

Minister's Column.

Preaching.

"His nose was high, his eyes bright and keen, his lips round, his colour was sanguine, and as a lion he looked did bring. His voice was like a trumpet thundering."

"I love them" said uncle John, as he finished reading the above passage and threw upon the table an old quarto containing the poems of Chaucer, printed in black letter. "I love them. There is a power in these old English poets, which at once sets the mind at work. Chaucer is one of Nature's best copyists, and I never can read them without applying what he says, to scenes and occurrences and persons immediately around me. When I read this passage, I seemed to see standing before me the Rev. Mr. —, as he appeared to us when preaching last Sabbath morning. Am I to infer then, uncle, that you were not pleased with Mr. —, as a preacher?" No indeed, on the contrary, he pleased me highly. His positions were bold, and they aroused me; and to my mind there is great positive pleasure in being thus excited. His reasoning was luminous. After hearing him I felt as if I had been reading Chillingworth. Such a mind takes one along with itself in a delightful manner. It seems to me like a vehicle containing machinery by which it carries you and clears a way for itself through dense Indian jungles, and at the same time, leads a torch which shows clearly both the safety of your career and the means of your progress. Then his imagery was rich, his diction manly and energetic, and a spice of sarcasm was occasionally sprinkled into his discourse.

"Good!" exclaimed a young man who had been standing by and catching every word that fell from my uncle's lips as the "ne plus ultra" of wisdom. "Perhaps," said I, "uncle John may think, after all, that the performance did more to gratify him than it did to confer upon him spiritual blessings." "Precisely, Charles. It is one thing to be interested in a preacher, and quite another thing to be benefited by his discourse." "But," inquired my young friend, "uncle John, is it not desirable that a preacher should secure attention? Mr. —, at least did that, for the audience seemed to me absolutely breathless." "O yes," replied my uncle, "attention is the first word of command. A preacher can do absolutely nothing without it, and I have known excellent discourses thrown quite away for the want of it. But it must not be hence inferred that the profoundest attention even to an important and truly evangelical theme, will always secure the ends of the preaching."

"There are two modes of preaching," continued my uncle, "which I term the belligerent and the p. cific. Some would call them the vigorous and the gentle. But I like my own division best, and have felt not a little interest in arranging all my clerical acquaintances according to this classification. I have a list at home. Opposite some of the names the letter B is placed for belligerent, opposite others I have placed a P for pacific—then here are a few which I have marked M for medium." "Will you give us a specimen of each kind, uncle?" "Yes, Mr. —, was a perfect specimen of the pacific."

"But uncle, Mr. — is the greater preacher, is he not?" "Yes, greater—no, he is not; there was a god-like elevation in the mind of Doctor Bedell, when he stood and pleaded with sinners; and after his sermon, the congregation always moved silently away, with a subdued look. And there is much less power over the minds of the audience, in Mr. —'s discourses. His style, it is true, is more vigorous, his arguments more cogent, and his manner more energetic. But a man who can achieve most in a given employment, is certainly, *quod hoc*, the greater man." "But then, uncle," said I, "do you not think, after all, that the foolish pretensions which Doctor Bedell was obliged to maintain in behalf of his church, and the over-soft manner which their preachers generally profess, were great hindrances to his usefulness?" "Well, no; I do not think they were. I have myself no partiality for their boasting of their excellent liturgy, and their speaking of the church as if the church could not possibly have any misdeeds on earth. For forty years I have been a preacher in the Presbyterian church, and I love her simplicity and spirituality. But as to Doctor Bedell, I have heard him repeatedly, and always with more than pleasure—with decided profit. When I heard him, you would not have known from his sermon that there was such a thing in the universe as a *liturgy* or a *true church*; but you would have had no doubt whether there was a holy and righteous God—a perfect law—a glorious Saviour—a sanctifying Spirit—a judgment seat—a heaven, and a hell. And then, the soft manner of which you speak, only appears extreme from being connected with feeble and inefficient instruction. With him it was not so. He was earnest, as well as gentle; and his tenderness and kindness of manner were evidently arose from his deep concern for the spiritual well-being of his hearers. If you will learn to vindicate the cause of your master successfully, Charles, lay hold of a good model, whenever you may find it. But do not take Mr. — as your pattern."

