

# 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.

### A CHRISTIAN.

Who would not be a Christian? I have seen  
Men shrinking from the term, as if it brought  
A charge against them! Yet the honor'd name  
Is full of gentle meaning. Odors rise,  
And beauty flows around it; from its eye  
Great tears of heavenly sympathy descend;  
And mercy, soft as Hermon's fragrant dew,  
Springs in its heart, and from its lips distill.  
I've seen it press an infant to its breast,  
And kiss away its trouble: seen it take  
An old grey-headed man, oppress'd with years,  
And wrinkled o'er with sorrow, and disclose  
A prospect to his vision which hath made  
The old man sing with gladness; seen it lay  
Its soft hand gently on the blind and lame,  
And lead them safely home; and seen it stoop  
To the vile outcasts of society,  
Whose character was odious in the streets,  
And bring them back to virtue and to God!  
Hark! 'tis the loftiest name the language bears,  
And all the languages in all the world  
Have none sublimer! It relates to Christ,  
And breathes of human holiness; suggests  
The virtues of humanity, adorns  
By the rich graces of the Holy Ghost,  
To fit them for the paradise on high,  
Where angels dwell, and perfect manhood shines  
In the clear light of redeeming love.  
Forever and forever; and implies  
A son and heir of the ETERNAL GOD!

## Correspondence.

### Reminiscences of the Past.

No. XXXIV.

DEAR BROTHER,—I resume my account of things in Chester. Do not conclude that I love noise and rant, in place of heartfelt sorrow for sin, and solid joy, arising from the love of God shed abroad in the heart. I would not have described that cloud of smoke, in my last, had I not got the very best evidence that there was heavenly fire burning within. The experiences which I heard told, were deep, doctrinal, and evangelical. They could not be otherwise. If the words spoken, do not change the heart; they give direction to the thoughts, and regulate the feelings of the heart of flesh, when grace has so created it. Mr. Dimock gave an account of that work, in a letter to Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, which was published in the Baptist Magazine; to which he stated, that the preaching during that revival of religion, was a high doctrinal character; and but little was said by way of appeal to the animal passions.

The holiness of the law—the depravity of the heart—the struggles, but helpless state of the sinner—the justice of God in their condemnation—the hope and justification of the soul by the blood of Christ, and the clear view of his character and work, as the means of deliverance from the guilt of conscience, were as clearly seen, as when preached by the most orthodox divine, in the experiences told by many in that and other revivals which I witnessed. I have no doubt, although it may offend against this generation of God's children, that nine tenths of the experiences now told, would have been rejected as unsatisfactory, by our old Ministers and brethren of that day. I do not decide whether this is right or wrong; but I write it as a matter of history. I am inclined to think that our candidates, in this day, are born of the spirit—but too many of them are still born. I remember one case in Chester, when a young woman told her experience, I felt, as I never felt before. As she proceeded she related the thoughts and feelings which passed through my mind, when concerned about my own soul, with such exactness and minuteness of detail, that I was surprised, for truly she had told all my heart. That young convert, was Betsy Floyd; now the wife of Deacon S. Vaughan, of St. Martins.

The baptismal scene, the day after our night meeting, referred to in my last paper, was solemn, and exciting. So was other like occasions. But the preaching was the means of awakening, generally. It was made the power of God and the wisdom of God, unto salvation. Mr. Dimock went through to Windsor, and preached for me, as I was expected home after one Sabbath. The people in Windsor, were surprised when he told them where I was, as they supposed I had gone to Halifax. He preached there two Lord's Days; and that satisfied them for a time. Sometimes we had meetings at Esquire Crandall's house; three or four miles from the meeting house. The reformation extended into that neighbourhood; and several of his family were brought in. He had been engaged in building a Meeting house; and about this time it was finished. He put a stove in it, and locked the door; then carried the

key to the Deacons of the church; and made the church a present of it. He presented it to the Lord as a thank offering, for his mercy in saving the souls of his family. Mr. Crandall, was a remarkable man. In some things, perhaps, a little eccentric; but a good man, and uncommonly liberal and benevolent. He said, that the first dollar he ever owned, he gave away to a preacher, who was needy; and he added, that he had increased his property more than a dollar, for every day he had lived since! At the time of which I speak, he had established, on his own land, a settlement of Indians, and had built them houses, and provided them land, and in the winter supplied them with provisions.

