

J. T. Smith, Esq. has our best thanks. We will attend to his directions.

Several interesting communications kept back for want of room.

We have to acknowledge the kindness of the publishers of the New-York *Illustrated News*, in forwarding us their paper. We wish them every success, and will do what we can to extend its circulation.

MONEY LETTERS RECEIVED.—John Ford, Lower Sackville, £1 10s.; Do. do. £1; J. S. Colpitts, Elgin, 5s.; Zebedee Gabel, 10s.; David Hart, Oromocto, £1; John Robinson, St. James, 15s.

## Correspondence.

The following extract, from the pen of our venerable Father Crandal, will be read with interest. We are happy to hear of his safe return to his home, and of his intention to re-visit the city soon. We trust he will live to see his anticipations in regard to the prosperity of the cause of God in St. John fully realized:

Salisbury, March 8, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—I was quite unwell when I left the city, but through the tender mercy of the Lord I was enabled to pursue my journey to Loch Lomond, where I preached in the evening to a solemn and attentive congregation. The next day I arrived at St. Martins, and was kindly received by the church and their Pastor, Brother Smith. They appear to be quite united. I enjoyed a pleasant visit with this dear church, and was kindly treated. I have been home two Lord's days.

My visit to your city was quite too short. When I left I felt as though I was not doing right; and I think I shall return again shortly.

Dear Brother, when I was in your city I felt in my spirit that the Lord would visit you with showers of heavenly grace. If I am not greatly mistaken, you will see glorious days in St. John. If I do not see it with my eyes, my soul will rejoice to hear the blessed tidings. O, may the Lord rain down righteousness upon your city. May the Lord make you and dear Brother Robinson like burning lights in St. John; and all others that preach the gospel there.

Yours truly, in the Lord,  
JOSEPH CRANDAL.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

"We should be stimulated to Missionary exertion by the examples of the early Christians."

BROTHER EDITORS,—We suppose it to be acknowledged by every Christian that the salvation of the perishing heathen depends upon himself and his brethren as instruments. The Church has recognized the responsibility which God has placed upon her. She has sent forth resolvers to gather in the precious harvest. Comparatively little has yet been accomplished. Not very many have ceased to bow the knee to their dumb idols; their is scarcely a missionary for every million of the heathen. When we see the slight results which follow from Missionary labor we are apt to become discouraged, we sometimes say that the same money and labor expended at home would have accomplished a greater amount of good. We become discouraged, and fear lest the heathen will never turn to God. Here we can learn a lesson from the past, and one fitted to strengthen our faith in the promises of God, as well as to lead us to pray more fervently "Thy will be done."

There was a time when the prospect was still more discouraging than now. How gloomy must have seemed the world's condition when that little band met in that upper chamber in Jerusalem. Their Lord had departed, the Comforter had not come, their own land was the seat of a corrupt, degenerate faith; while throughout the world the vilest forms of superstition held undisputed sway in the hearts of men. Now how changed the scene. Our fathers then a race of savages—received the gospel—and now among their children, millions bow to the name of Jesus.

For the strengthening of our faith in the progress of the gospel, and as a stimulus to greater exertions let us look at the example of the early Christians. They were men, as we are. There were many differences of opinion among them, perhaps as many and as important as those which now divide the Church

They had not so many Bibles as we have. They were weak erring men, but they were in earnest. They loved Christ, they knew that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God—and that God had given his Son to die for them. They felt the meaning of that prayer "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Then they went forth into the field, they thrust the sickle into the ripened grain, and God granted them a glorious harvest.

The Christian religion offered nothing to satisfy the fierce passions of the Barbarians, or the more refined sensuality of the Greek. It met not the long cherished hopes of the Jew. It offered to the Roman no new world's to conquer—no new sources of wealth to swell the treasury of the Imperial city—no new glories to increase the pride and power of the Mistress of the world. Yet none of these things moved the follower of Jesus. He had faith in the promises of his Lord.