"Well, uncle, I think you do—he is not my ideal of a preacher. But still he is brilliant, and powerful, and attractive, and convincing; and I am not able exactly to analyze my feelings of objection to him, as a model. Can you tell me what the precise objections to such a style of preaching are?" "Yes, there are some which are very obvious. 1. His very manner challenges opposition—there is an air of defiance about him. That is not the way to win men. 2. There is a glare about his performances, that makes men think and speak of the man, rather than of the truths which he has presented. 3. The chief difficulty is a defect—a want of subdued and heavenly feelings. I have often thought, after hearing such a preacher—well, he has gifts, and talents, and learning, and piety; but then he seems to need chastening and softening. If his beloved and accomplished wife should be taken and hid in the grave, he would, perhaps, become a more winning and efficient minister of Christ." "But uncle, would it be right to pray for such a dispensation?" "No; but we may pray, that God would make ourselves and others as useful as possible, even though the severest bereavements should be necessary." My uncle said other things, which sunk deeply into my heart. I will only add, that

Mr. —'s beloved and accomplished wife has been taken from him since, and hid in the grave. I have heard him preach since—and oh! what a change!

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., MARCH 21, 1855.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Terms of the Visitor, 7s. 6d., per annum in advance, 10s., if payment be delayed over three months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Communication will be inserted without the author entrusting us with his name in confidence. Unless the opinions expressed by correspondents be editorially endorsed we shall not consider ourselves responsible for them.

Correspondents are respectfully reminded that short communications, as a general thing, are more acceptable to readers of Newspapers than long ones, and that a legible style of writing will save the printer time, which is always valuable, and secure a correct impression.

All Ministers of the gospel, who will send us the advance, for six new subscribers, will get the "Visitor" for one year free of charge.

Encourage Your Minister.
No. 9.

Encourage him by providing him an adequate temporal support, and by paying him his salary with the utmost punctuality.

In a previous paper we have stated the grounds on which your minister is entitled as a matter of justice to an adequate temporal support. The question may now be asked, what is an adequate temporal support for a minister? The proper answer to this question must depend in a great measure upon circumstances. What would be an adequate maintenance for a minister in the country, would not be an adequate maintenance for a minister in the city. The minister in the city is expected to have a more commodious, and better furnished dwelling; to dress and educate his family in a finer style; to receive and hospitably entertain more strangers; to be more liberal in contributing to the many religious enterprises of the day; to have more objects of charity to relieve; more books to purchase; and more to lay out in travelling expenses; and, of course, all this requires a proportionally greater income. Our own household consists of husband and wife, four children, and two domestic servants. Ours is a city pastorate. Our income is twelve hundred dollars per annum. With that salary in our circumstances we are satisfied. We call it an adequate support; but we affirm that it is not more than an adequate support. Four hundred dollars are absorbed in three items of domestic expense alone, namely, house rent, servants wages, and the premium on life assurance. Eight hundred dollars then remain to provide food, board four adults and four children, clothe six of us, educate the little ones, "use hospitality without grudging," contribute to various religious and philanthropic objects, relieve the distresses of the poor and necessitous, purchase books, and meet travelling expenses; and all in a way remember, becoming the position we occupy in society, the character we sustain, and what by the public is naturally expected of us. Will any liberal minded Christian say that eight hundred dollars is more than adequate to meet all this expenditure? If he does, all that we shall state in reply is, that he has learned the art of economizing to an extent very wonderful; and is a far cleverer financier than we ever have been or ever expect to be. We are satisfied with our support, but no more than satisfied; we receive what is our due, but no more than is our due; our people are just in the maintenance they afford us, but no more than just; and we deliberately assert it—for we have not the false delicacy that some of our more worthy brethren have on this subject—that a minister in a city with a domestic household like our own has less than an adequate support, if he receives less than twelve hundred dollars per annum.