He was a liberal contributor to the cause of religion at home; doing more to support brother Dimock than any other man. The missionary cause, the Bible enterprise, and the poor were always remembered by him. This friend and brother, was the natural brother of our respected Father, Joseph Crandall. But the melancholy part of my story is untold. When I was in Nova Scotia, last spring, and inquired about this beloved old friend; how was I shocked, when informed that he came to his end in a very fearful manner! He was literally torn to pieces by the fragments of a rock; he was blasting!! How mysterious are the ways of God, and his judgments past finding out!! O my beloved friend and namesake; thou wast very kind and lovely to me; and I take pleasure in dropping this tear to thy memory!!

The revival continued, and every thing went on harmoniously. In the midst of the work, Mr. William Elder, came to Chester. His family was staying there, as he had no settled home at the time. He had been a licensed preacher, but had not devoted much time or attention to the work. He now desired to be ordained, and expressed a wish to give himself up to the ministry of the word. The church invited myself and brother Davis of Lunenburg, with their pastor, to proceed in the examination of the case. It was concluded to attend to the duty the next day. A very large audience collected, so that the house above, was crowded in every part. It was allotted to me to preach the sermon; and this was a very easy matter, under the circumstances then existing. All the faculties of the mind were awakened; and all the ears in the congregation were opened; it was a solemn day, and a powerful state of feeling. Brother Davis and brother Dimock both declared, that the sermon was three hours and forty minutes long; and that it did not appear, they said, that any person moved hand or foot during the delivery. This will serve to show that it was either a very good sermon, or the people were very hungry. I assure you that it was both a very good sermon, and such as the people wanted. The text was, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, he believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Now how could any man, whom God had called to the work; preach from such a text, and to such a people, and not preach a good sermon. He that preaches the truth preaches a good sermon. I had for my subject the pure Gospel, therefore it must be good in quality; and if it was three hours and forty minutes long, surely there was sufficient in quantity; therefore I may say, without egotism, it was good sermon. We spent almost the whole day in the exercises, and Brother Davis preached in the evening at a Mr. Webber's, a sermon two hours long. The work of conversion went on, sometimes Mr. Dimock baptized, and sometimes myself. The number added to the church, as in other cases, I cannot recollect, but I know it was great. I made one or two visits to Lunenburg, where Brother Davis preached; but my stay was of necessity short. I preached there and at Mahone Bay, a few times; but Chester was the place. For whosoever the cause is, either will the angels be gathered together. I thought to finish in this letter, what I had to say about these places; but as I see now, it would make it too long, I break off here and finish what I have to say, in my next.

It is a curious fact, that the Spirit of grace works alike in every land, and in every condition. The witness which experience gives to the truth of Christianity, is a harmonious witness; and if every Christian was to let the full light of his religion shine out in his life, how hard it would bear on the conscience of the unbeliever.

D. NUTTER.

## For the Christian Visitor.

Scorton Town, June 7th, 1856.

Dear Brother,—Last Sabbath, at the close of our morning service, I left Newcastle for Chipman, in compliance with brother Howe's request. I was accompanied by brethren Baily, Butler, and Howe who rendered my visit increasingly pleasant. After a journey of sixteen miles we reached our destination. On our way, we crossed Hard Wood Ridge, on which is an interesting settlement, and upon descending into the valley of the Salmon Creek, a fine village was presented to our view. Three miles in the distance we saw an externally beautiful chapel, the sight of which cheered us onward. We found, upon our arrival, a large and respectable looking congregation. I was pleased to meet with the Rev. Mr. Doyle but regretted to find him in bad health. He took part with us in our meeting, and seemed quite happy. Bro. Howe, and the brethren generally, gave us a hearty welcome.

Bro. How, I am happy to inform you is doing well. He labours indefatigably, and is much respected in the community, and especially beloved by the church. Arrangements are about being made for the continuation of his services there. He has an important and inviting field, and the people among whom he labours are greatly obliged to the Board for sending them so good a missionary. I was gratified to learn that measures are also about being adopted to complete the Meeting House at Salmon Creek. This building was nobly commenced and the outside finished several years ago, but from different causes, the interior has remained unfinished. I hope to hear of its completion at an early date.

We did not have the pleasure of baptizing converts, as anticipated, in consequence of the indisposition of the candidates, but we felt assured that our visit was not in vain.

After holding a meeting at Gaspereaux, on Monday morning, we returned to meet on another opportunity.

Yours, in Christ,  
ISA WALLACE.

## For the Christian Visitor.

Sabbath Sketches in London.

