

(Continued from first page.)

We entreat you solemnly to reflect upon these things; and oh! that the death of your chosen admired minister, thus improved, may issue in spiritual life!

"Solomon has said, that the hoary head is a crown of glory, when it is found in the way of righteousness. There is no beauty like that of a consistent and holy life. There is something venerable in old age; but, when age and piety, and intellect and cheerfulness, and activity, and the consecration of matured and vigorous faculties to the service of God, are all combined, they are eminently entitled to our admiration, and respect, and regard. To be a partaker of Divine grace in the period of youth, to hold forth the Word of Life both by the open proclamation and by the uniformly consistent conduct, and to continue this course to a good old age, is no small honour, and is surely abundant matter for gratitude to the God of all mercy. Of such it may be emphatically said, that days shall speak, and the multitude of years shall teach wisdom. Their prolonged lives have witnessed much of the methods of Providence, of the conflicts of Satan, of Christian experience, and of the supports and consolations of Divine grace. How consoling, when they tell us that they know whom they have believed; and, when they assure us, that they are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him against that day; and when they encourage surviving friends to taste and see that the Lord is gracious, reminding them that the ways of Wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are those of peace.

"To myself it is peculiarly affecting to be called upon to engage in the present duty.—Our age was nearly equal. Our views were directed to the ministry at a very early period of life. We entered our respective places of education for that purpose, I believe, during the same year. I cannot, therefore, but regard his removal as a solemn memento, that the night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

"Younger brethren in the ministry will often dwell with pleasure upon the memory of your beloved pastor. They will remember his courteous and engaging manners, his openness and candour, his frankness and ease in conversation. They will do well to notice what it was which made him so prominent in every work of faith and labour of love,—what it was which always rendered his co-operation so acceptable,—what it was which made a pastorate as pleasing and attracting at the end of forty-two years as it was at its commencement; and they will do well to imitate whatever was laudable and exemplary in his temper and conduct. It has been well said, in an interesting Memoir which has already appeared, 'that his name will occupy a first place in the annals of every great movement with which his views as a Baptist, his catholicity as a Christian, and his principles as a Protestant Dissenter, together with his remarkable aptitude for public service, tended to identify him.

"Our friend is gone. We shall see him no more on earth. Many will miss him. In the domestic circle, in the society of friends, in the pulpit, on the platform, in the committee room, he will be missed. But let us remember, that, though missed on earth, he will be found in heaven. We have the firm faith and the undoubted conviction, that God has removed him to the higher worship and the better service of the general assembly and church of the first-born. And let us not forget that the residue of the Spirit is with Him who made our dear friend so excellent a Christian and so distinguished a minister. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he may send faithful, able, and successful labourers into the vineyard.

"They who have spoken the Word of God are no more; and those who now speak it, soon will be silent in the grave. I congratulate the members of this church, that, though you have lost one pastor, you have not now to seek for his successor. Your eyes still see your teacher. You have wisely foreseen the day which has now come. The vacancy in the pastorate has already been filled up. God has provided you with a pastor to feed his people with knowledge and sound understanding; one whose genius and learning, taste and eloquence, render him no unworthy successor to your late much-esteemed and beloved pastor. Long may his bow abide in strength! May his doctrine drop as the rain, and his speech distil as the dew! May he successfully cultivate the same amiableness of temper and exemplariness of life, and diligence in

every good work, as distinguished his reverend predecessor!

"And, finally, may all present, whether ministers or people, remember their latter end, and diligently seek to increase in faith, in piety, and in usefulness! May we be followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises! As we shall see their faces no more in this world, may we be solicitous, with greater diligence, to prepare for a joyful interview with them in that blissful state where death shall never make another separation. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The Rev. H. J. Gamble (the only son of one of Dr. Cox's oldest friends and former deacons, and who, consequently, had known the venerable deceased from infancy) having offered up an affecting prayer, the closing scene succeeded. Leaving the chapel by the aisle on the right of the pulpit, the coffin, followed by the mourners, was carried to the graveyard behind the building; and, when it had been lowered into a grave which already contained the bodies of several members of Dr. Cox's family, Dr. Murch pronounced the Benediction; and the numerous attendants, having taken a last look at the narrow dwelling now inhabited by the form of their beloved friend and venerated pastor, separated slowly and sadly to their respective homes.—*London Patriot, Sept. 15.*

[To be continued.]

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Sussex, Upper Settlement, Oct. 1, 1853.

