

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. L. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men.”

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## Poetry.

### The Christian's Reward.

There is a crown—a diadem,  
That never fades away;  
It glitters with transcendent light  
Through an eternal day.  
Its crystal gems will not be dimmed  
By one errand care,  
Nor shall its lustre ever wear  
The impress of a tear.  
Lo! weeping Christians, these are thine,  
Christ's purchase on the tree;  
His death procured their priceless joys,  
A legacy to thee.  
Canst thou be poor? Shouldst thou repine  
With such a mighty friend?  
Who gives thee all things meet for thee,  
And glory in the end.  
Yea, all thy wants his fulness meets,  
And e'er a boundless store!  
For every pain he has a balm,  
As sovereign as his power.  
Then, rather find some cheerful song,  
A grateful heart should raise;  
Till Heaven shall tread thy bosom's tongue,  
Its own immortal lays!

### The First-Born.

The first-born is a Fairy child,  
A wondrous emanation!  
A fancied creature, fond and will-  
A moving exhalation!  
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,  
Its footsteps laughs with lightness:  
And cradled, all its features fair  
Are touched with mystic brightness.  
First pledge of their better love—  
O, happy they that claim it!  
First gift of love from Heav'n above—  
O, happy they that name it!  
It treads the hoar-ward with its voice,  
And with quick laughter rings,  
And, with the inmate room rejoices,  
A hidden rapture bringing.  
Its beauty all the beautiful things  
By kindred light resembles!  
But, evermore with fluttering wings,  
On fairy confines trembles.  
So much of those that gave it birth,  
Of Father and of Mother!  
So much of this world built on earth,  
And so much of another!

### Baptists in the City of New York.

There was no encouragement in New York during the administration of Lord Cornbury for the establishment of a regular ministry in this colony, as all ministers were prohibited from preaching without a license, and none could be expected from him. A few Baptists attempted to organize a church in the city in 1709, under the labors of the Rev. Valentine Wightman, of Connecticut, who being refused a license, and still persisting in holding public worship, was arrested by order of Lord Cornbury, and imprisoned for three months, after which, until the advent of a more liberal executive, Baptist preaching was suspended in this colony. The continued meeting of the (Philadelphia) Association, however, gave heart and encouragement to the brethren of New York, and in 1815 the first public place of worship was given, the record of which is as follows: (a curious document, as are several others connected with the first places of worship of the Baptists, which we cannot now copy.—Eds. R. and R.)

It is said that the persons forming this congregation, consisting of seven males and five females, were the first who were known to have been baptized in this city, and that, “having apprehensions from the mob, they, with the administrator, assembled at the water in the night, when the five females were baptized; but during the administration of the ordinance to them, these words of Christ, ‘No man doeth any thing in secret, when he himself seeketh to be known openly,’ were so impressed upon the mind of Mr. Eyres as to convince him that it was not his duty to be baptized in that secret manner; he manifested his impression to the six brethren standing with him, and they all agreed to put off their design till morning. In the morning Mr. Eyres waited on the Governor, related the case to him, and solicited protection. The Governor promised that the request should be granted, and was as good as his word; for at the time appointed, he, accompanied by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the city, attended at the water, and the ordinance was performed in peace. The Governor, as he stood by, was heard to say, ‘This was the ancient manner of baptizing, and is in my opinion much preferable to the practice of modern times.’”

This little congregation of Baptists for several years held their meetings in the meeting-house of Mr. Eyres, under the ministry of that gentleman, who, though pursuing secular business at the same time, yet had been called by them as their preacher.—In the course of five years the society considerably increased, and in 1720 they hired a house to be used exclusively as a place of worship, and in 1722 Mr. Eyres applied to the authorities for license to himself to preach therein. The documents exhibit a brief history of the proceedings of this church, and also furnish some information of the official requirements in cases of this kind at that period.

In the city of New York the place of worship before mentioned continued to be occupied for that purpose until 1723, when “upon the petition of Nicholas Eyres, Richard Stillwell, and Cornelius Stephens, in behalf of themselves and other Protestant dissenters called Baptists, it was ordered that a house erected upon a lot of ground in the East Ward of the city of New York, upon a hill commonly called the Golden Hill, fronting on Orange street, be and hereby is recorded a meeting-house for the congregation of dissenting Christians called Baptists, to perform religious worship.” The locality here designated was in the present Cliff street, west side, near John street. Mr. Eyres remained the pastor until the year 1731, when he resigned and removed to Newport, R. I., where

he died. This society of Baptists (said to have been Armenian in its tenets,) dissolved soon after, and the church edifice was sold.

