

South. The third is derived from a root, which in Syriac and Chaldean means to be dry; and is beyond question the common Hebrew designation for South; it occurs no less than sixty-five times in this sense. As I do not possess the luxury of a Hebrew concordance, I have been compelled to trace these words through the English, but if any error is discovered it will not be my fault, but an error in excess.

On a review of this brief examination of the words in question, I think myself justified in saying that two out of the four are never employed to express the cardinal points at all; the single examples given being at best doubtful. That the third is rarely used to mean a cardinal point, for out of nearly one hundred instances, it occurs but three or four times. That only one out of the four is the common designation for a cardinal point.

Now if three out of these four words had been in common use for the points of the compass, a strong argument would have been based on it for rendering the fourth in agreement with them, especially if no violence was done to its meaning by such a rendering; we claim this argument in favour of the present version against the revision; three of the words are correctly given, and the fourth must correspond to the other three, and so much the rather because in making it correspond we give to the word its primary and by no means uncommon signification.

Having disposed of the verbal part of the question; let us in few words enquire whether we can ascertain in what sense the writer of Job intended the passage to be understood.

I think it will be admitted, that if he had intended to allude to the cardinal points, he would have done one of two things either he would have used the common Hebrew words for E. W. N. S. or he would have applied the words which he does use in this passage to the cardinal points when he had occasion to mention them. It has already been shown that he has not adopted the first of these courses. Has he adopted the second?

To this question the only reply that can be given is, no, he has not done so, except with regard to the word East. The word West does not occur. The terms North and South are used; but they are not expressed by the Hebrew names employed in this passage. No point of this nature can therefore be more clear, in my apprehension, than that the writer of Job did not intend to refer to the cardinal points in the verses under consideration; that the proposed revision contains an alteration of doubtful authority, to say the least, and that the authorized version contains the more correct rendering.

C. SPURDIN.

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL August 27, 1856.

We have spoken more than once of the Montreal Herald—an ably conducted daily—whose advocacy of the relaxation of the divine law of the Sabbath is regarded with pride by a numerous class of readers, to whom the wholesome restraints of the Lord's day are uncomfortable and irksome. The Theatre going public has been enraptured with the performances of two precocious children who brought with them a reputation for "marvellous acting," which has filled our play-house to repletion several nights in succession within the last week or two. The Herald, in common with the secular press generally, has had its notices from day to day, couched in the ordinary phraseology; but its last puff has something too much like itself, in its anti-Sabbatarian utterances to be overlooked by those who believe they can trace to its source this opposition to the Lord's day, as divinely appointed, and who look upon the professed regard for the working classes as savoring more strongly of cant than the arguments of such as would keep holy the Sabbath, and rest upon it according to the commandment. In calling the attention of the public to an advertisement in its columns, the Herald recommended its readers to avail themselves of the sight of the scenery of the St. Lawrence by daylight, our boats between Montreal and Quebec run only by night—as the steamer, *Napoleon*, would leave Sabbath morning, and Mr. Buchland with his troupe of children would be on board, on their way to the ancient capital. We would wish to distinguish between the Christian Sabbath and our false ideas of the Jewish; but we always feel suspicious of the Sunday recreations. The Herald has exemplified its tendencies as might have been anticipated. Beginning with the advocacy of relaxation, it defends press labor on the Lord's day, that the sheet may be issued on Monday; and now it recommends a Sunday pleasure trip, and holds out as an additional inducement the probability of having on board two celebrated play-actors. What is the next stage? Let Christians be jealous in keeping holy the Sabbath; then, at least, must reverence the fourth commandment.

What a pity it is that some conductors of the press are so remiss with regard to the dissemination of error and vice. How strange it seems that professing Christians will admit advertisements of moral pestilence, when they must know its inevitable results. How culpable are such editors in whose columns appear defenses of the circus; for example, the *Toronto Globe* takes high ground on the Temperance question; yet advertises all sorts of liquors in all sorts of ways. Its editor is a professing Christian, and yet an editorial recently appeared defending the circus. When will men learn to make sacrifices for the sake of their avowed principles? The Christian can always afford to practice his principles, since the promise that "God will withhold no good from them that walk uprightly," protects him from all ultimate loss.

