

his protestations to the uncertainty of the information—that he could anticipate it with great precision. A Frenchman enquired, "Did So and So steal my wheat?" Answer, "He did." "Well, I thought so!" "How many pecks did he take?" "Thump, thump, thump," goes the table. "Ah! just three pecks! well I thought so!"

A lady came to enquire about her lost spoons. "Have I lost any thing?" "Yes." "Is it stolen?" "Yes." "Has one of the servants taken it?" "Yes." "Well, I thought so." "Indicate the name of the culprit." The "roll" is accordingly called, and as soon as the poor suspected girl's name is mentioned, "thump" comes the table. "Well, I thought so," said the lady. After all this, the stolen property turns up in some place which proved beyond question that it had not been stolen at all. Ah! who would like to be transported upon such testimony? How wicked thus to fix a stigma upon the innocent?

It is said that departed "friends" are usually decided to be happy. This may be true, but it fares otherwise with "enemies." My brother mentioned one case, in which some woman enquired where an individual had gone to, who had treated her very ill. The "spirit" declared that he was in misery. "Well, I thought so!" exclaimed the woman, with an impressive shake of the head; the wish evidently being not only "father to the thought," but also to the response of the "spirit."

I have but little to add in conclusion. If these statements shall tend to prevent any one from being led astray by these "rappings," and to excite further investigation respecting the power which produces them, so that it may be turned to some real benefit, their design will be answered. Meanwhile, I remain, dear Brethren, yours truly,

S. T. RAND.

St. John, August 26, 1853.

#### Editorial Correspondence.

Saint John, Aug. 30, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY,—Allow me to add a P.S. to my last letter upon the manner, as well as matter of PREACHING. We said that the preaching of the Gospel was a Divine institution. Christ qualifies men for the ministry, and grants success to their labors. Matt. ix. 38; Mark xvi. 15; Romans x. 13-15; Eph. iv. 11, 12; Acts xi. 21. And it is a marked characteristic of Christ's true disciples, that they hear the word of God, who ever may be the instrument of publishing it; they receive it, "not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh in them that believe."—1 Thes. ii. 13. Christ himself frequently warned his disciples to take heed, both as to what they heard, and how they heard it.—Luke viii. 18. See also James i. 21; 1 John xvii. 17, and 1 Cor. iii. 18. Allow me to say a few words as to manner and matter. There is a great principle to be observed by every preacher, if he would be successful in persuading men to obey the Gospel. It is, that men are more easily won by a proper presentation of the mercies, than the terrors of the Gospel. Men should have the great truths of the Gospel inwrought in their very souls, so that, unconsciously, the form, spirit, and power of their discourses may have their exercise. To effect this insensible influence, he must think much upon his subject; think often and at different times; pray sincerely and fervently over his efforts, until he can truthfully say, "O Lord, make me thy servant in whom thou shalt be glorified!" And he must be willing to fail, utterly fail, if a failure would best promote the cause of his Master. And yet with all the mental capacity and acquired knowledge that he possesses, he should skillfully adjust the whole; for it is only in the proper use of all that we have, that we can expect the blessing of the Lord. But how can this be done unless a minister's whole time is devoted to his work?

We have seen some virgin efforts, stern, severe, and harshly urgent—and too much clothed with high sounding language—but as such advance in knowledge and experience, the grace and the glory of the Gospel occupy more of their attention, and they become preachers after the Apostolic manner—"Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men," instead of denouncing them. The fulness of the Gospel provisions, its benignant offers and tender exhortations, should be dwelt upon, if we would have success either in teaching

disciples or reforming sinners. The INTELLECT should be addressed, and conviction produced, because the mind cannot believe until it understands, and any thing that tends to coerce will inevitably tend to repel.

Some men always dwell upon the purposes of God—others speak as though violent words were strong words; but never was there a greater mistake. He who uses repulsive and denunciatory expressions, generally has none other to use; his vocabulary is meagre and easily exhausted. Besides violent words are always weak words—violent conduct is weak conduct. We should announce the great truths of our religion with clearness and force, but always with decorum and dignity. In no other way can an intelligent community be brought to consider them. Very shallow streams often are more noisy as they spend their fury against the rocks, than deeper ones whose mighty volumes hide immense treasures, and are capable of bearing heavily burdened vessels upon their bosom. It is so with them. The violent and noisy betoken the torrent that comes down with mountain fury, but soon runs by—whereas, the temperate and placid are not unlike those broad majestic rivers, whose capacious waters carelessly flow to gladden the land. I was remarkably struck with this as I steamed up and down your beautiful river last week. We can be firm and decided, but we shall be nothing injured by striving at the same time to be temperate and affectionate.