About the year 1745, as related by the Rev. Morgan Edwards, Mr. Jeremiah Dodge, a member of the Baptist church at Fishkill, settled in this city, and opened a prayer-meeting at his own house. At this meeting some of those who had been members of the former church attended, and occasionally took part in the exercises. Some time in the same year an invitation was given to Mr. John Paine to preach at this place, who officiated chiefly at the dwelling house of a Mr. Meeks, until his death in 1750. In 1753 the pastor of the church at Scotch Plains visited this congregation, and through his labours the congregation increased to such an extent as to render a place of worship necessary, which was established “in a rigging-loft in Cart and Horse (now William) street.” Some three or four years subsequently, property was purchased in the vicinity of the former church on Golden Hill, in a street afterwards called Gold-street. A small meeting house was erected, which was opened on the 14th of March, 1760.—The Rev. John Gano was called to this congregation, and under his ministry, the numbers of his people increased so greatly as to render necessary the erection of a larger edifice, which was completed in 1763. This building was occupied till the beginning of the present century, when the edifice was erected on the same spot, which continued to be used down to a recent period, when it was taken down and replaced by the costly and elegant church in Broome street.

At this period may be said to have begun that wonderful march of the Baptists as a society which has distinguished it. That its success was foreshadowed to the contemporary denominations in this city is obvious by the measure at once taken by the Episcopal party to counteract its progress. For the first time in this Colony was the Baptist society thought worthy of attention as a rival church, and it is a mark of the more liberal spirit which had then obtained, that the field of opposition was maintained by discussion and argument rather than by the arm of official power, which in former years had been raised against the propagation of the doctrines of the Baptists.—Recorder & Register.

## Communications.

### European Correspondence.

Rome, Jan. 25 1855.

A very striking feature of Rome is the great number of Egyptian obelisks with which it is adorned. These were brought from Egypt a long while ago by the Caesars, and served to decorate ancient Rome. After the destruction and downfall of the Empire, these obelisks had fallen from their places and were lying about, many of them broken into fragments. One of the Popes (Sixtus V., I believe,) undertook to raise them all again, and succeeded very well in the attempt. The largest is on the Lateran Hill close by the Basilica of St. John Lateran, and though part of it has been cut off, is still the highest in Europe. There is one in the Piazza del Popolo, the oldest in Rome, which dates back to the time of Moses, and was probably cut from its native rock by the Israelites. The one in front of St. Peter's is, unlike nearly all the rest, uninjured, and was probably chosen on this account to occupy its present site; as it is destitute of hieroglyphics nothing is known of its history.

Rome possesses one of the finest promenades in Europe, that on the Pincian Hill.—This was made by order of Napoleon, and is embellished with beautiful statues, has reliefs, columns, obelisks, etc., and from the top of the hill a splendid view of the city is obtained. At sunset it is the favorite resort of the Romans, and here every day at about six o'clock your correspondent may be seen reading, conversing, or gazing listlessly upon the various groups who pass by.

Yesterday morning in company with some friends I ascended to the top of St. Peter's. From the floor to the roof we found the ascent quite easy, so easy indeed that Mules with their loads can go up. I never was so surprised in my life as when standing on the roof, I looked around me. The huge dome which rises hundreds of feet above you, the two smaller domes each 136 feet in height, the houses of the workmen, and the domes of the many side-chapels, with the towers and pinnacles of other churches seen in the distance, causes the roof to resemble one of those aerial cities described in Arabian fiction. From the roof to the ball the ascent is very intricate, winding between the outside of the dome and the concave side seen in the church, and opening on the interior galleries. It is from these galleries that the best idea of the size of St. Peter's is to be obtained. The people below seem like flies, and the immense diameter of the dome is fully realized as you gaze across from one side to the other. The staircase leads to the ball, into which we got by means of an iron ladder. The ball is seven and-a-half feet in diameter, and will hold sixteen men. From the base of the ball is one of the finest views in Europe. It was quite misty when we were there, and Rome appeared with its towers and domes rising above the mist as from a sea. We could see the Mediterranean on one side, and on the other the vast plain called the Campagna. Our guide pointed out to us the most interesting objects and though we should have chosen a finer day for our ascent, we were much delighted with what we did see.

