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EDITORS

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"LABORARE EST ORARE."

There is a golden legend,
Sent from the olden time,
When men looked straightway up to God,
And walked in the sublime,
And loud its glorious burden
Those ancient souls did sing;
E'en now from out the distance
We hear its echoes ring;—
"Work, work, my brethren work,
Work while 'tis called to-day;
And ever with this knowledge toil,—
To labour is to pray"

All things that worth the winning are,
Are won by toil alone;
And he has never truly laughed
Who's not been forced to groan.
The truest joy comes but to him,
Who sorrow's crown has worn;
More brightly bliss will sun the soul,
Where once was fixed the thorn:—
"Work, work, &c."

And ye who dig, or delve, or smite,
Uplift with every blow,
A psalm full of praise to Him
Who first did labour know.
And ye who with the mind work out
The truths that guide mankind,
Praise with each throb of heart and brain,
The first creative mind:—
"Work, work, &c."

Oh! beautiful the horny hand,
Which faithful work has grimed;
Oh! beautiful the furrowed brow,
Which faithful thought has lined!
And ye who toil with hand or brain,
Are noble through all time;
For yours the only guerdon is
That makes this life sublime:—
"Work, work, &c."

Ye sow the seed, the harvest reap,
And garner up the grain;
And after generations bless
The labourer's noble train.
Oh, 'tis a noble company!
And noblest deeds are done
By horny hands, and furrowed brows,
The sun e'er looks upon:—
"Work, work, &c."

The sword in time will rust away,
Its deeds of slaughter o'er;
And golded corn o'er battle plains,
Will wave the winds before.
But labour's works, the forge, the book,
Will win a brighter ray
As time pursues its ceaseless flight,
And brings the promised day:—
"Work, work, my brothers work,
Work while 'tis called to-day:
And ever with this knowledge toil,—
To labour is to pray."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF REV. ANDERS WIBERG.

The brother whose life and change of views are given below, has been furnished, with letters of introduction, to Rev. Charles G. Sommers, from Mr. Oncken and his fellow-laborers in Germany, and is represented as worthy of the fullest confidence as a man and a Christian.

I was born in the northern part of Sweden, very near a little town named Hudiksvall, on the 17th of July, 1816. My parents were peasants. In my childhood I had some religious impressions. When about fourteen years of age I was near being drowned, but by almost a miracle was saved from death. I

then felt great gratitude to God for his kindness and mercy. In consequence of this event, I became anxious for the salvation of my soul, and began to read the Bible, with other religious books, among which was "The Holy War" of John Bunyan. I was at this time a shopkeeper's clerk, in Hudiksvall, but in consequence of my religious impressions, I felt an irresistible desire to study, and to be useful, if God would, in his kingdom. I placed myself under the guidance of a pious clergyman in the country, in whose house I remained about a year. During this time I had many good impressions of divine grace. But, for the furtherance of my studies, I left this pious clergyman, and was under the teaching of a more learned but ungodly man. Thus thrown under worldly influences, I soon lost all my seriousness. After this I became a scholar in a learned institution, where I staid two years. During this time, between 1833 and 1835, I was again awakened to anxious concern for my salvation; but having fallen into sin, I despaired of the grace of God, and again became careless. In the year 1835 I entered the University of Upsala, and for my subsistence engaged as a teacher in the families of several of the gentry. I now studied till the year 1849 for the degree of Master of Arts. Partly from the nature of my studies, and partly from conversation with infidel and ungodly men, I became an infidel. I might say much about my miserable condition during this time, but think it best to draw a veil over that which it is so painful to remember. This I can say from my own sad experience, that it is a most unhappy thing to be an infidel. But the Good Shepherd, notwithstanding all this, ceased not to seek his lost sheep. Through the summer of 1849 he suffered me to have no rest in my spirit. One night I awoke with a fearful sense of the terrors of annihilation. I rose from my bed, clasped my hands, and cried out, "O God! why hast thou created me to die as a beast?"

In the autumn of this same year, it happened that a pious friend came into my room, where I was indulging in a light, trifling disposition of mind, and said to me, among other things, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." At these words I paused; they were as darts in my heart. I began to think: "If the Bible is really the Word of the living God; if there is really after this life a state of rewards and punishments which shall endure for ever, how dreadful would it be for myself to have the Word of God against thee! Thou hast not been on the other side of the grave, and it may be possible that the Bible is right and thou art wrong." I now determined to take the safe side of this great question, and to be a believer in the Word of God. I fell on my knees, and with tears sought the "living God." From this hour the Lord has continued to carry on his good work in my soul. But it was long before I came to the knowledge of *salvation through Christ*. I was under Moses, seeking justification by the works of the law, until the year 1842. In this time I read many German books of a mystical and theosophical character, from which I imbibed the notion that I must become *perfect*, principally through means of prayer. I consequently became diligent in prayer, and could continue in praying whole hours. But, instead of attaining to my object, I became more and more acquainted with the power of sin through the corruption of my own heart. At last I was quite near to a state of despair. I saw nothing but death and hell before me. I had "the sentence of death in myself." But God, even Jesus, who raises the dead, "passed by me, and said unto me, when I was in my blood,

