

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
GEO. W. DAY, Printer. SAINT JOHN NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1855. VOL. 8.—NO. 52

Poetry.

A CRY O'er THE WATERS.

A cry o'er the waters,
A pealing wail!
From earth's darkest quarters
'Tis borne on each gale.
O! list to its pleading—
'Tis help, help, ere we die!
Our brief sands are speeding,
To save us, O die!

Dark Africa, groaning
With guilt and despair,
Sends forth with a moaning
The heart-piercing prayer;
From the thousand isles lying
Like gems on the wave,
Hear it mournfully sighing,
"O hasten to save!"

And hark! how 'tis swelling
In woman's soft tones,
From the hapless ones dwelling
In Asia's sad homes—
O! wives, mothers, daughters,
In Christian homes, hear
This cry o'er the waters,
That comes to your ear.

And Europe is sounding
The same earnest strain;
From forest-clad mountain,
And vine-covered plain,
From lands where the terror
Of Rome long has swayed,
Now waking from error,
They call for our aid.

Disciple of Jesus!
Turn not from this cry:
What have you so precious
That you would deny?
O! send o'er the waters
Your silver and gold;
Your sons too, and daughters,
You may not withhold.

And young men, why loiter?
The labourers are few;
This cry o'er the waters
Sounds loudest to you.
O! haste, the glad tidings
Of Jesus to bear,
The lost and the dying
To save from despair. M. G. B.

where he and my old friend, sister Milner are always ready to extend a welcome hand to Ministers, and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. I record this extraordinary case, because it may be a useful lesson to the living. *Remember Lot's wife.* The church in this place was not large, but was united, firm in the truth, strong in the grace of hope; and I believe a praying people. A good foundation seemed to be laid for future prosperity; and God has not disappointed this expectation. A few months ago, I had the pleasure of visiting this place, while on my Bible Agency, and experienced much kindness from the friends, and formed an interesting and very pleasant acquaintance with their pastor, brother Spencer. I next pursued my way to upper Granville and Niotaux. Our dear and never to be forgotten Father Ansley, was laboring at the former place; and was then in the vigor of his life; ardently laboring for the salvation of men. He was a most devoted man, never loitering in the market place; but always diligent in his Master's vineyard. Bro. A. was a most earnest, faithful and tender-hearted minister of Christ. *And many were added unto the Lord.* Bro. Ansley had much to contend with in his day. If much good was done; there were also many adversaries. But nothing daunted, or discouraged him. He was a warrior; and he never turned his back to an enemy. The Baptists in those days, were a sect, every where spoken against. Bro. A. earnestly contended both for the faith and the ordinances, once delivered to the saints. He was a man of considerable shrewdness, and often with good tact, would he turn the weapon of an enemy against the assailant. In a certain village in the State of Maine, where our brother was travelling, he was attacked by an Armenian preacher, who undertook to burlesque him, by promising to come and hear him, if he would preach from a text he would give him. Mr. Ansley consented, and the text was given him just as he was going into the meeting. "The text was, Joshua 9: 5, and the words, *'Old shoes and a sword.'*" And behold our good brother proceeded to preach from this odd text. He proceeded to represent the standing order, with their leaders; as the Gibeonites, who wished to be incorporated with the true Israel of God; and who to accomplish their object, acted like them, deceitfully; coming with a lie in their right hand; and transforming themselves into ministers of righteousness. The shoes were a profession of christianity; which might have once been of the true materials, the preparation of the gospel of peace; but had become too patched up and covered over with the traditions of men, Armenianism, Unitarianism, self-righteousness, formality, and baby sprinkling, that little or nothing of their genuine quality, could now be found, &c. Whether much good was done, the Chronicler saith not; but it was *effectually put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.* I have twice passed the spot in St. Andrews, where lies this good man; and one true to his Master's cause. While standing over his grave, like Joash over Elisha; I could not but *weep and say,* "O my father, my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." 2 Kings 18: 14.

As I was a good deal acquainted with our departed brother, I might mention many other circumstances and anecdotes; but these papers are tending up in number, far beyond anything I intended, when I began. One melancholy event transpired to brother Ansley, in the house where I resided in Horton, N. S. He called to make us a friendly visit one cold day; and in a great hurry going out of the back kitchen into the hall, he opened the wrong door, and in his haste went headlong into a deep cellar; his head struck against a barrel at the bottom of the stairs, and he was stunned him; so that we feared that he would never recover from the fall. He also once made me a visit in the States; and preached to good acceptance; and his words were blessed to the people.

