

# Christian

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to



# Visitor.

Religious and General Intelligence.

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"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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## SELF-ADVICE.

Command thyself—no sudden answer give—  
 With zeal do good, for that alone you live;  
 To know the worth of time, remember death,  
 Thy life is short, and passing is thy breath.  
 Be sober minded—wear a look serene,  
 Act before God, although by men unseen;  
 Speak not in vain, nor foolishly depart,  
 From gentle words and purity of heart;  
 To truth and charity, and peace inclined,  
 With caution, censure or applaud mankind;  
 Seek knowledge fair, but shun insipid mirth,  
 There is no time for folly while on earth.  
 Feed no ill-will—no sudden friendship make,  
 Betray no trust—no obligations break;  
 Whatever you neglect to this attend,  
 Pity the poor, and be the stranger's friend,  
 Promise with heed—weigh every action right;  
 Instructed by past failings to be wise,  
 Let every wish from purest fountains rise;  
 In talk secure—pursue one steady plan,  
 For action shows the noblest part of man.  
 Act with relation to a future state,  
 Retort no slander—render love for hate;  
 That, well deserving of the christian name,  
 The church on earth may own you without shame.  
 And by your light, may mind, yet dark, perceive  
 The Spirit's influence, and on Christ believe,  
 For, through his strength you can do all things  
 right.  
 Then take his "sword," arm others for the  
 fight,  
 And when the battle on this earth is o'er,  
 May you and they meet on the heavenly shore,  
 To dwell forever with the just and good,  
 Your song—to be redemption through Christ's  
 blood.

## The Puritan Sabbath.

Many exaggerated and ludicrous pictures have been drawn of the stiff and formal manner in which our forefathers spent their holy time. No one can doubt that there was another and far different side to the picture. A book entitled "Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ;" or Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath, by Dr. Hamilton, has recently been published in London. The last number of the North British Review contains the following interesting extract from Dr. Hamilton's work, giving a very pleasing description of a Puritan Sabbath:—

"And had a household narrative of that Sabbath been preserved, how cheerful and sunny would have been the tale. We may write it from memorials and diaries, from legends and traditions. There are families of lineal descent not yet extinct, honorable in ancestral consistency, unswerved among the supple manners of the age. There are homesteads which may yet be traced, whose possessors stood midway between the older Puritan and the Nonconformist confessor, sometimes the noble grange; at others the lowlier hall; monuments of principle and persecution, as they were asylums of devotion and piety—which cruel laws long continued to disturb—such as Houghton Tower, in which Howe found refuge—like Broad Oak, where still we seem to commune with "Henry's holy shades." Was that religion stiff and dull? Were those Sabbaths ascetic?

An early hour of the previous evening had witnessed the disposal of all business; and the necessary preparations for the morrow, allowed a full season to meditative retirement and afterwards to special domestic sacrifice in respect of the Sabbath which drew nigh. Soon as the morning broke, children anticipated their parents and while they rose, sang some hymn in salutation of the day, at their chamber. From their knees, they met each other with cheerful embrace and greeting, their first duty leading the gathering group to prayer and praise; never forgetting the perusal of the holy book, the family copy, which, perhaps, had been the companion of prison hours and forest hiding-places,

worn by the hands and blotted by the tears of the patriarchs of their house. Supplication could not be made for kindlier times and growing liberties, without thanksgiving that fiercer oppression was somewhat stayed. They forgot not what their fathers had told them. They blessed their God and their father's God for every little lightening of their bondage. Once there would have been peril in this indoors' rite. Psalmody arose, as a proper part of such worship, not without taste and choral effect, for it was that in which they were accustomed to delight. Comfort and simple elegance crowned their meal; for order and neatness, beyond our more luxurious parade, presided in their home, and were rather more prominent than less on this happy dawn.

If they might attend, by the suspension of some penal statute, their sanctuary, they were seen wending toward it, in a natural procession, attired not carelessly, but in no flaunting dress, in their country's staple and texture, unpretending, yet substantial as themselves—some, of which the mother's distaff had produced. Sermons full of thought and powerful in application having much unity and closeness with doctrine raised and improvement enforced, repaid the long-exacted attention. They know not our miscellany of vocal praise, but breathe their gratitude and adoration through the stands of the sweet singer of Israel. Public prayer was systematic still various, abounding in intercession, such as the minister's closet had indited, and his heart had already made his own.

Homeward, with no loitering pace and frivolous manner, they returned—impressed, happy, thankful, and found no sooty board. They healthily partook, but no surfeit oppressed them. What they had heard supplied their conversation—they discovered something better than to cavil; the heads of the family would have discouraged whatever would have lowered the weight of their teacher in the notion of their offspring and servants; and all could forget an uncouth manner, if such it was, in edifying matter and deep experience. The men on whom they attended were mighty in the Scriptures. None other could have been endured. A second service, early in the afternoon, invited their presence once again in the sanctuary.

The evening came, the household Sabbath's claims and share. The children, if advancing in youth, now repaired to different apartments, conducted, according to sex by their appropriate guides. A father counselled his boys, a mother instructed her daughters. Catechism was heard. Free questions were elicited. There was review of what had that day been preached. The lad leaving his roof was warned and blessed.—The girl cowered like the dove beneath the wing stretched over her. There, at the father's side, at the mother's knee, was the true school of character and principle. That made their generations strong. Instead of the fathers were the children. Thus were they trained and formed. They shrank not from danger; they yielded not to dalliance. They left histories. They established names. But where is now "the seed of the righteous?" Where are the "faithful children?" In the change of all this we are weak. An interval followed, and each one took his book. Janeway's Token for Children, or Gouge's Young Man's Guide, fixed many a youthful eye. The prayer bell was then rung, and devotions were presented, suited by their brevity to wearied powers, and by their pointedness to youthful minds; not rarely different hymns, charming the childish choir by their variety and succession. The simple hours of

that period, and the still simpler hours of that day, gave fitness to the spreading of their table ere they separated their sleep. The all but infant regarded this as honor and indulgence, and it was the scene of chastened joy. Parent, child, knew no happier banquet than this! It was the feast of subdued familiarity, of confidence, of love!