The fall elections occupy considerable space in the editorial columns of our Canadian papers of late, and our most careful perusal of some of the productions of the press is to decide nothing respecting even the probabilities of the different candidates, either personally or politically. We are also convinced that the press is not more reliable in political contests in Canada than in New Brunswick or the United States.

Complaints are constantly made respecting the jail accommodation in Toronto. This prison was built to hold eighty-two persons. Mr. Allen the jailor has recently complained to the authorities that he finds it impossible to provide for the

large number sent into custody. He reports more than twice the number as now in confinement, showing a crowding, which must be terrible during the warm weather, and second only to the "Black Hole" of heart-rending memory. The North American, a steamer of the line connecting Liverpool with Montreal, arrived last night, with 253 passengers; which is considered a large number. W. W.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Communication will be inserted without the author's name in full, and 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 *the Visitor* 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 address for six new subscribers, will get the "Visitor" for one year free of charge.

Death of the Rev. Charles Mackay.

Some of the morning papers have already published the Telegraphic despatch announcing the death of this estimable minister of the gospel of Christ. This melancholy event took place at the house of his friend Mr. Lash, in Dundas, Canada West, on Thursday the 29th ult, about 3 o'clock, a. m. His illness commenced in February last, and so severe was the attack, that his life was suddenly placed in very great jeopardy. But by very special care and attention on the part of his medical advisers and friends, he rallied sufficiently to excite strong hopes that he might finally recover. In the month of June, in accordance with the advice of his physician, he left for Canada West, in hope that a change of climate would be to his advantage. But the result has proved that this hope was deceptive. Everything was done for him which the kindness of friends could suggest, but that dire disease consumption, had fastened its death grasp upon his vitals, and die he must. His sufferings towards the last were at times exceedingly severe, but he was wondrously sustained by the promises and grace of the gospel. If he desired life it was only that he might consecrate it to the proclamation of mercy to a lost world, and to the advancement of that cause for which his Saviour died. His confidence in his God was unwavering to the last, and his prospect for the future unclouded. He felt that for him to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Trusting implicitly in that gospel which he had, with so much fidelity and zeal, proclaimed to others, he was prepared to brave the terror of death, and to pass with firm step through the dark valley. The sun of our esteemed Brother went down at noon; but it set thus early, that it might rise in unclouded day, to shine on with ever increasing lustre, when the heavens shall be no more.

Since our residence in St. John it has been our happiness to be upon terms of intimate friendship with this departed servant of God; and we must say that seldom have we known one more thoroughly consecrated to the great work of saving souls. Religion to him was not a matter of speculation, but of deep abiding experience, and preaching the gospel was not to him a mere professional engagement, but the discharge of a solemn duty, which he felt that he owed to his God and to the world.

He first experienced the grace of God in his heart in Scotland, his native home. Two of his brothers were devoted Christians, but he was passionately devoted to the pleasures of the world.

These pious brothers saw him madly pursuing the road to death, and sought to dissuade him from his evil course, but he was determined to repel their admonitions. On one occasion one of these brothers ventured to urge upon his consideration the claims of religion; but in the spirit of indignation he charged him never to speak to him again on that subject. The brother meekly replied, "Charles, you may forbid me to speak to you about the concerns of your precious soul, but you cannot hinder me from praying to God in your behalf." These two godly men resolved to devote a certain portion of every day to special prayer to Almighty God in behalf of their brother Charles. The Lord heard and answered, and Charles was suddenly arrested by a power that he could not resist; his eyes were opened to see his sin and danger, and he trembled under the pressure of impending wrath. Deep anguish preyed upon his spirit, and he sought relief by appealing for counsel to the brother whose advice he had treated with contempt. This counsel was of course freely given, and Charles was upon his knees uniting heartily with his Christian brother as he poured forth his fervent application to gracious heaven in his behalf. His convictions for sin were deep and pungent, and his sorrow overwhelming; but the moment of deliverance came. By faith he embraced the "Cleansed One" in his finished work, and cast his soul upon him for time and eternity. It was a joyous moment, and like the converted Saul of Tarsus he longed to preach that faith which he had once sought to destroy.