At Niotaux, I just called upon Father Thomas Hanley Chipman; a spiritual, and long tried servant of the Lord. He was formerly a pedo-baptist; afterwards, he was for a while, an open communionist; then came fully over to the Baptist side. He was of quite a different turn from Mr. Ansley; just referred to. One was of more varied talent and versatile temper; and better adapted to itinerate, than the other. But, Father Chipman was a good shepherd of the flock, when he gathered. He succeeded admirably in this office; and the flock was fed, trained, kept in order, and greatly enlarged, under his care and keeping. It was a good time when I visited Niotaux. I spent about a week there; and became acquainted with Deacons Shaffner, Taylor, and Bishop; and Wm. Randall, Esq., and many other good substantial christian men and women. I had my mind much quickened in the meetings; for many were held in different neighbourhoods while I stayed. Father Chipman baptized several new converts while I was there; and it was truly a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was not what was considered a general revival; but it was the first place where I had seen a church engaged in religion, in the American sense of the word. On the Sabbath I preached for Father Chipman, and it was one of what would now be called long sermons; but, as the people did not leave; Father C. said, Brother N. the people are not satisfied, and you must give them some more bread. So I got upon the Deacon's seat and talked about a half an hour more. But here I must close until another week D. NUTTE.

A Week in Rhineland.

BY G. O. G.

Strasbourg is a large and important city of France, situated on the river Ill, about four miles above its confluence with the Rhine. As it was formerly a part of the German empire, it still bears a great resemblance to a German town; in the appearance of its streets and houses; and more than half of the population speak the German language. The only building which it possesses at all worthy of interest, is the cathedral—which in itself may be called legion. It is the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe, and its spire is at once the highest and most beautiful in the world, attaining an elevation of 468 feet above the street—24 feet higher than the Great Pyramid, and 100 feet higher than St. Paul's of London.

On the morning after my arrival in this city, refreshed and invigorated with a good sleep, and a hearty breakfast, I sauntered forth with my companions, and a guide, to see the town. We first bent our steps, of course, to the cathedral. Passing along the banks of the river, and threading a lot of narrow streets, we suddenly came upon a small square, and there before us rose Strasbourg Cathedral, with its wondrous spire. Looking at it in the midst of so small a space, I was at first rather disappointed, but after contemplating it for a few minutes, I was enabled to comprehend the grandeur and beauty of the magnificent structure before me.

If the exterior was magnificent, we found the interior of the cathedral much more so. Standing in front of the High Altar, and looking down the long nave, with its lofty columns and arches, the effect was grand and inspiring. High above our heads, and all around us, were the graceful pillars and the exquisitely carved masonry, peculiar to Gothic architecture; while the rays of the sun shone with a subdued light through magnificent stained glass windows—and at the further end we saw the gorgeous marigold window, forty-three feet in diameter. The attendant, who acted as our guide, took us over the church, and showed us the ancient part of the building, erected in the time of Charlemagne; and lifting up a trap-door, showed us what seemed to be a subterranean river, which he told us went around the town, and communicated with the river Ill. By means of this, in case of a siege, the country around the city could be laid entirely under water.

After seeing everything of interest in the body of the church, we concluded to mount to the top of the steeple. Before this could be done, however, it was necessary that we should go to the office of the Mayor of the city, and obtain his permission to do so. This we got without difficulty, and then started for the ascent. About two thirds of the way up, we came to a platform, where watchmen are constantly kept on the lookout for fires. Here we enrolled our names in a book kept for the purpose, and two of us went in with one of the watchmen, who unlocked an iron door leading to the staircase which communicated with the top. On we went, around, around, up a narrow staircase, not more than twelve inches wide, which wound between the stone work of the steeple. This stonework is so completely open, and the columns which support it are cut so thin, and are so wide apart, that they resemble a number of bars of iron or of wood, rather than of stone, and one might almost fancy himself in a cage, suspended in the air over the city. The ascent, owing to this circumstance, is deemed so dangerous, that permission is only granted by the mayor, on fine days. After a while, just as we were becoming rather dizzy with the constant winding of the staircase, we emerged into open air, within a few feet of the top, and climbing upon the top of a buttress, and holding on to a small iron bar laid across to prevent further ascension, I stood and looked at the surrounding country. Behind, I saw the Vosges mountains and France; in the distance, the mountains of the Black Forest, in Germany, with the winding Rhine in front; and beneath me, the rusty tiled roofs of Strasbourg. The view, though rather a good one, is not enough to reward the climber, but rather the immense elevation, more than 400 feet perpendicular from the street, and the near view it gives of the exquisite workmanship of the steeple.

