

describing the character of Barnabas.—“He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord.” We sympathise deeply with his afflicted family and with the church of which he was a worthy Deacon; both of whom have sustained an irreparable loss. May God sanctify this bereaving Providence to all concerned.

New Albany, March 3d, 1853.

ELDER BILL.—My Dear Sir.—With a saddened heart I take my pen in hand to inform you that Deacon Daniel Whitman, my dear father, is no more; the relentless hand of death has laid him beneath the clouds of the valley, (at least all that was mortal of him,) while we trust his redeemed soul is among the just made perfect before the throne, enjoying the song of Moses and the Lamb, while we mourners go about the streets. He received a blow which ruptured his intestines, he suffered intense pain thirty-seven hours, and expired resting on Jesus Christ, on Wednesday 23d February. Yours sincerely in love.

ASAPH WHITMAN.

The following account of the great Independent Minister in England, will be read with interest.

RETIREMENT OF THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.—On Sunday, the 30th of January, the Rev. W. Jay's connexion with Argyle Chapel, in this city, (says the Bath Journal,) terminated, after a duration of sixty-four years. The fact was affectingly announced by a letter from Mr. Jay, and read from the pulpit by the Rev. Mr. Dyer, the minister on the occasion. The venerable Minister stated, that that day his connexion as minister over that congregation ceased, with all its awful responsibilities. He had hoped, he added, to have been able to have addressed them on that day. That would have been in unison with his long-expected wish; but the will of God was otherwise, and he bowed submissively to that will, as it would have been a service which would have rent him in pieces. His thoughts, he further said, dwelt greatly on that much loved chapel and its attendants, and he prayed that God would direct them to a man after His own heart, who should break unto them the bread of life, and that continued peace and prosperity would reign within its walls. He hoped yet, if God should give him strength and ability, that he might at some future period be permitted to address them again, either in his old arm-chair in the vestry, or from the pulpit. It did not become him to dwell on the character of his ministrations there, but he would say that—

“Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

We heartily concur in the following letter addressed to the Editor of the Nonconformist. *Union is strength.*

Nonconformist Emigration.

SIR.—Having seen various advertisements headed “Christian Emigration,” the thought struck me as being an excellent one for those Christians who were enabled wholly to pay their passage to Australia, but then the question arose in my mind, what is to be done with the poorer members of our churches who are anxious to emigrate, but have not the means? After some consideration I put the following proposition to my minister, the Rev. R. Knill, as a means of raising an Emigration Fund for the assistance of the poorer church members in the matter of emigration.—That each church member in connexion with the Congregational body contribute one penny per week to create such a fund. The Rev. gentleman said, “Make it £1 a-year from each church, and you shall have ours to commence with.” I find, on reference to the “Congregational Calendar” for this year, that the number of our churches amounts in the United Kingdom to 2,011. Supposing they all contributed £1 per annum, the sum would amount to £2,011 yearly for the above purpose. But supposing that the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent churches all united for the above object, what a glorious fund would be raised, and without much trouble. I throw the hint out in the hope that some other, more able than myself, will take the matter up, and remain.

Yours respectfully,

Chester.

W. EDWARDS.

The following letter of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, of deserving notoriety, will be read with pleasure. It was addressed by the authoress of “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” to the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, and was read at a meeting the other day at Glasgow, Scotland.

December, 24, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I was most deeply and gratefully touched by your kind letter, and by its certainly very unexpected contents. That Christian hearts in good old Scotland should turn so warmly towards me, seems to me like a dream; yet it is no less a most pleasant one.

For myself, I can claim no merit in that work which has been the cause of this. It was an instinctive, irresistible outburst, and had no more merit in it than a mother's weeping for her first-born. The success of the work, so strange, so utterly unexpected, only astonishes me. I can only say, that this bubble of my mind has arisen on the mighty stream of a Divine purpose, and even a bubble may go far on such a tide. I am much of my time pressed down with a heavy sadness, “for the hurt of the daughter of my people;” it is so horrible—so sad—such a dishonour to Christ and His cause! But, again, when I see that a Spirit above me is issuing this feeble work-book, choosing the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, then I have hope. Why has He given it this success, unless He means some mercy to the cause? Please say to those Christian friends who sent me the invitation in your letter that I gladly accept it. Though when I get there, I fear that they may be disappointed. I never was much to see, and now I am in feeble health, worn and weary. I am now putting through the press another work, “A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,” containing all the facts and documents which confirm the story; truth—darker and sadder, and more painful to write, than the fiction was. I shall call Heaven and earth to witness to the deeds which have been done here. Alas! that I should do it. Should God spare my life till April, I trust to mingle prayers and Christian affection with the Christians of Scotland.—Yours, in the Gospel of Jesus,

H. B. STOWE.

We clip the following from the *N. Y. Chronicle*, and are glad to hear our venerable brother (Dr. Maclay) is in good health:

Shelbyville, Ky., Feb. 16, 1853.

