

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, MAY 14, 1856. VOL. IX.—NO. 20

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled, to fall as snow
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountain far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cheri hed flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They leave their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make the next with good.

AMOS.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past. No. XXIX.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—On my return home from the East, I got a hearty welcome from the Church and other good friends in Windsor. They were anxious for me to stay with them, and expressed a hope that I should be satisfied with the itinerating I had done; and give it up. It is true that I had contracted a disease, which in a few weeks yielded, to outward appearance, to medical treatment, but, which so undermined my health and constitution, that it nearly brought me to the grave; and it was six years before I entirely recovered; and then only by submitting to a course of powerful medicine. But after five or six weeks rest, and preaching to the Church at home, I again started on another excursion, in quite a different direction. I had been informed that there were many settlements to the westward of Liverpool, without the means of grace, and that the inhabitants would rejoice to hear the gospel. Well, it seemed like a Macedonian cry. But there was no St. Paul to respond, and go. So David, the youngest and feeblest of the family, took his sling and stone, and in the name and strength of God, went forth to defend Israel's cause, amongst this people. Winter was setting in, and when I arrived at the Lahave river, behold, it had frozen over, the night before. Here was a dilemma. I consulted the ferryman, but he knew no way to help me. I proposed to leave my horse and attempt to cross on foot. But he insisted it was not safe. If I remember rightly it was a mile or more across. We tried the ice, near shore; and though it was only one inch thick, it was young ice and tough. I left my horse, to be sent on as soon as it would bear to cross with him; and started to go over on foot. After getting some distance from shore, the ice began to bend; and I had to run for it. It was much weaker in the middle than at the side, and gave way, and let me in; but I succeeded in getting out and reached the shore, wet up to my middle. I stopped at a sort of tavern on the other side, and dried myself, got dinner, and so went on my way. I travelled on foot from the Lahave to a place called, I believe, Petit River. Here I put up at a Mr. Walter Manning's, a brother of Edward, the Baptist Minister. I had met with him before, in Halifax, at the house of his daughter, the wife of the much beloved brother Ferguson, who has recently gone to glory.

I had to preach there that night, and the next; and then got my horse, and went on my way. The next stage I made was Esquire Dexters, at a place called Herring Cove, on the East side of Liverpool harbour. Brother Dexter was a Christian man, and renowned for his piety, and faith; and noted still more as a strong substantial Baptist, even when he stood almost alone in that vicinity. I preached at his house to a small congregation, the first night; and at Liverpool the next. It was my intention to go on to the Sable River and the Ragged Islands, but I was urgently solicited to stay and preach for Mr. Payzant, who was an old gentleman, and at the time quite infirm. A Deacon Tupper, of Mr. Payzant's Church, a man much opposed to the Baptists, pleaded very hard for me to stay over the Sabbath, and when I told him that I was sent to preach to the poor and destitute, he replied, "We are as much in need, and as hungry for the bread of life, as any people, and as you have preached the clear gospel to night, I want you to stay and preach to our people next Sabbath." I did so, and never had any reason to repent of it. I had a great congregation. The present large Meeting-house was then standing, and it was well filled. Mr. Payzant was a convert of Henry Alline's; and while he lived was associated with him in the ministry, and was the only preacher connected with Mr. Alline, I believe, who did not become a Unitarian. His wife, who was a sister also of Mr. Alline's, was baptized when quite an old lady. She was, for many years, a decided

Baptist in sentiment and feeling; but the opposition shown to Baptists and baptism, around her, and especially in the Church over which her husband presided, kept her back from following her Saviour in this heaven blessed ordinance! As she verged nearer and nearer the grave, she felt the obligation grow stronger, and was not willing to die without performing this act of allegiance to her Sovereign Lord and Master. Her husband gave his consent, and she was buried with her Saviour, and went on her way rejoicing.

Mr. Payzant was a good man,—was much beloved by his people, as was proved by his staying with this flock over forty years. With the prejudices that had existed in this people, I wondered that I met with so kind a reception from them. Mr. Payzant, himself, was very kind, when I called frequently to see him. We enjoyed many hours in pleasant conversation, on the subject of religion, and I never perceived any bitterness when I introduced the subject of baptism, as I frequently did. He gave me full liberty to his pulpit, and assured me that his people were pleased and profited by my preaching.

Nor had I any cause to be dissatisfied with his people, but quite otherwise. I preached three times that Lord's-day to the Church and people of this large Meeting-house, with as great liberty as I ever did to any congregation. I not only had their attention, but they listened with great eagerness, and seemed to love the truth. It was a solemn season, and I felt that my staying there that Sabbath, though with great reluctance, would not be in vain in the Lord.

