

For the Christian Messenger.
Cape Canso, Donation Visit.
Indications of good.

MR. EDITOR,

It is cheering to realize, that notwithstanding the extreme pressure of the times, and the chilling reverses that, during the past year, have met our people in every department of secular enterprise, there still exists among them a spirit of generous sympathy,—of noble-hearted Christian benevolence. And whatever they may suffer themselves from the circumstances of adversity around them, they seem by no means disposed to allow their minister to share it with them.

Our friends here, have given us another tangible evidence of their confidence and esteem, by a second "Donation Visit," which came off, in a very satisfactory manner, on Monday evening last. After our friends retired, it was found that they had left behind them, an amount, in cash and other articles, sufficient to place us beyond the reach of "hard times" for several months to come. These favours are entirely exclusive of salary which has been, invariably, paid up in a prompt and liberal manner. We have much pleasure in expressing our highest gratitude to our beloved friends, and pray that God may richly reward them.

I am happy in being able to add that, since our return from Isaac's Harbour there seems to be an awakening among some of the Lord's people in this place, and much solemnity pervades all our meetings. Bro. Hall was with us a few days, and rendered us efficient aid; his faithful ministrations have left an impression on many minds. God grant that they may not soon be forgotten.

Hoping soon to have still more cheering intelligence to communicate,

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Very truly yours,

J. C. HURD.

Cape Canso, Jan. 16th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.
Donation Visit.

On the evening of the 20th inst., the Baptist parsonage at Sackville, N. S., was the scene of an event, to those principally interested, of a novel kind.

Members of the church and congregation of that place with a few friends from Hammond's Plains and Halifax, met for the purpose of making the Rev. T. H. Porter and his family a Donation visit.

A purse containing upwards of £14, with valuables—necessaries—worth about £3, were presented. Considering that this is one of our small churches; that the people are not of the class denominated "rich;" that they have been seriously affected by the "hard times" of which many in the metropolis and in adjacent places have recently had painful experience; that they have built a comfortable and commodious parsonage, with convenient outhouses, during the past year; and that the donations made were not as a stopper on claims urged, nor in consideration of previous deficiencies, but, in addition to a liberal salary, paid with commendable punctuality, and to a continued series of tangible expressions of kindly feeling, which the Rev. gentleman has been receiving since he has sustained the relation of pastor to this people, the benefactions were munificent.

Appropriate addresses, first by Deacon F. Webber, on behalf of the donors,—by the pastor in reply, and by others present, with excellent singing, &c., gave interest to the occasion.

May the happy results of such visits, rendering sympathy and love between pastor and people, and among the people themselves, more complete, be largely experienced by the Rev. Mr. Porter, and the people of his charge, as they are now largely promised, and may the cloud of mercy which seems hanging over them descend in copious showers.

Com. by One who was there.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

SUDDEN DEATH.—MR. RICHARD ARMSTRONG.

On Wednesday, the 6th instant, Mr. Richard Armstrong, an old and respectable inhabitant of Aylesford, was returning from Handley Mountain, where he had been visiting some relations and friends. In Middleton he called at a house to warm himself. On going in he remarked, that it was a very cold day. He made no complaint of any indisposition; but twice made an observation on the pleasantness of the fire.

Having sat fifteen or twenty minutes, he went out toward the barn. Soon after this, his son-in-law, who was accompanying him, came and

inquired for him. On being told in what direction Mr. A. had been seen going, he looked around the barn, and concluded that he had walked on homewards. Having proceeded about two miles, he judged that the old gentleman must have gone into some other house in Middleton. He therefore returned speedily, and made diligent inquiry. Search was then made in the direction in which he was known to have gone; and he was found in a place of retirement dead. From the position and appearance of the corpse it seemed that he had died instantaneously, without any struggle.

On the holding of an inquest, the jury, unable to ascertain any assignable cause, brought in a verdict of, "Death by the visitation of God."

