

# CHRISTIAN



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REV. E. D. VERY,

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“LET ME GO FOR THE DAY BREAKETH.”

GENESIS XIII. 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking,  
Earthly scenes are fading fast;  
Joys that were my heart awaking,  
Hopes and fears are with the past.  
Earthly visions now are darkling,  
And the City's golden glow  
Gleams before me, pure and sparkling,  
In the distance;—let me go!

Angel hosts resplendent shining,  
Wait me at the river's side,  
And my eager heart is pining,  
But to meet them on the tide,  
I can see the life-fountains gushing—  
I can hear their silvery flow;  
Joys, a countless throng are rushing  
On my spirit—let me go!

He, the wounded, the forsaken,  
In the death hour sore dismayed,  
All my grief and fear has taken,  
All my debt of sin has paid.  
I can see his God-like brightness  
Through the form he wore below,  
On a throne of dazzling whiteness;  
And he calls me—let me go!

Friends, the early loved, the cherished,  
Parted from our paths like dew,  
With the mortal have not perished—  
I beheld them pure and true,  
Lovelier in that far dominion,  
E'en than when we loved them so:  
And they stood with drooping pinion,  
To enfold me—let me go!

Lay me gently on my pillow,  
Weary are my thorn-pierced feet;  
Christ has calmed that boisterous billow,  
And the rest beyond is sweet,  
Could ye share the glorious vision,  
Ye would not detain me so;  
Now the homeward gales Elysian  
Woo my spirit—let me go!

Central Christian Herald.

SKETCH OF REV. JOSEPH HUGHES, M. A.

Twenty years ago, might have been seen at not less than one hundred and fifty Bible Society meetings during the year, a middle-sized, gentlemanly-looking man, about five feet eight inches in height, a little inclined to corpulency, easy in gait and somewhat slow in his movements. His head was regularly formed, his features regular but not striking, his eyes rather small and gray, and on approaching him you observed he was marked with the small-pox. You see him seated on the platform, unexcited and apparently unexcitable; now and then, as some speaker utters a brilliant or useful thought, our friend makes a slight memorandum on a slip of paper, and places it in his vest pocket, apparently for future use. He evidently takes an interest, quiet and steady, in what he sees passing, but appears entirely indisposed to interfere with any arrangements which may have been made for the business of the day or the evening.

Somewhere at the end of an hour and a half from the commencement of the meeting, the chairman or secretary announces the next speaker as the Rev. Joseph Hughes, one of the secretaries of the parent society, and up slowly rises our worthy friend and old neighbor. He has no tricks of oratory to play off; no “Oh's!” or “Ah's!” to pronounce in melting tenor; no gestures intended to display the beautiful brooch, or the brilliant ring;—all these things he most heartily despises; he is the grave divine, the finished scholar, the responsible officer, and can afford to leave trifles to be played with by other people. He speaks in a some-

what low tone, in low and distinct accents, in chaste and elegant style; and it is clear that what he has often told his brethren in private is true—that as long as he has been engaged in the service, he yet lies awake during many of his nights to compose Bible Society speeches. Perfectly free as he is from glare, as he utters his beautifully-wrought passages, full of piety and containing beautiful allusions not understood by the mass, who, however, are charmed by his simplicity and holy emotion, the most refined and learned of the meeting look at each other, and their eyes say “beautiful!” Having occupied from twenty to thirty minutes in showing what the hand of God has done in every part of the earth by the Bible Society, and commended its dearest interests to the sympathy and prayers of his hearers, he takes his seat, or perhaps leaves the meeting with an apology, as he has to “take the mail for another meeting a hundred miles off to-morrow morning.” Or possibly he has so arranged his affairs as to “stay in the town a day for rest;” if so, he will be ready to “give a sermon” to-morrow evening, if any of his dissenting brethren will ask him, for he is not an Episcopalian, and therefore cannot enter a consecrated pulpit.

