

# 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.

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## Poetry.

### "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Say, watchman, what of the night?  
Do the dews of the morning fall?  
Have the orient skies a border of light  
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?  
The night is fast waning on high,  
And soon shall the darkness flee;  
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,  
And bright shall its glories be.  
But, watchman, what of the night,  
When sorrow and pain are mine?  
And the pleasure of life, so sweet and bright,  
No longer around me shine?  
That night of sorrow, thy soul  
May surely prepare to meet;  
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,  
And the morning of joy be sweet.  
But, watchman, what of the night,  
When the arrow of death has sped?  
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,  
Shall be thy sleeping bed?  
That night is near! and the cheerless tomb  
Shall keep thy body in store,  
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,  
And night—shall be no more.

## Correspondence.

### Reminiscences of the Past.

No. XXXV.

The revival in Chester, an account of which I gave you in my last, helped the church greatly. As often happens, before this work commenced, the church had experienced a season of declension and trial. The pastor had kept up the worship and order of the gospel, but it was the form with but little of the life and power of religion amongst the members of the church. But a revival of religion often accomplishes much in a little time as to setting things in order. Our extremity is often God's opportunity; and the excellency of the power is of God and not of us. But it is not my intention to give any further account of the reformation at this time; the account published in the Baptist Magazine, showed how rejoiced our dear bro. Dimock was, and that he esteemed it a great and timely blessing to the church.

The church in Chester has experienced all the changes of prosperity and adversity, of joy and sorrow, that churches usually pass through. It was first formed about sixty years ago on the pseudo-baptist platform. But there was an article in their Confession of Faith, which gave free liberty to themselves to practice baptism in what way they pleased. One John Secomb, was pastor next before Mr. Dimock, and died in the office. The latter commenced his pastoral labors in 1793, and continued in the office over half a century. Under his superintendance, they were generally prosperous and happy. Brother Dimock was physician as well as pastor for many years, and the whole community was perfectly satisfied with him as their doctor. He was one of the few persons in this world, who possessed the secret of curing cancers. And he was remarkably successful in this department. I have seen him take them out of the face and other parts of the body whole, with every fibre complete, and in this way effect a cure. Up to about 1809 the subject of communion was much agitated in this church. At that time, it was determined that no more should be received into the church, unless they were baptized. In this strange position they stood two years, when they worked their way out on to gospel ground. They were now received into the association, and their good captain felt to breathe a freer air, for he had fought one campaign with success!

Mr. Dimock's father, Daniel, and his grandfather Shubal Dimock, were preachers of the Gospel, so was his brother, so are some of his sons. And I do not know but that the priesthood will continue to descend in that line to all future generations, till the millennium—at least I hope so. The cause of truth did not succeed and prosper in this vicinity without opposition. There were in this county, many descendants of the old Dutch settlers, and they had inherited, not only the cold formalities, but also the rigidity and bigotry of their ancestors. They were most bitterly opposed to the revivals and excitements amongst the Baptists, New Lights, &c. They thought there was no getting to heaven, only by plodding along according to the old Dutch fashion; and in the slow Dutch pace. "The kingdom of heaven suffering violence, and the violent taking it by force," was what they did not understand or believe in. Hence they threw up as many barriers to obstruct the progress of the Baptists, as the French ever threw up in Paris, in the time of a revolution.

The following curiosity was communicated by one, who took an active part in it. In the time of the awakening in Chester, the people of Lunenburg, the next town, became exceedingly shocked at the accounts they received of the wild and disorderly conduct of the people in Chester, in their meetings. They believed or feigned to believe, that the people were actually bewitched; and that the pretended preachers, were nothing but wizards and magicians; practising upon their victims the black art. They did not doubt but that these leaders were in actual league with Diabolos, the great Prince of the bottomless pit. A public meeting was called, to consult as to the best measures to bring these agents of Satan to justice, for their malpractices. Their holy indignation was roused at the terrible calamity which these men had inflicted on their fellow citizens in Chester; and they were determined to put a stop to it.