What heartrending scenes one is compelled to witness in some of the low localities of this city; exciting deep sympathy in the mind of every Christian. Ah! it is sweet to weep over their degraded state. Some of the Town Missionaries (and there are a great many devoted men zealously engaged in this work) give us in their reports interesting accounts of their visits; sometimes encountering poverty in a fearful form. How delightful it must be to be able to alleviate the sufferings of a fellow being, and at the same time point them to Christ the great Physician, that is in Gilead, and the balm found there to heal their souls. I recollect a few years ago listening to the Rev. John Branch, of Waterloo-road chapel, —known as an energetic and zealous minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, who was also the Superintendent of the Town mission, but a short time since removed by death,—preach a funeral sermon on the death of a brother missionary. He gave some account of his fellow-labourer in the vineyard—of some of his self-denying acts. "Oh!" says he "did he had a heart that could feel for the woes of others. When returning home from his visits one cold and freezing winter night, rather late, he was accosted by a female of a questionable character, his large heart at once pitied her condition, and he began to talk with her upon the awfulness of spending her life in the manner she was doing, and said "we are all fast hastening to eternity—we must all be either lost or saved." She in reply told him, "I want none of your religious cant, I know more about those things than you can tell me; but he still urged the thought of death and judgment upon her conscience. At last she replied, "Ah! 'tis all very well, sir, for you to talk, but place yourself in my circumstances, then your strain of talking would soon take a different course. Supposing you had no bed this cold night to lie on, not a sufficiency of clothing to keep you warm, no food to eat, what would you do?" He at once invited her to accompany him home, saying he would introduce her to his wife, and for a short time supply her with the necessaries of life and give her shelter. To this proposal she agreed. She resided about a fortnight in Mr. Wilson's house, during that time he found out that she was a minister's daughter from the country, but had been led astray. He immediately communicated with her aged parent, who had received no tidings of his daughter for some time. As soon as he received the joyful news that his daughter was still alive, he hastened to see her. Who can paint this meeting; a penitent young woman, and an aged father, a minister of Christ? I should think that none but parents and such as have passed through somewhat like trying circumstances can enter fully into this touching scene. The old pa-

trich wept with joy, the erring daughter shed penitential tears, and craved forgiveness in sobbing tones, saying "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." The father rejoiced to forgive.—She returned with her beloved parent and after spending some time at home, she paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to thank them for their kind attention. They were informed that she was then her father's housekeeper, and a superintendent of the school connected with the Church over which he was pastor. Oh! how pleasant were the tidings to Mr. Wilson; how delightful to know that he had been the means of causing the old patriarch to rejoice, and of saving a soul from hell.

I have digressed from the subject intended; but I have passed this morning through some of the low places of London, where I have witnessed heart-rending scenes, and while penning them down, Mr. Branch's remarks came fresh to my mind. Oh! what misery sin brought into the world. This delightful morn', sweet day of sacred rest, while the refulgent orb of day sheds his enlivening beams on all around, declaring in unmistakable language the glory of God—still, openly the laws of God are trampled under feet and thereby bringing misery on the offenders. What means these distorted countenances, these human beings covered with rags, living in a tainted and close atmosphere amongst filth and dirt? What are these awful curses which assail my ears. One might imagine that he was in the regions of the damned, in the atmosphere of the brimstone lake, surrounded by the hellish host. What mean all these things? But we shall pass rapidly on, this not being a very inviting place to remain in any length of time. Having arrived in a fine wide and open street, quite quiet, a strange contrast to that from which we but recently emerged is presented. This is Tabernacle, Bedford Row; we enter the chapel, where the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel preaches; a fine audience has already collected; the pastor walks up the pulpit stairs; see him as soon as he enters bowing his head to pray, I have no doubt earnestly, that his labors may prove successful. The time has arrived when divine worship should commence publicly; he rises and in a solemn manner addresses the throne of grace. Not only is he an eloquent speaker and a learned man, but there seems to be something so humble, so affectionate in all that he does and says.—He was esteemed while in the church,—I suppose you are aware that he was for years a minister of the Church of England,—for his piety, learning and eloquence. About eight years ago he left them for conscience sake, which caused a great deal of excitement in England. He then published a work giving the world his reasons for taking such a step. In order that you may have some idea of the popularity of the man, and the excitement that existed, I shall just put you in possession of one fact, viz., that all the copies of the first edition of his work which were 12s. 6d. sterling each, were sold before they came out of press. That excitement had barely subsided when again every one was on tip-toe expectation waiting to know what denunciation of christians he would join. A great many speculations were cherished. The Wesleyans expected him to join their ranks. The Independents were almost sure he would join them. But at last it was noised abroad that the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel had joined the BAPTISTS. What could have induced this good man, who was so highly thought of and appreciated by the denomination to which he belonged, and who stood high in all respects, having been appointed Chaplain to the Queen—I say, what could have induced him against the wish of friends, and blighting to a certain extent his worldly prospects; to join, as the learned Bishop Medley, of Fredericton, condescended to say from his pulpit, "The deluded Baptists." What but the love of truth? He knew that obedience in the sight of God is better than sacrifice. That it is better to answer a good conscience towards God, than to enjoy all the emoluments and good will of the world. Many members of B. W. Noel's church were also led to examine the subject of christian baptism, and the result was, that they followed their beloved pastor. Such then is the man, an extract of whose sermon I will give you in my next letter.