The Christian of the first Century was seldom either learned or wealthy—but he consecrated a whole heart to God—his faith and love more than supplied the place of learning or wealth. No fanatic equalled him in devotion, yet with the most exalted enthusiasm he mingled a calmness of demeanor, a tireless steadfastness of purpose, which no philosopher could exhibit. He faithfully fulfilled every domestic duty at a period when unblushing licentiousness met him at every step. In an age when craft and treachery were of constant occurrence, he faithful among the faithless loved his brethren with an honest, deathless affection. He felt that he was one of the lights of the world, that the salvation of men depended on his exertions—and clothed in the whole armor of God he met that fearful responsibility with the calm but ardent courage of a true Christian. He longed that the degraded creatures around him might participate in the pure and holy usefulness of his religion. He believed that the Divine Spirit would second his exertions, strengthen him when weak—and dispose those who heard him, to receive the gospel. He could surrender the comforts of home; he could accept hunger and thirst, exposure, imprisonment, tortures, the description of which would make the blood run cold.—Aye, and he could die. And when the amphitheatre swarmed with his malignant enemies, as he heard the fierce howlings of the famishing tiger impatient for the victim, he could say—God's will be done. There was no malignant scowl upon that brow, no glance of fanatic fury lit up that eye—but all was peace, serenity, forgiveness, a meek smile played around his lips—the uplifted eye—its bright exulting light—testified a joy that he was counted worthy to suffer—a witness for the truth. Then with the words "Father into thy hands I commit my spirit, he yielded up his life."

This is not a solitary instance. As we peruse the record of that early period, as we see how faithful, how courageous the soldiers of the cross were, we do not wonder at the results they were instrumental in accomplishing. The Christian religion preached by men universally despised, rejecting alike the arm of the warrior—the learning of the philosopher, treating with contempt a system of worship which lay deep in the heart of men; extending from a little band of worshippers in Jerusalem—rapidly—in an ever widening circle—until from Judea to Britain—from Gaul to Ethiopia it ruled without a rival.

Do we not believe that if we were to be as faithful as those primitive disciples, God would grant us a like blessing? We cannot believe that they did too much for the Saviour who died for them. Shall we not imitate their example? If they had prized the comforts of life as we do, if they had consulted their own ease as we do, if their prayers and exertions had been no more ardent and faithful than ours, the result of their labors could have been no more than ours, and we now might bow down to senseless blocks as did our fathers. But they agonized in prayer, they feared no dangers—death itself had no terrors—and then the Holy Spirit moved upon the world—then the power of the world to come was exhibited, and nations were born in a day. Was the result of their exertions worth the trouble and suffering it cost? If so let us go and do likewise.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

What is our relation to the perishing Heathen. They are the creatures of God—they are our brethren. They may be idolaters—they

may be licentious, superstitious and cruel—but still they are our brethren, made of the same clay, with the same blood circling in their veins. Centuries of vice have not totally obscured the marks of the divine image in which God created man—ages of ignorance and oppression have not yet blotted out that deathless spirit which lives and will live for ever. When we see them crushed by temporal miseries, brotherly sympathies should arise in our hearts: and when we contemplate the gloomy prospects, nay, the certain destruction which awaits them in that world beyond the tomb—if we feel no compassion, no heartfelt pity, we are unworthy of our privileges, we dishonor the great God who made us and them. Yet, if this were all, if we could only pity, our own hearts might bleed but they would still perish.

God in his love has not left to them such a destiny, nor to us useless sympathies. There is a gospel which can save the chief of sinners. God will not send them this gospel by supernatural means—nor without this gospel will the Holy Spirit work on their hearts. Such is the teaching of facts, and the word of God.

This gospel, without which the heathen cannot be saved, is in our hands—without us they cannot receive it. Upon us is thrown, by the appointment of a wise and merciful God, the salvation of all those millions. It is a solemn, an awful responsibility. We are but the stewards of the Gospel. What right have we to enjoy the rich blessings it affords, while millions of God's rational creatures are starving at our door? What right have we to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty, a christian civilization, our Bible, a good hope of eternal life, while three quarters of our globe are writhing beneath the lash of the taskmaster, and rushing unprepared into the presence of an angry God?

Can it be possible that a God of love has placed the eternal destiny of all those millions in our hands? It is an awful thought—but can we deny it?

Is there any means of avoiding this responsibility? No. We may shut our eyes to the fact that the heathen are perishing. We may strive to imagine that they are safe from punishment, if left to the judgment of a God of love. We may soothe the conscience by telling it that the harvest is so vast that our labors would avail nothing. Still, think as we may, there is the crushing responsibility, imagination cannot free us from it. A man may blindfold his eyes and walk upon the brink of a precipice, it is none the less before him because his eyes are blinded. The eternal destiny of millions depends on us—the heathen are perishing—God, though he be a God of love, will punish them—we have the means of saving them in our hands. This is none the less true because we will shut our eyes to it. Whenever we lift the bandage of ignorance or selfishness, the awful responsibility stares us in the face. We cannot free ourselves—we cannot change the appointment of an infinitely wise and powerful God. Instead of striving to do so—instead of shutting our eyes to the fact that this responsibility depends on us, let us look it in the face and meet it as Christians should—let us not be recreant to the captain of our salvation—let us not be unmindful of our brotherhood with man. The necessity laid upon us is fearful, but it is none the less glorious.

