

CHRISTIAN



VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence.

REVDS I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

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

EDITORS.

Volume V. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1852.

Number 34.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY BISHOP SPENCER.

I tread the church-yard's path alone,
Unseen to shed the gushing tear;
I read on many a mould'ring stone
Fond records of the good and dear.
My soul is well nigh dead with fear,
Where doubting Mary went to weep;
And yet what sweet repose is here—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The world is but a feverish rest,
To weary pilgrims sometimes given,
When pleasure's cup has lost its zest,
And glory's hard earned crown is riven.
Here, softer than the dew of even,
Fall peaceful on the slumbering deep,
Asleep to earth, awake to heaven—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yes, on the grave's hard pillow rise
No cankering cares, no dreams of woe;
On earth we close our aching eyes,
And heavenward all our visions grow,
The airs of Eden round us flow,
And in their balm our slumbers sleep,
God calls his chosen home, and so
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Ah! vainly could the human voice
In this dull world of sin and folly,
Tell how the sainted dead rejoice
In those high realms where joy is holy—
Where no dim shade of melancholy
Beclouds the rest which angels keep;
Where peace and bliss united wholly
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

If on that brow so fair and young,
Afflictions trace an early furrow;
If Hope's too dear delusive tongue
Has broke its promise of to-morrow,
Seek not the world again to borrow,
The deathful print its votaries reap,
Man gives his loved ones pain and sorrow,
God "giveth his beloved sleep."

MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. SAMUEL ELDER,

OF FREDERICKTON, N. B.

(Continued from Visitor of 27th August.)

Mr. Elder's health failed rapidly and suddenly. He always carried with him the appearance of a delicate constitution, and the least exposure would affect his throat; but whenever he was compelled to relinquish his duties for a season and seek renewed vigor in change of air and scene, he invariably returned with recruited strength and fresh cheerfulness of mind. It was not until the commencement of the present year that his disease assumed a threatening aspect, the death-like pallor of his countenance then gave indication of an unusually deranged system. Any long continued mental effort occasioned pain in the head; he was therefore constrained to abandon all study. Still he was able to walk long distances, and entertained the conviction that his malady was confined to the head, and was temporary in its nature; that exercise in the open air would prove a sufficient antidote, or, should that fail in this climate, during the ungenial vernal season, that a visit to a more southern region, would certainly restore him to his usual health.

Finding that he became worse and worse every week, and strongly impressed with the belief that a journey to the United States, and a short residence there, would insure his recovery, he started for St. John in the spring of the year, ere yet the ice had broken up, with

the intention of proceeding to the States, and with the hope of returning in the month of June;—but this was not to be. He quitted Fredericton never to return.

As the question has sometimes been asked, Why did not his friends prevail on him to remain, that he might end his days among a people who knew and loved him? Why was he allowed to depart to a strange land, where there was every probability that he would die, without a familiar friend at hand to minister to his relief? It may not be unsuitable to reply, that his design when he left was to visit a Brother in New York, whom he had not seen for many years, and from whom he had received several most pressing invitations; nothing appeared more proper than that he should visit so near a relative, especially as entire relaxation, and a more genial climate, seemed to afford the only hope of prolonged life. Besides, what would have been said of those friends who by their solicitations had detained him at home, when his disease, as it must have done, had acquired sufficient power to prostrate him, and had finally brought him to the grave? For it was ascertained after his decease that his days were numbered, in consequence of the extent to which his lungs were affected. What would have been the feelings of any friend who might have dissuaded him from seeking health in some warmer country?

If there are any who blame his people for allowing him to go, they would be the very persons to blame far more loudly, and with better reason, had he been induced to stay. On arriving at St. John, his debility had so much increased that he was unable to proceed for several days. At Boston, another delay was requisite for the same cause.—Thence he journeyed southward, encountering chilly, unpropitious weather, until he reached Philadelphia. His stay in New York was not prolonged, because his brother had quitted that city, on a visit to his friends in Nova Scotia. The journey had fatigued him so much, and his disease had gained such ascendancy, that the friends in whose house he lodged, regarded his recovery as very uncertain from the first.

He appears to have placed himself, under medical treatment, and when the fresh breezes and sunshine of Spring, presented their irresistible allurements to him, he ventured forth into the open air, and extended his rambles as his strength appeared to increase.

It must have been the spirit triumphing over the body, that imparted this seeming vigour; or it was the last flicker of the vital powers, ere they were extinguished, that nerved his frame, for about three weeks before his death, enticed by the loveliness of the weather, and delighted with the balmy breath of Spring, he took three several walks on the same day; and from the description he gave of the places he saw, it was computed that he must have walked seven miles at least.

Such excessive fatigue was too much for his enfeebled frame, and brought him to the brink of the grave. His strength was so utterly prostrated that his dissolution was expected every moment. About midnight, however, the remedies applied took effect, and he began to rally, but he never after left the house, and was only removed from one place to another by the assistance of others.