(Continued.)

### United States Correspondence.

Boston, March 1, 1855.

MR. EDITOR.—To one who is shut up in New Brunswick during the reign of winter, it is no slight task to break the surrounding icy barriers, and emerge into the world beyond. Such at least was my experience. And if any one feels tempted to leave Saint John for the United States in the winter time, I would earnestly entreat him to pause, and for a while solemnly reflect, whether the motives which prompt him to go are really strong enough to bear him up through the inevitable hardships of the road. If he does not possess this power then let him remain at home, and by no means tempt his resting, on the Mattawamkeag road.

If he would wish to gain an idea of the thorough separation from the world which our beloved province enjoys during the winter months, and if he would really wish to witness the manners of our forefathers in living instances of the present day, let him travel from St. John to Boston in the month of February. But before going he should clothe himself in innumerable underclothes, greatcoats, and shawls; in fur coats and mufflers; in gloves, mittens, moccasins, and leggins; for without all these, it will go hard with the adventurous traveller.

I left just one week ago, on Thursday morning, the 22nd of February, and of course followed most closely the rule respecting clothing which I have given. The first stage was from Saint John to Fredericton, 65 miles, I think, by the Nerepis road. In the summer time, the scenery along this route is lovely in the extreme. Woods grow upon the lofty hills which rise on one side; and in the other our noble river rolls its blue waters along, between blooming banks, and beneath rocky heights, and among pleasant islands. I could imagine the beauties which were concealed beneath the snowy covering which lay upon all around, but could only imagine, for little of all this beauty was visible when I passed by. Fredericton is the first stopping place. Here, if you possess a desire to hear our great models of provincial eloquence, you may rest a while, and spend some delightful hours in that place which the members with fond familiarity call ‘the House;’ or if you are pressed for time, and are not blessed with a taste for oratory, you may stop but as short a time as possible, and hurry off to Woodstock on the next morning. The latter course was the one which I pursued.—The distance from Fredericton to Woodstock is 63 miles, and is one day's journey. The stages are comfortable, and the horses good enough. The road is one of the best in the provinces having lately been repaired and highly improved at a great expense. Embankments were made, alterations and improvements of various kinds were carried through, and nearly all the old bridges were supplanted by new ones of firm construction, and neat design. The result of all this is a piece of road which with its bridges is certainly a credit to the province. It is a pleasure to drive along and see the cultivated grounds, the wide spread fields, the noble groves, the neat fences, and substantial houses which meet the eye on every side.—Even in winter this road is uncommonly pleasant; what then must be its charms in summer? Woodstock is a small and very flourishing town. The houses are neat and generally painted, a quality which cannot always be affirmed of our houses. Owing to its situation, its great facilities for carrying on the lumber trade, its iron mines and railroad prospects, it has lately become a place of considerable importance. They are talking of trying to get it incorporated as a city.

I spent Friday in going to Woodstock. On Saturday morning I left for Houlton an American town 14 miles distant. As soon as I arrived there I immediately set off for a remarkable place which rejoices in the name of Mattawamkeag Fork, where I arrived in safety by evening. I do not know how the weather was in Saint John, but here it was bitterly cold.—The temperature was 20 degrees or more below zero, and a blighting wind blew fiercely and incessantly. Rolling myself up in the voluminous folds of a cloak, I resigned myself to meditation, and did not venture to look upon the scenes around. The driver occupied himself all day in rubbing his nose, and striking his hands together. He sentimentally remarked that it was a ‘pretty cold snap.’ The full character of such a situation will be understood when I say that I was the only passenger, and that it was an open sleigh, yet it was not so forlorn after all. Inns lay at distances of 12 miles along the road, where we would rest awhile to change horses; and at distances of 6 miles we would stop to warm ourselves. So there was a little variety in the proceedings.