After the first and second meetings, Deacon Tupper, Mr. Whitman, his son-in-law, Capt. Gorham, and of the Baptist friends, Samuel Freeman, Esquire Dexter, and a Mr. Verge, came to me and begged me stay one week more. My mind was set on the people scattered along shore. All the preachers would come and preach to these rich people; but the poor, who would care for their souls? I finally gave into their importunity; and in the evening, I notified that I would preach there the next Sabbath; and on the week evenings, on the other side of the harbour, at Fort Point, Herring Cove, and at the Falls. I attended these meetings, and two more, making one for every day. The Lord was there at work; and many tears were shed, and God's people rejoiced in the Lord.

The next Sunday, the house was crowded all day. And a more attentive congregation I seldom had seen. The people were rich, quite elegantly dressed, and appeared a very intelligent people. But what is better than all, there was a religious influence working amongst the community in Liverpool, such as I had not observed, to be so general in any other place in the British Provinces.

Before we closed the services, my good friend, Deacon Tupper, (now, I have no doubt in glory,) got up, and asked the people if it would not be duty to remember the preacher; and take up a collection to compensate him for his time and services. He spoke loud and feelingly, of the truth they had heard, and how their souls had been fed and edified; and hoped they would show their satisfaction, by giving their brother, the preacher, a liberal contribution. And they did give him a liberal contribution. Such a contribution as he never received, for the same amount of labor, before nor since. And they did it so cheerfully, that I have no doubt but they found it to be more blessed to give than I did to receive.

When I came down from the pulpit, a gentleman stood at the foot of the stairs, who shook hands with me, and put a piece of money into my hand; which when I took out of my pocket next morning, I found to be a doublet worth four pounds. This was Snow Parker, Esq., a worthy Christian man, of considerable wealth. Dea. Tupper brought me the collection on Monday; which amounted to twenty-one pounds five shillings; and with what several other friends gave me, I received over thirty pounds for these two Sabbaths. Here then I saw the hand of Providence providing the means to release me from all my embarrassments, as to pecuniary matters. These people paid me for my services to them, and for my journey in the East. My horse was now my own; and I almost thought the next day as I rode on to the Ragged Islands, that he felt more sprightly and lifted up his head higher than he ever did before, since I had him. But, be this as it may, I know that his master did. Little did the Christian friends think of the amount of anxiety they had removed from the mind of him, for whom they made so liberal a contribution. I think I felt more thankful to God, who put it in their hearts to do this, than for any earthly blessing I ever enjoyed. Nor do I think any of those people were ever the poorer for what they bestowed.

On the other hand, I got a new idea on the subject of wealth. It was this; that money or treasure deposited in the Bank of Heaven, is just as safe as placed in the Bank of England, or any other Bank! and it is as sure to be forthcoming when our necessities call for it.

I hope our Christian friends in these provinces, will think of this subject. How much joy they may afford their minister, by a little united liberality; or how much embarrassment they may occasion him, by withholding more than is need.

D. NUTTER.

Strollings in London.

(Continued from our last.)

But we must proceed in our ramble up Cheapside until we come to a statue of Sir Robert Peel. On our left stands the Cockney's land mark, St. Paul's, and after viewing this immense pile we shall enter. We are at once surprised by the height of the dome and its extent. Monuments are found in abundance, to such men as Nelson, Picton, &c., to mighty men in arms, as well as famous in medicine, men who have led on their armies and bathed their hands in their fellow creatures blood. Why are such allowed to have monuments erected for them in such a sacred edifice, a consecrated Church, where no one is allowed to wear his hat on, the place being so sacred? You will judge the reasonableness of the fact.

And we cannot possibly see what good this waste of room is, 500 feet in length, and 286 feet broad, within the walls; only a very small part of which is set apart for divine worship. Why not turn this vacant place into a museum or something of this kind, or let the Gospel be preached here in its purity, without the empty trappings with which man has dressed it. Let such men as Spurgeon preach in it and soon the place would be crowded, and good wrought within those massive walls. Instead of building a place of worship for Mr. S. calculated to hold 15,000 persons, which they are now talking of doing, let him preach in St. Paul's, let the truth in simplicity be published there. We make the best of our way to the whispering gallery—which is very different from what we expected; a pipe runs round and at the entrance, one of the officials puts his mouth to the pipe and whispers, the sound being audible by listening attentively for it close to the wall. Passing up a rather shabby and overworn staircase (a disgrace to a common private building), again another worse than that, up which it is really dangerous to venture, and all who have made the ascent will, I am sure, quite concur with me, we reach the hall, from whence on a fine clear day, we have a view of London and its suburbs. People walking in the yard below appear very small in consequence of the immense height. The top of the cross is 404 feet high, reached by 616 steps.