T. P. D.

## To be Continued.

THE WORLDLY FAMILY.—For some years before his death, Mr. Hervey visited but few persons belonging to the higher classes of society in his neighborhood; and being asked why he declined visiting those who were always ready to show him every token of respect, he replied,—"I can hardly name a polite family where the conversation turns upon the things of God. I hear much frothy and worldly chat, but not a word of Christ; and I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master as well as for myself."

## American Bible Union.

The Board of Managers held their regular Monthly Meeting, June 4th. There was a full attendance of the members, and also several visiting friends. Rev. L. Crandall, of the Seventh Day Baptist Church led in prayer.

GENERAL PROSPERITY.—An abstract from the Correspondence of the previous month was read by the Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Wyckoff—nearly five hundred letters having been received. The letters expressed strong sympathy, and approval of the course of procedure in printing Revisions.

The Treasurer reported an expenditure of \$5,168 90 for the month of May, and communicated the gratifying intelligence that the expenses had all been promptly met by the kind liberality of the patrons.

## Portrait of Dr. Cone.

A letter was read, accompanying the presentation of a beautiful portrait of the Rev. S. H. Cone, D. D., late President of the Union, being a donation for the use of the Managers' Room, from Ezra P. Smith, Wilson G. Hunt, William J. Syms, Thomas Thomas, W. D. Murphy, and Eli Kelly. The portrait was received, and a vote of thanks given to the generous donors.

THE PRESIDENCY.—Rev. A. Maclay, D. D., communicated his resignation of the Presidency, in the following letter:

NEW YORK, May 13, 1856.

## To the Board of the American Bible Union.

DEAR BRETHREN:—After several months of mature deliberation, I feel compelled, by a sense of duty to resign my office as President of the American Bible Union, and thus to free myself, as far as possible, from all further responsibility in the management of its affairs. In taking this solemn step I desire to say, that I cherish kind feelings towards all my brethren, and those who have extended to me their personal friendship and Christian courtesy I shall always hold in grateful remembrance.

Praying that we may all be sanctified through the truth, and finally saved in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I am, affectionately, yours,  
A. MACLAY.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD.

WHEREAS, our venerable Brother, Rev. A. Maclay, D. D., has sent in his resignation as President of the American Bible Union, and whereas, his letter of resignation intimates that the purpose to resign has been long and maturely considered by him, and solemnly decided; therefore,

Resolved, That we accept the resignation of Bro. Maclay, and heartily reciprocate his expressions of good feeling and christian regard, and shall ever esteem it a pleasure to offer supplications to God for the preservation of his valuable life, and the continuance of his usefulness to its close.

Resolved, That Dr. Maclay, as a champion of pure Versions, has established a world-wide reputation for energy, perseverance, convincing argumentation, and success in winning friends, obtaining subscriptions, and collecting funds, which will always associate his memory with the cause of Scripture truth, and faithful Translations.

Resolved, That we pray God that the last days of our esteemed Brother may be distinguished by the increasing light of that piety which has hitherto illumined his path, and that his sun may set in glory.

The foregoing resolutions, having been previously approved by the standing Committees at their stated meetings, were adopted by the Board, and a committee of the oldest brethren, Messrs. Murphy, Colgate and Marsh, was appointed to communicate them to brother Maclay.

A committee of five brethren was appointed to nominate a suitable person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Bro. Maclay. The Committee retired for consultation; and in their absence prayer was offered for the divine guidance by brethren S. Baker, and D. S. Parmelee.

The Committee, after some time spent in consultation, returned, and presented the following

## REPORT.

The Committee on Nomination respectfully report: That, after full deliberation, they unanimously recommend Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., as President of the American Bible Union, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr. Maclay.