Nor had servants been forgotten. Theirs was the fellowship of privilege. They had been exhausted by no labor, they had been debarred from no means. Often growing old in the family, they seemed a part of it; they felt the sympathy of its griefs. In the passages of domestic joy and festivity, they took no niggard interest. They reimbursed the tenderness and good will they received. They showed fidelity. The "believing masters" treated them in all religious matters as "brethren;" and they "counted them worthy of all honor, and rather did them service because they were faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit." The house now is hushed. Children lie cradled in each other's arms. Servants wait but the light slumber for to-morrow's labor, and not to rest from what they have this day done. Parents commit themselves and their endeared charge to their Heavenly Father, and angels come down and keep the watch. "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

We need not inquire what was their week.—That home would know no idleness, no contented ignorance, no constrained hospitality, no fretful bickering, no controversial strife. Worship still dressed its altar, prayer and praise still awoke, instruction and discipline still prevailed. The pastor was often seen at its hearth, the welcome casuist, comforter and guest. Good men resorted thither, and left behind a blessing. That wicket was the gate of heaven. The law of kindness was on every lip. They forbore one another, they preferred one another. Some of us know the likenesses well. We have seen the counterparts. These customs had come down to us. Such were the families to which birth added us. Such were our fathers, and such were the mothers who bore us. We decline no inventions, we draw no pictures, we speak no unknown things. In them was reflected the Puritan race. In them those saints revived and stood up once more. In this resemblance, but little degenerated, we may measure their worth, and as by a personal observation, "fully know their doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience."

## Quench not the Spirit.

The Christian's heart, unblest with the influence of a present Spirit, is like an altar on which the fire has gone out. The soul can feel nothing of the glow and ardor of piety without this kindling energy. As well expect to support the flame without a supply of fuel.

Yet Christians may, and often do, "quench the Spirit"—that is, do smother the emotions produced by His influence, and suppress their tendencies and operations upon the heart. They may so cherish these influences that their characters shall be adorned with the "excellent glory" of a radiant piety, as when the fire is relumed by pouring oil upon it; or they may extinguish them by sinful neglect and impious resistance, leaving the heart desolate, like the fire plate on which the waters have fallen, leaving only a pile of smouldering embers. The withdrawal of gracious influences is not the capricious act of a Sovereign. All reason and Scripture rise up to condemn such a monstrous imputation. The cause lies in the capriciousness and wickedness of the creature, on whom the charge always

rests, and who is held responsible for the ungrateful deed.

Every Christian may understand the various ways in which the Spirit is quenched, and may have a correct theory of the consequences, personal and relative, which result from it. But how few are alive to the dangers which lurk here, and who, armed with watchfulness, forethought and prayer, avoid falling into it. We shall be excused for introducing, a short illustration on this point from Jenkyn:

"Experience teaches us that, with some influences it is infinitely more painful to tife than with others; and the Scripture revelation informs us, that most of all is it perilous to trifle and dally with saving influences. Picture yourself on the strand of a river, where there is a crowd of benevolent men, employing all their skill, in attempts to restore the suspended animation in a man just discovered drowned. The current of breathing life is just returning, and the bosom begins to heave with its animating swell, and as the resuscitated man is in the act of respiration, one of the by-standers rushes forward, and with rude hands covers the face of the patient, stops his breath, and extinguishes the restored impulse of life. A shock of extreme horror convulses the whole multitude, and fearful shrieks of terrible dismay express their horror and indignation. Is it possible to conceive a spectacle more frightfully hideous than this? Yes, there is another. Suppose that while the benevolent individuals, employed in the measure of resuscitation, were, with intense anxiety watching for the signs of life, and when their generous hearts beat high with the appearances of reanimation, and when the patient himself was just awaking to a consciousness of the glowing powers of life, he, himself, in a moment, madly stifled the commencing respiration, and quenched the kindling spark. All stand aghast—all are stunned, and all become petrified at a deed of such frantic atrocity. But imagine the compassionate men again to repeat their measures, and again to succeed; and again, the stirrings of life to be strangled by the patient himself. Yet, in the moral world, such appalling atrocities, repeated over and over again, are but faint representations of the part which the obdurate sinner is acting every time he feels the force of truth; the same is the part which every church is acting, when its inconsistencies damp the convictions of a young convert, and when its formalities suppressed the operations of religious revivals."—*Mich. Ch. Herald.*

## Discovery of Mummies at Durango, Mexico.

A million of mummies, it is said, has been discovered on the environs of Durango in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments as the Egyptian. Among them was found a poignard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternated colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues (probably our modern India rubber cloth,) moccasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue those interesting researches. And America will become another Egypt to antiquaries, and her ruins will go back to the oldest period of the world, showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas liked on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Avaric Tartars, who come down from Bhering's Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scones of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece, were rehearsed at an earlier day on the shores of California, and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned what kind of embalmment was used, or whether it was nitrous depositions in the caves where they are found;