When the people came together, and had expressed their opinions, pro and con, they selected two of their strongest minded men, to go to Chester, and examine the subject, and obtain all the evidence they could of the guilt of these pretended preachers. They selected for this purpose I believe, a Mr. Hubley, a man of good sense and firm purpose, and Mr. Longel, a justice of the peace. The next Sabbath these men went on their mission. It was in the very height of the revival, and they were likely to see the very worst—and, I will add, the very best of this magic delusion! They attended meeting, heard Mr. Dimock preach, heard a great many exhortations, from the young converts, saw many tears flow from the eyes of the penitent, they mingled with several groups of persons about the door and in the road, in the intermission, went and listened to the prayers of a company of young people, whom they saw collected in the bushes, attended the service in the afternoon, conversed with a number of old christians, who very cheerfully told them how matters had progressed, and what had been the result of the excitement then going on, and on their way home agreed that they had not seen Satan, nor his horns, nor even his cloven foot! But, they both agreed, that there was as many demons in themselves, as there were in Mary Magdalen; and that there were a whole legion in the people who had sent them on this mission! In a word, they were both under deep conviction of sin.

When they made their report to their confederates, they related what they had seen and heard. They compared it with the meetings, on the Sabbath, at home; the cold sermons preached: the lifeless ceremonies gone through; the inattention and want of interest in the people; the conversation; horse trading, profane words uttered, about the door; and the resort to the taverns, and drinking in the intermission. And concluded by assuring the people, that they were living without God and without hope; and that for themselves, they were determined to seek the salvation of their souls. This is the substance of the story, as related to me; and if my memory serves me, by one of the two men here referred to.

The result of this proceeding was, that Mr. Dimock was invited to Lunenburg, to preach the same gospel to those old Dutch settlers and their children. Our two friends soon found the pearl of great price. But their friends protested that they were bewitched; for this people believed more strongly in witchcraft, by far, than in the gospel of the son of God. The novelty of the thing, and the curiosity of some of the people, overcame their fears of the powers of the master Magician, who had come amongst them; and they went to the meetings. But their judicious actions, and wild looks, betrayed their uneasy feelings, and they appeared like persons who were afraid of having their pockets rifled. Nevertheless, the preaching was not in vain in the Lord. Some of the chief men began to feel the power of truth, and to cleave unto the man of God, and of honorable women not a few!

Brother D. continued to visit the place from time to time. But he was not allowed to pursue his work in peace. Some received the word with gladness, and were brought into the kingdom. But many others were mad against him, and would willingly have burnt him, for an incorrigible wizard, if the English law had permitted, as they did the witches of Salem a century before! The mob used to gather about the house, where Mr. D. was holding forth, and scream, and shout, and curse, and beat old kettles, and sometimes break the windows in, and insult the prophet of the Lord. They were determined to defeat this man, and in that place,

at least, to prevent his turning the world upside down!

But, though our brother was naturally of a very mild and yielding disposition; and would never contend for trifles, still he had in him some stern stuff, and a firmness of purpose, that would not permit him to yield up the truth, or suffer him to be turned from his purpose, when the cause of God and the souls of men were in peril. He therefore kept on the even tenor of his way, and fought many a hard battle before this citadel of Satan, until he made a wide breach in the north-west wall; and, "In the name of the Lord, he set up his banners!" D. NUTTER.

For the Christian Visitor.

### Sketches in London.

BY T. P. D.

I was compelled to close my last, after leading you to John Street Chapel, and giving you a very brief sketch of the Pastor, the Rev. B. W. Noel. His text was taken from Jude, 20th, 21st, verses, "But ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." He went on to remark, "It is a most melancholy fact, that but few after the lapse of so many centuries have professed the Christian name, and very mournful to think that those who have done so are so superstitious, following the devices of their own imaginations, which has led them to all manner of absurdities, sin and folly. And many who have known Christ, are they not too much like the world? Do we not give the world reason to say as they often do, 'follow them closely they are not better than we are.'"

1. We are to build up ourselves on our most holy faith. It is very lamentable to find a zealous man become cold and careless, he that used to be energetic in the Sabbath School; always at the prayer meetings furthering by word and work every good cause. What a sorrowful sight to see that man's hands begin to relax in the good work. We are told to build up ourselves, not try to do so, but that we are to do so. The Christian may say—"Am I not God's building?" Yes, but it is not likely that he wishes to see the temple of our souls an unsightly thing, to fall into ruins. Think of this command and promise and 'work together with God.' As the man with the withered hand did when commanded to stretch it out, he obeyed: so he and God worked together. When God tells you to build, arise and build.

