

## Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

## PAUL'S BAPTISM.

Acts ix. 18.

1.  
Obedient to his Lord's command  
Did Saul of Tarsus rise;  
Went to the limpid waters, and  
In them was Baptized.
2.  
Obedience brought more strength to him,  
To cheer disciples eyes,  
He lov'd his Lord and hated sin,  
Arose, and was Baptized.
3.  
The people saw the wondrous change,  
And asked as much surprised,  
"To kill, did he not come?" how strange!  
He arose, and is Baptized.
4.  
He preach'd the Saviour crucified,  
And sinners that despised,  
Call'd from the refuge of their lies,  
To arise and be Baptized.
5.  
The more in strength did he increase,  
Proving the Lord is Christ;  
Believe! and with him be at peace,  
Arise, and be Baptized.

J. D. CASEWELL.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Chatham, Miramichi, 30, 1853.

Dear Brethren,—I preached here last evening to a solemn and attentive congregation, and felt much revived, in making known to my fellow-men the glorious truths of our holy religion. Never, my brethren, did I feel religion more precious and important than at this moment; and, oh! that all nations, and people, might feel its hallowed and saving influence to bring them unto eternal glory. I have spent some weeks in Miramichi, and I now present my sincere thanks to the people for their many offices of kindness to me during my short stay amongst them. May God Almighty bless in these regions every Christian Society, and pour upon them his holy Spirit, and lead them forward to possess the crown of untarnished glory, which the great Captain of their salvation has in readiness for all his faithful followers. I had yesterday a pleasant interview at New Castle, with brethren Grimley, J. Harding, and James Mosher. These brethren combining their energies together will, I trust, do much to promote the cause of God in these parts. The Lord bless them, render them useful, and keep them unto eternal life! They are looking earnestly for the arrival of my respected brother Scott, with many others. My prayer to God is, and shall be, that he may bless brother Scott as a Missionary to the North, as also, all the Missionaries sent to these regions by different Boards! It is a matter of the greatest importance that all the Missionaries visiting the North should have a good understanding one with another, and labor unitedly for the pulling down of strong holds, and the advancement of Christ's glorious reign in the hearts and lives of men. Miramichi is a fine country, and as far as I have seen the North, it ranks among the finest parts of New-Brunswick. Those dear brethren that are contributing so largely in St. John and other places, to send the glorious tidings of salvation to the North will, I believe, see the fruits of their benevolence in the day when Christ shall make up his jewels. Labor on my brethren as Christian Ministers, and as Editors of the *Christian Visitor*, and you will yet reap a glorious harvest, both here and hereafter. I like the *Visitor* better and better every time I look at its pages. I should have canvassed in my tours for subscribers, but Brethren Grimley and McPhail, I found, were attending to this, and I left it for them.

Before closing this letter, as I am about leaving Miramichi, perhaps never to see it again, I feel it my duty to make mention of the kind attention I have received from the Rev. Mr. Snowball since I came to these parts. The morning after I arrived at Chatham he called upon me, and kindly invited me to occupy his places of worship at my convenience, which I have been very glad to

do, both at Chatham and New Castle. In compliance with his kind invitation, I breakfasted with him this morning, at his comfortable Missionary House, and felt very happy in conversing with him and family, in regard to Christ and the glorious rest in reserve for all the Missionaries of the Lord Jesus.

I had yesterday and this morning a pleasing interview with Mr. J. Johnson, the Temperance Lecturer of New-Brunswick. He is a man of pleasing address and manners, and well qualified to attack the strong holds of the demon alcohol. He lectured last evening to an attentive congregation, at Douglas Town, and he addresses the people this evening at New Castle.

I preach this evening at Black River, on my way to the Association, to be held at Hillsborough, at which place I hope to meet with you, and many more of my dear brethren in Christ, and oh! may we all come up to the meeting of our Eastern Association in the spirit of our master.

Yours, in Christ,  
WELLINGTON JACKSON.

● [FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Kingsclear, June 25, 1858.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The reason of my being here is, that I have been passing under the painful process of extracting quite a large cancer from my face, which, if it had been neglected a little longer, might have proved fatal; but, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, I trust the worst is over, and altho' I am very weak and reduced through violent pain and loss of rest, and from fasting for days, yet I hope to be able soon to resume my public duties in the name of the Lord. While passing through this painful dispensation, I have had some profitable reflections, such as the cancer originating in the physical properties of our nature. Mind resembles the deep rooted depravity of the human heart, and although its progress may be small at first, yet if not extracted by the precious blood of Christ, and the power of the Spirit, will prove fatal in the everlasting destruction of the soul. I know of several persons in our Province, who are past the reach of all *Medical aid*, who no doubt might have been cured if their cases had been taken in hand in time. But how many more, in our Province, and under the means of grace, are allowing the dreadful cancers in their souls to deepen its hold, and ulcerate all the noble powers of the immortal mind. O! may careless sinners look into this important subject! So prays the writer.  
D. CRANDALL.

Since this was written we have seen the writer, our dear brother, and are glad to say he is fast recovering. It does indeed appear a very successful operation. The request made in our Brother's letter has been attended to, and the money was as he stated.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I have through the kind mercy of God returned to the City, after an absence of four weeks. During that period, I have visited Upham, Springfield, Young's Cove, Cumberland Bay, and Coal Creek, on the Grand Lake, and the Salmon and Gaspereaux rivers. The latter places have been seldom visited by our Colporteurs. The people are, however, anxious to furnish themselves with Books, as their very liberal purchases gave abundant evidence. During the month, I disposed of about 400 volumes, including a large number of Bibles and Testaments, besides upwards of five hundred pages of Tracts distributed gratuitously. I wish to acknowledge the uniform kindness and co-operation of my brethren wherever I travel.