But what, it may be asked is an adequate maintenance for a minister in the country, or in the rural districts of the land? The answer to this question, must also, in a great measure depend upon circumstances. The number of the minister's family; the size of the congregation of which he has the oversight; the manner of their living, and the extent of their individual and united ability; must all be taken into account in forming a proper estimate of what, from them ought to be acknowledged as an adequate maintenance. Other things must also be considered.

It ought for instance to be considered that their minister should not have less than ten pounds per annum to expend in the purchase of books and periodicals, to keep him up with the advancing literature of the age, and equal to, if not a-head of, the intelligence of the most enlightened of his hearers—an item of expense which the generality of his people can afford to dispense with; but, which, if they allow their minister to dispense with, will in time thin him down intellectually to a living skeleton, and will compel them to exclaim *oh! his leanness, his leanness*. And this will perhaps, soon be followed by the individual exclamation of his auditors, *oh! my leanness, my leanness*. Starve your minister's mind and you will starve your own. Set no dainty dishes of mental food before him; and you will look to him to perform miracles, if you expect him to set dainty dishes of nicely-cooked spiritual provision regularly before you. If your minister is in the habit of doing this, let us know it, and we will at once look up to him as an intellectual prodigy, and will willingly accord to him the epithet of a great man. Give your minister bones to pick—a dry and scanty library on which mentally to exist; and it will be very astonishing indeed, if he gives you *flesh to eat, or feeds you with the finest of the wheat*. A minister needs a good library of books, not that he may either borrow or steal; but that a *yea* may be corrected, ideas suggested, perception quickened, thought improved, the mental powers exercised, and his intellectual stores augmented. Ten pounds per annum then, for the purchase of books, must be considered as an item in a minister's expenditure which the generality of his people can dispense with; but which, for their own sakes, if not for his, they must, on no account, allow him to dispense with.

It ought next to be considered, that the minister's dwelling is expected to be furnished as neatly and as expensively—or nearly so—as the most well-to-do in his congregation; that his family are to appear as genteelly dressed, and as well educated as any in the place; and that he is to show a pattern of liberality to his flock in the support of home and foreign Missions, and the other

important religious and benevolent enterprises of the day.

It ought, again, to be considered that the minister's services should be compared with those of others who benefit society by their talent and their toils, and that they should receive remuneration accordingly. "Mental services are adjudged worthy of a higher recompense than mere physical or bodily powers; because they demand the exercise of the higher qualities of our nature, and are more difficult to be procured than mere muscular force. If, then, the recompense given to physicians, counsellors, and others, whose intellectual benefits their fellow-men, be the standard," ministers should not be put off with that which is given to the mechanic or labourer for mere muscle and sinew.

