

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Cape Breton, North Sydney,  
Dec. 13, 1853.

DEAR EDITORS.—Being appointed by the Central Association to raise funds through the Provinces, to support a Gaelic Mission on the Island of Cape Breton; and having been successful, to a certain extent at home, I proceeded to New Brunswick, spent the first Sabbath at brother Whidden's, preached three times on Lords Day, at the last meeting had a crowded house of Roman Catholics and Protestants, one of the happiest days ever I had. Thence I went to brother Oldings, Merigonish, where I met brother Hall, Pictou Missionary, as also brother McQuillan, the Eastern Missionary, where I spent a pleasant night—thence I went to Truro, met brother Page, my old friend. The following Sabbath I was at Amherst, here I met brother Tupper and brother Demill—preached a funeral sermon at Point Debut, at the request of brother Tupper, and in the evening heard brother Demill preach an interesting sermon—I was helped on in my object by the friends. I then proceeded to St. John's, where I met a cordial reception from all my friends.

At the Association at St. George, I met an association of friends, and among them my esteemed brother Bill, as also my spiritual father, brother Burton—the loss of these brethren to Nova Scotia is incalculable. It is impossible for me to express the great kindness I experienced there among God's people. There I had the privilege of representing the destitution of the Gaelic Roman Catholic population of Cape Breton; and the cheerful response to the spiritual want of the people created a pleasing sensation in my soul.

Forty pounds were guaranteed on condition that Nova Scotia would make up Sixty pounds. I spent the following Lords Day with brother Clay, at Carleton, preached for him twice, and received 49s. to defray my expenses. On my arrival at Wilnot, I called on brother Vidtoe, and passed the Sabbath, and preached there. I brought the Gaelic Mission before the people, to which they readily responded and contributed Twenty pounds. This was a noble example for others. I attended the Convention, where I met a number of esteemed brethren, composing the domestic Missionary Board of the Central Association, who became responsible for Twenty pounds more, together with the Twenty pounds already secured by the Eastern Association, making in all Sixty pounds in Nova Scotia, which met the proposal of the friends of St. John's.

On leaving Nictuax, I was favoured with a drive from the worthy Patriarch, Father Harding, to Horton; from whence I prosecuted my journey to Cape Breton, and immediately commenced my Mission among the Gaelic people, having in general a number of Catholics in my public meetings. I invariably visit from house to house, and I find it most beneficial to attend them on their sick beds, which is always with them an acceptable time. One instance I will relate. Having heard of one of them being in a low state, I instantly went to see him, and addressed him as *a dying sinner without hope*. I directed him to rest alone in the atoning blood of the Lamb. He listened to me with eagerness not to be described. Then I offered to pray with him, to which he consented with great willingness; after which he said, "If it is my happy lot to get to Heaven, I will never cease to pray for you." O, the ignorance of the human mind without the blessed revelation of God, to enlighten the understanding. May God pour out his blessed spirit! May he also direct me to act wisely, and may it be his pleasure to open the hearts of poor benighted sinners. I find already some Catholics quite partial to my Mission. One of them the other day, a man of excellent education, met me and said: "Mr. Ross, I wish you success in your Mission." "Do you," I said. "Yes," said he, "with all my heart." I beg an interest in the prayers of the people of God, that he himself would smile upon the Mission, and cause my kinsmen according to the flesh, to incline their ears and hearts to understand. I am, yours truly in the Lord.

HUGH ROSS.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Shediac, Dec. 19, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have received the sum of £5 in aid of the building of our Meeting House in this place, which was kindly

forwarded to me by Mr. Isaiah Wallace, and contributed by the following parties in Horton, Nova Scotia:—

E. A. Crawley, D. D., £1; J. M. Barss, Esq., £1; W. Johnson, Esq., £1; Simon Fitch, M. D., 5s; Deacon J. Fitch, 5s; John Johnson, 5s; Professor Stuart, 3s 1½d; A student, 2s 6d; Thomas A. Higgins, 3s 1½d; Henry Vaughan, 3s 1½d; Jarvis W. Hartt, Esq., 3s 9d; David M'Keen, 4s 4½d; Isaiah Wallace, 5s.

In behalf of the Building Committee, I would hereby tender my sincere thanks to the above friends for their timely assistance.