WM. H. WYCKOFF,  
T. B. STILLMAN,  
SYLVESTER PIER,  
S. E. SHEPARD,  
S. REMINGTON,

The Report was accepted, and the nomination of the Committee confirmed by the election of Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., as President of the American Bible Union. Brother William Colgate, the late Treasurer, was then elected Vice-President, to fill the place vacated by the election of Brother Armitage to the Presidency. Brother Colgate still continues as a Manager.

Rev. J. S. Backus, Pastor of the Union Baptist Church, was elected to fill the place vacated by Brother Armitage as a member of the Board.

EFFORT.—Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Providence smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put shoulders to the wheel that propels them to wealth and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your vest-pocket, ye who idle in bar-rooms or at the corners of the streets.

## Slavery—Civil War—A New Party, &c.

NEW YORK CITY, June 1856.

A person who mingles freely in society and knows the feelings of this people, particularly if he is a foreigner, will be greatly surprised at the change that has taken place in their minds, within the last four years, on the subject of slavery.

Then it was tabooed in conversation and the very name shunned at, discordant in the social circle. All consider slavery an evil, and not a national but local institution, which each sovereign state had the power to maintain, despite and independent of the national government. The North felt she could not eradicate it and any movement in that direction tended only to excite Southern jealousy and pride. The South considered it indispensable to her welfare and through very indolence would not attempt to change it, saying our fathers left it where it is, so will we.

But, at the present time, it would be impossible to write anything concerning this people, of their thoughts feelings and conversation without speaking of slavery. It has touched the nation's heart, every man feels deeply on the subject. The question, "shall freedom or slavery be national?" must be settled now. The people are in earnest and demand it, they cannot be foiled or turned from this issue by any political jugglery.

It will be well to give a few words in explanation of the causes which have worked this change, before speaking of its manifestation. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, though sanctioned by the venerable Webster was never the less very distasteful to the feelings of Free State men; it turned their attention particularly to the slavery question. The law was submitted to, not endorsed. Immediately succeeding this, a number of ably written works, at the head of which, may be placed, Uncle Tom's Cabin, were extensively circulated throughout the North; these first gave the people a clear and continuous idea of the domestic life of slaves, arousing their sympathy, on behalf of the sad lot of those wronged and oppressed unfortunates. The Presidential election of 1852 was conducted without scarcely any reference to the slavery question, it was a contest between parties, the Wigs and Democrats. But the slavery-given policy of Pierce's miserable administration has made the North blush with shame and aroused a deep and pervading opposition to every form of slavery aggression.

The passage of the Kansas Nebraska Bill, which opened to slavery the virgin soil of the fertile West, territory which had been forever dedicated and consecrated to freedom by national compact, has exasperated the North and made the detestation and abandonment of the Pierce Administration entire. The successive outrages committed in Kansas by the Missouri Border Ruffians, "backed by the government at Washington" has by no means, alleviated this sentiment. You know the story of suffering Kansas. You know how the elected Vice President, left his seat, as chairman of a nation's congress to lead a Missouri mob with fire and sword against a new born territory. You know that mob, from its own ranks, elected a pretended legislature; how that pretended legislature passed laws disfranchising three-quarters of the bona fide settlers of the territory, viz. the free-state men; you know that last winter, Lawrence (the largest town in Kansas, and the centre of the free-state settlers) was besieged by a similar drunken mob, and would have fallen, but for the presence of those admirable weapons, Sharpe's rifles. The outrages and murders committed by the mob are familiar to you. You know also that Governor after Governor has been superseded by the President, because he would not sufficiently aid and sustain these mobs; and lastly, you know that Lawrence is now in the hands of the Border Ruffians beneath whose "law and order" rule murder, rapine, fire, terror and devastation reign. The free-state men fled with their wives and children to seek shelter in the forests, but have now returned and are battling for their rights.

Yes, civil war rages among us, not only the far frontiers of a new territory but in the nation's capital. The fires of domestic strife are lighted, none can say when or where they will cease. The reason Lawrence did not defend herself, as she did when besieged in the winter, is the people were scattered, putting in their crops, for it was seed time. The guns and ammunition sent there had been captured, their leaders were seized and imprisoned, and worst of all, the national troops had orders by the President to support the mob, and were put entirely under the Governor, who is the legalized head of it. Thus the only hope for the citizens was in flight. Some of the outrages are of the most shocking and humiliating nature. But the end of these things is not yet.

Of course you have long since received an account of the brutal and cowardly assault, made by Representative Brooks, of South Carolina,