Stirred by the constraining love of Jesus he soon commenced missionary labor, and such was his success and his promise of usefulness, that he was advised to devote himself to a course of preparation for the sacred ministry. Rev. Dr. Hannah, of Manchester, Eng. rendered him valuable aid in his early studies. Ultimately he came to Canada and completed his studies under

Dr. Caruthers, of Montreal. Having finished his studies he was sent to St. John some six years ago, by the Colonial Missionary Society of London, to take charge of the Congregational Church in this city. It so happened, in the providence of God, that his first sermon in this city was preached in the Germain Street Baptist Chapel. His sermon was most favourably received, and ever after he was a special favourite with the Germain street people. His congregation in Union Street Chapel was small, very small, when he took charge of it, but gradually grew under his ministry and became sufficiently strong to take the entire support of the ministry upon themselves.

As a preacher Mr. Mackay stood No. 1 in St. John. His sermons were carefully prepared and very generally written out in full; and such was the strength of his memory, that he had only to read his sermon once or twice after writing it, and it was so thoroughly committed, that he could repeat verbatim. His mind was richly furnished with the treasures of God's word, and hence his discourses were replete with evangelical truth. They were strongly Calvinistic in doctrine; but at the same time thoroughly practical in their application to the conscience and to the life.

In diction he was eloquent and impressive, and invariably listened to with deep if not thrilling interest. His preaching in fact was admirably adapted to build up and edify the church, and at the same time to awaken the careless, and to reclaim the wanderer. Many a ransomed sinner we doubt not will appear as a star in the crown of his rejoicing in the last great day. Some of these peradventure were the first to welcome him as he entered the gateway of the celestial city.

In sentiment he was strongly attached to the creed of his own denomination; but he was no bigot. Hence, while he was the beloved pastor of a highly respectable Congregational Church, he felt and he made others feel, that he belonged to the church universal, and this spirit was evinced on all proper occasions when his services were called for by the other churches of the city. His talents and his piety were very justly appreciated by his own church, but this appreciation was not limited to his own people, other churches esteemed him highly in love for his work's sake.

For ourselves, we feel that we have lost a brother and a friend. We always found him ready with his heart, with his tongue, and with his pen to sympathize with us, and aid us in our work. His frequent communications to the pages of the *Christian Visitor* go to confirm this fact. The productions of his ready pen had a point and force which commended them at once, not only to the understanding, but to the heart and to the conscience, and we rejoice to know that though dead, yet in the pages of the *Visitor*, he still speaketh.

His death cannot be regarded otherwise than a severe bereavement to his family, a painful calamity to his church, and a great public loss to this city and the world. But God has done it, and it becomes mortals to bow to the mandates of unerring wisdom, and to say, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Mr. Mackay has left a wife and four children to deplore a loss which will be felt to the hearts core. We tender to them, as also to his afflicted church our deepest sympathy, and offer for them our most fervent prayer that they may all share largely in the sustaining grace of the Redeemer. We have been happy to hear that the departed had taken the precaution to insure his life some years ago for £1000 sterling. This will be of essential service to his afflicted widow and fatherless children.

There has been a thought of removing his remains to St. John, for interment. He expressed a wish to be buried here, if it could be consistently done. What the decision of his friends is in regard to this we have not heard; but of one thing we feel assured, that wherever his death cold body may slumber, in the resurrection morn it will be raised up and fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body. God grant that those who have heard from his lips the message of life eternal may be prepared to meet him with joy on that day.

Association at Jacksontown.