Yours, &amp;c.,

L. WILBOUR.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Puritan Recorder.

## A THANKSGIVING CRUMB

*"God setteth the solitary in families."*

That voice which, six thousand years ago, as Adam stood solitary and alone in primeval Eden, declared, "*It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make a help meet for him,*" was the voice of love. In that far back sinless state of man, did God of his goodness appoint an institution, one of whose grand designs was the alleviation of the coming miseries of the fall. It is a most significant fact, and one fitted to impress us with their sacredness and importance, that the only institutions appointed for man in Paradise, were Marriage and the Sabbath; the first of which lays the foundation for domestic and social relations among men whereby "*God setteth the solitary in families.*"

No one can fail to admire the *divine benevolence* in the family institution, who gives the subject a proper attention. This is seen in the restraints to vice, and in the encouragements to virtue, furnished by this heaven appointed arrangement.

The family empire is the school of *love and industry*. And who does not know that these constitute the great bulwarks of virtue and happiness? It is at least an open question, whether this sinful world would not be well nigh barren of kind offices and affections, were it not that God has ordained to "*set the solitary in families.*"

From this school of love proceed sweet and redeeming influences, that kindly diffuse themselves over the whole frame-work of human society, like the silent, genial sun-rays from whose heat nothing is hid. God, by this arrangement of his providence, creates a well spring of mutual love in the hearts of parents and children, stronger than death.

Mankind without affections may well be compared to the trees of the wood in mid winter. There they stand, trees to be sure, but how shorn of their beauty! As you gaze on the scene, and listen to the solemn moan of the chilling winds, you feel that they are but sighing forth the dirge of their departed glory. Pass that way again as the genial rays of the vernal season have poured their sweet influences over the scene, and how soft and mellow the zephyrs that play over that forest, as if they would touch with but gentle hand, the tenderness and beauty with which they are arrayed. The wild hoarseness of the winds seemed tamed and softened into sweetest melody, as the delicate and sensitive foliage dances in beauty at their touch.

As the foliage is the beauty and glory of the forest, so of the affections in man. They constitute the essence of all that is most beautiful in human character. Sweet tender and sensitive, like the early summer foliage, they shed a redeeming fragrance over the whole social fabric, softening down the asperities of poor human nature, and moderating the fierceness of human passions. In a word, without the development of these finer affections of humanity, what, but a cheerless blank, were all this world! And where, pray tell us, is the grand school of the affections to be found if not in the heaven appointed family? Here commences that crystal tide of love, which is first sweet, then by grace holy, and which is destined ultimately to pour gladness, and peace, and joy, and salvation over our sinning and sorrowing world; so that its wilderness and solitary places shall be glad, its deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose, and in all the dark places of the earth now full of the inhabitants of cruelty, shall be heard joy and gladness, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. The great, crying want of this world for

the promotion of virtue, and for the restraint of vice, is *love*. In the divinely instituted family is its fountain. Here, under God, is woven that matchless, three fold cord of conjugal, parental, and filial love, which is destined to hold back the sinful passions of men, and bind together in the strong bonds of endearing affection, peace and harmony, the whole brotherhood of mankind.

But the family institution is not more the school of *love* than of *laudable industry*.—That same wise and benign Providence which kindles into being the sweet affections of kindred towards kindred, in which are found such powerful aids to virtuous, and restraints to vicious conduct, is equally apparent in the *industry* to which these affections stimulate us. Who would suitably provide for helpless children, if parents did not? or for infirm and helpless parents, if children did not? But affection will cheerfully prosecute her manifold toils to gratify her ardent longings, and to consummate her devout wishes for the welfare of the near and dear, ever saying to that demon parent of vices, "*get thee behind me Satan, thou art an offence unto me.*"

How glorious does the benevolent providence of God appear in the pleasing industry called forth by kindred affection! Show us a community given to a cheerful and unslackening industry in laudable toil, and you will point to one from which the greater portion of life's ills have taken their flight. How little do we think of the manifold alleviations of life's woes, flowing from the love and industry which this divine appointment secures!

Conceive for a moment the annihilation of marriage and the family state. What next? Children born, but uncared, unprovided for. What next? Whole towns and great cities fed from a common table, like so many cattle or swine, by an appointed provision board.—The anxiety, difficulty, and perplexity of such an office, as well as the discontents, miseries and murmurings of those thus provided for, can be better imagined than described. Who would not despair, at once, of accomplishing in this way an object, so vast and difficult?—Yet how beautifully, and noiselessly does God in his wisdom and goodness, effect this end, the vastness of which it bewilders us to contemplate!