May the Lord bless the diffusion of religious knowledge to the good of His cause!

Yours, in Christian love,  
J. MOORE.

St. John, July 2d, 1853.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Saint John, July 7, 1853.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Please insert the following short Sermon, and oblige yours,

A WATCHMAN IN ZION.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 28.

CONSIDER, first, who it is that utters this

command—*God*. And consider also his right to command—his claim upon the faculties and powers, and time and talents, and possessions of all his creatures.

Consider, secondly, to whom the command is given. To you, reader, for you are his son, or daughter. You are his by creation; and much more are you his, if you are an adopted child. There is a tenderness in this command that should affect you. It is an exceeding great and precious privilege to be addressed as a son by the King Eternal, and you should be swift to hear and prompt to obey.

Consider, thirdly, that God speaks of the world as his vineyard. It is a vineyard, however, which is overgrown with briars and thorns. Here and there he has planted a choice and fruitful vine; and there is much, very much, to be done every where, to make this vineyard what he designs it to be.

Consider, fourthly, that which you are commanded to perform—remembering that every one has his allotted task, a task suited exactly to his capacities; and no one can fail of discovering what that task is, if he has a will to work, and if he asks what God would have him to do.

Consider, finally, when you should engage in the work. Not to-morrow, but to-day. "Now, is the accepted time." "To day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Begin then to-day the subjugation of your will to his will; and do whatsoever his word and Providence directs with your whole might. And you will thus glorify him and secure his favour for time and eternity.

## The Ever-burning Light of the Two Strangers.

In the synagogue at Worms two lights are kept continually burning day and night, memorials of an age long past. The following is the history of these lights, as related to the visitor:—

"One day a grand Roman Catholic procession was passing through all the streets of Worms, when suddenly, while moving through the Jewish street, the cry was raised, that the crucifix had been defiled and desecrated. The enraged populace demanded revenge, and the Jews were called upon to give up the delinquent, that the desecration might be atoned for with his blood. Seven days were allowed to them for executing the order, at the expiration of which period, unless the criminals were delivered into the hand of executioners, it was threatened that the destruction of the whole congregation should wipe out the sacrilege. The seventh day of the allotted period had come round; it was also the seventh day of the feast of Passover. When about to go into the synagogue, the beadle heard a loud knocking at the gates of the Jewish street; for they were always kept locked on Jewish or Christian festivals. Two men were found standing without, who stated that they were Jews, and requested admission. The beadle communicated to them the great calamity that had befallen the congregation, and that this was the last day of the time allowed them. The strangers, however, replied that they knew all, and were come to deliver their brethren; upon which the gates were opened to them. They refused, however, to disclose either their names or the place whence they came. Soon after the infuriated populace came rushing towards the street, to satiate their revengeful feelings in the slaughter of the Jews. But the two strangers stepped forward, exclaiming, 'Stain not your hands with innocent blood, for we have committed the crime!' They then suffered a most painful death.

It is in memory of these two strangers that the two lights are kept burning; and such is the attention bestowed on them, that it is asserted that they have not for one moment ceased to burn."—*Jewish Intelligence*.

## I have Nothing to Spare.

In the year 1809, the Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., of Franklin, Mass., preached a discourse from Acts xx. 35, entitled, "The Giver more blessed than the Receiver." The published discourse has an appendix, from Rev. Dr. Griffin, from which the following passages of peculiar elegance and power is taken. Will the generous donors to our Association lay it before those who have not realized the obligation or enjoyed the happiness of being cheerful givers to the treasury of the Lord?

"I have nothing to spare" is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different senti-

ment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour when you and I and all the pagan nations shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts!—Standing, as I now do, in sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth that Omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject, it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly own that, were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains for all the people in America to embark together to carry the gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the church, how hard would it seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possession, if no other means were sufficient, to send the gospel to you. My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn."

## A Beautiful Figure.

Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver chord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers; which make it more strange that they must all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death; health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors die, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may give the next warning to the world.

## Coldness in Religion.

Coldness is a far more dangerous extreme than too much heat. The one may consist with real goodness, nay, may be the consequence of real goodness, commixing with a perturbed imagination, or an ill-formed judgment. But coldness can be resolved only into an absolute want of feeling. Enthusiasm is excess, but coldness is want of vitality. The enthusiast, in a moral respect, is insane, which implies a possibility of recovery, and a partial recurrence of reason; but the cold person is like an idiot, in whom reason never shows itself, and in whom convalescence is desperate. Professors of Christianity, members of churches, ponder gravely this solemn thought. Are you lukewarm, cold, or hot?

## A FRAGMENT.

Canst thou detain yon glittering star as it appears to dart athwart the jewelled heavens? Canst thou make yon yielding waters retain the furrow made by the receding wave? Canst thou by a word, still the quivering of the aspen? Or canst thou check the droppings of the summer shower as it gently falls, tapping mildly on the topmost boughs of the stately trees? If thou canst, then mayest thou check the onward course of mind, and hold thought in bondage to thy will! The boy may be caged, and fetters may be bound around the stable limbs until the iron shall rust in the festering flesh; but thought, the beautiful, the godlike, the immortal essence, will, by an immutable law of our being, ever remain unshackled by man's fellow tyrant man.