This Anniversary is at hand. It is appointed to open on Saturday next, the Baptist Chapel at Jacksontown, at 2 o'clock, P. M. We are anticipating a large gathering of ministers and lay brethren, and a rich blessing from the Lord of hosts. The latter will not be withheld if praying hearts are waiting in believing expectation. With out the divine influence we meet in vain. Brethren one and all, ask for it in the name of Him who has said, "Whatever ye ask, in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask anything in my name I will do it." What need we so much as the promised Comforter? O thou High and Holy One, come forth in the plenitude of thy mercy to make the approaching anniversary at Jacksontown an unimpaired occasion.

We understand that the tolls of the husbandman in that section this season have been attended with unusual success, and we doubt not there will be a correspondent hospitality to meet the necessities of all. Come then from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and with praying hearts come each prepared to do his duty to his God and to humanity, and then we may all hope to be filled with all the fullness of God.

John Bent, Esq. has sent us a letter in reply to Rev. C. Tupper on Prohibition, but it is not in our power to publish it this week. If friend Bent would take our advice he would allow Liquor dealers to sustain their system of evil as best they can, and not strive to uphold them in a work so full of unmitigated corruption, distress and ruin.

The following are the names of the Committee appointed to take in charge the raising of funds to enable Mrs. Lewis to purchase her son from slavery: Rev. L. E. Bill, Convener; Rev. Mr. Ferris; Rev. E. N. Harris; Hon. S. L. Tilley; Deacon Garrison; John Fisher, Esq.; Captain McMan. Any amount paid over to either of these gentlemen for the object above named, will be thankfully received, and will be giving substantial aid to a worthy cause—the cause of human liberty.

Funeral at Nictaux.

The letter of our correspondent T. P. D., which appears in another column, makes mention of the funeral of Miss Helen Randall, which took place at the Nictaux Baptist Chapel on Sabbath the 24th ult. It was indeed a season of universal solemnity. How could it be otherwise. A few days previous this young lady was in perfect health actively engaged in making preparations for the celebration of her marriage nuptials. The day appointed was rapidly drawing high, and the prospects on all hands were bright, with promise and radiant with hope. The bridegroom had set his house in order, and was anxiously waiting the arrival of the festive day, when she should take Helen to his home as his own treasure. But lo, typhoid fever marked her as its victim, and as if to defy the strength of parental love, the tenderest yearnings of brotherly and sisterly affection, the glowing fondness of the pledged bridegroom, and the best skill of her faithful medical attendants, this fearful disease, in a few short days, terminated her mortal existence. Instead of the marriage festivities there came the knell of death, and instead of the bridal dress, there came the funeral shroud. The joyousness of the appointed wedding day, had to give place to the lamentations of the stricken hearts, and instead of the rejoicing bridegroom there was the bereaved mourner mingling his tears with the clouds that covered his intended from his sight. All this was sad, exceedingly sad, and gave a melancholy interest to the services of the day.

But there was another side to the picture; and it was a bright side. Helen had early sought an interest in the great Salvation, and she had not sought in vain. The Spirit of truth had taken possession of her youthful heart, and was there to bear witness with her spirit that she was born from above, constrained by the love of Christ she had put him on by an open profession of his name, and by her activity in his cause had given evidence that her treasure was in heaven, hence while death broke in upon all her worldly arrangements, and sent pointed arrows into the hearts of surviving friends, still to her it was gain, unutterable gain. Her ransomed spirit was called up to partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb. There she is arrayed in the "wedding garment." It is a robe of fine linen, clear and white. In it she is accepted by the celestial bridegroom, and he has already lavished upon her the treasures and the glories of the heavenly state. There let her luxuriate in the unending felicity of the spirits of the just made perfect forever and ever.

What remains for the living but to take timely warning, and seek for themselves a due preparation for the hour of death. "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," is language familiar to us all, and it is the declaration of Him who cannot lie. How soon this righteous decree shall be fulfilled in our individual case none can tell. With God are the issues of life and death; when he commands it is time for us to obey. Let us then submit our souls and our bodies to him as unto our faithful Creator and Redeemer, and then shall be in readiness to leave this world in the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

Mr. Wortabet's Lecture.