It is a matter of much regret that some intimate friend was not near him during the last few days of his life; had this been the case a most valuable and pleasing record of his experience might have been preserved. A daily journal, kept by those who were in attendance on him, would have supplied the deficiency, but this was not thought of until it was

too late. Our regret is the greater because we have the testimony that the sentiments he expressed were of a very heavenly and elevated order, centering in Christ Jesus our Lord, as the ground of his confidence before God, the Redeemer of his soul,—the object of his devout affection, in whose presence he hoped soon to taste fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. He spoke of going home to be with Jesus in terms of ardent longing, and sacred delight: and on the last day of his life, wished that no one might be admitted to his chamber, except those who would converse with him about Jesus, and the glories of heaven, within the precincts of which he then appeared to be standing. The pastors of the Churches in Philadelphia, and Christian brethren, visited him, and showed him no little kindness, for all which he expressed his deep gratitude: and indeed he seems to have met with every attention from those who were around him, and every alleviation that Christian sympathy could offer.

It was on Sabbath day, May 23rd, 1852, that he entered into his rest; the host, at whose house he was lodging, on his return from morning worship, visited the chamber of the dying christian and found him sinking fast, but composed and even joyful at the near prospect of exchanging a couch of sickness for the transports of a heavenly home. While the above mentioned friend was reading the consolatory words of our Lord, "In my Father's house are many mansions," &c., the spirit of our beloved brother passed away, and he may with truth be said to have fallen asleep in Jesus.

Who can contemplate the change which is wrought by death without a feeling of awe and sadness? What an undefinable sense of the mysterious steals over the mind in the presence of the dead! Every organ is as perfect as ever, yet all sensation has departed; the mechanism of the frame appears untouched, but there is no motion; the wonderful principle of life is extinct! Yet the conviction is strong that all has not perished; and this conviction rises to absolute certainty when viewed in the light which Christ Jesus has shed upon death and immortality.

But notwithstanding the assurance of life eternal for all who die in the faith of Christ; there must be sadness in the thought, that their ministry on earth is closed for ever; that all their accumulations of knowledge are no longer available for the living; that interchanges of thought and sentiment is no more possible; that silence reigns in the chamber, where formerly their familiar voice was heard; and the heart is still which once beat with varied emotions! When it is a friend, a beloved companion, a useful and honoured member of society, who has thus passed away from all participation in mundane things, the sorrow of survivors becomes still more intense.

Death had made great ravages within the last few years, among the members of Mr. Elder's family; though his own career was short, he was destined to mourn the departure of a revered father, a beloved mother, and a tenderly attached sister. But while some of those who would most bitterly lament his early death, were spared that sorrow; many still remain who keenly feel the loss which his removal has occasioned.

His remains lie interred in the burying-ground of Philadelphia; he needs no monument of stone to record his virtues, or perpetuate his memory; he will be remembered by a large circle of sincere friends, without any other memorial than that which they find in their own breasts.

[To be Continued.]

The memory of the just shall live forever.

[From the Macedonian.]

MINT, ANISE AND CUMMIN.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

"Do you think it will do for ——— to carry a silk umbrella in America?"

"Do! why?"
The sweet blue eyes which had been lifted to mine in asking the first question, assumed a grave earnestness, as my gentle friend continued, "I mean will people make unpleasant remarks about it? Wont they think it not quite the thing for missionaries?"

I glanced at the poor, rickety, carefully mended article in question, and answered truly, that I did not think it would be likely to create a very powerful sensation in America.

"Ah," said my questioner, laughing, "I see you dont understand these things. Now I would give a dozen umbrellas like this, for one good cotton one—of course I would. And yet I have known missionaries to be censured for quite as innocent pieces of extravagance, (or economy,) as using this poor specimen of my handiwork, that you seem so inclined to ridicule."

"And what if they are censured?"
"You remember what Paul says, 'If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth.'"

"Ah, but—" I spare the reader an exposition of Scripture, which might not tend to edification, and which was interrupted by the entrance of a third person.

"I am so glad you have come," said my blue-eyed friend. "Now dont you think this nice silk umbrella—see how carefully I have mended it—is quite as good as Mrs. ——— gold watch?"

The two ladies laughed a short, curious, apologetic sort of a laugh, which had more of regret and pain, than mirth in it, but which served as an introduction to the story of the gold watch.

Mr. ——— had been many years married, and had lived in tolerably easy circumstances, when he was converted and received an appointment as a missionary to the heathen.—Perhaps he thought Paul's prohibition of gold did not extend to anything so useful as a watch, or possibly he might have fancied that it had a strictly feminine application, or (what is most probable) he thought nothing at all about it; but certain it is he carried his gold watch, now somewhat advanced in years, across the waters with him. In taking possession of the premises of a brother missionary about returning to America, the watch, as a matter of mutual accommodation was exchanged for a clock, and so found its way again to its native shores. And now I must frankly acknowledge that my memory is at fault, as to precisely where the watch was lost, a circumstance which on the whole I do not regret, as it preserves me from a feeling of being on the road to personalities in making this little record. But the watch was lost by the missionary's wife, on her way to a female missionary meeting; and one of the ladies of the meeting kindly went in search of it. Being unsuccessful, she procured through a friend an advertisement to be inserted in a newspaper, and so it became known to the world, or to that portion of it, that "a missionary" had lost "a valuable gold watch!" And then my two friends, with a profusion of sorrowful smiles and sympathetic blushes, called on me to imagine the excitement in that little community; how every man, woman and child not the actual proprietor of a gold watch, and some that were, declared that if it had come to this, if missionaries could afford such extravagancies, they might get their money for the heathen as they could; they would never contribute a cent—not they indeed!

"And how did it all end?" I inquired.