It ought to be considered too, that ministers as a class make the greatest pecuniary sacrifices for the sake of the Gospel. Here, for example, is a young man. He has obeyed the injunction, "My son, give me thine heart." He is active and talented. His worldly prospects are bright. He has just as good a chance of being successful in business, and amassing wealth as others with like perseverance and energy. But the love of souls has taken possession of his heart. He longs to be useful. He sees that "the harvest truly is plentiful, but that the laborers are few." He prays, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do." The answer is, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard—occupy till I come—preach my gospel." He is impressed with the conviction that he is called to the work of the christian ministry; and so he turns his back upon all his bright and brightening worldly prospects; on all his fair and fond anticipations of amassing wealth; and goes forward in the path of duty knowing that, as regards this life, nothing is before him for the remainder of his days but a bare temporal maintenance. That young man has studied several years for the work, and is now in the ministry; perhaps suffering at times—but suffering in silence—"deep depression owing to pecuniary embarrassment—the want of an adequate temporal support. One of the leading members of his church subscribes, we shall say, fifty or a hundred dollars yearly towards his maintenance, and in doing so, he takes credit to himself for being remarkably liberal towards his minister; perhaps, thinks, that he is making a sacrifice to sustain him, while yet, it may be, he has a richly furnished farm free of all encumbrance, and money in the bank; or a splendid, and elegantly furnished store, and money invested in railway and other stocks. Now did it ever occur to that leading member, with his fifty or hundred dollars yearly subscription towards his minister's support, that his minister himself, towards whom he complacently imagines he is so liberal, has probably contributed in a certain sense to the cause of Christ fourfold the amount which he (his leading member) has done.—It is no unlikely thing, that had the minister continued in business instead of giving himself to the work of the ministry, his energy, perseverance, talent and industry, would have made him as rich or even richer than his liberal member.—And ought not this to have its due weight on the mind of a christian people when considering what ought to be regarded as an adequate temporal support for their minister? Now taking into account all that has been stated, and from an actual experience of both a country and a city pastorate, and a comparison of the expenditure in both, we give it as our own decided and matured conviction that a minister with a wife, but without a family does not receive an adequate temporal support if he receives less than four hundred dollars per annum paid in money. And that a minister in the country with a small family, does not receive an adequate temporal support, if he receives less than six hundred dollars per annum paid in money. A married minister with, or without a family may exist on a sum less than we have mentioned; but he cannot live on it. There may be exception without life. There is *existence* in hell; but in one sense there is no life there. A man's happiness in his life. Hence the happiness of heaven is frequently designated in Scripture "life," whereas the misery of hell is almost as frequently designated "death." Reader, we have thus endeavored with great plainness to answer the question both as it relates to a city and country pastorate. What is an adequate support for a minister? In view of what has been said in answering that question, let us ask another. Is your minister receiving from the people of his charge an adequate temporal support? Has he then encouragement? If not, on this point answer.

AMICUS.

A telegraphic despatch received on Monday last by the Rev. S. Robinson of this city, brings the painful intelligence of the sudden death of the wife of the Rev. William Burton of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, on Monday the 19th ult., at 6 o'clock, A. M. We have no particulars except that Mrs. Burton had been ill about a fortnight. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her as a most excellent woman and exemplary christian. In the mysterious providence of God our valued brother is again called to look upon his children, eight or nine in number, bereft of a mother's anxious care. May the promises of the Bible, which he has so often addressed to others in affliction, be his solace in this dark and trying hour! The cup is bitter; O, may it be sweetened by the spirit of calm submission to the Divine Will, knowing that the righteous judge of all the earth cannot err!

It would afford us very great pleasure to comply with the request of the brethren at Keswick, by being present with them at their contemplated "Protracted Meeting," but the pleasing state of things in the City, demands all our attention at the present time. We trust the meeting in prospect will be one of great interest, and that the beloved Church at Keswick will once more arise in the majesty of a genuine revival spirit.

The extent of our Correspondence leaves no room for our intended remarks on King's College, they will come in good time. We invite special attention to *Amicus* this week, on Ministerial Support. We hope the many thousands who see the "Christian Visitor," will read with care this deeply interesting article.

Revival Intelligence.

The Union Meetings in progress between the Churches of Brussels and Germain Streets of this City, are being attended with the most encouraging results. God has been present by his spirit to revive and refresh his people, and to infuse spiritual life into souls dead in sin. There has been no extraordinary excitement, but a deep and all-pervading religious consciousness felt in the hearts of hundreds, and many for the first time have experienced the subduing grace of the Almighty. The last Sabbath was a season of impressive interest. The two Churches assembled together at the baptismal waters and there in the presence of an immense multitude the Pastors, Brethren Robinson and Bill baptized eighteen rejoicing converts, who were prepared to say in the language of the Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Additional interest was created on the occasion by the baptism of two sea Captains by the Seamen's Chaplain, Bro. E. N. Harris, one of whom had been wrecked at sea a few months ago and was twenty-six days upon a sinking vessel without food or drink a great portion of the time. While there amid the wild and fearful waste that surrounded him he called on God for mercy—his prayer was heard, and he was not only saved from a watery grave, but from perdition's awful brink; thus verifying the promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee."