The Germain Street Baptist Chapel was crowded on Monday evening to excess to listen to a lecture from this talented gentleman on the subject of slavery. Mr. Wortabet has lectured several times in this City with very great acceptance. The fact that he came from Syria, dressed in his native costume, and that he is the son of the Bishop of Armenia, would be likely to secure him a crowded house, any where on this continent; but this is not all, he is a ready and powerful speaker, dashing off into his subject at once, with zeal and ardour, and apparently without any arrangement as to the method of his address. Having entered upon his theme he rushed on like an impetuous torrent, roaring and splashing over rocks and cliffs, and at the same time throwing his whole soul into every word he uttered. So that the most common-place saying on his lips becomes a powerful utterance to awaken attention and to touch the heart.

The object of his address was to bring before us to excite sympathy in behalf of a worthy member of the Germain street Church, who is striving to raise \$1500 to purchase her son from his southern task-master. He portrayed the slavery of the South, as it had come under his personal observation, in a manner well adapted to awaken in all Christian hearts present an earnest desire for the liberation of the millions who are thus regarded as so many beasts of burden, and as such deprived of all those inherent rights which are dearer to man than life. His appeals were pungent and effective. The Rev. Mr. Ferris followed in some timely remarks having special reference to the case in hand, and a collection was taken up in aid of the object, amounting to between 80 and 90 dollars. Before the meeting separated a standing committee was appointed, with power to add to their number, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may, with the divine blessing, secure the object in view. The names of the committee appear in another column. The object is a praise worthy one, and we trust the faithful funds will be forthcoming. The lecturer took an affectionate leave of the people speaking in very flattering terms of the hospitality and kindness he had received from the citizens of St. John, and of the lively interest which he should henceforth cherish in their prosperity and welfare. We are informed that he left the city on Tuesday morning.

SEAM ACCORDATIONS.—As announced in the *Visitor* of the 20th ult., arrangements have been made with Mr. King, the owner of the steamer "Creole," to take persons going from here to Windsor to attend the Bazaar, which comes off on the 10th inst., to and from, for 25s. The same fare will meet the expense of the Windsor route by the "Creole," of parties coming to the convention. The "Creole" will leave Windsor for St. John on the 20th and not on the 19th, as stated in a former number. So that persons coming by her will not be in time for the Saturday's meeting.

The "Creole" will leave Annapolis for St. John on the Thursday evening preceding the Convention, and Mr. King authorizes us to say that the Convention fare, to and from, will be 15s. The usual charge for crossing one way is 12s. 6d. She generally arrives in St. John from Annapolis on Friday morning by four or five o'clock.

A few days in Nova Scotia.

During my stay in St. John I have of course, heard a great deal of the neighbouring Province, of the fertility of the soil, and the warm heartedness of its people; but we cannot always judge correctly from hearsay. An old adage says, that "we must not believe half we hear." I have lately had the pleasure however of testing the truth of those statements respecting N. S., and shall gladly express my impressions. In company with the Rev. I. E. Bill, I started from St. John on Saturday the 23d., in the schooner Gipsy, about half past seven a. m., with a fair breeze which wafted us to Port George, by about half past 5 p. m. After spending a most agreeable day on the water, my first impressions were not the most favorable, the country round the bay being rather bleak and hilly.

