

Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Cambridge, April 25, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have just returned from a journey to King's County, where I spent two Sabbaths, one at Norton and the other at Ward's Creek. At both places it is evident there is great want of ministerial labour, and should this state of things continue, I fear many of the churches will go down—no church government, no gospel discipline, no Sabbath schools, and in many places no prayer meetings. Nevertheless, while a great part of the people appear to be satisfied, and no way concerned about a change in these things, there are a few who are groaning in spirit and crying mightily to God, that he would revive his work. I rejoice to know that my brethren in the city have been blessed with a liberal spirit, and a heart to feel for the spiritual wants of their fellow countrymen; and I feel encouraged to hope that many of our churches in the country that have means, will unite with those brethren and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. I think if some good brother, as an agent, could be appointed to travel and rouse up the dormant feeling, and brighten up the ideas of the people on this subject, by organising auxiliaries and collecting money, much good might be done with the blessing of God; while the Carreys are going down the wells, there is needed the Fullers to hold the rope. The little time I was with brother Porter, I was more than ever convinced that this plan would work well. I am just about to resume my labours here, in travelling from house to house, and bringing before the minds of the people, the all important matters of religion, as the one thing most needful. The roads are getting a little more passable. I have much reason to be thankful to God and the people for the kind treatment I have received from them. Dear brother pray for me.

Yours truly, in the best of bonds,
THOS. LOCKEY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Point DeBute, April 25, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am happy to inform you of a very pleasant, sociable, donation meeting, held in Point DeBute Mission-house, on the 24th of March, for the benefit of the Pastor, Elder J. Rowe; the distance some came, amidst storm and cold, showed in the clearest light, the pure benevolence of the Bible. The appearance of so many kind friends at the minister's dwelling, had a strong tendency to raise and cheer the spirits of the minister, and strengthen more firmly the bonds of union between him and his people. The ladies much deserve praise for proposing and carrying out this donation visit. In all the benevolent movements, they act a prominent part in this world. The whole amount realized was estimated at £15, including money and articles. In a short address, the Pastor expressed his gratitude for the kind attention and deep interest the people evinced in his welfare. A number remained and spent the evening in singing,—the whole scene closing pleasantly.

Yours truly,
A FRIEND.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

New York, April 17, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—I should write to you much oftener, only that my studies and ministerial duties together, keep me quite busy. I need not tell you what it is to be driven, for you know that better than I can tell you. If I was not so-driven for time, I would try and keep you posted up in the news of this great city. I have the will but not the power, yet I will do all I can. Since last Friday we have been visited with a real old fashioned New Brunswick snow storm, it formed a strange contrast with the fore part of the week. The buds on the trees were beginning to open, and the flowers in the gardens to show that spring was here. It did indeed look strange to see the tender rose bud peeping through the bank of drifting snow; but I have no doubt but the character of the storm will be more fully seen in its effects upon our shipping along the coast.

One of the great topics of conversation here throughout the past few weeks, has been the

fate of the Liquor Law. After the Governor put his veto upon it, there was great joy in the camp of the Rummies. If the friends of temperance have gained nothing else by asking for a prohibitory "law," they have made some of the greatest opponents of Temperance become "moral suasion" men, and there is no doubt but the next election will have for the ground of the contest, "Rum, or no Rum?" which of the two it is to be, the people must decide. The rum-sellers and drinkers look upon every man as an adversary or antagonist of the worst kind, who would dare "legislate" against the unholy traffic. But when we look at the mighty power of such an enlightened, intelligent, and religious body of men as have taken the work in hand, we may with great certainty foretell the results. When I came into the 11th Ward of this city last fall, I never saw a more disorderly, disgusting scene, than many of the streets presented on the Sabbath—a lawless mob of foreigners would be seen at the door of every rum-hole, and there was every thing but the calm stillness of the Sabbath. I could scarcely believe it to be the land of the illustrious Washington; but since the election of Alderman Boardman the scene is changed—he has proved what one good man can do. The Lord's day is now as quiet as we could possibly expect in such a large city. Every rum-shop is closed, and the very children who felt that they could do as they pleased in the streets while the men were drinking in the shops, are now orderly and quiet as we could desire. After the first of May, the Alderman intends to withdraw all licenses from those shops selling groceries, which will be one of the best moves ever made in behalf of temperance principles. So great indeed are the improvements already made in the moral aspect of the place, that it deserves to be recorded in letters of gold.