This blessed work of reviving mercy is evidently extending, and the prospect is that many precious souls will be gathered to the fold of Christ. God grant that the power of the eternal spirit may be made manifest in all the Churches of the saints not only in this City, but to all the ends of the earth!

The New York *Chronicle* reports extensive revivals in many places, and numerous baptisms as the result. It makes mention of the success of our valued brother, E. Clay, as follows:—

BLOOMINGDALE CHURCH.—The good work of salvation rolls on encouragingly with this Church. Bro. Edwin Clay has been officiating as pastor for several weeks. The house is crowded every Lord's Day. Converts are rejoicing, and new recruits are flocking to the standard of Jesus daily. It does one's soul good to visit this people. We were present on Sunday afternoon last, and had the pleasure of meeting five of our fellow-laborers in the ministry, Leach, of Hamilton; Hutchison, from New England; Cusick, the Indian Missionary; Remington, the beloved agent of the Bible Union in Ohio; and Clay, the pastor.

An affecting incident occurred at the close of the service. A Brother Barnes approached the pulpit requested the privilege of speaking a word. He said the young people had desired to present to their pastor a token of their affection. At this point a young lady came forward, holding forth a splendidly bound volume of Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of Paul*, with the following inscription:—

TO THE REV. EDWIN CLAY, From the young people of the Bloomingdale Baptist Church, presented as a grateful memorial of his labors among them in preaching the Gospel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

The incident was so unexpected and so touching, that the young pastor was overcome with emotion. He mastered his feelings however enough to say that he had labored night and day to win their souls to Jesus, and his ardent wish was to see them converted and to baptize them, that he might be permitted to close his labors like Paul, having fought a good fight.

May God bless the young people of the Bloomingdale Church, their young pastor, and the Church itself, with a constant revival.

C. A. BUCKBEE.

The Recorder and Register speaks of the reviving influence as operating most powerfully in very many of the Baptist Churches in Philadelphia and in numerous other places. Speaking of the revival in East Lansing, the Recorder says:—

Of the twenty-three baptized, ten were heads of families, and eighteen were relatives either by blood or marriage. Sixteen of the number were baptized the first Sabbath in Feby. by one administrator, (the pastor,) in less than eight minutes; disposing of the oft-repeated objection to immersion of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost for the want of time. Eighty-two administrators—and that number, at least, were present—would have less than thirty-seven persons each to baptize, who could be very deliberately and easily baptized in thirty minutes. A good degree of religious interest is still enjoyed, and we look for others still to go forward in baptism.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1855.

Dear Brother Bill,—As I have written quite a number of letters to my friends in Carleton and St. John, without receiving an answer from any, I thought I would not write again; but before coming to such a conclusion (I thought it best to write once more to you. I am happy to inform you that I have completed my studies in this city; I found it hard work, for besides attending two winter courses of medical lectures, with the spring, summer and autumn courses, I have preached since I left St. John one hundred and thirty-one sermons, besides lecturing a number of times on different subjects. Where I am labouring now, the Lord has seen fit to send, in answer to prayer, a refreshing shower from on high. I baptized ten last Lord's Day, and five a Sabbath previous. Our house has been so crowded, that large numbers had to leave for want of room. The night before last, eighty-five desired the prayers of God's people to be offered up on their behalf. I never enjoyed myself better in my life than I have among my Christian friends and brethren in this city. The brethren have since I have labored for me to attend the lectures at the medical college all day, and then to preach at night; so they secured the labours of Dr. Holman, from Norwich, Conn., for ten days. He is, I think, one of the greatest preachers to whom I ever listened. The great object of his preaching is to hold up to a guilty world a mighty Saviour. No matter what Scripture he selected, he always "preached Jesus."

