

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

GLANCES AT THE PAST.

MR. EDITOR.—Whilst reading the account of the funeral of the venerable Patriarch, Father Harding, in your valuable paper of the 24th ultimo. And the remarks of Bro. Davis, that he, notwithstanding his advanced age, was not immortal. I was led to reflect on the condensed Biography of the Patriarchs as given in the 5th chap. of Geneses, which has always been to me a very important portion of the sacred oracles. The words, "and he died," conveys to the mind, the lesson of man's frailty, more effectually than could have been done by all the efforts of rhetoric. Life extended through nine centuries, and after all terminated by death. The circumstances are now altered—but the results the same. Those that have lived but half a century are admonished, that the machinery of life is wearing away, and has not the elasticity which it once had, and are reminded of the impressiveness of the words, "and he died." We begin to feel that the years which would have been buoyant youth to a Patriarch, are almost old age to us. Forty years, alas! how soon they are past like a watch in the night. Associated with these men of God, Fathers in the Ministry—Harding, and Ansley, are our early religious remembrances. The former especially, being a regular visitant at the paternal dwelling, where his councils, prayer and anecdotes were listened to from time immemorial with interest. Some of that household have long since preceeded him, and no doubt, were amongst the first to bid him welcome to that house not made with hands, and to tread the shining pavements, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Yes, many who were associated with him in early life, have long since closed their eyes to all sublimary objects, and there are few indeed that have kept by his side. It has been like a battle scene, the dead and the wounded have been many, while few have remained untouched. The grave, the devouring grave, has shut up many from our sight. The rest have engraven upon their faces marks of care, disappointment and disease, with here and there, one with more animated look, brightened not by earthly, but heavenly prospects. Alas! how frequently when we pass through places, well known as loved resorts of our venerable fathers, we see written in characters legible on this and that dwelling, the name of loved ones who have gone to their quiet resting places. How many familiar faces gradually disappear, while new generations springing up, among which, with difficulty, we occasionally catch a glimps of one remembered long, long ago.

Death has not only been busy in those localities, viz.: Yarmouth and its adjacent villages; but its works are obstructive. It is impossible not to see or hear the language they have died! Those who read these hasty jottings may have a similar experience. For who has not lost friends? Where is the social circle whose sunshine is not liable to such obstructions. The succession of families, supposes the introduction of one by the burial of the preceeding; and thus it is, that one generation passeth away and another cometh on the stage. So that the world itself is an alternation of light and shades, and of life and death. These may be called truisms. Yet they are solemn ones. It behoves all to lay them to heart. Ministers may say to their people, and people to their Ministers, thou also must die! And is it indeed so, that the venerable man of God on whose head the snow of over fourscore winters has fallen, now lies mouldering under the surface of the earth, upon which busy and living beings engage in all the activity that we now behold? Yes, sleep on blest saint till from the skies the mourning bursts and breaks the cloud. These are no doubt, gloomy thoughts to those who anticipate no better existence beyond this life's horizon. But how cheering the celestial messages that assure the Christian this is but the embryo state of his existence—life's vestibule; whilst the glorious temple lies further on, that this is but the infancy of a perfect manhood hereafter. Jesus died and lives for ever: and in this is the assurance of life eternal to his people. It matters little then when, where, or how soon, if this immortal hope buoys up the soul, and if through the intervention of Christ, the pathway to heaven, although past the tomb, is irradiated with glory. The blow that strikes down the body, liberates the spirit and introduces it into another and more genial clime. Where the inhabitants shall not say that they are sick; where

they have no need of the sun, moon or stars, for God is their light and glory.—All of them being animated by the same spirit, subject to the same emotions, consecrated to the same object, and swelling the same triumphant song—worthy alone is he to receive riches and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

WILLIAM HOBBS.

Charlotte Town, April 7th, 1854.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Charlotte Town, P. E. I., April 8, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—The contemplated meeting spoken of by brother Hobbs, took place on the 27th ult., and I am happy to inform you that it was characterized throughout by the greatest unanimity and Christian love. The hallowed influence has already been experienced, especially in the Town Church, where extra services have been held every evening since, and on last Lord's day evening it was very apparent that the Lord's spirit was present—they were convinced of their lost and ruined state.

As a necessary appendage to the Association, a Missionary Board has been organized consisting of ministers and laymen. By order of this Board, eight delegates were appointed to meet with all the churches, and to hold Missionary meetings, to awaken in the hearts of God's people, the great necessity of arousing from their slumbers, and to inspire them with increased vigour to come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and to contribute for the advancement of the Missionary enterprise, both at home and abroad. As one of the delegates, I am happy to inform you that those meetings so far, have exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

April the 3rd, we left Charlotte Town for the Western district, and held our first Anniversary meeting with the Tryon church, which cordially responded to the call by liberak subscriptions.