And the Apostle tells us on what we are to build, viz.—on our most holy faith. It is the faith of the gospel we must build upon. Make the word of God our constant study and receive the sincere milk of the word that we may grow thereby. 'Most holy faith,' inasmuch as all the doctrines of the word of God are holy. It is holy because it sets before us the example of a holy Saviour. It is holy because it leads and teaches the sinner to be holy. Now are we building ourselves on this most holy faith? Have we done so the last week? If we do so we shall prosper.

2. The next thing is 'to pray in the Holy Ghost.' Do you pray in your families? If you answer no; can you wrestle with the world alone? Can you meet with the enemy of souls and stand your ground unaided. And if you do pray perhaps in the few moments devoted for that purpose your prayer is cold, and your imaginations wander over the ends of the earth. We are commanded by the Apostle to pray in the Holy Ghost. Have you ever prayed without deriving any benefit? Have you ever asked, without feeling a great necessity for what you asked? Then it is no wonder that you failed to receive a blessing.

3. 'Keep yourselves in the love of God.' Can't you look back to some period of your life when you have loved God more than you do at present? There is therefore danger. We are exhorted to 'keep ourselves.' Keep ourselves, why one would say is not that God's business? Believe the word of God. Keep yourselves in the love of God. Look at it in another light. Does he wish that we should be cold? No, he tells you to love him; and the duties which he has prescribed are beautifully blended together, one assisting the other, one leading to the other; step by step, higher and higher, in the Christian life. Notice the connection in our text, to 'build ourselves on our most holy faith—to pray to the Holy Spirit; these things assist us to love God. Cherish the love of God. If you feel a diminution, take care; take the alarm at once. Then there is something else; we are to look for the mercy of our Lord

Jesus Christ." After doing all we can in this world we must look for mercy, every day for mercy; when we die look for mercy, in the day of judgment look for mercy. There is not one of us expects too much from God; but there is cause to think that he is dishonored by our looking for so little. Now leave other men to do as they like, let them trust in their forms &c., but as for you and me let us trust in the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Eternal life is the certain end of trusting in Christ, looking to God hourly and daily. Now will you do so? You that have tasted that he is gracious. Then go on, don't lag behind, we shall have a happy and a peaceful end, and meet in glory. T. P. D.

No. 2.

NEWCASTLE, GRAND LAKE, JUNE 11.

Dear Brother,—In again resuming my narrative, I will speak of the late Benjamin Bailey, who resided at this place for a number of years, and if honesty and candour, with great faithfulness entitles his memory to the phrase, he might well be termed a christian hero. He was, if I mistake not, born near Exeter, in England, and emigrated to this Province when religion was in its incipient state, and for upwards of sixty years, it was his meat and drink to do his Heavenly Father's will. His earliest religious impressions arose from hearing his master, on his return from church, blaspheme the name of that God, whose dying emblems he had just been celebrating.

On his arrival in America, our departed brother met with Henry Alline, and to use his own words, "it was but to meet and love, and fall upon each other's necks, and rejoice in the common salvation," which is for all who love the Lord in sincerity. During his stay at the Lake he held meetings, and in the absence of ministering brethren, attended on funeral occasions. He felt a great interest in the welfare of his fellow men, and fervently desired that they might be made "wise unto salvation." The writer remembers well how this aged pilgrim, together with his faithful companion, who was truly a mother in Israel, exulted in seeing a revival of religion in this region. How different was the case when, as he said, "you might travel many a long and weary mile without seeing the face or hearing the voice of any to speak a word for the Saviour." But now a church was about to be organized—valued ministers had commenced to visit the place. Truly "the solitary places were being made glad for them, and the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose." A meeting in those days, seemed to be at a loss without the presence of Father Bailey, and it mattered not to him to what creed the person belonged, if he lacked the "one thing needful," he was faithful in pointing him to the Lamb of God.

It was with pleasure that professors of religion visited the abode of this worthy brother to join with him in the morning and evening devotions, which he never on any occasion omitted. A few years before his death he removed to Sunbury County, and there, on a branch of the Oromocto, his remains are laid away together with his faithful partner, until the dead men shall awake to receive the cheering welcome from him who has said "I am the resurrection and the life."

But before I close this sheet I will say a few words concerning the descendants of our departed friend; and while I write I am forcibly reminded of the promise contained in the two last verses of the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah. Our aged father lived to see some of his own children profess faith in the Lord, and at this day, many of his grandchildren fill important offices in the Baptist Churches in the United States, at the Oromocto, and at the Grand Lake. One granddaughter has a husband in the ministry, and another is the companion of one who has been a deacon in the Grand Lake Church since its formation, and one grand-son is a deacon elect of the Newcastle church; and I may add a number of great-grandchildren are now swelling the number in our Sabbath Schools. JAMES BUTLER.