After reaching the ground floor the guide took us to see the vaults, where lies side by side the two great warriors of which England boasts so much, namely Nelson and Wellington. We were not sorry to get out, being quite tired. Let us take a turn round and examine the places of business by which St. Paul's is surrounded. Turning to the right from Cheapside are laces, ribbons, caps, mantles, shawls, &c., each house vying with the other to set their establishment, and the goods inside, in the most attractive form to induce the ladies to enter. A little farther on we find one or two jewellers, and yet a little way the well known establishment of Hitchcock & Co.

Mr. Hitchcock is himself well known as a most zealous advocate and promoter of the Young Men's Christian Association, and also deservedly respected by the young men of London for the lead which he has taken in the early closing movement. Passing his establishment, which runs thro' to Paternoster Row, we go to the other side and here quite a different scene is presented. Immense warehouses, filled with drapery in all its branches. No outside show here. While walking along, the new warehouse, lately built by Messrs. Cook Sons & Co. attracts our notice, on account of its immense height and proportional width, being seven stories high; one of the largest warehouses in the world. Coming round to Cheapside, we cross to St. Martins-le-Grand, where stands the general Post Office. It is thought to be by some, one of the finest specimens of architecture in the metropolis. The great hall, through which there is a thoroughfare to Foster's lane, is 80 feet in width, 60 in length and 50 feet in height; the roof is supported by six stone columns. It is quite amusing and worth a stranger's while to stand here about 5 minutes to 6 p. m., to see the immense bustle and rushing that takes place to get in the newspapers, letters, &c., by 6 o'clock. Policemen are stationed at that time to keep order. Suppose it now wants 2 minutes to the time, the excitement is at its height, the crowd is so great, letters, papers, &c. are sent thro' from all directions to the men standing to receive them inside. Striking 6, bang goes the doors, while some poor procrastinating unfortunates are seen running up the steps breathless—but too late. The excitement at once ceases, those who

were just in time going away quite pleased, while the others who happened to come just in time to be late, go away rather displeased. We shall move along with the multitude, and wish you good bye at this time, hoping to meet you in our next stroll. T. P. D.

BASEIN RIVER, January 24, 1856.

My dear Brother Bill.—In hopes that something may occur during my present monotonous journey sufficiently interesting to claim a place in the missionary column of your paper, I will now begin a journal letter. We,—that is, myself, two native preachers, Bengali servant, and three brethren,—left home last Saturday, for a village called Penanthein; our object is to attend an association of the Karen Churches of the Province Bassien. These churches hold a meeting by their delegates, four times a-year, and derive, of course, all the benefits which result from such meetings at home. We supposed the place could be reached in two or three days, but though this is the fourth day since we started, we are still two days off. Karen and Burman had all assured us it was near, why I know not, unless from a desire to please us for a moment. How wild the region is through which we are journeying, you may judge from the fact, we see, for miles and miles, nothing but dense jungle grass, from ten to twenty feet high, and full of monkeys and alligators. And yet the wedge of civilization has entered even these desolate regions, as evidence the fact that just before us is a mail boat, carrying its budget of English and American letters, by the last overland, to gladden the hearts of expecting missionaries and English officers at Bassien.

We stopped for breakfast this morning, at a village called Shway Loung, and while waiting upon the tardy movements of my cook I strolled through the place. I had not gone far before I was amused by something that seemed worth looking at. Before a stately Knying (priest's house) were erected a number of small houses, or booths, formed of bamboos and white cloth, gaudily decorated with gilt and variously coloured paper. Within each of these, was seated a priest, most religiously engaged stuffing himself, as rapidly as was consistent with respiration, with rice, decayed fish, and all the other delicacies which were placed before him by his deluded votaries, the poor merit-seeking Burmans. As soon as I appeared, I was surrounded by a good congregation, all eager to listen. All I could say was soon said, and then they wished to know if I really did believe in the singular doctrine of a self-existing eternal God, and that he could save man? My affirmative reply was received with a shout of derision. A company of listeners, flushed with the excitement of a religious festival, were not, of course, just the ones to ensure the patient reception of the foolishness of preaching. Accustom the mind to any belief, however preposterous in its absurdity, from childhood, and to the mature mind the opposite of that belief, however rational, will, in all probability, appear absurd. The spokesman in this morning's argument was really an intelligent man, and yet he assured me he could not believe God's ability to save the sinner. His only hope was to suffer for his sins and afterward attain happiness.