On our arrival, we were informed of a very melancholy circumstance which had transpired in the neighbourhood, where we intended visiting, viz., the sudden death of Miss Helen, daughter of William Randall, Esq., just a few days previous to the day she was to be married. And as the Rev. I. E. Bill was particularly acquainted with the family he felt it very much. The same evening, a friend kindly drove us as far as Squire Landers. Sunday morning it rained heavily, but Mr. Bill was very anxious to visit his bereaved friends to console them in their deep affliction. On our arrival, we found a great many friends had already gathered, and every one seemed very much pleased to get this very unexpected visit from their former minister. They received him affectionately, and cordially. Some of the relatives of the deceased imagined that another part of the family had telegraphed for him, as he came so unexpectedly, and just at the right time. They concluded however, that he was as much sent to them, as Joseph was to Egypt, to provide for his family. At the urgent request of the Rev. W. G. Parker, parents, relatives and friends of the deceased, he consented to preach the funeral sermon, not an easy task for his feelings. About 11 o'clock, a. m., the funeral procession started towards Nictaux Church. You can judge how highly the deceased was esteemed in the neighbourhood by the many friends who came on such an inclement day to pay her remains the last tribute of respect. The preacher directed the minds of the assembly to the following very appropriate text: "And he said unto me write, blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." The discourse was listened to with profound interest by a solemn assembly, not a few of whom were bathed in tears. In fact the speaker himself could scarcely control his feelings, I did not wonder at it, we knew the power of association. How many things would burst on his imagination while addressing an audience to whom he administered for more than twenty years. After explaining the simple provisions made for all the children of God, in accordance with the figure of the text, he addressed the parents and relatives of the deceased in a very affecting manner. Said he, "O ye father and mother of the departed, had a right to her, for she was bane of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, and from helpless infancy to maturity you had watched over her with parental love, you the brothers and sisters had a right to her; for she lived in your affections as your own loving sister, and you the young man of her choice to whom she was pledged in strong and undying attachment, had a right to her, as the one you had selected to be the partner of your joys and of your sorrows, but let me tell you there is one who has a greater right to her than you all, he has done for her what none of you ever did, he gave his life for her, he has thought proper to call her home, give her up. She has only gone to dwell with her best friend. Then I say one and all give her up. The Sabbath school will miss a well beloved and an indefatigable teacher, the choir will feel her loss. I could not restrain the tears from filling my eyes while listening to the choir in a sad and sorrowful tone sing, "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, &c." Here I felt inclined to say "Hasten thy turn pale and die." Nothing can enable us to turn our dearest friend to the cold embrace of death but religion, nothing but a view of that glorious world where we feel our loved ones are gone. May those who loved on earth so well feel that there is in that world of light a glorified spirit beckoning them to heaven.

NICTAUX.—My first impressions are entirely annihilated, I now find a difficulty to express my admiration of its beauties. We shall commence in the centre of the settlement, where the congregations meet to worship the Lord; and what a place to excite devout feelings. Standing, as it were, aloof from the world, the spot surrounded with the most influences, everything directing the mind upward to the creator, God; from the beautiful waving spruce groves close by, to the chanting birds and the lowing herds in the green fields. One improvement, we think, might be made, which would materially add to the beauty of the church, viz. by planting a few trees in front, which I believe is in contemplation. The country round is bordering on romance, such as the farm houses are arranged with taste and style, and beautiful avenues, shaded with trees, leading to them; or, if on the way side, almost invariably we find a fine piece of land left before the door, where was planted large trees, the honey suckle, or some other sweet creeper creeping along the walls, yielding fragrance to all around. The earth yielding abundance for man and beast; the fields, as it were, growing under the crops of grain; a great deal of wheat ready for the sickle, while much of it has been gathered into barns. Their barns this year, will be filled to overflowing. May they be kept from limbing the spirit of the old farmer, who said to his soul after a plentiful harvest, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." May they continue to give of their first-fruits to the Lord, so that their barns may continue to be filled with plenty. There is a very good idea which the Nova Scotia farmers have adopted lately. If they have orchards of apples, they set trees apart, and call them missionary trees, donating the proceeds to the cause of missions. A farmer in this neighbourhood had a tree that always used to bear over other year, this tree was devoted to the cause, and over since it has borne a very large crop every year regularly.