I expect, with the Divine blessing, to baptize a number more, shortly, as quite a number have already experienced a change of heart, through faith in the "Lamb of God."

The church is very anxious that I should remain with them, but I cannot, for although God has been blessing my labors here, and the church would do more for me than any of our country churches would, in the way of support, yet I feel the place for me is in some part of the provinces. I should have left immediately after graduating, but the interesting state of affairs in the church of which I have charge at present, forbids my leaving until they have secured a Pastor. I am happy to hear that God is blessing many of the churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The "Christian Visitor" has been to me a friend which I have anxiously looked for, it generally brought something cheering. I am sorry that my views on "Revision" were so indigestible, that neither the "Messenger" nor "Visitor" could allow them a place among the productions of other friends; but if spared to return home, my brethren, I hope, will not prevent my speaking on the subject, for I look upon it as the great work of the day, a work which has been started by the Almighty God of heaven, a work which neither earth nor hell can stop—for it is secured in the purposes of Jehovah, to give in their own tongues to every nation, the wonderful words of God.

With love to all old friends, I remain, yours, in Christian love,
EDWIN CLAY.
P. S.—I forgot to inform you that I have attended a course of lectures on Ophthalmic Surgery, at the Ophthalmic Hospital. I enclose an account of the annual commencement at the University, and also at the Ophthalmic Hospital. I was requested to deliver the valedictory address. The scraps enclosed will give you a sketch of the proceedings. Two of Dr. Walker's students graduated this Spring, with honour to themselves and their preceptor—I allude to Doctors Simpson and Alward, both of New Brunswick. But through some mistake, Dr. Alward's name is not on the graduating list, but it will appear on the next. They are both fine young men, and will, no doubt, prove a blessing to any community.

E. CLAY.
[The letter on "Revision," to which Brother Clay refers, did not appear in the "Visitor," not because it advocated revision, but because it was so far behind time in reaching us. We had published an account of the anniversary of the Union before his letter came to hand.]—ED.

POINT DEBUTE, FEB. 25, 1855.

Dear Brother Bill,—

Will you please give the following thoughts insertion in the columns of the "Christian Visitor?" The nature of war appears to be difficult to reconcile with the pure principles of the gospel. Indeed, the grand design of the gospel is to annihilate war. War is the result of sin, and will continue to exist as long as sin reigns in the hearts of men. There are many consequences flowing from sin that are not in themselves sinful. For instance—calamities from the providence of God are the results of sin, but are not sinful, because if sin had never existed, these calamities would never have been sent. Therefore, it does not always follow that war is a sin. If war be a sin, why did God command the Israelites to fight their enemies? "Oh!" say some, "that was under the old dispensation." Will God, under any dispensation, command men to sin?—certainly not. It, therefore, follows, that war is not always sin.

We can only discover the sinfulness of war in the design of the nations engaged. Any action arising from covetous or ambitious intentions, is sinful, consequently, war arising from these principles is wrong. If it originates in self-defence, it is perfectly justifiable. Self-defence is a law implanted in the very nature of man, and without the exercise of this principle, the world, in its present state, could not stand. While men and nations have wicked designs, that wickedness must be restrained by the arm of power. God led forth Cyrus to overthrow the wicked designs of Babylon, and who will say that Cyrus was wrong in carrying on that war? We repeat, therefore, come to the conclusion, that war is self-defence, or for the protection of the innocent, is entirely right.