On the 4th, we proceeded to St. Eleanor's, where we had a great meeting. Our next meeting was held with the Bedeque church, where we were truly interested.

On the 6th we proceeded to New Glasgow, where our respected Father Stephenson has long laboured, and bore the burden and heat of the day, in sowing the seeds of eternal life, and notwithstanding the bad state of the chapel, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a great number could not get in. Brother Hobbs delivered a very able and appropriate missionary discourse, founded on the parable of our Saviour, contained in Mark xx. 1, &c. The sermon was listened to with marked attention, as he with his usual eloquence charged home the solemn truths with great power, and inspiring the people of God with the Missionary spirit. The addresses then followed by the brethren, after which a collection was taken, amounting to £49 6. In the afternoon, a subscription list was opened and circulated in the meeting, when the handsome sum of £11 10s 9d in addition, was in a few moments raised. After visiting those four churches, we returned to town on Friday, (where we found the good work still going on), and remained over the Sabbath in assisting forward the meetings. We intend to resume our Mission again on Tuesday next, (if the travelling will admit) by visiting the church at the Rivers, &c., &c., and after the mission is accomplished, you shall be apprised of the results.

In conclusion, I am happy to inform you that the cause here, is wearing a very different aspect from what it formerly did. The churches are evidently beginning to feel the responsibility of devoting all their ransomed powers to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and of contributing their substance for the extension of truth.

I landed on this Island last July, since that I have been engaged preaching the Gospel in most all parts of the Island, and find many places are totally destitute of the Gospel, and it truly presents one of the most inviting Missionary fields in North America. I consider it one of the most healthy places in the world, and for the fertility of its soil, it has been very justly called the Sicily of the St. Lawrence. A rapid improvement is being made in the science of agriculture.

The Visitor is being highly esteemed as far as it is known, and if proper means were employed, the circulation might be greatly enlarged.

Yours truly,

JAMES L. READ.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

OBITUARY.

Died at Moncton, on the 20th February, Mrs. Mary Cook, aged seventy years. She was born in Edinburgh, (Scotland,) and emigrated to New Brunswick in the year 1816. Our sister was educated in the Presbyterian faith, but from an examination of the Scriptures, she became convinced that it was her duty to be baptized as a believer, and was buried with Christ by baptism by Father Joseph Crandal about six years ago. She possessed a prosperous soul, the truth dwelt richly in her heart. While she rested her hopes for eternity on the glorious doctrine of grace, she at the same time was fully convinced of the great importance of practical religion, and thus by her life, adorned her Christian profession. Our beloved sister attended to the private and public duties of religion. The bible was her constant companion, and from time to time she received spiritual strength by repairing to her closet. The writer had frequent opportunities of visiting her during her last illness, and the impression that rested on his mind at those interviews, was, that she was ripe for glory and was awaiting the summons. Her children have been deprived of one of the best of mothers, who manifested a great interest in their spiritual and eternal welfare, and the church in Moncton of a valuable member.

"She sleeps in Jesus and is blest,  
How kind her slumbers are,  
From sufferings and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare."

Died at Moncton, on the 1st instant, Mrs. Catherine W. Trites, aged 88 years, leaving 8 children, 79 grand-children 118 great-grand children, and 1 great-great-grand child; to mourn their loss. About 87 years ago, fourteen families emigrated from Pennsylvania and settled on the Petitcodiac River. Our sister, then an infant child, formed one of the number. They arrived in the month of June with about three months provisions. The Captain who brought them, promised to return with further supplies, but never did. The first summer they succeeded in growing some turnips, and this was the principal thing procured from the soil the first season. The first year or two they were exposed to great hardships. The men were obliged to go on snow-shoes to Cumberland (in Nova Scotia) and to Shepody, to procure provisions for their famishing families. The principal part of their animal food the first winter, consisted of rabbits. After this they succeeded in procuring moose and cariboo. These families were the followers of Martin Luther, but our sister becoming convinced of the importance of believers baptism, some forty years ago, was immersed by Father Joseph Crandal, and joined the Baptist church in Salisbury. After a time, a Baptist church was organized in Moncton, she became a member and continued through life a worthy and consistent follower of Christ. She took great comfort in perusing her Dutch bible, and thence she obtained the principal part of her comfort during a few of the last years of her life. When her hearing was in a great measure gone, she would occasionally take her seat on the pulpit stairs and listen to the words of eternal life. She manifested a great desire during her last sickness to depart and be with Christ, and though she did not enjoy so much of the Saviour's presence as she desired, yet she knew with Paul, "whom she believed and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which she had committed unto him against that day." Thus died our sister, much beloved and respected.

Communicated by

J. NEWCOMBE.

The subject of this memoir, Mrs. McNaney, was born in Cornwallis, N. S., of respectable parents, her name was Mary Bliss. When she was 16 years of age, she went with some young people to the Newlight meeting, as the Christians were then called. Harris Hard-