I mentioned Mattawamkeag Fork. This is a place which I can never forget. Here I was compelled to remain during Sunday. As there was no chapel of any kind in the whole region round about, I had to pass the day at the hotel. In the evening two quaker gentlemen with their wives held a religious meeting at an old schoolhouse in the neighbourhood, which was really one of the most interesting which I had attended for some time.

When you leave Mattawamkeag Fork all trouble is over. There is another day's journey by stage to Bangor, but this is soon past over. For the thought of the speedy appearance of railroads animates the mind and cheers the heart. At Bangor, coaches can be taken to Pittsfield, from which place the cars run all the way through to Boston.

By that road I came, arriving here on Tuesday evening, having been six days on the tedious road. And here, thankful to that

kind Providence which has permitted me to arrive here in safety, I will sign myself,  
Your's truly,  
V.

Written for the Christian Visitor.  
Karen Missions.  
BY X.—

Continued.

While Dr. Judson was thus laboring in the jungles, preaching the Word with eagerness, and gathering the converts into little villages, a similar work was being performed in the province of Tavoy. The gospel had made progress, converts had become numerous, and it was thought best to remove them from the evil influences to which they were exposed. The converts from Tsiak-ko, Kanther, and seven other villages, were assembled by Mr. Nason. He pointed out to them, the disadvantages which resulted from their scattered villages and wandering mode of life.—A proposition was made, that they should leave their present homes, and form a community by themselves, where they might receive more attention from the teachers, and where the school and the zayat might be erected and properly attended to. This proposition was readily acceded to, and a site was chosen for the new village. On the banks of the Tensasserim was a spot which had been formerly inhabited, and which now bore the name of the ancient city. It was on an eminence which commanded a view of the blue mountains of Tavoy and the beautiful banks of the Tensasserim; all around extended a broad and fertile plain, well adapted to the wants of the new village. It was set apart with religious services and named Matah, i.e. city of love. A mission-house and school-room were at once erected, and soon Matah became the seat of a flourishing Christian community, with a population of nearly five hundred souls. It was not intended that all the Karen converts should live in villages like these, nor were they designed to be permanent institutions.

The church is a city set upon a hill; it must be seen; Christians whether at home or abroad must let their light shine. The world must view them and mark in their lives the evidences of the change which they profess. These little villages were not designed to withdraw converts altogether from their heathen fellow-countrymen. They were but temporary schools for the initiation of the children of the jungle into the mysteries of Christian civilization.

### A WRITTEN LANGUAGE FRAMED FOR THE KARENS.

The Karens thus far, had been not only without the Scriptures, but also without any written language. Under such circumstances, progress in Christian knowledge could not be expected. It was necessary that this deficiency should be supplied. Early in 1832, Mr. Wade, being in Maulmain, commenced the formation of a written language for the Karens. He ascertained the elements of their language, and soon found an alphabet, a spelling book, and several other important works. On writing out some of the traditions of this people, he was surprised to find a poem which narrated with wonderful accuracy, the creation of the world, and of our first parents—their happy primitive state, their temptation, and their mournful fall.

All health for a time interrupted the important labors of Mr. Wade, and compelled him to revisit his native land. He returned towards the close of 1834 and proceeded to Tavoy, to prosecute his labors, and to assist Mr. Mason.

### PROGRESS OF THE MAULMAIN MISSION.

Mr. Venton now did not leave the Karens in the vicinity of his field neglected. He sometimes visited them in their jungles, and when other pressing duties hindered this, the Karen converts, admirably performed this work. A school was instituted in Maulmain for the Karens, which rendered important aid to the mission.

### PROGRESS OF THE KAREN MISSION IN THE PROVINCE OF TAVOY.

Let us glance at the progress of the gospel among this interesting people in the more southern field. Messrs. Wade and Mason were labouring together in Tavoy. In this station they remained for several years. The good work begun in the days of Boardman, was still carried on. Portions of the Scripture were translated. Schools were also established. The instrumentality used in behalf of the Burmese were now applied to the Karens, and with encouraging success. The word of God was received, and studied with avidity by the scholars. Native preachers and teachers were trained for more extended usefulness—while many heathen pupils through this instrumentality were led to the Saviour. Nor was the more important work of preaching neglected. Messrs. Wade and Mason amidst their thronging duties, found time to penetrate the jungles from time to time, and to the east and south of Tavoy the glad tidings were proclaimed to the Karens.