There is also wild scenery, such as the Falls of Nictaux River. We spent a very happy afternoon here in company with some kind friends. I was, first of all, pleased with the scenery above the bridge, which is wild and mysterious. Here we wandered some time, taking a quiet walk below the bridge. The river, as if tired of dancing among the rocks, settles down into a low majestic flow, accompanied with high banks and overhanging trees. It was with great reluctance I bid adieu to that spot. After travelling about six miles of a beautiful road, we arrived at Mr. Dodge's residence, where we were very kindly entertained by the family. A few yards above the house some of the most beautiful landscapes open before the view. Again, proceeding up the hill a little further, we enter into the woods, we traverse by a narrow path, sometimes running parallel with high over-hanging rocks, at other times covered by the thick woods, until, quite unexpectedly, I found myself on the brink of a beautiful lake covered with lilies. Space will only admit of bare statements, so that we shall allow the reader to fill up the rest by his own imagination. Again, turning our steps from the margin of this fine lake, we were led by our kind guides to a sweet romantic spot, a perpendicular precipice of about a hundred feet in depth. Over an adjoining rock of fifty feet runs a little gurgling brook and empties itself into a ravine below. The place altogether and its vicinity reminds me of those beautiful lines on melancholy—

"With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
By noise, by distance, made more sweet,
Poured thro' the mellow horn, her pensive soul
While dashing forth from rocks around,
Bubbling currents joined the sound,
Through glades and glorious mingled measured stote.
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
Round a holy calm diffusing love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away."

My first impressions of the people were somewhat similar to what I had of the country—not too favorable. I thought them cool and indifferent, but I soon found out my mistake. True they are not fond of parade; they are not addicted to that vice blarney. You can rely on them if you are invited to their home he assured that you are welcome. They don't ask you to come and see them while at the same time wishing you to stay away. I should not think one can often find the detestable hypocritical kindness so often found in general society, described by Thomas Hood, commencing—

"I really take it very kind to visit me
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you since an age
(The wretch has come to dinner)."

You are here surrounded by an intelligent, kind, warm hearted and prosperous people, possessing the elegance and grace of refined society, with the beauty of rural life, free from the contaminating influence of that cursed rum traffic that blights and withers beauty wherever they come in contact. Here we have the Prohibitory law carried out in miniature and behold its happy results. We bade adieu with a sad heart to the many kind friends whose kindness we shall long remember with pleasure. All seemed exceedingly reluctant to part with Mr. and Mrs. Bill. We rode down by the Annapolis river until we came to Bridgetown. The scenery all the way is really grand. We might fancy that we were travelling through a garden, surrounded by apple trees loaded with apples, as we were nearly all the way. After spending a night under the hospitable roof of Mr. Chipman, we left Bridgetown at 11 A. M., by the boat to Digby, and such a delightful trip I never had before. The river winding like a serpent through the vale, while we glided along on its bosom, quite enraptured with the scenery around us. For about two miles it would be beautiful marsh land, with here and there tall firs surrounding the farm houses, while the hills stretched out before us at a distance, with now and then winding paths to facilitate the poor traveller who would have to pass over such difficult places. We arrived at Digby about 3 P. M., took the Creole at 11 P. M., and arrived in St. John at about 4 A. M., quite delighted with the country we had left behind.

T. P. D.

A note from Brother Angell of Yarmouth informs us, that the Rev. A. Martell has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Milton, Liverpool, and that he wishes his letters and papers forwarded to that place. We trust our esteemed Brother will find this new field rich in good fruits. Happy shall we be to hear that God is prospering his way.