May the Lord make us all increasing imitators of himself, as a Teacher, that we may glorify him more and more! So prays your brother and friend in the Lord's Vineyard.

R. THOMSON, A. M.

St. John, Aug. 30th, 1853.

#### Acadia College.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have always taken a lively interest in all that concerns the education of youth of both sexes, and I was much delighted at the termination of the Board of Governors of Acadia College, which was held lately in this City, as I think the combination will tend exceedingly to the usefulness of the institution, and especially if Dr. Crawley should succeed in obtaining the services of a third Professor of moral and mental character. I know many are halting between two opinions now as to their duty of taking "scholarships." In the hope of inducing them at once to decide in favor of "Acadia College," I lay before them a few thoughts upon the Influences of a Defective or Neglected Education.

A good education among people of understanding will not lift them above their fellow men, who may perhaps be their superiors in some respects, but lacking in wealth or education. There are some with haughty and contracted minds who are elevated in their own estimation on account of being educated. I have remarked this among some youth who have been under my own tuition who are educated, but are surly, revengeful, headstrong, and if their parents are supposed wealthy, often try to exert some physical or domineering powers over those with whom they associate. No doubt, in my mind, this error prevails in consequence principally of a wrong education in early life; such children are left to govern themselves—when too late are reprimanded, but without effect. How many parents would be saved the mortification of seeing their children debased by all those low and pernicious habits had they been properly trained in early life.

There are some men and women who are educated, and are guilty of the most heinous crimes; but these are exceptions to the general rule. This is no reason why the multitude should not be educated, any more than that we should reject railways because an occasional accident happens which is destructive to life and property. It is an admitted fact that much of the crime committed in our land is confined to the ignorant classes of the community, and many of those who occupy our gaols, and labor in the Penitentiary are those who have never been taught the first principles of civilized life.

The youth of our country will occupy the places of those who now hold important stations; they will be our future legislators, our judges, our ministers, and our lawyers, and these will give the future character to our country, either for weal or for woe.

If education, then, is so necessary, what investment is most essential to fit our youth for the business affairs of life? I am sorry to

say this question is thus responded to by many:—Give them a limited education, and make up in wealth what they lack in knowledge; but I am confident the most profitable investment which any parent can give his child is intellectual culture. Property is liable in a variety of ways; that devouring element, fire, may consume it; bad management in our affairs may strip us of all we possess; false friends may connive and ruin us in our worldly affairs; but the treasures of the mind remain permanent, and will always be our friends to aid and assist us under all circumstances as long as reason holds its reign. We now live in an age when nearly all the youth can be educated; in an age of improvement in the arts and sciences. Men at the present time can accomplish what would have been considered impossible but a few years ago. He can call forth lightning from above, and hold converse with persons thousands of miles distant, by means of electricity; the pathless ocean is readily traversed by the man of science, and the majestic steamship, with her intricate machinery, visits distant lands in a short space of time. If, then, so much is accomplished by education for our benefit, independently of the moral and religious influence which it exerts, it is our bounden duty, as philanthropists, as well-wishers of the rising generation, to do all in our power for the promotion of a sound and practical education among all classes of the community.

I hope these few words will be taken in their proper spirit, and that the friends in the City and Country will not allow the sacrifices these gentlemen have, and are making to be unacknowledged and unrewarded.

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

I am, dear friends, yours truly,  
R. THOMSON, A. M.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.

#### BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

##### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger towards heaven.

Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O, of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"O, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor

"I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it!"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when—shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy on us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The wagon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan sank back in his seat. "Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy carryall drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the newcomer. "Are you from the alms-house?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes."

"And are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such of good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and your bereavements. I know that the children of your own flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive, —God holds us in his hand."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again!"

"I HAVE THE READING OF IT EVERY WEEK.—It not unfrequently occurs, when persons are asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply, 'No; but neighbor B. takes it, and I have the reading of it every week.' Such often add, that they like the paper, and sometimes they say they consider it 'the best paper they know of.' They are benefited by the toils, perplexities and expenditures of those who receive nothing from them in return. Reader, if you feel reproved, just send in your name and take the paper yourself, not forgetting to pay for it."

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is about to have measured the degrees of the meridian from the North Cape, 72½ degrees north latitude, to the mouth of the Danube, in 45½ degrees of the same latitude; that is, on a line which traverses Europe in its whole length, and forms a fourteenth part of the entire circumference of the earth. This measurement will exceed by three degrees the largest before executed, that which the English carried from the Himalayas to the southern port of British India.