The results of these labors were most encouraging, and by the close of the year 1840, the Karen converts in connection with the Tavoy mission, numbered about five hundred.

(To be continued.)

EPITAPH.—Addison, in one of his beautiful papers in the ‘Spectator,’ says that he had been very forcibly struck by this epitaph, written as if by a man for himself, after death, and unfolded to him the realities of another world.—

“What I spent, I wasted;  
What I left, I lost;  
What I gave, I have.”

### The Character of Alfred the Great.

“Hear him but reason on divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate;  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say—‘It hath been all in all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle rendered you in music.’”  
SHAKESPEARE.

We have seen the shadow of this great king pass, through the clouds of sorrow and suffering, into the glory and immortality which still shed their lustre around his memory, after the darkness of nearly a thousand winters has gathered and passed over his grave. Even the gloomy gates of death could not extinguish, in the volumed blackness they enclose, the trailing splendour which accompanied his setting, without leaving behind a summer twilight, over a land where before there was nothing but darkness to mark the departing day. Upon a sky dim, and un sprinkled with the golden letters of light, Alfred first arose the morning star of English history. From his first appearance a brightness marked his course; even in the morning of life, he ‘flamed upon the forehead of the sky.’ Instead of the dull, cold, leaden gray, which announced the appearance of other kings, his crowned head broke the stormy rock, in a true splendor that befitting such majesty, and though dimmed for awhile, every observant eye could see that it was the sun which held behind the clouds.

In childhood, long before his step-mother, Judith, had taught him to read, his chief delight was in committing to memory the poems which the Saxon bards chaunted in his father's court; and who can doubt but that many a wandering minstrel descended from the ancient Cynry, struck his harp within the Saxon halls, and made the boyish heart of Alfred thrill again, as he heard the praises of those early British heroes sung, whose bare breasts and sharp swords were the bold bulwarks that so long withstood the mailed legions which the haughty emperor of Rome had sent, swarming over our own island shores. In this rude school was Alfred first taught that the names of the good, the great, and the brave can never die; that valour and virtue were immortal; and he resolved to emulate the deeds of those whose memories time can never obliterate; by whose names we number the footsteps, when marble and monumental brass have crumbled into dust. It was at the Castle of the Monks, which then but trickled from a rude, grey Saxon font, where Alfred first drank in the draught that gave him immortality. Eager for knowledge, he looked around in vain for any one to instruct him; he had not a clergyman about him who could translate the prayers he read in Latin, into Saxon; until poor old Asser came from Wales, he could not find in his whole court a scholar equal to himself. His nobles could hunt and fight; his brothers could do no more; they lived and died, and their names would never have been remembered had they not chanced to have been kings. The mind of Alfred was fashioned in another mould; accident had made him a king, and he resolved to become a man, to think and act worthy of a being who bore on his brow God's image—to be something more than the mere heir to a hollow crown and the lands of Wessex; so he threw aside his sword, which he knew a thousand arms could wield as well as his own, and took up his pen. ‘He was the first Saxon king who attempted to conquer his enemies without killing them—who offered them bread instead of the sword. He was much wiser than many legislators in our own enlightened times. He gave Godwin and his Danes land and seed, bade them work, and live honestly and peacefully; they had felt the weight of his arm before-time, and for a long period after, they disturbed not his study again.—What benefit was it to Alfred to write with human bones a land which he knew it would be better to cultivate?—There was room enough for them all, so he sat down again to enrich his mind. We can readily imagine that he never took up his sword without a feeling of reluctance—that he thought a man could not be worse employed than in slaying his fellow-men. Alfred was England's earliest reformer. When his nobles found that he had determined to find them no more fighting, they took to reading and writing, for time hung heavily upon their hands. He then allowed them to share in his councils, and they began to make laws for the living, instead of slaying, and then fixing a price to be paid to the kindred of the dead for the murder they had committed.