Maccan, N. S., 1856.

DEAR BROTHER BILL,—As you always like to hear of the prosperity of Zion, I would say that during the winter and spring, we had a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord in this Church. I baptized eleven converts during the winter. We held some extra meetings, but could not continue them longer than we did, on account of severe sickness afflicting both myself and people. I expect to baptize several persons next Lord's

day, and I think that a number more will soon follow.

We are trying, and I hope, doing a little for the cause of God, both unitedly and individually, but still we are but unprofitable servants.

Your Province is in a great crisis at the present time. We have lifted our hearts in prayer to God that the rum policy may not for ever triumph.

Yours in christian sympathy,  
D. McKEEN.

### Quarterly Meeting.

At our last Quarterly Meeting held at the First Baptist Church, Sackville, there appeared to be a good degree of interest manifested in the cause of Christ, particularly in the Home Missionary department. We have formed a Home Missionary Board, composed of the following brethren, viz., John Anderson, of First Baptist Church, Sackville, G. F. Miles, of the Second, Silvanus Minor, of the Point de Bute, John Rowe, of Bay de Vert, and D. McKeen, of the Maccan Church. Previous to our meeting on the 21st April, we had a Missionary, brother McPhail, employed for twenty-four days, who reported having had a number of very interesting meetings, and also having baptized three persons. The people with whom he labored, appeared willing to contribute of their means toward the Mission. We then engaged him for the next three months. Our friends at Sackville seemed desirous of sustaining the Missionary work. We think that our Quarterly Meetings are in several respects for the glory of God.

Maccan, June 18, 1856.

D. McKEEN.

### Peace Rejoicings in London—The Fireworks.

(From our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, JUNE, 1856.

MR. EDITOR,—It has often been remarked that the English are slow to adopt any new line of conduct from that which they have been in the habit of pursuing; this is true, but when they adopt any new principle they are ready to carry it out to its fullest extent. This was exemplified in the late war—at first the people held back, were cautious lest they might be doing too much, but after a little time they became accustomed to it, and made preparations for carrying the war operations on, to an extent such as the world never saw before. And now comes peace—of course the people grumbled; just as they had rolled up their sleeves to go in for a regular fight, to be stopped by—foreign influence. This did not prove that they loved war rather than peace, but simply showed their natural characteristic. But peace having been proclaimed, they must show their appreciation of it, by every means in their power, and all who witnessed the ebullition of the nation's joy as exhibited in the entertainment got up for the 29th of May, must come to the conclusion that the people of England are not only capable of going to any length in war, but are willing to do anything in honor to maintain peace.

From the time of the appointment of the day of commemorating the restoration of peace, the people decided to have London illuminated in such a manner as it was never before illuminated. Four places were appointed by the Government for a general display of fireworks, viz.—Hyde Park, the Green Park, Victoria Park and Primrose Hill. Buildings were erected at these places, and you may form some idea of the extent of them from the fact that the conveyance of the materials alone, employed 3,000 men and boys, twenty-five ambulance waggons, and eighty pair of cart horses, night and day for a month.

The buildings were the same in character in all the Parks. That in the Green Park was 200 feet in length, twenty-five feet in height to the eaves, and thirty feet wide. The front faced St. James' Park, the back towards Piccadilly, was boarded up, but light was admitted for the workmen inside by a row of eighteen windows, twelve feet in length, and containing seven lengths of glass. A screen, 10 feet high, was erected the whole length of the building at a distance of 100 feet, which prevented the crowds of spectators seeing the doings of the employees. From this screen to a distance of 200 yards, no persons were allowed, but those employed in the works; the people being kept out by strong wooden rails, extending in an elliptical form from Piccadilly, at the east side of the Park, to the extreme western end, by the Wellington statue.

The building in Hyde Park was of the same dimensions as that in the Green Park. It faced Grosvenor gate was 400 yards from the Marble Arch at the head of Oxford Street, and an area of 300 yards was railed off and kept clear of spectators. The buildings in Victoria Park and on Primrose Hill were on the same scale; but at the latter place extra stages were erected for the discharge of an enormous number of rockets.

The proceedings of the day commenced by an inspection of the Foot Guards, in St. James' Park, by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Prince Regent of Baden, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The men appeared in fine health, and the precision with which they executed their various evolutions called forth the rapturous admiration of the illustrious inspectors.