By this beautiful arrangement of his, he divides the race into small and loving groups, and places at their head, as it were, two guardian angels, who find their chief happiness in toiling, without reward, to feed and care for, in the best possible manner, their own offspring.

The divine benevolence in the family Institution, appears also in its *home comforts and happiness*. It is one of the most beautiful proofs of the goodness of the Creator, that he has both created in man a vigorous appetite for home, and also made provision for its high and holy gratification. As this heaven born element of our nature demands location, so God has mercifully ordained that to those who live answerably to the great ends of their being, our home affections shall be localized, first, around the domestic hearth, secondly, around the sanctuary altar, and finally, around his bright throne above. There are no other home centres, be it remembered, for time, and for eternity. Around these must cluster the gladness and joy of our entire being. But it is only of the first we now speak. Sweet, sweet home! "There is no place like home." What word in all speech so wakes into life and joy the sacred cords of the heart? What spot so green on all the desert of life's pilgrimage, as the domestic hearth, on which virtue sets up and anoints her pillars, and around which affection pours her choicest offerings? What desolation would mark his progress, should the Almighty, in judgment for our sins, commission an angel to come, and, setting his right foot on the sea and his left on the earth, swear that there should be *homes* no longer! Even now how our hearts sadden, as at a loss irreparable, when of some orphaned one, made lone by death's ravages, they say, "*Poor child! he has no home.*"

What gloom then would mantle our earth, should the fountains of kindred affection be at once dried up, and families be disbanded over all the globe! A confusion and dispersion would ensue, compared with which that of "*Babel*" were as nothing. That had one redeeming element—restraint to sin; this would only put spurs to sinful passions to speed on the moral corruption and termination of the race. Let it be among our most joyous thanksgivings, that over human territory, dotting the earth with lights, as the stars do the

heavens, are the sacred shrines of home, where "*God setteth the solitary in families.*" May God hasten the time, when purified from sin, the bright light of holiness and joy shall be reflected from family to family over all the earth, as is the brightness of the stars from orb to orb over all the heavens. And as these heavenly orbs merge all their splendors in the rising glory of the king of day, so may all the families of earth humbly and joyfully merge all their glory in the sun of righteousness, as he rises with healing in his wings to pour over our darkened world the full splendors of the millennial morning.

N. C.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many things that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortunes, sundering of earthly ties, and the canker-worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The cause of intemperance, interwoven as it is with the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this; let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is a sunshine everywhere—in the sky upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and the bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a creation so beautiful, and who can live happier than we.

MOSQUITOES UNDER GLASS.—A friend of ours who has a taste for natural history, is at present engaged in cultivating mosquitoes, and hopes to have them in full season during the winter. He keeps the larvæ in glass jars half filled with water, and covered at the top with coarse muslin, and as the mosquitoes emerge from their tadpole condition, they occupy the upper part of the cylinders, where they disport themselves for four days in a lively manner, and on the fifth lay their eggs, and die. In this way he keeps up a succession of crops, and by regulating the temperature of the breeding-room, will be able to continue the mosquito business until the natural season commences. The development of the mosquito is a curious process. In the first place the egg becomes what is called the "*water tiger*"—a brisk little clock-faced devil, that devours all the small animalculæ with insatiable appetite. In a spectrum of a drop of water projected from a hydroxygen microscope we have seen the shadows of one of these water fiends swallow the shadows of a dozen smaller imps—the larvæ of midges and such "*small deer*"—in less than three minutes. In due time a change comes over the monster. Nature envelopes it in a pellicle or semi-transparent shroud, from which the antennæ of the mosquito stick out at one end and its tail at the other. Finally the creature arises to the surface, the caul bursts and out flies the insect like an infernal illustration of the fable of Psyche. In five days the machinery of its existence, which is wound to go for that time and no longer, runs down. Such is the biography of the mosquito.

KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.—Man must know good and evil, or he knows nothing, for knowledge has necessarily these two aspects; but it does not necessarily follow, that he must practice them both. One is given them to be cherished, and the other to be subdued—one as a source of comfort and happiness, the other as a stimulant to labour and industry. All industry originates in our exertions to subdue evil. Evil is the great mother of invention. We feel a want, and endeavour to supply it; we feel an inconvenience, and we invent something to remove it; we feel naked, and we provide ourselves with clothing; we feel hungry, and we cultivate the earth for food; we become tired of common food, and go in search of luxuries.