The writer is credibly informed, that some fifty years ago Mr. Armstrong received a cut from a scythe across the abdomen, by which his intestines were let out, and one of them actually laid open. Marvellously as his life was then preserved, it has now been extinguished without any apparent danger near, or any known cause. He was 77 years of age; but was still an active man.

At his interment a large number of relations (including his children) and friends were addressed by the writer, from the impressive and appropriate words, (1 Saml. xx. 3.)—"There is but a step between me and death."—Communicated by Rev. C. Tupper.

MRS. MAHETABEL COUCHER.

Died in Upper Wilmot, Jan. 6th, Mrs. Mahetabel, wife of Mr. William Goucher, aged 63 years.

Mrs. G. was the mother of fifteen children. As a parent she was attentive and kind, as a wife, dutiful and affectionate, as a neighbour, pacific and obliging, and as a Christian, devout and spiritual. During the long period of her membership in the Baptist Church of Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot, she lived in perfect harmony with all the members, and was beloved and esteemed by them.

Her last sickness was of only about a week's continuance. The Pastor, on visiting her found her, as in former scenes of affliction, cheerfully resigned to the will of God, and steadfast in her reliance on the Rock of her Salvation.

When her husband perceived that she was very near the close of life, he said to her, "Do you know that you are dying?" Her answer was to this effect:—"Is this dying? I had thought it was a dreadful thing to die; but it is very easy. I have no fears, and no distress." She then repeated the beautiful and appropriate lines of Dr. Watts,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She requested that the whole hymn should be sung at her funeral.

Thus peacefully did this valued sister in Christ depart from the scenes of trial on earth, to enter, as we are well assured, the mansions of rest in heaven.

At her burial a discourse was delivered by the Pastor, to numerous relatives and attached friends, from 1 Cor. xv. 26. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—*Id.*

MRS. SARAH CROCKER.

Wife of Deacon Joseph Crocker, was called away very suddenly on December the 25th, '57. She had enjoyed good health until the day before her death. She was engaged in work for the Bazaar, which was on hand, the day before her death. She left the house where it was held between eight and nine, with her companion, (as it was only a few steps from her residence). Some friends being in after the Bazaar was over, it was between ten and eleven o'clock before she retired to rest, and as soon as she laid down she complained of great pain. Her husband got up and found her speechless, and in dying circumstances. Her children and neighbours were called in, but she did not speak again, and died at about 7 in the morning, in the 74th year of her age. Her funeral took place on the 29th, and a sermon was preached to a large assembly, from Job xix. 25.

Sister C. was born in Yarmouth. When young she began to seek an interest in the Saviour, but did not put on Christ by profession until after her union to Brother C., when they united with the Congregational Church, and continued until their removal to Long Island. Their minds becoming awakened to the importance of baptism they were baptized and united with the Church at Westport, and from that time have adorned their profession. Sister C. was cheerful and sought to make all around her happy. Her house was often a home for the servants of God, and was esteemed by all who knew her. She has left a widowed husband, five children, and a number of grand-children to mourn their loss. May God bind up their broken hearts and sustain them. Another family circle is broken up, and another church member has left the militant ranks below to join the Church triumphant above.

Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to the world of rest.

—Communicated by Rev. H. Achilles,
Long Island, Jan'y. 11th, 1858.

MR. ABEL CHUTE.

The subject of this Memoir was the son of Thomas Chute. He was born October 5th, 1791, in the Township of Granville, and in the Spring of 1801 removed with his father's family to Bear River, in the Township of Clements, where he grew up a wild and giddy youth,—without hope and without God. In the year 1810 a great revival took place in the Township of

Clements,—and many were converted,—when Brother Chute was first brought to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner. In this state of mind he continued for some time, when, under the preaching of Elder James Manning, from the text, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, &c.," in the midst of his discourse, Bro. Chute obtained hope, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He was soon after baptized and became a member of the Church; but as they had no pastor for several years it became scattered, and almost lost its visibility.

