

# CHRISTIAN

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### LITTLE EVA.

#### UNCLE TOM'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

All who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and wept over the fate of that sweet creature, "Little Eva," will read with pleasure the following lines, dedicated to Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, by J. G. Whittier:

Dry the holy tears for Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her;  
Of the form so sweet and fair  
Give to earth a tender care,  
For the golden locks of Eva,  
Let the sunny south land give her,  
Flow'ry pillows of repose,  
Orange bloom and budding rose.

All is light and peace with Eva,  
There the darkness cometh never,  
Tears are wiped and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all,  
Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong or sin no more shall grieve her,  
Care and pain and weariness,  
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva! loving Eva!  
Child confessor, truth believer,  
List'ner at thy master's knee,  
"Suffer such to come to me."  
O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,  
Lighting all the solemn river,  
And the blessing of the poor,  
Wafting to the heavenly shore.

### MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

### REV. SAMUEL ELDER,

OF FREDERICTON, N. B.

(CONCLUDED.)

It only remains to attempt a delineation of the character of our departed friend, as far as may be requisite to fill up the sketch already given.

He was a man of a modest, retiring, unassuming, quiet spirit; the natural reserve of his disposition may often have led persons to mistake his character, and impute to the stiffness of pride what was indeed the result of sensitive bashfulness and self-depreciation; a painful feeling which men of similar conformation alone can understand, but which in his case had been greatly modified by mental culture and self-discipline. Within the circle of intimate friends, however, all reserve vanished; and his extensive reading furnished him with ample resources, which being moulded by a fervid imagination, and reflecting mind rendered him a most interesting and instructive companion. A stranger beholding him would have no conception of the strong emotions of which he was susceptible; outwardly, all was calm, unimpassioned; inwardly, a fire of ardent feeling or glowing sentiment was often raging. He lived indeed in a world of his own; he made use of the external creation as material on which to weave the network of fancy, but never failed to impart a colouring from the peculiar tinge of the predominant emotion. The habit of abstraction formed by incessant musing of the spirit with its own creations, in a measure unfitted him for some of the exigencies of this busy, bustling world; a little more experience in the practical routine of business would have spared him an occasional feeling of shyness.

Few would imagine how ardently his affections attached themselves to home and relations. So perfect was the self-control with which he curbed the strong passions of his soul, that even his most intimate friends may have known nothing of their intensity. His journal faithfully portrays this phase of his character, especially that part which describes

his visit, after seven years absence, to his parents and sister, then residing in Cape Breton, during the summer of 1849. He says:

"We made Sidney harbour early on Saturday. I was calm outwardly; I did not betray by word, look, or gesture, the strong and growing current of my emotions. But I could have laughed, wept, shouted aloud. With what exulting gratulation did my heart hail the cliffs, the shores, the hills around home!"

The same animated strain pervades the whole record, but it is far too long for extract. How touching is the following gush of affection at the grave of his mother, which he visited in June, 1851:

"In the interval between the afternoon and evening meetings, I entered the burial ground and visited the graves of my dear mother and sister. They sleep side by side. I was deeply and tenderly moved—my heart yearned over their dust, and my tears fell upon it: I never before felt so strongly the love that I had treasured for them. The intense desire that involuntarily arose as I gazed upon their tombs, and which demanded them back from its dark and silent domain, was agony itself. I was obliged to call into operation all my religious principle to restrain and soothe its swelling anguish. By degrees I became calm, and felt a renewed submission to the will of God, and a delightful confidence of their glorious existence beyond the range of death, mingled with the humble hope of soon meeting them in that happy world. May God grant the fulfilment of this hope, and make me meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, for Christ's sake."

The death of his sister Amelia, to whom he was tenderly attached, which occurred in January, 1851, overwhelmed him with the bitterest feelings, the pungency of which was increased by the thought that, in compliance with the representations of others, he had not gone over to see her before her departure. There is a sorrow which is sacred from the gaze of the multitude;—a grief with which a stranger intermeddles not; his was a sorrow of this description at that time. I am bound, therefore, to refrain from disclosing the pathetic record of his mental agony on hearing of this bereavement.

A rare appreciation of the beauties of nature was another marked feature in his character. He loved to watch the varying aspects of the earth and sky as the revolving seasons presented new beauties to his mind; and pleasing was the task of selecting the phrases best adapted to convey in words an idea of the general appearance, the tints, the shades, and all the minute changes of the objects on which he looked. A volume of choice descriptions might be taken from his journal. The following extract will suffice: "May 11th, 1851, Sabbath—Exquisite day, bright, calm, genial. The repose of the Sabbath seemed to breathe itself over nature, and I felt as if creation was mute with the pervading spirit of worship. A meditative air was upon the woods, the hills rose in tranquil beauty towards heaven, and the river glided in unbroken stillness and smoothness, as if fearful of breaking the image of the sky resting pure and bright in its bosom."

Another excellent trait in his character was, his expansive charity, and sincere affection for all good men, to whatever section of the Christian church they might belong. A charity, however, which never so swayed his well balanced judgment as to make him forget or overlook the claims of truth and principle. And whenever he did feel constrained to differ and oppose he afforded a pleasing exemplification of the precept of the apostle,— "speaking the truth in love."