Messrs. Editors.—We met according to appointment, the ministering brethren present were—Elders Kierstead and Smith. The Lord was in our midst—yes, and Satan also, but the Lord's word preached, was "quick and powerful," our Brethren were divinely assisted; and the Thursday following I buried three willing converts in baptism before a large gathering, notwithstanding we had a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. It was a solemn time. The Brethren had to leave to attend to their flocks yet all were sorry to part. On Sabbath I baptized three more. It is evident the Lord is in this place. On the Sabbath before we all met, the attendance exceeded all I ever knew. There is still a succession of large meetings, wet and dry, dark or light. Oh that God would raise up more labourers, for the "harvest is truly great." My consolation is, "the Lord reigneth." I would observe Brother Wayman paid us a short visit, and our esteemed Brother Bunting passed along also during the time of our Meetings. Brethren pray for us! we remain your's in bonds of love.

J. HERRETT.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

OBITUARY.

After an illness of about three months, Charles L. Allward departed this life on Saturday, the 1st inst., aged 53 years. He was a member of the Temperance order, and a subscriber to the Christian Visitor, and also a consistent member of the Baptist Church in this place. We trust he has gone to reap his reward in heaven. Leaving many relatives and kind friends to mourn their loss. God in his providence is calling loud to the inhabitants of this region to acknowledge him as "over all God blessed for ever more." He is pouring out the cup of affliction among the people.—Contagious diseases are praying on the vitals of the inhabitants of the land. One after another is going the way of all the earth. How appropriate is the language of Scripture, "be ye also ready." Elder Joseph Crandle attended on the occasion, making the 1st and 2nd verses of 57 chapter Isaiah the foundation of his remarks, in conclusion his words were as flames of fire among the people, &c.

Free from the toils of earth below
His spirit took his flight;
While sinful nature desired its stay,
Among vain troubles of doleful night.

A. KEITH,

Butternut Ridge, October 5, 1853.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

North Esk, Miramichi, Oct. 3, 1853.

Messrs. Editors.—Please insert the following in your valuable paper:—
Died at North Esk, Miramichi, on the 22d

ult., Mr. Ralph Parker, leaving a widow and twelve children to lament their irreparable loss. The deceased joined the Baptist Church at North Esk, fifteen years ago, and continued a member until he was called to join the Church triumphant above. He was buried on the 24th, when a large number of relatives and neighbors gathered to pay their last respects to the dead, and show their sympathy for the bereaved family. The Funeral Sermon by the writer, from Revelations xx. 4.

D. MCPHAIL.

[From the Illustrated Magazine of Art for September.]

EARTHLY HONORS.

A SONNET BY EDWARD BOLTON, PUBLISHED IN 1610.

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the massy mountains,
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy—which short life gathers.
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy,
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer sun from weeping fountains,
The light blown bubble vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains
Are emblems—that the treasures we up lay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade and melt away.

English Society.

An American Clergyman is giving his impressions of English Society, in a series of letters to the American Church Journal. From one of the latest of his epistles we extract a particularly descriptive passage on the tone and style of English society:—

"One needs only a few competent letters as a passport to English hospitality. After first introductions, the way of the stranger who behaves himself, is as open as his own land. Hospitality is, in fact, a truly English virtue. Nowhere else does the word imply so much genuine kindness. Nowhere else does it so completely make the stranger at home. Morning, noon, and night, it follows you up with its benevolent perseverance, and seems to exact the minimum of ceremony in return. It does not satisfy itself with politeness, it shows you the soul of friendship; and that, while it allows you all the freedom of a passenger, when you might otherwise feel embarrassed by your inability to reciprocate such proofs of good will. The truth is, there is real heart in the civilities which are proffered; and where politeness is rooted in sincerity, it is always considerate, inventive, and unfailing.—An English gentleman, whatever his circumstances, as soon as he knows that you are entitled to his attentions, does all that he can to make you really happy. If his means are small, he is not ashamed to offer you the best he can give, and he is pleased with his success, if he feels that you have accepted his hospitality, in the spirit which prompted it. Contented, self-respecting, hearty Christian love, is the root of the matter, in those true specimens of English nature which are uppermost in my memory as I write, and "whatsoever things are lovely" are but the generous product of a sound and healthful stock. Happy is he who has made a genuine Englishman his friend, for such a friendship implies the fullest confidence, and is a tribute accredited to integrity and worth.

