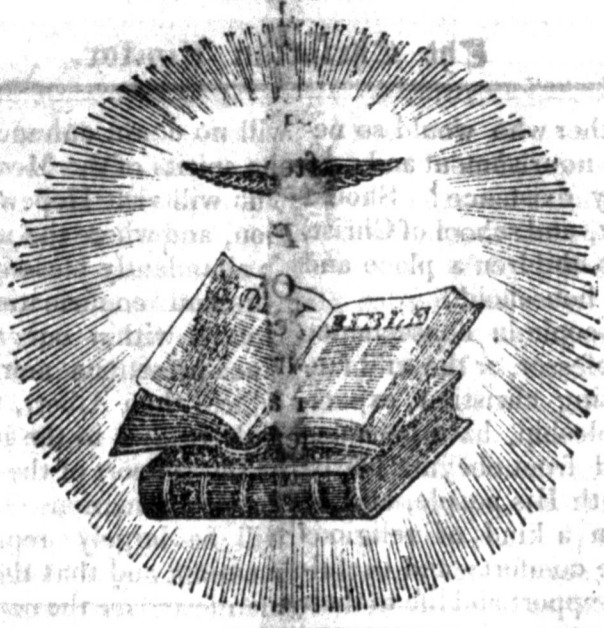


# CHRISTIAN

# VISITOR.

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REV. E. D. VERY,

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

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## GOD IS LOVE.

Earth with her ten thousand bowers,  
Air with all its beams and showers,  
Ocean's infinite expanse,  
Heaven's resplendent countenance—  
All around, and all above,  
Have this record, "God is Love!"

Sounds among the vales and hills,  
In the woods, and by the rills,  
Of the breeze, and of the bird,  
By the gentle summer stirred:—  
All these songs, beneath, above,  
Have one burden, "God is Love!"

All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart,  
By the quiet bliss that flies  
In our human sympathies:—  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering "God is Love!"

## Social and Intellectual Traits of the Welsh Character.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

What are the peculiarities of the Welsh character? Who constitute the nation, that are to sit for their portrait? Is it the entire people? or the majority. There is in the great mass of the population of all countries so little individuality, so little to distinguish them from the rest of their species, that, with slightly modified complexion, features, dress and accent, they might suit any other part of the globe as well as that which gave them birth. "Mankind sail their life-voyage in huge fleets, following some single whale-fishing or herring-fishing Commodore: the log-book of each differs not, in essential purport, from that of any other; nay, the most have no legible log-book, (reflection, observation not being among their talents,) keep no reckoning, only *keep in sight* of the flagship,—and fish. Read the Commodore's papers, (know his life,) and even your lover of that street biography will have learned the most of what he sought after."

Following this sage advice, I shall take those for my pattern who have some originality, whose thoughts and doings are not significant of themselves only, but of the masses of their fellow countrymen. Compared with New Englanders, the Welsh are not quite so tall, stouter and more compactly built, and if not subject to stinted fare and hard labor, are apt to be corpulent. In their manners they are frank, confiding and blunt, even to rudeness. As to inquisitiveness, they are not a whit behind the Yankees. Their temperament is warm, excitable, easily offended, and many of them will as easily and heartily forgive. I remember to have heard my pastor say, that once his uncle declared, when he had been sorely offended, that he never should forgive that man. "Uncle," said he, "do you know what the Bible says?" "No," said he, "what does it say?" "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "Does it say so?" asked he. "It certainly does," was the reply.—"Well, Thomas," added he, "go instantly, and tell the man that I forgive him all. I will not be a fool to please either him or anybody else." But too many there choose rather to be fools than to forgive.

In conversation they are vivacious, witty, abounding in jests and repartees. I have known many, who would keep you laughing the whole day, by reciting the most ludicrous stories and legends with the utmost gravity of demeanor and voice. In apposite remarks and replies they are inferior to the Irish, but much superior to the English. It is probably a Celtic trait.