“Within the last five days I have obtained 25 life members for the Bible Revision Association—15 in this place. The prospects of success are very favorable in Kentucky. I am, through the blessing of God, in good health.”

We are sorry our space will not allow us to insert an interesting letter on AUSTRALIA. Other Communications are also omitted for the same reason.

We again call attention to Godey's *Lady's Book*, the March number of which has been received. It is replete with literary, scientific, architectural and horticultural matter. The Ladies speak highly of their department in it, and the engravings and wood cuts are well executed. We wish the publishers, and Messrs. McMillan, their agents, (of whom it can always be obtained,) every success.

MONEY LETTERS RECEIVED.—Rev. George F. Miles, St. George, 10s.; Rev. Wm. Harris, Simonds, Carleton Co., 10s.; John S. Trites, Salisbury, 10s.; Andrew Dunphy, Douglas, 10s.

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

INCREASE OF LABORERS.

“I wonder why it is,” said a pious lady, whom I visited a short time since, “that there are now so few young men coming forward to fill the ranks of the Christian Ministry in this Province.”

Since that time, I have frequently thought of this question, and as I have pondered it in my mind, the fact that there is at the present day, such a lamentable deficiency of candidates for the Christian Ministry has sometimes quite overwhelmed me with sorrowful anxiety. In considering the question, why are there so few laborers, I have concluded that it is mainly owing to the neglect of Christians to obey what Christ commanded when he said—“Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.”

How comparatively seldom, do we hear Ministers in the pulpits, or Christians in the prayer circle or around the domestic altar, pleading in earnestness with God for an increase in the number of those who publish the glad tidings of salvation from sin. This neglect of prayer for an increase of laborers, results I think generally from one of two causes; either—

I. From ignorance in regard to the spiritual destitution of our land, or

II. From the existence of a spirit of worldly-mindedness, which has weakened the love for souls and a desire for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

I believe that many err through ignorance. In this class can be found many of those who do not subscribe for any religious periodical, and who thus have not the means of learning how wide-spread is the spiritual destitution in this and other lands.

There are others, who living in the midst of spiritual plenty, and favored with gospel privileges to the fullest extent, are so much engaged in feasting on their good things, as to fail in giving any attention to the state of those who dwell in the bonds of spiritual famine and are perishing “for lack of knowledge.”

In order to awaken a proper degree of sympathy in the hearts of such brethren, it is only necessary to “stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance.” This is the work of the Christian Pastor. He ought to consider it his duty not only to know who is his neighbor, but to make himself so well acquainted with his wants, as to be able to appeal effectually to his flock for aid to succor the needy. How many of the Pastors of our Churches do this systematically? I know of some few, who looking beyond the narrow limits of their own pastoral districts, cherish an interest in the state of those who have none to break to them the bread of life. Such Pastors by their voices and sometimes by their pens call upon their flocks to contribute for the support of the gospel in the destitute portions of the land. When we find a Church with such a Pastor, we will generally find a people earnestly praying for an increase of laborers.

But we have reason to fear that the second cause of neglect to pray for an increase of laborers, namely, *worldly mindedness*, is by far the most general and powerful one at the present day. Christians become so immersed in their business pursuits, and so anxious to amass wealth, that they are apt to imagine that they have discharged their duty to a perishing world, if, perchance, they occasionally give of their substance for the spread of the gospel. How many a Christian is there who contributes to the Union or Missionary Society, and never further troubles his mind about the matter. He stops not to ask God to bless his offering. It is not consecrated by prayer. Such men are not apt to pray for an increase of laborers.

Other Christians there are, who pray frequently enough for the spread of Christ's kingdom and give of their wealth for the support of the gospel, and yet who have never become so earnestly desirous for an increase of laborers as to pray that *their own* sons and daughters might become converted and so deeply imbued with the missionary spirit as to consecrate themselves unreservedly to the service of Christ. Their heart's desire is limited to the salvation of their offspring, but very few desire that their saved children might be the means of saving others.

It is not strange then, that so few in the ranks of the Ministry are sons of rich Christians. The other day, I heard it asserted by the Secretary of one of the Ministerial Education Societies in the United States, that the 1260 young men with whom he had been personally acquainted, and who during the last 20 years have pursued a course of instruction preparatory to the work of the Christian Ministry, there were over three-fourths of that number indigent individuals, who were obliged to work their way through College. Of the remaining fourth, but comparatively few had rich parents.