The proper understanding of this rule will enable us to decide what nations are right or wrong in the present war. If it proceeds from ambitious motives on the part of Russia, she will most assuredly meet her reward, when the vengeance of heaven will return, like a flood, upon her. War establishes more firmly in our minds the grand idea, that God rules over all; for what is war in many cases but an exhibition of His vengeance against tyranny and oppression? It is one of the means which he employs to humble the pride of men and nations. "When the judgments of God are abroad upon the earth, men learn righteousness," and what are these judgments but instruments to restrain the earth from greater wickedness. Thus, though war has its gloomy features, it has also its bright ones; we know that however severe God's punishments may be, they are for our good, and that this war, however great an evil it may now seem, will eventually prove a blessing to the world.

AN OBSERVER.
NEWCASTLE, Miramichi,
March 12, 1855.

Dear Brother,—I arrived home last Friday evening from my visit to Fredericton.—The travelling was very heavy from the recent snow storms. I was obliged to walk the horse some thirty miles, and walk myself upwards of twenty. Yesterday I was so indisposed from the cold and fatigue of the journey that I was unable to preach, but Bro. Granby occupied my place at 6 o'clock, p. m.—There has been a succession of tremendous snow storms here. The snow lies banked up from six to twelve feet deep—is from four to five feet in depth on a level, and we have, at present, all the dreariness of an unbroken winter. It is probable, however, that the vernal sun will soon disrobe the earth of its fleecy garment, and dissolve its icy chains.

I passed the greater part of my time while in the city in going from house to house, a department of duty which I am particularly partial to. The brethren appear to be much encouraged as the cause assumes a more promising aspect than for some time past. Indeed, I was happily disappointed, for I found them to be a more interesting people than I had anticipated. All our meetings were so solemn and comparatively well attended. I had the pleasure of hearing Bro. Seely preach on a week evening.

The Fredericton church fills a very important position, connected as it is with the interests of the Academy; for one cannot suffer without injuring the other. The institution is doing well under the management of its well tried and thoroughly qualified principal and his efficient assistant. It is very desirable that a suitable person should take the pastorate of the church; for Brother Spurden is too much burdened laboring for the church in connection with his literary duties.

I was called at Margerville to preach upon the occasion of the death of Bro. G. A. Treadwell's son of four years old, and inter his mortal remains. It was a heavy blow to the parents; but they did not sorrow as those who have no hope. Oh! how peaceful is the grave! Brother Emerson was present but was indisposed from a cold, having just returned from Nova Scotia. On my way homewards I called at Brother Robert Watson's of Blissfield, and found the family in deep affliction.

tion from having the scarlet fever. I trust it will be sanctified to them. I should not forget that I had a pleasing visit with the friends at Rushogish where I preached on a week evening.

Received in aid of the Mission from the Fredericton church \$3 6s. Do. per Chapel Newcastle, Kingsclear, 12s. 6d.; Margerville \$1 10s.; Canning, per Elder Fitch 5s., Nashwaak, per Elder Magee, 8s. 9d.

Your's faithfully,
B. SCOTT.

SPRINGFIELD, March 12th, 1855.
DEAR BROTHER BILL,—The Lord is blessing us in this place especially in the third Church of Springfield. I baptized one on the Sabbath before last, and two yesterday. Backsliders have been restored to the love of Christ and the fellowship of their brethren. Sinners have come to Jesus, the church, the baptismal waters, and the sacramental board, and are happy in the great Redeemer; and others are under deep concern of mind for the salvation of their souls. We greatly need a revival in the first church, and as our intended Quarterly Meeting commences on Saturday next, we are going to hold a number of meetings during the week to pray to God for the outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon the people. We should be happy to have some of the brethren from St. John in our Quarterly Meeting. Bro. French has been baptizing for the three last Sabbaths in the Free Christian Baptist Society of this place.

Yours, &c.,
WELLINGTON JACKSON.

For the Christian Visitor.

The Maine Law.