I am happy to say that our friends at the Bible Union rooms are all well, and doing well. It would afford you great pleasure to see the manner in which the business of the Union is conducted by those good brethren in charge. They are truly prepared to meet any and every foe, and if Christians would look at such a work in the spirit of their Lord and master, much that is said and done wrong would be prevented. There is one thing, however, that I have noticed, and that is, that those ministers who are most in the habit of correcting portions of scripture from which they speak, are the most opposed to a revision of the whole. And is it not unreasonable for any man to oppose the revision of the scriptures by a number of men competent to the task, while they as individuals have frequently either from the pulpit, or through the press revised, corrected, and elucidated many portions of the sacred word? For my own part I feel the need of a perfect bible in my own language, and it is only a righteous demand made by the unlearned when they ask at the hands of the educated Christian, the best translation that can be made.

Brother Oncken is here now, he has sent in a request to the board, asking ten thousand copies of the bible in the German language, and they have pledged themselves to do all they can for him. Four thousand copies are being printed now, and will soon be ready for circulation.

April 20th.—I did not send this off so soon as written, our snow is all gone and the season looks pleasant again. I neglected to acknowledge through the "Visitor," the kindness of the Carleton Church, in making me a life member of the Bible Union. Will you be kind enough to do it now? and I trust they with many others will be rewarded for their labours of love, by seeing a perfect translation of God's word in every language.

I remain ever yours,
EDWIN CLAY.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Springfield, April 26th, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—We have reason to fear that many professors of religion, and some even of our Ministers, at the present time, take too little interest in the Temperance organizations of the day. We have good reason to believe, that there is no human instrumentality that Satan employs with so much effect to destroy mankind, as intoxicating drinks. Thousands of crimes which the Devil cannot persuade men to commit while in possession of their sober senses, can be effected to his full satisfaction as soon as his victims are brought under the power of intoxication.

This wicked influence is working against all the moral and religious movements of the age. Why is it that we are forming Bible organizations, Missionary and Tract Societies, and establishing Sabbath Schools, but to put down the very evils which this curse to the world is promulgating? Where ever moral reform prevails, people have more confidence to attend the means of grace, to hear the truths of the Bible published by the faithful Missionaries of the Cross. But not many venders and drinkers of spirituous liquors can we get to listen to the charming story of Calvary. Can we then wonder that Satan is raising such reinforcements against the exertions that are now being made to annihilate an instrumentality that adds largely to his victims in this world, and in the regions of eternal woe. How careful, then, should all the friends of religion and morality be, that they do not stand aloof from a cause so important as Temperance Reform; and how careful should men be who are intrusted with government affairs, that they are not legislating for the interests of the Devil, "who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Let all who are engaged in putting down the drinking policy remember, that this work is not a small one;—it requires fidelity and prompt union one with the other. Disunion weakens our interests and strengthens the cause of our enemies. If some of our Ministers and others do not feel disposed to be Sons of Temperance, let them throw their influence into other Temperance organizations, and so unitedly carry on the conflict. We are now almost in the hottest of the battle, but victory is sure from God's holy word. D. C.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Isaac Cleveland, the subject of this brief notice, was born in Annapolis, N. S., in the year 1764. At the age of nine years, he came with his parents to St. John, which was then a dense wilderness, a few huts only being inhabited by human beings. Here Mr. C. continued to reside for several years, during which time the wilderness was cleared away, and the prospect of a future city began to appear. The American Loyalists also arrived in 1783 during his residence in St. John, and New Brunswick, (then a part of the province of Acadia) began to give indications of being the future home of an increasing population. Mr. Cleveland, after a few years, removed to the country, and ultimately settled on the farm in Sussex Vale, where he continued to live until his death. The hardships and fatigues attending the settlement of a new country, are only known to those who have experienced them. All of these, however, Mr. C. endured, and by industry and perseverance succeeded in establishing himself on a pleasant farm of considerable value. He was married twice—had eleven children—seven of whom survive him. He expired suddenly on the night of the 8th of April, in the 90th year of his age.