As it wanted but a few minutes of twelve when we descended, we went immediately to the great clock in the church. This has often been described. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism of the kind at present existing. At twelve o'clock, the full mechanism was set in motion. Two little angels stand on each side of a large dial—one of them holds a bell, the other an hour glass. These figures commence—the former strikes four times on

the bell, and the other reverses the hour glass. Then another figure strikes twelve times on a large bell, and before a figure of Time four figures, representing boyhood, youth, manhood and old age, pass in procession. There is a statue of our Saviour above this, and before him, one after another, the twelve apostles pass, eleven of them making obeisance; but the last, Judas! impolitely turns his back. Many other things take place, and the whole thing finishes by an artificial cock, clapping his wings and crowing three times. This last is, perhaps, the most remarkable of them all, and it must have been very difficult for the maker to have got the bird to crow so correctly; and sounds like a genuine Cochinchina. This clock was built by a living artist, and is a complete astronomical almanac, from which one can read the evolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the various phenomena which they exhibit. It also shows the fasts and holidays, etc., of the Catholic church, and does other extraordinary things, which I have not space to tell.

There was very little else in Strasbourg worthy of a visit, and so after seeing the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of Printing, who was born here; and after visiting the celebrated monument to Marshal Saxe, and the bodies of a man and woman, who died 150 years ago, which are in an air-tight glass coffin, we went to the omnibus station and engaged places for Rehl, in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

[To be Continued.]

than Edwards and others of kindred minds the sentiments of the religious world on these subjects have undergone a change. And hence we have now in the declarations of faith both in England and America a middle path which shuns alike the hyper-Calvinistic rocks on the one hand and the low Armenian shoals on the other, blending in beautiful and harmonious proportions the doctrine of divine predestination, and God's absolute sovereignty with the full and free proclamation of the gospel to every creature, with man's moral obligations to repent of his sins, accept the gospel and devote his life unreservedly to the service of his God: thus showing it is only in rendering implicit obedience to such obligation that he can rationally and scripturally hope for an interest in the exercise of God's sovereign love as exemplified in the vicarious sacrifices of the cross, and in the benefits of a full and free justification by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ.

DEAR BROTHER BILL.—I hope you will oblige me by giving the following declaration of faith, a place in your columns. It is the confession of the Baptist Churches of the Norfolk and Suffolk Association, as given by Dr. Rippon, in his Baptist Register, for 1801 and 1802.

Canning, Dec. 9, 1855. DAVID PALMER.

"We are kept by the power of our covenant God steadfast in the great and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel—the God-honouring, soul-enriching, and heart-warming doctrines of a Trinity in the God-head—the sovereign, eternal and immutable love of the Triune Jehovah, centering in Jesus and resting, with all its unfading glories and unnumbered blessings, upon the sons of God—the eternal election of some of the human race to everlasting life and glory in Christ Jesus, proceeding from and directed by the absolute, uncontrollable sovereignty of Jehovah's will—the eternal and indissoluble union of all the chosen in Christ, who was set up from everlasting as their federal head and glorious representative; in whom their persons were accepted in love. Their predestination to the adoption of children; as God the Father's act, proceeding from the boundless love of his heart in his Son, and designed for the praise of the glory of his stupendous grace. The eternal, gracious, and infinitely wise covenant transactions of the Holy Three, relating to the salvation of offending mortals—the transfer of all the sins of the elect from them to Christ, and the full condemnation and punishment of them in him—the complete atonement made for them by the one glorious and all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ's spotless humanity, presented to infinite justice upon the altar of his Divinity, in all the fulness of his transcendent love. The personal and all-perfect obedience of our great Immanuel to the holy law, performed in the room and stead of his people, accepted for them, and imputed to them by the God of all grace; and their full, free and everlasting justification by it in his sight. The glorious redemption, perfect cleansing, and full pardon, of all the vessels of mercy, through the precious blood of the cross—their regeneration, effectual calling, and conversion, by the glorious, almighty, and irresistible operations of God the Holy Ghost.—The life of faith they live upon the fulness of Jesus, and the good works they perform in love to the Trinity in Covenant, for the honour of discriminating grace, and the glory of the triune Jehovah. In fine, their preservation by the power of the Almighty, through faith, to that glory to which they were destined, by electing love before the foundation of the world. These sublime truths we consider as the glory of the Bible, the soul of christianity, the ground of a sinner's hope, and the source of the believer's joy; and can say in truth, that we esteem them beyond the riches of the Indies. Nor are we yet possessed of a sufficient degree of modern candour to treat them with cold indifference, or to view them as non-essentials, but think ourselves bound to maintain them to the utmost of our ability, and to reject all assertions inconsistent with them."

Pastoral.

The following interchange of affectionate regard and mutual confidence, passed not long since, between the Church at Woodstock and their esteemed Pastor, the Rev. Thomas Todd, and has been forwarded to us for publication in the *Visitor*. It will be seen by a note in our last issue, that our valued Brother, by the urgent request of the Church, has reconsidered his resignation, and has decided to remain. We sincerely hope and pray, that this decision may be conducive to the happiness and prosperity of minister and people.