Live!" By means of a German writer, John Arndt, and through the riches of divine grace, I was enabled to look upon Him who was lifted up on the cross for *my* sins, as the Israelites looked upon the brazen serpent in the wilderness, and I was healed. I believed on Him who justifieth the ungodly, and being justified by faith, I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the spring of 1843 I became a priest in the State Church of Sweden. This Church, like the Methodists, sends her ministers from one place to another; consequently, I was sent to several stations as helper to aged pastors. At all these places the Lord was pleased evidently to bless my labors in his vineyard, and I was permitted to see many fruits of the preached Word. But I soon began to have scruples about admitting ungodly men to the Lord's Supper, as is the custom in Sweden. I was persuaded from the Scriptures that this practice was not right. My health was at this time much impaired from too great exertion of my strength in preaching, as I did not know what steps to pursue in regard to my scruples, I asked and obtained from the Consistory of Upsala permission to suspend my labors for a season. For about two years I was now at leisure, and occupied myself in translating and publishing some works of Dr. Luther. I also edited a newspaper called "The Evangelist."

In the spring of 1851, a friend of mine in Stockholm, where I then resided, was going to Hamburg on business, and requested me to accompany him as an interpreter of the German language. In Hamburg I visited the Baptist church, and made acquaintance with the beloved brethren Oncken and Kobner; also a missionary by the name of Elvin. The constitution, discipline, and the spiritual and pious life which I discovered in this church, very much pleased me. I thought I saw in them the true apostolic order. To their doctrine of *baptism*, however, I could not assent, as I had been trained up in the Lutheran Church, and was much attached to the writings and system of Luther. I had warm disputes with the above-named brethren, and left them without being convinced of the errors of infant sprinkling. But at my departure from Hamburg, brother Kobner presented me with several tracts about baptism, among which was a German translation of Pengilly's tract on this subject. This treatise I read on my return to Sweden, and when I saw the exposition which he gives of 1 Cor. vii. 14, my former confidence in infant baptism began to be shaken. From this passage I saw that the apostle could have known nothing of this practice, or he would not speak of the children of the Corinthian church being *unholy*, because baptism would have made them holy without their being made holy or legitimate by the believing parent. I now began with eagerness to read Hinton's "History of Baptism," but it was long before I could be fully persuaded.

I must here state, that before my visit to Hamburg, a number of pious Christians in the north of Sweden had left the State Church from conscientious scruples about its doctrines and ministers. As these Christians knew my sentiments in regard to the errors of the State Church, and put confidence in me as an evangelical and orthodox minister of the gospel, they applied to me to separate myself from that Church and become their pastor. I was just about to comply with this request, when I went to Hamburg and became acquainted with the Baptists, as I have before related. But now, as I had begun to be a Baptist, I was obliged to send them word I could not sprinkle their children, because I thought it not right. My friends were much shocked and amazed at this. They knew not

what to make of the matter, but wrote to a clergyman in Finland, a man of learning and high esteem among them. This good friend satisfied them by describing "the Anabaptists" in a manner which brought to remembrance the cruel denunciation of Luther: "They are not only devils, but devils possessed of worse devils." Thus I was made to appear in the eyes of my former friends a noxious heretic and an apostate, not only from the Lutheran faith, but from the Lord Jesus Christ. What was I to do? I wrote to them letter after letter, but without seeming effect, because they also received, on the other hand, fresh supplies of Lutheranism from their learned friend in Finland. At last I promised them I would write a book about the matter, in reply to the false statements and calumnies of this man; but I was in great straits about it, being but partly persuaded in my own mind. However, as I believed the truth to lie on the side of the Baptists, I began to write this book, confiding in Him who has said, "If any lack wisdom let him ask of God." I needed help upon many things, and wrote to brother Nelson, telling him I had become a Baptist in sentiment, but wished to read more works upon the subject. He sent me Dr. Carson's valuable work, "Baptism in its Mode and Subjects," and also several tracts. Having studied these, and compared the arguments and statements with the Greek New Testament, I became fully satisfied upon all matters belonging to the Baptist question. My own work upon the subject was completed before I left my native country for America, and was left in the hands of the printer.

I left Stockholm on the 17th of July last, on my 36th birthday. I hoped in this country to have my desire to be baptized; and here also the Lord did more for me than I had hoped for. The vessel was obliged to stay at Copenhagen two days, waiting for wind. Meanwhile the captain and myself went on shore. While on my way from the vessel to Copenhagen, several passages of Scripture ran through my mind, reminding me of my duty to obey the commandment of our Lord without delay. Therefore, when I came to Copenhagen, I told brother Nelson about the thoughts that had arisen on my way. We spoke a little about the matter, and it was agreed that, if the Captain would stay over night in the city, my request should be gratified. I was accordingly immersed in the Baltic Sea the 23d of July last, at 11 o'clock in the evening, in presence of many brethren and sisters. This hour was the most solemn in my life; I went on my way "rejoicing," and shall praise the Lord for ever that his grace was thus granted to lead me to follow the footsteps of my dear Saviour in the baptismal waters. From Copenhagen we had a happy and very pleasant voyage, and I arrived in New-York the 18th September last. The Lord be greatly praised for all his mercy and goodness to his feeble and most unworthy worm!

THE WIFE.

"Believe me, that what a true woman needs most in the object of her affections, is not comfort herself, but a something for her to comfort,—not an arm that can surround her with pleasures, but a name she can honor, and an eye she can look to, for the loving way of its watching her. Something to think of, to toil for, to fear for, to suffer for, something she might proudly die for. This is what a woman needs more truly than a servant to attend her, or a luxurious home to dwell in."

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.