Dear Brother Bill,—During the present session of our Provincial Legislature, a most paralyzing blow has been somewhat successfully aimed at the old hydra-headed Demon, Alcohol. The Maine Liquor Law Bill has already passed the Lower House, by a majority of ten, and hopes almost amounting to certainty are entertained, that before the close of the Session it will pass both Houses triumphantly.

The wild opposition, facetious nonsense, and fanatical harangues of Alcoholic devotees have only rendered their infatuated propagators the more ridiculous, and disgusted the minds of intelligent citizens; while, on the other hand, the heaven-born patriotism, undaunted intrepidity, indefatigable perseverance, apposite reasoning, glowing eloquence, and cogent arguments of the friends of humanity, have subdued their enemies under their feet, and achieved a glorious and honourable victory. They have won for themselves richer laurels, and more fadeless honours than the bravest victors in the battle of Inkermann, or the siege of Sebastopol; and have paved the way for the annihilation of more abject misery, poverty, wretchedness and suffering, than has been experienced by her Majesty's gallant Troops on the banks of the Crimea; and have wrested the impious sceptre from the grasp of a more adamant-hearted despot than even the Russian Czar, and despoiled him of his unlimited power to corrupt morals, disgrace humanity, distribute wretchedness, manufacture paupers, spread famine, create disease, impair health, weaken intellects, ruin souls, and people the regions of eternal woe.

The indignant bacchanals are well nigh driven to distraction. The rum-loving orators, and crimson-faced gentry in high places are subjected to a mortifying defeat, and the very thought of being suddenly deprived of their voluptuous beverage, and far-famed catholicon, brightens up their tattered blossoms with surprising vivacity.

And then there are those poor "persecuted" and "ruined" vendors of this liquid poison: their thermometer is up to full 166 in the shade, (for there is where they are now to be found.) But such uttering of condemnation against the Maine Law; such vindictive out of threatenings and slaughter against Temperance and Temperance men, have never been heard before since the first agitation of the subject in Nova Scotia. Poor fellows they are truly in a desperate plight. Their glittering signs can no longer stand out to public view, to invite the unguarded youth within the unhallowed precincts of their pandemonium of debauchery and dissipation, and the profligate and volatile spendthrift no longer lines their coffers with shillings in exchange for the maddening draught, and unless they are speedily delivered by some miraculous interposition of satanic agency, they will either have to starve to death, or else resort to the hated alternative of gaining a livelihood by humane and honest industry.

The next and last department of society whose "rights" are so cruelly outraged by the passage of the obnoxious Law, may be recognized in a miserable, ragged, filthy, lazy, clamorous multitude of lower class rum drinkers. And really it is almost enough to draw tears from granite to hear their piteous howls, and prodigious lamentations in view of the approaching demolition of their beloved and venerated juggernaut, at whose shrine they have so often bent in the profoundest adoration. And it is not a little amusing to witness their eager assemblies, and hear their clamorous discussions, indignant denunciations of the execrable and oppressive proceedings of the Temperance fanatics, and especially their vociferous declarations of the unconstitutionality of the Maine Law, which is generally concluded by a loud and despairing appeal for public sympathy, and protection. Poor creatures! we have often pitied them from our hearts, and would even now tender to them our warmest sympathy and commiseration; but the truth is, we are so deeply affected ourselves that we can hardly cry for laughing.

Fears are entertained even by some of our most valued friends, that we will not be able effectually to enforce a Prohibitory Law; but let us get it established, and those fears will be quickly dissipated. For the sinks of licentiousness that will then be cleansed; the raving demagogues that will be restored to reason; the masses of dead that will be raised to life; the victims of wretchedness that will be released; and the legion of "evil spirits" that will be cast out, will find no parallel this side the age of miracles.

But we are already trespassing, and must draw to a close, hoping that the time is not far distant when the friends of Temperance not only in Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick, also shall join in one song of universal triumph over this demon foe of the human race. Yours, faithfully,
Halifax Co., 1855. J. C. HUNT.