The following Address was presented to the Rev. THOMAS TODD, on taking his leave of the Baptist Church in Woodstock, as pastor.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—We, as a Christian Church, feel it our sincere and heart-felt duty, to present to you our grateful thanks for your assiduous exertions for our welfare and the promotion of Christ's Kingdom.—When we take a retrospect view of the past seven years,—the period of your stay with us,—contrasting the Church as it now is, with what it was when you came amongst us, we are led to say, "And what hath God wrought?" When you were sent by the Missionary Board to Woodstock, you found the Baptist cause hardly existing. Very few members were found to meet for religious devotions, but through your timely exertions the standard of Christ was raised, and the Gospel—the great means of grace,

—was published to the people; from this time we can trace the great work and labor of love in which you were engaged.

The Sabbath School which you established at that time has been marked by divine favour and nurtured by the Holy Spirit. You were Superintendent of it for years, and through your perseverance, efficient libraries were obtained. The School was large and the feelings of attachment reciprocated, and we rejoice that your labors in this department, were abundantly successful, for some of those youths in their last moments, and when struggling with the King of terrors, rejoiced that their feet were directed to the Sabbath School. It was there they heard the story of Calvary, which affected their hearts, and were taught that they must be born again, before they could see the Kingdom of God. You have presided over an efficient Bible Class, and many other institutions have received your influence,—and, dear brother, with your joys, you have had your trials. The tongue of the malicious slanderer has been engaged against you, seeking to destroy your usefulness as a Minister and as a Citizen, alleging things against you which is entirely untrue, and which we as a Christian Church do not believe, or countenance in any way whatever—therefore delivering you from such slanders altogether. But these are not all the afflictions through which you have had to pass, though in their nature they must have been painful. We can follow you to your own peaceful abode, and there with your beloved and much esteemed partner, witness you in deep sorrow of soul, as you weep o'er your loved ones departed; but in the hour of sorrow when gloomy scenes were passing, you did not weep alone, the Church could sympathize with you, and help to bear the stroke. We rejoice to see with what Christian firmness you gave up your sweet children to Him who gave them, and now while the clouds of the rising hill contain their little forms, their spirits are dwelling in the arms of the Saviour—

"These loving youths, how sweet they were,
Called by early doom;
Just come to show how sweet a flower,
In Paradise might bloom."

As a Christian Pastor, we need hardly mention how faithfully you carried out the duties of your office. The community at large have witnessed your unceasing energies for the welfare of Zion.—We, the members of your flock were in your heart to live and die; in our greatest earthly sorrows you have been our bosom friend; we have seen you at the bedside of a dying brother or sister, when the last lingering moments of life were about closing—when the visage of death was o'er mantling the scene, and the enraptured soul was about taking its flight; there have you been to encourage it through the valley and shadow of death.

We can remember you too with the dying sinner, when launching into eternity without a hope in the Redeemer,—without one cheering ray of grace to alleviate his troubled soul; then have you pointed him to the uplifted Cross as the only means of escape,—as the only means of pardon.

When we remember your instructive and impressive sermons, your earnest and appropriate prayers on our behalf, we can say in the depths of heartfelt sorrow: when shall we as a Church, find a Pastor to fill your place?

Again, when the greater number of us think of your anxieties in the season of our distress, under a sense of our exposure to ruin, and your joy when we uttered the first notes of redemption, and your having led us forward into the Baptismal waters; and introduced us into the Church, and there administered to us the Sacrament of the Lord's supper, in remembrance of our Saviour's death and triumph; with these reminiscences, how painful to think that the last tie is broken, that the last sermon is preached as our Pastor.

It is our prayer to God, that you may return to us again, but if you are directed otherwise by divine wisdom, our earnest wish is that your labour may be attended with that abundant success which followed your ministry amongst us; and may not the tongue of the slanderer be found in the Church where you may reside, to mar the beauties of the Gospel, or disturb the harmony of God's people.

And, dear brother, when your mission on earth is completed, when your last sermon is preached and you go hence, may you be attended by angels to the realms of bliss, where you shall receive that Crown which is best with radiant stars to shine in endless Eternity.

Passed unanimously at a regular Church Meeting held in the Baptist Chapel, Woodstock, 2nd of October, 1855.

Signed in behalf of the Church,
A. KINNEY, Clerk.

REPLY.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings on this occasion. The reminiscences of the past truly produce tears of sorrow and of joy. Sorrow because I have not more fully performed my duty as a Pastor, and that my life has not been more exemplary. Joy because I believe my labors in this locality have not been altogether a blank, and that many souls, I trust, will shine as royal diadems in the hand of their God, who have been brought to the Saviour during my stay with you. Dear brethren, I have had joys and afflictions, nevertheless I have not been left comfortless. You rejoiced with me when I rejoiced, and wept with me when I wept.—Rest assured that I shall always think of you with the tenderest feelings of love and regard,