January 26th.—We reached the place of meeting last evening, but to my extreme mortification, the association was all over and all had dispersed. This I learned from brother Brayton, the Pwo Karen missionary, now stationed at Kimmendim near Rangoon, whom I met on his way home. Thus defeated in the object of my journey, I have decided to go on to Bassien, which is but a short distance off. We are just now at a small village of Karen and Burman, waiting until the tide is suitable to proceed. The tediousness of our stoppage has been most pleasantly relieved by the arrival of a large company of Christian Karens, on their way home from the association. Your readers can scarcely imagine the pleasure which a missionary feels when he meets a number of disciples away in the jungle. Almost the first thing done, after mutual salutations, is to get out the hymn-book and unite in singing and prayer. And then we chat away about the state of the Karen Churches, examine passages of Scripture, and so forth, and then with a warm grasp of the hand all round we separate, the Karen keeping time with the strokes of their paddles to some beautiful hymn. And here a word or two about Karen singing. I never heard any where more captivating melody than is made by the Karens in singing. They have a very nice taste. There is a wildness united with

simplicity and sweetness in their notes, which produces a most pleasing effect, and when you hear the mother singing her babe to sleep, with some soft tune, rendered softer by the sweet flowing words of the Karen language, the fisherman lightening his toil with the same sweet music, and all through the wild jungles, the Saviour's love and sufferings, sung from thousands of bamboo cabins, and in hearing of those who, for centuries, have trampled down and crushed their nation—an emotion is caused which it is scarcely exaggerating to call sublime. The entire absence of terminal consonants in the Karen language renders it peculiarly soft, and adapted to the sweet sad style of music. It is not, I can assure bro. Rand, one whit behind the Micmac in this respect.

Our interest in any enterprise is generally proportionate to its success; hence the unprecedented success of the Karen mission, in Burmah, is beginning to demand attention throughout India. The most influential newspaper contains a long editorial about the Karen in almost every issue. The fact that in a recently conquered province there is a large tribe, embracing Christianity at a rate which must soon include them all, and that, consequently, all their sympathies are with the conquerors, is justly considered, in a political point of view, a fact whose importance it would be impossible to exaggerate. Only let Government encourage such a people, and the peace of the country is at once secured, every ground of fear from insurrection is at once removed, and this rich province of Pignant proceeds quietly and successfully forward in the path of civilization and christianity.

January 30th.—We arrived in Bassien four days ago, and have now accomplished a portion of our homeward journey. At Bassien I was received with much cordial welcome by brother and sister Douglas, our old and well-remembered associates for four months in the barque "Lyman." This is one of the rare enjoyments of a missionary's life, to renew an old acquaintance and spend two or three days in the indulgence of reviewing the past, and talking over present plans, and the prospects of our several stations. I found brother Douglas busily engaged in superintending the erection of a new house, into which he hopes to move before the rains set in. Bassien is a large place than Henthodah, and from the fact that it is easily reached by ships of the largest burden, and is a great rice depot, many more of the comforts of life are found there, than at the last named station, and there is also a large English society there, but this, I am sorry to say, owing to the fearfully vicious example but too generally exhibited to the natives, is not classed as one of the benefits of the station. None but a resident can understand the fearful power of this counteracting influence to missionary labour. I left my kind entertainer last night, to pursue my lonely way through the labyrinth of creeks and natural canals which cover the country between Bassien and Henthodah.

February 1.—I have not the least wish, Mr. Editor, to conceal from you or your numerous readers, the motive by which I am attracted in occasionally writing a letter for your columns. I am most sincerely convinced, that, so long as your Churches remain without representation in some foreign field of Christian labor, they voluntarily seal up to themselves one of the purest sources of spiritual prosperity. The ground of my conviction is as old as our inspired assurance of success. "He that watereth shall himself be watered." And I do feel that I am actuated by a laudable ambition, when I desire to lend what little influence I possess towards accomplishing such an object.

The problem how a small number of Churches, rich enough two years ago to send a missionary to the heathen, should again embark in the enterprise, now that they have fully increased both in wealth, wisdom, and experience, might surely find an easy solution among the clear heads, strong and warm hearts whom God has recently blessed with extensive revival religion.

I have told the few disciples gathered at Henthodah, what you might do towards supplying the deficiency of labour out here, and they talk of sending home an appeal. If they do, it will, you may be sure, be something more powerful than I can write. Believe me, with the best wishes for your continued prosperity, most sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

God or Gold!