After mentioning in his journal the perusal of the memoir of Dr. Milnor, an evangelical episcopal clergyman of the United States, he adds,—

"I am pleased to have such an opportunity of contemplating so fine an example of piety, belonging to another denomination; it helps to enlarge my charity. We are so easily narrowed in our fellowship by confining our attention to those forms of piety peculiar to our own body, and so much disposed to forget that there is piety extant any where else in the world, that we ought, as a cure for this bigotry, to seek acquaintance with the good and wise of all parties."

In connexion with this, it may be well conceived that his benevolence was unbounded, and his generosity far beyond what a calculating prudence would dictate, with his limited means. His constant visits to the chamber of sickness, often brought to his notice the temporal sufferings of the deserving poor, especially during the season of severe mercantile depression; it was impossible for him to behold the distress of the sick and indigent, without contributing to their necessities, to the detriment of his own claims, which were of a different nature, but equally imperative. If he sometimes erred on this point, it was an error on the side of virtue, and bespoke a disposition both sensitive and beneficent.

He exercised a jealous watchfulness over his innermost thoughts and feelings; severe was the scrutiny of self-inspection, and the sentence of conscience never leaned to the side of partiality for his own failings. This habit of introspection gave him both self knowledge and self control. These advantages, in themselves of great value, imparted others of almost equal importance; for the knowledge he possessed of his own heart made him wise to discern the spirit which dwelt in others; and the command he had over his own passions diffused itself by a sympathetic influence over the hearts of his associates.

An extract from his journal, which records his feelings in relation to the delivery of his sermons, lays bare the secrets of the heart of many a zealous preacher, and affords an illustration of this feature of his character:

"August 3rd, 1851—I felt hampered to an unusual degree in preaching this evening; yet as the congregation did not seem to notice it, I did not allow myself to be troubled by any humiliating review. Formerly these seasons of embarrassment would destroy my peace for days, but I have gradually reasoned and disciplined myself into the habit of bearing them with patience. It is wounded vanity more than any thing that produces such distress at the remembrance of appearing to disadvantage before the public, just as it is gratified vanity that fills the heart with contentment when a more successful effort has been made.

"Let me guard earnestly against this mean, yet easily besetting form of selfishness, to which persons in my profession are peculiarly exposed. How pitiable it appears when the preacher's ambition reaches no farther than the approbation of his audience,—when the thought of having gained this meed satisfies his conscience and his desire; or that of having failed overwhelms him with confusion.—But it is to be regarded as much worse than a weakness,—as a sin of no common magnitude. How lost to all right sense of his position and relations is that minister who, instead of preaching Christ Jesus the Lord, and labouring to save himself and others, degrades the pulpit into a theatre for his own exhibition, and losing sight of the glory of God and the salvation of souls, is only intent upon self

glorification. Lord deliver me from such wickedness, and make me faithful!"

There was in the character of our lamented Brother an exquisite combination of moral and intellectual forces. Piety and talent in were blended together, and afforded him mutual aid. The former won the affection of his friends, the latter extorted their homage.

The moral excellences which by the grace of God had become matured in him, rendered him amiable; his abilities, naturally good, and still further improved and strengthened by continual exercise, caused him to be respected without being feared.

No direct reference has yet been made to his poetical talents; they were of no mean order; he looked out upon nature with the eye of a poet, and his whole inner man responded to the influences which emanated from the lovely or terrible, the grand, or the lowly in natural scenery. At the same time he connected all things terrestrial with the solemn realities of eternity. The most elaborate of his poetical productions are "The Exodus," and "The Captivity," both of them, I believe, composed for college exhibitions, and delivered publicly before the Governors and friends of Acadia College, of which he was a graduate. These therefore have already had the verdict of competent judges pronounced upon them. There are other effusions scattered through his writings of considerable merit, especially one entitled "Address to the Sea," commencing—

"Hail, O sea! O world of waters, hail!  
Ye billows wild and free—steeds of the rushing  
wind's gale!"

The whole piece, about seventy lines, is a remarkable exemplification of the sentiment "the world without colour by the world within," which he has also expanded into a few stanzas: I extract the last:  
"Skr, wave, and field; tree, leaf, and bloom,  
Touched by the sad heart's spell,  
Reflect its melancholy gloom,  
Its echoed sorrows tell."

The mournful, yet in some respects, pleasing task of paying this last tribute of friendship to the memory of a highly esteemed and beloved fellow-labourer in the service of our gracious Lord, is now brought to a close.—My desire has been not so much to eulogize the dead, as to offer material for reflection to the living; and while these few reminiscences may awaken afresh in the hearts of some the feeling of grief for his loss, which may have begun to subside, there is to my own mind much consolation in the thought that the redeemed of the Lord shall all be gathered at last, to share unending joys in that place where "They shall walk in the light, as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another."

### BUSINESS AND PRAYER.

The following sentiments, expressed in a few lines, are worth treasures to those who receive them and weigh their importance:—"If a professed disciple would not have his secular business become a millstone about his neck to drown him in perdition, he must be a man of prayer; he must daily secure spiritual communion with God. If he suffers his business to consume his time and spirits so as to deprive him of opportunities for prayer, reading the Bible, and real communion with God, he must decay in piety, and his service of mammon eat up his service of God. No one who believes that God answers prayer will think of omitting either secret or family devotion for want of time, even when business is unusually urgent. Which is worth most to you or your family, an additional period of your own unblest labour, or the blessing of God on your efforts, won by spending that