The deep poverty of the thousands is most ruinous to character. It destroys all ambi-

tion and self respect, renders the individual an easy prey to temptation, and makes him cringing in manners. The farmers, generally, are very kind and generous to their poor neighbors. It is very seldom that the wives or children of the poor go to a farm house, without having food offered them, and frequently, some is given to carry home. I never shall forget one instance—an awkward, but naturally respectful boy, come to a farmer's door; after calling timidly,—for such was the fashion then, knockers, knocking and bells had not yet come into vogue—the door was opened, and with a bow he took off his hat to the lady of the house, and delivered his message. Having given him some answer, the lady said, Stop, my boy, and went to get him something nice. When he had received the gift, he thanked her most heartily, and scampered away at the top of his speed. She stood looking after him with the big tears coursing down her cheeks. A few days after the boy's mother was at the same house, and had as much as she could carry home of bread, cheese, &c. "Ever since your boy was here," said the lady, "his thanks have been ringing in my ears. He was so grateful, that I thought the poor fellow must have been hungry, and as soon as he turned away, I thought that possibly, you all might be hungry, and I was pained that I had not given him more."

Owing to the great destitution of good schools, and good books on the general subjects, and of newspapers, the intellect is confined within very narrow range. Hence, in all those manifestations of mind which are the results of academical culture, the Welsh are deficient. No people are more industrious than they. But they do not have, in a high degree, the talent, and are, certainly, not suitably educated, to live well in this world.—School education is necessary for the highest development of muscular strength, and still more, to the most economical and profitable expenditure of it. They are inferior in mechanical talent, and possess but very little of the versatile genius of the Yankee. They have seldom more than one way to obtain a living. In a word, they have not the faculty of the Yankee to get along in the world.—This, in all likelihood, is owing, in a measure, to an inherent defect in the Celtic character, which appears, in all its luxuriance, in the extreme improvidence of the Irish. But it is to be ascribed, also, to the lamentable deficiency of secular education, and the almost entire absence of all encouragement to labor for the improvement of one's circumstances.

That kind of mental culture which they do enjoy turns the mind to a different channel. The Bible is their schoolmaster. Paul is their ideal of intellectual greatness. You may distinctly discern on their minds the prints of his fingers. You may see some of his sublimity, some sparks of his fire, some bursts of his rugged and rapturous eloquence. He is the grand type of their logic. Their mode of reasoning is acute, hair-splitting, and full of sharp transitions.

Let us go to a Bible class; for there you will find the Welshman at home. It is held on a winter week-day evening. There is one of the kind in every neighborhood. I do not conduct you to a place of my imagining, but to an actual meeting, as it was twenty years ago. It is well attended, you may perceive, but many come merely to look on. The aged and the young are there. The exercises begin with prayer and singing. That venerable man, whom you see putting on his spectacles, they call the moderator. He is one of the pastors of the church. There are three of them in all. His name is John Llewelin, and he is still living. His complexion is dark, his features are bold and irregular, his voice is strong, and somewhat harsh. But

he is a magician. In the pulpit he never has excelled, but in his present capacity I never have known of an equal. He now reads the passage that is to be the subject of the evening. It is in one of the Epistles—most likely in Romans, Galatians or Hebrews. He has repeatedly gone thus through all the Epistles, and there are many present this evening who have travelled the entire ground with him.—He has now finished the reading. He repeats the first verse, the verse before and the one after. He now puts a question to him who happens to be at the head of the inner circle. If a question of much moment, he passes it all around, and every one confirms, or enlarges upon, what had already been advanced, or controverts it. The old man follows his question with apparently as intense interest as Napoleon did his old guard at Waterloo. His dark rugged features are in a blaze; his deeply set black eyes snap and scintillate.—When the answer is not to the purpose, he looks sadly disappointed, as much as to say, I am extremely sorry that you have not done better. A question, we may suppose—for it so happened occasionally—has passed through nearly the entire class, and has not been answered to his satisfaction. His face is darker and more fixed than usual. At length, an individual, who has had time to revolve the subject, strikes the nail on the head, and the effect is tremendous. It is as if a spark had fallen into a magazine. The soul of the old man explodes in raptures. Every part of him speaks, and the whole class feel as if suddenly a dark, thick cloud had rent asunder, and the sun, from its meridian height, poured down a flood of splendor. By cold natures, such explosions will be condemned as enthusiastic madness. But to those within the circle all appears perfectly natural. There is nothing boisterous, or in any manner unseemly. It is nothing accidental. The soul of that venerable man is always on fire. One of those sudden bursts I have great reason to remember.