Between God and gold there is, orthographically, only one letter of difference, but in the case of millions there is, practically, nothing at all—God and gold are with them convertible terms, for gold is their God.

Reader, are you a gold-worshipper? Is it that of which you think most frequently—that which you collect most diligently and hoard most carefully? then gold must be your God, and you are a worshipper of minted metal. And the root of all evil is this same gold-worship; "for the love of money is the root of all evil." But "thus saith the Lord, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that gloryeth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord who exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." "These things"—things pertaining to the proper regulation,

direction, and exercise of the heart, intellect, and conscience—are the only suitable things for rational, moral, and intelligent beings to delight and glory in, and not in minted metal and bank-notes! Do not think, if you are poor, that on that account you are in no danger of glorying in money, and worshipping gold. Just immediately before the great apostle of the Gentiles affirms that "the love of money is the root of all evil," he says, "They that will be rich (not they that are rich, but they that have a mind to be) fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Then follows this—"for the love of money is the root of all evil." Mark well that Scripture does not affirm that money is the root of all evil—but it says, "the love of money" is that root. Money is a good thing, and may be made the root of nearly all good. What scheme of benevolence could succeed without it? All societies of a Christian and philanthropic kind have their root in money. "Money answereth all things." But Jesus, your best friend, says explicitly, "Take heed, and beware of covetousness;" therefore, if riches increase, set not your heart upon them." By all means, keep "the love of money" out of your heart if you would keep out of "temptations, snares, and many foolish and hurtful lusts," and escape being "drowned in destruction or perdition."

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

London Daily News has succeeded in obtaining copy of text of Treaty of Peace, document is considered authentic, contains thirty-four articles.

Article 1. Restores perpetual friendship between France, Britain, Sardinia, Turkey and Russia.

2. All Territories conquered or occupied during the war shall be reciprocally evacuated as soon as possible.

3. Russia restores to Turkey, Kars and all other parts of Ottoman Territory.

4. Allies restore to Russia, towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kameisch, Eupatoria and Kerch. Article 6th 6, 7, and 8 are wanting.

9. Sultan communicates to the Powers his firm granting equality to Christians, which contracting powers much approve of, but divests themselves of all right thereby to interfere in internal administration of Ottoman Empire.

10. Convention of 13th July, 1841, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles is re-affirmed.

11. Black Sea is neutralized for ever—prohibited to all ships of war of every Power adjoining or distant, with the exceptions specified in article 14 and 19.

12. Trade shall be free in the Black Sea waters, and ports subject only to Police regulations of Russia and Turkey, admit Consuls to ports on it.

13. Sea being neutralized, strong-holds become useless, consequently Russia and Turkey agree neither to construct nor preserve any military or marine arsenal on that coast.

14. Convention regulating the force of ships for coast service is concluded individually between Turkey and Russia, but is appended to this Treaty, and cannot be altered without general assent.

15. Act of the Congress of Vienna relative to river navigation is applied to the Danube and its mouths; and its freedom becomes part of public law of Europe.

16. To carry article 15 into effect, France, Austria, Britain, Prussia, Sardinia and Turkey, appoint each a Delegate to put the River in a navigable state from Isatcha to Isa.

17. Austria, Bavaria, Turkey and Wurtemberg, add each a Delegate to the Principalities commission to form a permanent commission, which shall keep the River navigable and superintend its Police.

18. The first named general commission will be dissolved in two years, and the permanent commission take its place.

19. Each of the contracting Powers may station two small ships at mouth of Danube.

20. Russia assents to ratification of Besarabian frontier. New frontier starts from Black Sea and one mile East of Lake Bourna to the Ackerman Road, along which to valley of Trajan, passing South to Belgrave, descends river Tolpneck to Saratska, and terminates at the Rakamone on river Pruth; elsewhere is unchanged.

21. This ceded territory is annexed to Moldavia.

22. Moldavia and Wallachia continue under sovereignty of Turkey, with guarantee of all contracting powers, but no power shall claim individual right to interference.

23. Porte guarantees to continue to said principalities freedom of religion and commerce. The contracting powers appoint a commission to proceed immediately to Bucharest to report present condition and wants of fortifications.

24. Porte will immediately convocate a divan in each principality, to learn wishes of the people as to definite organization.

25. Minutes thereof shall be sent to Paris, where the Constitution shall be framed which Porte shall promulgate.

26. Principalities shall maintain a militia, and may construct works of defence approved of by the Porte.

27. If international tranquillity of Principalities be disturbed Porte must consult the contracting powers and cannot employ armed intervention without their assent.

28. Servia continues a dependency of the Porte, under powers guaranteed, and retains