We are the salt of the earth. It is the truth received in the hearts of Christians which is to leaven the world. The gospel through them, and only through them, is to purify men here, and preserve them from perdition hereafter. We should think of this, and while we tremble at the thought that the fate of the world depends upon us as instruments, let us adore God that so great an honor, so sublime a privilege has been conferred on us. The noble array of martyrs now in heaven feel no regret that God made the salvation of sinners dependant upon their exertions. Now, when all sorrow has ceased—as they rest from their labors—they can look down upon this earth, where for a few days they toiled and suffered for Christ. As they look upon the liberty, the civilization, the religion which millions enjoy, their hearts expand with more profound adoration towards that God of love who made them the instruments of so much good. As they look upon the innumerable gems which gleam so brightly in their crowns of immortality, they strike their harps anew, and in sublime strains praise God and the lamb that was slain. This rapture may one day be ours.

Let us awake to a deep consciousness of our responsibility in this matter. We have the gospel, and through us that gospel must be conveyed to the heathen. None can do too much—all can do something. Let us imitate the example of those who have gone before us. And God grant that when we reach that blessed spirit land, we may be able to look back and see generations of those now sunk in idolatry and vice, redeemed, reconciled to God, and made heirs of heaven.

B.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Acadia College, 9th March, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN.—Your last Friday's No. of the Visitor I received this morning, and enjoyed quite a treat from its contents. You have my warmest sympathies in your arduous labours of love. I regret that it is not in my power to do more for you. I am so exceedingly pressed for time that my whole attention must be devoted to my College work. Do not allow yourselves to suppose that my interest in you or the important work in which you are engaged has by any means flagged. I hope you will continue to give as much Legislative news as you can during the session of the House of Assembly. This is important as the Visitor is the only paper taken in hundreds of families. Your plan for arranging the first page I like well.

We are getting on pleasantly and satisfactorily in the College. The Governors here are urging me to engage in a general Agency for the College, as they seem to think the ultimate success of the Endowment depends upon my doing so. I scarcely know what to do. I am loath to leave my studies. The path of duty, however, is the safest path.—I remain, dear Brethren, yours most truly.

I. WALLACE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Johnston, Q. C., March 5, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN.—I send you the names of six new subscribers.—I have attended several meetings around the upper part of the Lake, where brother Trimble labours part of his time, and from every appearance on the minds of the people it is evident the Lord is blessing his word to the awakening of the careless and impenitent and the restoring of backsliders. A vast number in one meeting requested an interest in the prayers of God's people. There is a great field all around this country for Gospel labourers. The people want instruction, and they appear to be prepared to receive it. O, that God in his mercy would raise up out of our Churches many young men of piety and talent to make sacrifice and venture on the Lord! The people appear to me ready to receive the truth of our Holy Religion, but how can they hear without a preacher? Dear brethren, pray for me!

Yours truly in Christ Jesus,

THOMAS LOCKEY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Calais, Me., March 8, 1853.

DEAR EDITORS.—You will excuse me for saying that the articles in the Visitor are fraught with elegance and good sense, and will be read with delight when we who inhabit the earth shall be mouldering in the dust. Rest assured that I will do all in my power to extend its circulation, and I trust every Baptist will come forward and do what he can by putting his shoulder to the wheel, determined that it must be rolled on until it has accomplished that for which God has designed it. It cheers me, to think that you have accomplished so great a work as you have, in the ENDOWMENT OF ACADIA COLLEGE, which should be near and dear to every Baptist in the three Provinces. You have striven nobly for the consummation of that object, and I hope you will receive your reward, by seeing it become one of the first institutions in America, and gain celebrity throughout the world.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

March 15, 1853.

DEAR EDITORS.—You have had some very good Prayer Meetings lately, will you allow me to ask a question or two?

Do we know how to pray? What conception have we of believing prayer, which opens heaven? What of persevering prayer, which

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