And who was this Joseph Hughes? Why, dear reader, he was the son of poor but pious Baptist parents, natives of Wales, but himself born in a mean house in the English metropolis. The gravity shown in after life was to him perfectly natural; so that at five years old, when asked by a lady, whether he was fond of play, he gave for an answer, “I was formerly.” He grew up hopefully pious, was baptized by the distinguished Dr. Stennet at sixteen, and soon after was sent to Bristol College to study for the ministry. After his four years' course he went to Scotland, and in one of her universities spent four years, and graduated M. A. He then returned to Alma Mater at Bristol as classical tutor, succeeding in this office, and as assistant minister at Broadmead, to his friend Robert Hall. About the beginning of the present century, he removed to London, and in the beautiful village of Battersea, in its vicinity, became a pastor of the newly organized Baptist church; which, by the Divine blessing, he soon raised to high respectability.

At this period he was very poor in money matters; but though he had a library to collect, was exceedingly liberal, as far as his means would allow, in the support of Home and Foreign Missions, and was soon elected gratuitous secretary to the religious Tract Society. One of the committee meetings of this last named Institution was attended by the late beloved Rev. Thomas Charles, of Balor, in Wales, who was in London, endeavoring to obtain funds for a new edition of the Welsh Bible, greatly needed in his native land. The question was, in what way could they best help him? Some one asked, why not establish a society for the supply of the Welsh with Bibles? Hughes asked, “Why not form a society for the supply of the British dominions”—and, as a sort of after-thought—“and of the world?” It was an electric spark, which in a moment fired a dozen hearts.—Hughes was instantly appointed to prepare an address to the people on the subject, and active measures were adopted to form in March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he was always distinctly recognized as the “originator.” Nothing, however, grieved him so much as to have any public compliments paid him on this score. I was once present, when at a Bible meeting, held in his own church, a gentleman commenced an eulogium upon him as the agent employed by heaven in this matter; he rose, and with outstretched hands, and earnest tones “explored,” that not another word might ever be

uttered on the subject, but that all glory might be given to God.

Of all men in the world Hughes was one of the most disinterested. He abhorred the idea of obtaining wealth by his labors in the Bible cause. For very many years he travelled and labored for it, clearly to the injury of his family and his church, without the remuneration of a single penny; and when it was determined to pay the secretaries a salary of three hundred pounds a year, though he took it as did his brethren, after his death was found a little book which showed how every shilling of it had been expended in Christian benevolence; no small portion of it in gifts, secretly conveyed, to poor ministers and their families.

For habits of precision and forethought Mr. Hughes was the most remarkable man we ever knew. We were for several years his nearest clerical neighbor. Meeting him one day, he said, “Brother B. the first and second Sabbath of next September, if life is spared, I must be at —. My Sabbath services are all arranged for, except the morning of the second Sabbath. Can you take that?” “Yes.” “Let me see you enter the engagement in your pocket-book.” This was done. “Now,” said he, “that is our engagement; and you will remember that I shall neither think nor say any more about it.” This was about ten months in advance, and before the time arrived, he was, alas, in the grave. This same regard of the future led him carefully to write a hundred sermons at full length, in a large hand, for use when he should be unable to compose sermons. They were found after his death, no one of them having been delivered.

As a preacher to the mass Mr. Hughes was not popular, and for some years before his death his stated auditory at Battersea probably never exceeded fifty persons. His whole heart was given to the Bible Society; and yet both he and his people so greatly regarded each other that they could not part. It was sweet rest he would say, when he could get home on Saturday evening, and go through the two services of the Sabbath in his own pulpit. And sweet and intellectual indeed were his sermons. We remember hearing him a few weeks after the death of his friend, Robert Hall, when his hearers said he could do nothing but preach funeral sermons for him.—His text was Eccles. iv. 2. “I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive.” His subject was—the superiority of the dead Christian to the living one, and a picture he drew contrasting the one with the other, in which he represented the superiority of the Christian in heaven to the same person on earth, physically, intellectually, and morally, in all which it was clear that he had his eye on Hall, was one of the most beautiful things we ever heard; even though delivered in a slow and absolutely drawing manner.