O rich Christian Parents, why is this? Is it not because that your children notice your eagerness to obtain wealth, and follow your example? Is it not because that you have never yet like Hannah of old, offered up your Samuel to the Lord? Your worldly substances, if rightly employed in the service of Christ, may do much in building up the kingdom of our Lord, but in the present destitution of laborers, the sanctified talents of your children laid upon the altar of consecration, a freewill offering, would prove far more valuable and much more acceptable in the sight of God than all your golden treasures.

Dear Christian reader, never was there a time in the history of our Denomination, in this Province, when there was more need of an increase of laborers. New and widely extending fields, “white unto the harvest,” meet our gaze on every side. Soon will new and very important stations for Christian effort, spring into existence at various points on the line of rail-roads which are to intersect our Province. Men of ability, and filled with the Holy Ghost, will be needed to occupy these commanding stations. You cannot hope to

obtain them from abroad. Everywhere the destitution is great. Over 6000 of the pulpits of our own Denomination in the United States are without preachers, and there are not over 250 youth in all our Colleges there, who are preparing for the work of the Ministry. Over 20,000 pulpits in other evangelical denominations in the same country, are vacant. The 600 millions of heathen have among them less than 1600 Protestant Missionaries, and their cry is “Send us the bread of life.” Pray then, “Pray without ceasing,” for an increase of laborers from your midst.

SEEWUS.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

The Perishing Heathen.

This little sentence often meets the eye as we read of the laboring Missionaries.—We often hear it in our Prayer Meetings, and we often speak of it ourselves.—The words are few and can be lightly spoken—but there is contained in them a meaning which if comprehended fully, would awake the buried zeal. It is worth while sometimes to peruse and endeavor to obtain some faint conception of the meaning of such words as these.

When we hear that some unfortunate has perished violently, we feel horrified. Often when a murderer is to receive his merited punishment, pity for the sufferer outweighs our regard for the stern majesty of justice.

Not many years ago, in our own city, a culprit was sentenced to be executed; a deep feeling of sympathy was aroused in the community, horror for his crime was displaced by sorrow for his doom. Strong exertions were made to save his life—petitions were written and received numerous signatures—and when these were in vain and justice obtained her due, many an eye was moistened and many a heart beat faster as the news flew around that the criminal had ceased to live. All this emotion was excited because people realized that a fellow creature was perishing—had perished. If we can shed a tear over the memory of a criminal, the condition and prospects of the heathen world if properly seen and felt, would force out the very agony of grief and sympathy. A view of the temporal condition of the heathen may well appal the spirit. They, our brethren, are crushed by the weight of a relentless tyranny, their backs are bared to the stroke of the cruel taskmaster, and what is more they have not those principles which can relieve them from slavery, or perpetuate liberty. They are men, God's creatures, endowed with the divine light of reason and conscience, with souls as immortal as our own—know no God, but the shapeless block—the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The spirit may well be appalled as it contemplates these millions thus enslaved, and degraded, as it sees the huge car of the modern caricature of a god move on, over living men, its ponderous wheels dyed red in the life blood of the victims. As it sees a monstrous superstition, by its enchantment, transform the husband into a tyrant, the son into a parricide, and stifle the yearnings even of a mother's heart.

And yet the deeply solemn meaning contained in those words, “the perishing heathen,” has not been exhausted.

What becomes of them after death? They have souls chained to eternity, the hopes which bind them to existence death cannot sever. Are those immortals happy in that eternal existence? Do they undergo after death some great change which fits them for heaven? Can they sometime before the final judgment acquire that holiness which is the only passport to the presence of a reconciled God. We must answer, no! It is no pleasing thought—it is not one on which we love to dwell, but the truth must be told—nothing unholy can enter Heaven. The heathen are unholy, Heaven is not for them; still more, there is a lake of fire and brimstone, a second death, a worm that never dies. Need we answer further the inquiry “what becomes of the heathen?”

Still this is not all—generation after generation will roll on, each like its predecessor exposed to slavery, misery and degradation here—the anger of an injured God hereafter. Nor will this cease until the gospel of Christ shall work a reformation. This is what we mean when we speak of the perishing heathen.

We do not know of this, or else we care far less for them than we should. Africa and Asia still worship the god of this world, profoundly ignorant that his wages is death. Two vast continents, with their swarming millions, are given up to vice and superstition in their most

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