At mid-day came the Drawing Room at St. James's, the procession to which was truly magnificent. Long lines of elegant carriages, filled with the elite of this and other lands, extended through the chief streets of the west end. Crowds of well dressed persons thronged the pathways, the windows and the balconies of the houses on the route were filled with spectators and decked with evergreens and flowers, while quantities of magnificent flags waved over head.

During the day thousands of visitors arrived by the various trains from all parts of the country, and these added to the present dense population greatly augmented the number of spectators in the evening.

The weather was most propitious for the pyrotechnic display, just cloudy enough to be dark without any fear of rain, or fog, to mar the beauty of the fires. Long before the hour for commencing, a crowd of from 250,000 to 300,000 steady, quiet, sober, orderly people, had congregated to witness the display in the Green Park.

A large pavilion had been erected at the north end of Buckingham Palace, for the accommodation of Her Majesty and guests. At the hour appointed, the display began with a series of white, green, red, and yellow fires, and a continual discharge of maroons. From this time, (9 o'clock,) till near midnight, this region of the metropolis was lit up with the blazing stars, stars, comets, and streamers—flights of rockets, shells and Roman candles—the descent of illuminated parachutes, meteors, and a perfect deluge of golden, silver, and pearl rain. Fiery serpents chased each other through the air, and as they whizzed along, the ear became dull, and the eye dim with gazing at the ocean of light. There were stars, hoops and crosses, cascades, fountains, trees, and aerial sheaves of yellow corn. But the last piece crowned the whole. It was a fixed elaborate design with the words "God save the Queen" in the centre, around which took place a grand display of Roman candles, pearl streamers, red, green, blue, and yellow rockets. The effect cannot be described, and while the crowd stood in amazement, 10,000 rockets shot up into the air at once,—all was over, and the thousands, half blind, hurried away, and in an hour the Park was empty.

In Hyde Park the display commenced at half-past nine. The programme was similar to that in the Green Park, but words are not in vogue that would give a description of the splendour of the scene. The designs were surpassingly ingenious and elegant, and the effect of colours was beyond all praise—Emerald, sapphire, amber, topaz, amethyst, garnet, turquoise, lapis lazuli, jacinth, onyx, opal, gold and diamond were so blended, and presented such a dazzling profusion of tints, as fascinated all gazers. This also concluded with a discharge of 10,000 rockets.

Victoria Park was not a whit behind in magnificence of design, and perfection of execution. The scene at the close where the 10,000 rockets were discharged, has aptly been likened to a "deadly combat between rival bands of fiends."

At Primrose Hill the same routine was performed as at the other places, with the addition of "fountains of fire" playing to the height of 100 feet. Some of the wheels too, were of enormous dimensions, being 28 feet in diameter.

My space will not permit me to enter fully into the various illuminations prepared by private individuals, and affixed in front of the houses, but I will give you a few of the mottoes &c., culled from the London papers. "In mourning for a disgraceful peace, the certain result of a war disgracefully conducted." "Honour to the brave." "Cor unum via una." "Peace." "God save the Queen." "Peace to the remains of the heroes who fell in the Crimea, and the victims of mismanagement." "May the alliance be lasting." "Peace for ever." "Long live the Queen." "May the peace prosper." "Peace and plenty." "Dieu et mon droit." "Now may Europe rest in peace." "In memory of Military Aggression, who expired at Sebastopol, after a severe attack of Alma, and a subsequent shock of Inkermann." "Victory." "Welcome the Peace." "Pax artis vita." "England and France united, give hope to Hungary, unity to Italy, freedom to Poland, and peace to the world." "Be thankful." "The British Lion, &c., &c., &c."

A few manufacturers showed their loyalty, their eccentricity and their trades combined. For instance, a brush-maker put up: "In honour of a — with the Russians" the blank was supplied, of course, with a specimen of his own manufacture. An optician in Fleet street, too, had a large "A" then a pair of spectacles, and then "For Peace." A tobacconist put up a large transparent design of a charge in battle headed "Smoke in War." Next came a party of friends, round the canteen, where, instead of drawing bayonets, they are coolly discussing a quiet whiff over which was placed "Smoke in Peace." One man, no doubt looking at the dark side of the war, had laid his shop in mourning, fountains of crape depended to the ground, above hung two black flags, on which were respectively