Of the early religious experience of Mr. Cleveland, the writer has not much knowledge. He remembers hearing him relate that during the passage from Annapolis to St. John, a violent storm occurred, in which he expected to perish. But at that time he earnestly prayed to God, and promised that if he would spare him to get on land he would serve him. This shows that some early instruction had been imparted to him, and that his young mind had already received religious impressions. To how great an extent this promise was kept we cannot say. Mr. C. often regretted however, his ingratitude for that deliverance. That the importance of religion was never obliterated from his mind is evident, for while he was quite a young man he was baptized at Petiscodiac by the Rev. Joseph Crandall, who still survives him. His baptism took place at night by torch light; (a practice we believe not uncommon at that time—certainly not uncommon in the Apostles' days.) During the subsequent period of his life, he doubtless had his joys and his sorrows, and in common with others possessed his own peculiarities. The loss of both his wives, each leaving him with a family of helpless children was a source of deep trial. Add to this the loss of children—among them a son in the vigour of manhood, after a short illness, and who at the time seemed to be his only stay. These and other things doubtless led him often to exclaim—"All these things are against me." It was the writer's happiness to converse with him a few months since. And although then verging to 90, he seemed to possess the mental

power of youth. His conversation gave evidence of Christian faith, and he appeared like one who only waited to depart. A while previous to his death his health began to decline, but did not we believe confine him to his room. On the evening previous to his death he spoke of his decease, and remarked that he probably should depart before morning, but nevertheless, retired but little worse than usual. Morning came—a Sabbath morning—and the spirit of the aged Father had winged its flight to that blest world.

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's never end."

His funeral was attended by the Rev. Jas. Herritt. Such is the brief history—and such the peaceful end of one who for NINETY YEARS was a stranger here.—Alas! how few at most are man's mortal days, and how all-important that we should be prepared for their end. Reader, perhaps "this year thou shalt die!" —Religious Intelligencer.

Miscellaneous.

Cæsar Sick, and Nicholas Afraid!

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, give me one drink of Tifinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone."

—Shakspeare.

Upon the occasion of the visit paid by the allied sovereigns of Russia and Prussia to London, after the overthrow of the man to whom they had so long cringed, a distinguished individual, in the suite of the Emperor Alexander, proceeded to the north of England, for the purpose of having ocular proof of the subterranean wonders of the far-famed collieries of the Tyne. Being provided with letters to the head viewer of the Wallsend colliery, a gentleman of the name of Buddie, who had instructions to take the necessary measures to ensure the prince's object being safely and satisfactorily accomplished, the illustrious stranger was conducted to the residence of the viewer, situated in the immediate vicinity of the principal pit. Before descending to the coal seam, in the bowels of the earth, it is necessary to throw off every article of usual dress, and to put on, instead, the attire worn by the pitmen or miners, consisting of thick flannel trousers and jacket. This metamorphosis the Russian prince underwent, and casting aside his glittering uniform and orders, he appeared in the uncouth and soiled garments of a common collier. In this garb he was escorted to the mouth of the pit, down which he was to be lowered, followed by a considerable number of the sooty denizens of the place.

It will be known to almost all of our readers, that pits are round holes, of about ten feet in diameter, sunk into the earth to the depth in some cases of three hundred fathoms, nearly one-third of a mile; and divided by a wooden partition the whole way down, so as to form two shafts. The mode of descending a shaft is either by entering a large basket used for hauling up the coals, or by putting one leg through a large iron hook at the end of the rope, and clinging by the hands to the chain to which it is appended. The latter mode, contrary to what might be imagined, is the best and safest, and for this reason, that the basket is liable to catch the sides of the pit, and be thus turned upside down. Each person is provided with a short stick to keep himself from grazing the black and dripping walls as he proceeds downwards, and the rapidity of the descent is such as to render this precaution highly expedient. To a person who views this dark hole, and the rough apparatus for a dive down it, for the first time, nothing can be perhaps more frightful; and when, to the contemplation of the actual horrors, is added the recollection of all the disasters of which pits have been so frequently the scene, the whole is doubtless sufficient to appal a very stout heart. So much so indeed is this the case, that hundreds of the inhabitants of the coal districts, with that daily exhibition before them which renders the mind careless and indifferent to danger, have never summoned up the requisite quantity of courage to encounter the perils of a coal mine, or if piqued by shame-