There is also wild scenery, such as the Falls of Nictaux River. We spent a very happy afternoon here in company with some kind friends. I was, first of all, pleased with the scenery above the bridge, which is wild and mysterious. Here we wandered some time, taking a quiet walk below the bridge. The river, as if tired of dancing among the rocks, settles down into a low majestic flow, accompanied with high banks and overhanging trees. It was with great reluctance I bid adieu to that spot. After travelling about six miles of a beautiful road, we arrived at Mr. Dodge's residence, where we were very kindly entertained by the family. A few yards above the house some of the most beautiful landscapes open before the view. Again, proceeding up the hill a little further, we enter into the woods, we traverse by a narrow path, sometimes running parallel with high over-hanging rocks, at other times covered by the thick woods, until, quite unexpectedly, I found myself on the brink of a beautiful lake covered with lilies. Space will only admit of bare statements, so that we shall allow the reader to fill up the rest by his own imagination. Again, turning our steps from the margin of this fine lake, we were led by our kind guides to a sweet romantic spot, a perpendicular precipice of about a hundred feet in depth. Over an adjoining rock of fifty feet runs a little gurgling brook and empties itself into a ravine below. The place altogether and its vicinity reminds me of those beautiful lines on melancholy—

"With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
By noise, by distance, made more sweet,
Poured thro' the mellow horn, her pensive soul
While dashing forth from rocks around,
Bubbling currents joined the sound,
Through glades and glorious mingled measured stote.
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
Round a holy calm diffusing love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away."

My first impressions of the people were somewhat similar to what I had of the country—not too favorable. I thought them cool and indifferent, but I soon found out my mistake. True they are not fond of parade; they are not addicted to that vice blarney. You can rely on them if you are invited to their home he assured that you are welcome. They don't ask you to come and see them while at the same time wishing you to stay away. I should not think one can often find the detestable hypocritical kindness so often found in general society, described by Thomas Hood, commencing—

"I really take it very kind to visit me
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you since an age
(The wretch has come to dinner)."

You are here surrounded by an intelligent, kind, warm hearted and prosperous people, possessing the elegance and grace of refined society, with the beauty of rural life, free from the contaminating influence of that cursed rum traffic that blights and withers beauty wherever they come in contact. Here we have the Prohibitory law carried out in miniature and behold its happy results. We bade adieu with a sad heart to the many kind friends whose kindness we shall long remember with pleasure. All seemed exceedingly reluctant to part with Mr. and Mrs. Bill. We rode down by the Annapolis river until we came to Bridgetown. The scenery all the way is really grand. We might fancy that we were travelling through a garden, surrounded by apple trees loaded with apples, as we were nearly all the way. After spending a night under the hospitable roof of Mr. Chipman, we left Bridgetown at 11 A. M., by the boat to Digby, and such a delightful trip I never had before. The river winding like a serpent through the vale, while we glided along on its bosom, quite enraptured with the scenery around us. For about two miles it would be beautiful marsh land, with here and there tall firs surrounding the farm houses, while the hills stretched out before us at a distance, with now and then winding paths to facilitate the poor traveller who would have to pass over such difficult places. We arrived at Digby about 3 P. M., took the Creole at 11 P. M., and arrived in St. John at about 4 A. M., quite delighted with the country we had left behind.

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ERRATA.—In the Rev. W. A. Coleman's Letter last week, instead of "one a graduate of the venerable Father Crandall," read, "one a grandson," &c.

Rev. Charles Mackay.

Saint John, N. B., August 25th, 1856.

To the Editor of the Christian Visitor.
DEAR BROTHER.—Having just returned from Canada West, where I had interviews with the Rev. Charles Mackay, pastor of the Congregational Church at Saint John; I think it may be interesting to many of your readers to know that this beloved Minister though to all human appearance at the point of death, is in a very happy state of mind.

I left him on Thursday last. The following were some of his expressions as I sat by his bedside.

"The doctors give me hope; but I am resting in the arms of Jesus." "I know when I have been loved. My mind is kept in perfect peace. Tell my church and my friends that I have been praying for them to the last. And that that religion I have preached to them, now supports and comforts my own soul."

It would be easy for me to write much more about one whom I have known for years, but there is not time now. From various things I saw and heard whilst at Dundas, C. W., I have not a doubt on my mind, but that God had some great ends to answer in taking our friend so far away to die.

I am, Dear Brother, Yours with much respect, and affection,

THOMAS LIGHTFOOT.

Newcastle, Miramichi, Aug. 15th 1856.