there not many here to-day who can bear tes-

timony to his untiring zeal—to the warmth of his ardor whenever the "onward and upward" march of society was the topic? Are there not those here to-day who can well recollect the manifest depth of his emotions whenever the subject of education was under consideration? I shall ever remember his touching appeal, upon a certain occasion, when dark clouds seemed hanging over this institution; yes, this institution, his ardent attachment for which never expired or wavered, in prosperity, in adversity, till his body lay floating in that cold cruel stream. His inmost soul was moved—emotions too big for words almost choked his utterance as he enquired, "Are we then at last to abandon our long cherished hopes? Are our efforts and prayers to prove unavailing? He is Acadia College doomed to fall?" He paused for a moment—and then proceeded, in tones fitted to move the strongest heart—"If so, then I feel as if I should wish to tear myself from home, and friends, bid adieu to my own dear native land, sever all the strong ties that bind me to it, and never again cast my eyes upon its shores." It was this unceasing devotion to education, to his country, to religion, to truth and God, that sustained him through many difficulties. His purpose once fixed, he knew not how to yield. His watchword was onward! On! On! On! though the clay fall from the souls struggling powers! On though the spirit "burn through its garment of flesh!" On! till science gain the victory, till virtue's wreath is won.

Had that fatal day taken from us only our Professor, the blow would have been too heavy to endure. But who occupy the seats to-day, of Rand, Grant, Phalen and King? Oh! how those names sound in my ear. There is a blank in this assembly to-day, we feel that there is a blank in our hearts, to be filled? When? Never, never! Pardon our feelings; our hearts bleed sometimes when we realize that we are never again to enjoy the sweet society of those dear fellow-students. They fell like the flower in all its loveliness before the mower's scythe.

Had the monster death come in the form of a wasting disease; had he but warned us of his approach; had he but given us one moment to extend to them the parting hand and utter the parting salutation; that moment would have been a precious one, sweet though mournful. The bond that linked our hearts to theirs, was strengthened by the similarity of our tastes and pursuits, by the daily development of their many noble qualities, their talents, their virtues, their ingenuous dispositions, and by our many social interviews. I appeal to you my fellow-students, can the names of Rand, Grant, Phalen and King ever be forgotten? Can the memory of such friends of our youthful days, ever be eradicated?

'Tis hard to part with friends—'tis a fearful thing to die, to sever the strong cords that bind our hearts to the hearts of those we love—to look the last look on all we admire here—to bid adieu to father, mother, sister, friend—to be, and in a moment not to be—to pass away forever from the thoughts of those as dear as the heart's throbbings; this makes death fearful:—

"Come to the bridal chamber, death
 Come to the mother when she feels
 For the first time, her first borne's breath,
 Come when the pestilence seals
 Which close the benediction broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke,
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean's storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song and dance and wine,
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the keel, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 If agony are thine."

[To be continued.]

We feel much pleasure in copying the following letter from the columns of the *Christian Messenger*, written by our esteemed brother, the Rev. Charles Tupper. The thoughts suggested by him on the subject of Anonymous Communications for the press are worthy of our deepest consideration, and are peculiarly appropriate at the present time. Read what he says:

Anonymous Communications.
 Messrs. Editors,—It has long appeared to me very desirable that every writer should append his own proper signature to the articles which he publishes. There are, indeed, some persons who can write profitably, but whom diffidence restrains from giving their names to the world. For the accommodation of these, and for the securing of the benefit of their services, it seems necessary to admit such anonymous communications as rest wholly on their own intrinsic worth. In disquisitions on purely abstract principles the conclusiveness of the arguments adduced is of more importance than the knowledge of the authorship.

In all cases, however, in which facts are professedly stated, or remarks are made, which may at all effect the reputation or the interests of any individual, or of any body or class of men, or of any denomination, it is perfectly obvious that the writers name should invariably be appended. Where this rule is disregarded, worthy men, whose conduct would bear the strictest fair investigation, are liable to be maligned, either by open charges or covert insinuations, without any means of redress. They may be thereby placed in that unpleasant dilemma which will oblige them, either to allow statements to their disparagements to pass uncontradicted, and consequently credited by many, or else to be drawn into a vexatious and disreputable paper warfare with *nobody*. The masked censor can prefer charges, or throw out unfavorable suggestions, utterly unfounded, without any fear of having the wrong recoil upon himself.

Were the writers of all such communications as can be thought to have any reference, either direct or indirect, to others, obliged to subscribe their own names, many articles that had better never see the light would doubtless be suppressed, and others written with much more caution. Moreover, if some misrepresentations were still published, they could be far more easily rectified. It is useless to demand authorities from a concealed writer; but self-respect will prompt a known author to adduce them. Facts may then be readily elicited, and misapprehensions removed.

There is a farther consideration which, in my opinion, decisively evinces both the propriety and the necessity of adopting the course now recommended. I refer to the well-known fact, that the innocent frequently suffer, and much injury often results in various ways, from the attributing of anonymous communications to persons who are not the writers of them. I need not remind you, Messrs. Editors, of the numerous annoyances which you have had to endure, and the many instances in which complaints have been made to you, and inquiries made of you, respecting nameless articles, the personal and offensive bearing of which you could not at first perceive, but which you subsequently learned were the occasion of much dissatisfaction, and of many evil surmising against persons who had no connexion with them.

On this point I could write feelingly from my own painful experience. An individual whom I visited on his death bed, inquired of me respecting an article published long before, which I had never seen, but which he told me had been by many ascribed to me, and had excited much prejudice against me. In another instance I learned that a pious man—undoubtedly now in heaven—had been suffering disquietude for years from the apprehension