Without breaking down the warlike spirit of the people, he by a salutary law checked the thirst of personal revenge, permitting no man to slay his enemy in secret, not even if he knew that that enemy was seated at home beside his own hearth, he was not allowed to fight with him until he had publicly demanded redress. If the body of a murdered man was found, the penalty, which, considering the value of money in those times was heavy, fell upon the whole hundred or tything in which the dead body was discovered. By this means, the innocent had the powerful motive of self-interest to induce them to give up the murderer. Alfred not only introduced the decaogue into his laws, but so adapted the Mosaic code to the habits of the age in which he lived, as to render it as effective among the Anglo-Saxons as it had been among the Israelites of old. His witness-geomot, or assembly of nobles, or parliament, or by whatever name we choose to designate the council of the land, was called upon to give its consent to these enactments, before they were put into operation, and such clauses as they objected to, Alfred blotted out from the Dom-bock. He first drew the bold outline of our present form of government; and lined

with his hands, though ruddy, the grand form of our glorious constitution. He was proverbially known among his subjects as the ‘Truth-teller;’ and it was a saying during his reign, that golden bracelets might be hung upon the landmarks beside the common highways without a fear of their removal, such a vigorous watch did the law keep.

In the character of Alfred was embodied all the elements which the poet, the dramatist and the novelist attempt to throw around their most perfect ideas of a hero. He was a warrior, a statesman, and a scholar, and as perfect in each of these capacities as if he had spent his whole life in the battle-field, had dedicated his days and nights to law and politics, or been only a fond dreamer among books in the flowery fields of literature. He would have taken the lead in any age as the commander of an army; have either risen to the dignity of a chancellor, or a premier in civil government or have stood first in the high and ambitious rank of authorship. In him were beautifully blended courage and tenderness, perseverance and patience; justice which would have been stern, but for the softening quality of mercy, highmindedness, and humbleness, and above all, a universal love for his fellow men, not disguised by the weak partiality of unworthy favoritism. He found England in a state of despondency, raised and cheered her, and then elevated her to a much higher station than that from which she had fallen. But for Alfred the Great, England would have been a desert, and never have recovered from the destructive fires and desolating ravages of the Danes. His name will be revered until time shall be no more.—History of the Anglo-Saxons.

### How to get a good Pastor.

Selected by AMICUS.

The people in one of the out-parishes in Virginia, wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a Minister. They said they wanted ‘a man of first rate talents, for they had run down considerably and needed building up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former Minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect Minister. The last thing mentioned was, they gave their Minister three hundred and fifty dollars; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars. The Doctor sat down and wrote a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description. And, as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly might live on four hundred dollars.

### Jacob's Ladder.

A Welsh pastor, invited to assist in the ordination of a minister in England, was appointed to deliver the address to the church and congregation; and having been informed that their previous minister suffered much from pecuniary embarrassment, although the church was fully able to support him comfortably, took the following method of administering reproof.

In his address to the church, he remarked: “You have been praying, no doubt, that God would send you a man after his own heart to be your pastor. You did well, God, we hope, has heard your prayer, and given you such a minister as he approves, who will go in and out before you, and feed your souls with the bread of life. But now you have prayed for a minister, and God has given you one to your mind, you have something more to do, you must take care of him; and, in order to his being happy among you, you have need to pray again. ‘Pray again! pray again! What should we pray for?’ Well I think you have need to pray again. ‘Pray for what?’ Why, I'll tell you. Pray that God would put Jacob's ladder down again to the earth. ‘Jacob's ladder! What has Jacob's ladder to do with our minister?’—Why, I think if God would put Jacob's ladder down that your minister could go up to heaven every Sabbath evening after preaching, and remain all the week, then he could come down every Sabbath morning, so spiritually minded, and so full of heaven, that he could preach to you almost like an angel.” “Oh, yes, that may be very well, and if it were possible, we should like it, but then we need our minister through the week, to attend prayer-meetings; visit the sick, hear experience, give advice, and therefore must have him always with us; we want the whole of his time and attention.” That may be, and I will admit the daily necessity of his attention to your concerns; but then, you will remember, that if he remain here, he must have bread and cheese; and I have been told that your former minister was often wanting the common necessities of life, while many of you, on enjoy its luxuries; and therefore I thought, if God would put Jacob's ladder down, your present minister might preach to you on the Sabbath, and by going up into heaven after the services of the day, save you the painful necessity of supporting him.

### Christian Liberty.

The patriarch David gave one-tenth of all his possessions to religious uses; and so did Jacob, and many other Old Testament writers.