The individual who is the occasion of such an outbreak is filled with the sacred afflatus, and if of a congenial nature, and of an inexpressible age, his whole future course will be different from what it would have been otherwise. All the class are now thoroughly aroused, and are persuaded that they are treading a soil teeming with rich treasures. You will be well repaid if you will listen to the questions and answers. You will be astonished to perceive that the Epistle to the Romans can be so successfully analysed by a man who owed nothing to school training, and that those rustics, who, perhaps, cannot write their names, possess so much exegetical skill, and are capable of presenting such broad and luminous views of Christian doctrines. You will be made more sensible than ever before of the truth of the passage—"The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." The moderator gives his opinion last, in a few short but pithy sentences. His views are given with such force and freshness, that they strike the mind with the sharp end first. It will be difficult to shake them off.

## AN AGED MINISTER'S EXPOSTULATION.

[An American gentleman, attending one of the Baptist churches in Liverpool, picked up the following exhortations of a venerable retired pastor, printed in tract form. He has handed them to us for publication.—ED.]

To the friends worshipping in Myrtle-street chapel:—

In March, 1847, my pastorate over you terminated, and He who saw fit to lay me aside has lately visited me with another severe illness.

During it, an eternal world, the judgment to come, and my final state, were brought frequent and vividly before me. These prospects led to serious self-examinations, and to fre-

quent reviews of the past, and especially of my ministry. Without entering into the results as affecting my own mind in various respects, it is my wish to place before you, my beloved friends, some considerations bearing on what I know are your highest concerns.—Unable to reach you by my voice, allow me to do so through the press.

My public ministrations were among you above forty years; and my preaching was, I trust, according to the convictions of my understanding and the dictates of my conscience. As far as God enabled me, I preached the great truths of the sacred Scriptures doctrinally, experimentally and practically: man's depravity and guilt; the necessity of the Spirit's agency to enlighten, renew and purify; the atonement and righteousness of Christ, justifying the sinner through faith; the use and need of holiness in conduct; and of conformity to the Saviour here, that we may see his face hereafter with joy.

I do confess that all my preaching never did reach what it ought; that my love, zeal, kindness, earnestness, pity, entreaties, never did correspond to the worth of the salvation exhibited, nor to your need of an interest in it. I own my guilt, and beseech pardon from our Lord and from you.

But now, my friends, let me entreat you to look into yourselves, and the result of these ministrations among you.

Have you embraced the great tenets of the Gospel sincerely, and held them fast?

Have you experimentally received them as your life?

Three infallible evidences testify to a true experience and to a supernatural change:

1st. Genuine repentance: which is, a sight and the deep sense of the evil of sin as such, i. e., of all sin. This involves abhorrence of it, renunciation of it, confession to God, prayer for pardon, and genuine desire to be freed from it. Nothing short of this is repentance unto life.

2nd. Faith in Christ's person, work, grace and character as an able and willing Saviour, casting out none and saving any who call on him. This implies looking, cleaving, praying and trusting more or less to Him for all His full and free salvation.

3d. An unreserved surrender of ourselves in person, time, property and our all to Christ and his service. "They shall be my people." "They shall be willing in the day of my power."

These three great elements of a saving change will, through the Divine influence, and through the means by which they have themselves been wrought, produce fruits of holiness in the heart, and morality in the life.

In my late seizure, when, for many days and nights, the gate of the eternal world seemed open before me, my mind was led to enter into these great matters, and to dwell most intensely on them.

My friends, death is solemn and certain.—The soul cannot enter into the presence of God except washed in the blood of Jesus.—Sin, unless separated from us in its guilt and pollution, separates us from God through eternity. Do consider. The soul, if lost, is lost never to be recovered. My heart yearns over every one of you, that you may be found in Christ.

How bitter is sin in remembrance, when death and eternity and judgment are truly realized! May not one of you be found impatient and unbelieving! I might address the aged among you, who have long attended my ministry. May you be my joy and crown!—I might address the young, who have but a short period listened to me, that they would not trust to life as a secure condition.