But, alas, at little more than sixty he died, and most distressingly private was his funeral. A few of his brethren however, knew of it, and attended his beloved remains to the grave in Bunhill Fields, where, near Bunyan and Gill and the elder Rylands, and thousands of others dear to God and himself, he reposes till the morning of the resurrection. His son, who had become a High Churchman, engaged a layman to preach his funeral sermon, and a clergyman of a different denomination to his father to write the memoirs of his life. The memory of the holy man is, however, dear to all who knew him.—Boston Christian Times.

Translated from the Semeur for the N. Y. Recorder.

The Sultan and the Pope.

Europe presents to us at this time a contrast which teaches the gravest lessons. Abdul Mejid, chief of the Mussulmans, is summoned by

two great powers to deliver up the Hungarian refugees; this he refuses to do, and by this act of political probity exposes himself to the danger of an unequal warfare.

Pius IX., the chief of the Catholics, entreated both by France and Austria to practise toward his Roman subjects the evangelical precept for the pardon of injuries, obstinately shuts his ears to their entreaties, and signs a ridiculous act of pardon which would have been a shame to the Czar Nicholas after the submission of Poland, or to Radetzky after the defeat of the Lombards. The Sultan, even at the cost of the most imminent dangers, performs a noble act of hospitality. The Pope, notwithstanding the entreaties of his allies, will not even do a simple act of humanity.

The one is generous towards strangers from who he expects nothing, and who have nothing by which to recommend themselves but misfortunes. The other is unmerciful even towards his own subjects, and instead of healing their wounds after having made their blood flow he completes their sufferings by inventive, the Inquisition, and exile.

The successor of Mahomet gives us the example of a course of action that all the governments of Europe, monarchies as well as republics, feel themselves honored by following. The pretended successor of the holy Peter follows a course of conduct that chiefs of savage nations would blush to imitate.—The Prince of Constantinople has with him in this quarrel all the inhabitants of his empire who listen to the voice of conscience, or have in their hearts any sentiments of generosity. The Prince of Rome has against him all the inhabitants of the Pontifical States in whom the spirit of caste and party has not effaced regard for law or the sense of duty.

All Europe, and probably the Emperors of Austria and Russia, in their hearts commend the conduct of Abdul Mejid. All Europe, and without doubt the absolutists and legitimists even, who try to justify the Roman siege by the necessities of the case, condemn the conduct of Pius IX. Behold then here this exhibition of the spirit of Islamism and Catholicism in the persons of their chiefs. It ought to be marked by all the world. Will one say we compare situations very different, and that the Sultan has not suffered from the Hungarian refugees the insults the Pope has received from his Roman subjects? We are able, by the principles of national sovereignty, to meet this charge, and to reply that a people is always master of those rights which have been unlawfully taken from them.

But let us set aside the question of principle. The Sultan was threatened, and notwithstanding, he has obeyed the voice of duty. The Pope has been offended, and he refuses, when invited by the greatest powers to forget and to forgive, though he professes to be the representative of the religion of mercy. The first has been faithful even to his injury and danger. The second has been unfaithful to the law of the gospel. This is the real state of the facts.

When we see the divan of Constantinople do as it has done, shall we not conclude that, had they amnesty to give, it would be more humane than that of Pius IX.? And on the other side, when we read the Roman amnesty, can we conclude from it, that if the Council of the Cardinals had refugees to defend or deliver, it would have protected them as the Sultan did? An explanation should be sought elsewhere.

Islamism advances. Catholicism tries to draw backward. Abdul Mejid and his ministers wish to join the movement of modern ideas. Pius IX. and his counsellors fear this movement, (and with reason,) as their mortal