In December 7th, 1817, Brother Chute married Sophia, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Potter, with whom he lived in harmony during his life. In the latter part of the winter of 1820 the Lord again visited the Clements Church, and poured out his Spirit upon it in copious effusions, when the wanderers came back to the fold with songs of joy, sinners were converted, and numbers were added, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Thomas Ansley. Brother Chute about this time began to improve his gifts in public, and would occasionally go out and visit other sections of the country, at that time destitute of preaching. The Church soon became satisfied with his gifts for public improvement, and gave him a licence to preach, which he did at various places, with much acceptance. He afterwards visited Yarmouth, where he was gladly received and encouraged by the aged-Christian veteran, Harris Harding, among whose people he preached the gospel very extensively. He afterwards frequently visited Yarmouth, the fruits of his labours there will be only fully known, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. He afterwards visited the Dalhousie Settlement and preached the gospel with so much acceptance that they invited him to become their pastor, this, however, he declined, preferring to remain in the same situation as before, visiting from place to place, and preaching the gospel of the grace of God. In September, 1854, he went to Canada West, and, with his brother, visited a great variety of places, and preached in most of them. He afterwards returned home to his family; but his days were determined, and his bounds set.—His master called and he must go. Sometime in the Summer of 1856 he was afflicted with a painful disease: he tried all the remedies in his power, and had recourse to medical aid; but all to no purpose, the disease was commissioned, and must perform its work, it continued to increase, and sometime in the winter of 1857 he was confined to his house and finally to his bed, when his complaint became very painful; but in the midst of these distresses the Lord poured into his heart the consolations of His grace, and then he would frequently rejoice in God his Saviour. In the midst of his sufferings he would exclaim that he would soon see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is afar off, and for ever be at rest. In a letter to his brother in Canada he quoted those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts,

"Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please."

At another time he said,

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise."

He continued to grow weaker until the evening of the 13th of June, when his weary soul left its clay tenement, aged 66 years, to join the songs above. He chose the text to be preached from at his funeral, 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8. He was followed to the grave by a very great number of relatives and friends from all parts of the Township. It was the largest funeral procession the writer had ever witnessed in the Township of Clements. The following Lord's-day Elder Aaron Cogswell delivered a discourse on the subject of his death to a large and attentive congregation in the Union Bethel.

In his views of gospel truth he fully embraced the doctrine of imputed righteousness, and of salvation by Grace and faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ. He was remarkably gifted in prayer. In speaking he had but few superlatives, and was well versed in music.—But his work is done, and he has gone to his rest.

A. CHUTE.
(Christian Visitor and Canada Christian Messenger please copy.)

Religious Intelligence.

TRACTARIANISM.—The Bishop of London has in the most positive manner forbidden the use of lighted candles on the "altar" of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, "except for the purpose of light," i. e., they must not be burnt in the day-time. After a strenuous resistance on the part of the incumbent, the Rev. S. W. Mangin, the churchwardens and the congregation, the incumbent has yielded the point. Mr. Mangin writes:—"Having upon this written to both churchwardens forbidding the tapers to be lighted, and upon learning from himself that the churchwardens nominated by me had desired a member of the choir to light them, I also wrote to him, and the next morning verbally forbade him to do so. Upon entering the church, finding the lights burning, before the service was commenced, and, acting as assistant, I extinguished them. The result was, that no one communicated."

PRESBYTERIAN.—In Australia, the Established and the Free Churches are uniting for the establishment of a Theological Seminary, in connection with the Queen's University at Sydney. Government has given a free site and £20,000 for the college, on condition that the Presbyterian body raise an equal sum. Sub-committees from bodies have been appointed to

carry out the design. The constitution of the seminary is already approved. The Westminster Confession must be signed by all professors. Subscriptions to a considerable amount are already promised.

MR. SPURGEON AT SURREY HALL ON SUNDAY MORNING.—Perhaps the most numerous congregation that has assembled in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens, to listen to the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon, was drawn there on Sunday morning, the 27th ult., on the occasion of his preaching his last Sabbath sermon there in the year 1857. The number of people gathered together was estimated as approaching to 10,000. His sermon was from Jeremiah viii. 6—"What have I done?"