With regard to the tone of society in general, I think every stranger must be struck with its elevation, whether intellectually or morally considered. An English gentleman is generally highly educated. Society consists of cultivated persons, male and female whose accomplishments are not displayed, but exist as a matter of course, and as essential to one's part in the duties and civilities of life. No one ventures to feel better informed than his neighbour, and hence there is a general reverence to other men's opinions, and a reserve in expressing one's own, which is highly significant of extreme civilization and refinement. Such a state of society, however, has its drawbacks. Character often becomes neutralized, and genius itself dulled and flattened; where to distinguish one's self is felt to be an impropriety, and where the manifestation of decided thought of feeling would be eccentric and even rude. Hence I observed a sort of uniformity in manner and expression, which is sometimes depressing; and when, upon some private occasion, I discovered that the smooth, quiet personage whom I had seen only in the dull propriety in which the pressure of company had held him, like a single stone in an arch, was a man of feeling, of taste, of varied information, and accurate learning, I said to myself—"What a lamentable waste is here!"

This man who should have been enriching the world with his stores of erudition and of reflection, has never conceived of himself as having anything to impart, or by which his fellow-man should profit. His accomplishments are, like his fortune and respectability, his mere personal qualification for a position in society, in which he is contented merely to move, without shining, or dispensing anything more than the genial warmth of good-humour and benevolence. There are thousands of such men in England, living and dying in the most exquisite relish of social pleasure, and deriving daily satisfaction from their own mental resources,

but contributing nothing to the increase of the world's intellectual wealth, and never dreaming of their attainments or talents which they are bound to employ.—*Home Journal.*

ALFRED THE GREAT.

We copy the following eloquent passage from the Life of Alfred the Great, as published in the series of Bohn's Library, from the pen of Dr. R. Pauli:

So stands the image of Alfred, shining brightly in the book of the world's history, never defaced by malice or ignorance, nor dimmed by his own errors. These he necessarily possessed, but they have been entirely forgotten in the blaze of his virtues, over which the lapse of centuries has cast no cloud. Severe trial and purifying cleansed him like a noble metal from all dross. Praise can never degenerate into flattery in the case of a great man, whose stong sense of duty, and exalted principles of morality have led him to employ his time in a truly noble manner.

No king or hero of antiquity or modern times can be compared with Alfred for so many distinguished qualities, and each so excellent. Princes more renowned for power and glory, and reigning over great nations, have always some defect in their moral character, which forcibly contrasts with our high estimation of their mental qualities; and although by the side of Alfred, ruling in his narrow Wessex, their forms appear to tower high among the stars, yet his figure, in its smaller proportions, remains one of the most perfect ever held up by the hand of God as a mirror to the world and its rulers.

As such a noble example he has lived in the memory of a thousand years, and during that period the people whom he governed have spread over the earth, making homes for themselves, and establishing freedom and independence of thought and deed to its most remote bounds. That tree, which now casts its shadow far and wide over the world, when menaced with destruction in its bud, was carefully guarded by Alfred; but at the time when it was ready to burst forth into a plant, he was forced to leave it to the influence of time.

Many great men have occupied themselves with the care of this tree, and each in his own way, has advanced its growth. William the Conqueror, with his iron hand, bent the tender branches to his will; Henry the Second ruled the Saxons with true Roman pride; but in Magna Charta the old German nature became roused, and worked powerfully even amongst the barons.—It became free under Edward the Third, that prince so ambitious of conquest, that the old language and the old law, the one somewhat altered, the other much softened, opened the path to a new era. The nation stood like an oak in the full strength of its leafy maturity, and to this strength the Reformation is indebted for its accomplishment. Elizabeth, the greatest woman who ever sat on a throne, occupied a central position in a golden age of power and literature. Then came the Stuarts, who with their despotic ideas, outraged the deeply rooted Saxon individuality of the English, and by their own fall contributed to the surer development of that freedom which was founded so long before.

The stern Cromwell and the astute William the Third aided in preparing for the now advanced nation that path in which it has ever since moved. The Anglo-Saxon race has already attained maturity in the new world, and, founded on these pillars, it will triumph in all places and in every age. Alfred's name will always be placed amongst those of the great spirits of this earth; and so long as men regard their past history with reverence, they will not venture to bring forward any other in comparison with him who saved the West Saxon race from complete destruction, and in whose heart the virtues dwelt in such harmonious concord.

ONE HAPPY HEART.

Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envid privilege. How calmly you can seek your pillow! How sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed, and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears, those sighs, are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives, by angry recriminations, estrange and embitter their loving hearts! How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day—"strive to make some heart happy"—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasures of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye discontented, forever grumbling devotees of sorrow, self-caused; it will make that little part of the world in which you move as fair as Eden.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

THE UNPUNCTUAL WOMAN, like the unpunctual man, becomes disliked, because she consumes our time, interferes with our plans, causes uneasy feelings, and virtually tells us we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business man time is money, and to the business woman it is more—it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.