MINISTERIAL SKETCHES.

THE REV. DR. CUMMING.

Dr. Cumming has a name. Carriages with strawberry leaves deposit high-born ladies at his chapel. Lord John Russell goes to hear him. Actually, he has preached before the Queen. So the chapel is crammed, as if there was something wonderful to see and hear. I confess I am of a contrary opinion. I cannot—to quote the common phrase of religious society—"sit under" Dr. Cumming. I weary of his Old Testament and his high-dried Scotch theology, and his Romanist antipathies, and his Millennial hopes. Dr. Cumming preaches as if you had no father or mother, no sister or brother, no wife or child, no human struggles and hopes—as if the great object of preaching was to fill you with Biblical pedantry, and not to make the man better, wiser, stronger than before; perhaps it may be because this is the case that the church is so thronged. You need not tremble lest your heart be touched, and your darling sin withered up by the indignant oratory of the preacher. He is far away in Revelation or in Exodus, telling us what the first man did, or the last man will do; giving you, it may be, a creed that is scriptural and correct, but it does not interest you—that has neither life, nor love, nor power—as well adapted to empty space as to this gigantic Babel of competition, and crime, and wrong in which I live and move.—*London Pulpit.*

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

He is a tall, stately man. There is an air of power about him. His voice is loud, and brassy, and unpleasant, but it is not monotonous, and his action is very animated and good. He stands before the altar, and takes a text which generally forms an appropriate introduction to his discourse, and delivers a well-reasoned, argumentative address, not cut up in heads, as the manner of some is, but connected and complete. With a fine voice, the cardinal would be a very effective preacher. As it is, he does very well. I should say he has little imagination, little sentiment, little rhetoric, but that he has great stores of learning and power of argument. He is very plausible, and seems very earnest and sincere. He preaches principally of the peculiar doctrines of his church; how it is the one on which God's Spirit rests; how it is the one true guide to heaven; how it has the one true divine utterance, to which if man do not listen, he is lost for ever. The cardinal has a square, massive face, with anything but a pleasant expression. He is yet in his prime. His hair is brown, his complexion fresh, but inclined to be dark. His eyes are concealed by spectacles. A fat, double chin, and large cheeks, minus whiskers, give him a very sensual appearance. But it is not a pleasant sensuality, the jolly sensuality of a Falstaff or an alderman, the sensuality suggestive of good dinners, with good company to flavour them. It is the sensuality of a proud arrogant, and imperious monk.—*Id.*

BAPTISTS IN NEW ZEALAND.—Auckland, New Zealand, Aug. 7th.—To most of your readers—and, especially to those of the Baptist persuasion—any account of the Baptist cause, from whatever part of the world, will, without doubt, be interesting; particularly interesting if it come from such a distant country as New Zealand—a country which, not many years ago, was full of spiritual darkness, and was, indeed, the habitation of cruelty; but a country where now the glorious gospel is preached, where churches and chapels are abundant, and where the people of God are not a few.

In writing a short account of the Baptists here I shall have to confine myself chiefly to those in Auckland, not being in possession of much information concerning them in the other provinces. I may state, however, as you are perhaps aware, that there is a Baptist interest at Nelson, and in that town there is both a minister and a Baptist chapel. At the other provinces, I believe, no Baptist cause is established.

We have one Baptist church now, which has been formed about two years, and which, during that time, existed in peace and harmony. Our number of members is about twenty—but we have more than that number of communicants. We have had no great increase since the formation of the church; but this is mainly owing to our having had no pastor, having been supplied by two brethren of the church. Brighter prospects, however, await us, and we expect our numbers to be much increased. We have now a settled minister, Mr. Thornton, late of Canton, labouring amongst us.

The Baptists have been wont to meet together in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute—a very commodious room. But seeing the urgent necessity of a chapel being erected, they have purchased, or rather partly purchased, an eligible site, and of sufficient size to contain, not only a chapel, but school-room and pastor's