

# 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."

GEO. W. DAY, Printer SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1856. EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. VOL. IX.—NO. 19

**WE ARE GROWING OLD**  
We are growing old—how the thoughts will rise,  
When a glance is backward cast,  
On some long remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past!  
It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
Or the tomb of our early tears;  
But it seems like a far off isle to us,  
In a stormy sea of years.

Wide and wild are the waters that part  
Our step from its greenness now,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow;  
For deep o'er many a bark  
Have the whelming billows rolled—  
That steered with us from that early mark;  
O friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness of the dust  
Of our daily toils and cares—  
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,  
Which our hardened memory bears;  
Each form may wear from the passing gaze,  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days,  
Which the morning never met.

But O the changes we have seen,  
In the far and winding way—  
The graves on our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown grey!  
The winter on our own may spare  
The sable or the gold;  
But we may see its snow on brighter hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's old wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and fear;  
But where are the living fountains whose flow  
Was joy of heart to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the loss of many a page;  
But where is the hope that saw in time  
Its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the wood thrush's song is renewed?  
We have stood in the sunny brakes,  
Where the bloom is deep and blue;  
And our soul might joy in spring-time then,  
But the joy was faint and cold,  
For it never could give us the youth again,  
Of hearts that are growing old.

## Correspondence.

### Reminiscences of the Past.

No. XXVIII.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was well paid for the trouble I had taken to visit these inlets on the great Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. You, I believe, and some other good friends, have expressed surprise that I should remember so many of the incidents connected with my various excursions in these Provinces. Do you think the soldiers in the Crimea will ever forget Alma, or Sebastopol, or the Trenches, or the Malakoff, or the Redan, and a thousand incidents of the present campaign in that fated Country? Or the sailors and mariners of Lord Nelson's fleet ever forgot, while they lived, the battle of the Nile, or Trafalgar? Well, by your indulgence and the partiality of other friends, who have earnestly solicited me to repeat these old stories, I have an opportunity to fight my battles over again. As I pass, in imagination, from place to place, the scenes, the incidents, the countenances, and many of the names come up spontaneously in review before me. Please to remember, I was in my first love, I was in my first joy; these were the festivals, the jubilees of my life! The rocks and roots; the mud and creeks; the fasting and the potatoe dinners, without butter or salt, was only the back ground in the picture. The hungry multitudes gathering around the Cross of Christ, the tears of repentance for sin, the bright countenances, lighted up by the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the Negro's song, "Will you go to glory with me, I am bound for the land of Canaan."

The Conference meetings, where precious souls related the dealings of God with them, the hearty welcome of old saints and enquiring sinners, and the baptismal gatherings on the bay, and broad ocean shores, were in the foreground, and constituted the bright features of the painting. These, like your marriage day, my brother, are never to be forgotten.

There was a settlement a few miles from St. Mary's, called Indian Harbour; I went there the next day, on foot. There was no road to the place, and my horse wished to be excused. I held meetings there and at St. Mary's, every day, with the blessing of God on them. There was not much of a revival here, but some souls were saved. The last Sabbath I stayed, I had an appointment to administer the ordinance of baptism at Indian Harbour. The meeting was to be held at the house of a Mr. Root, and he was one of the candidates. But when the Sabbath arrived, it turned out one of the most rainy days I ever witnessed. All the morning it poured down in torrents. There were but a few families living at Indian Harbour; and we were expecting the people from St. Mary's to make up a congregation. I felt exceedingly uneasy at the disappointment; and sat at the window a long time to see if the rain would abate. But no, the floods of water continued

to pour down, as though the floodgates of heaven were all opened. But to my surprise, about ten o'clock, I saw a large company of men, women and children, coming across the fields from the St. Mary's settlement. Many of these women and children had neither shoes nor stockings, and no bonnet, or hat, but only a handkerchief on their heads. They had come that morning five or six miles to hear God's word, and the rain stopped them not. "Well," I mentally exclaimed, "It is worth all the toil and inconvenience I have experienced, in coming to this out of the way place, to preach Jesus and his salvation, to such a people." We had two rousing fires made up in the house, and the people dried and roasted themselves for an hour.

We had a good meeting; and by the time we were ready to go down to our Jordan, the rain subsided. I baptized, I do not remember how many; but there were two quite old men; Mr. Root and another. The little incidents and expressions of thankfulness for coming to them with the gospel of peace, and the inquiries if I would not come again, I pass over. They had never heard the gospel preached before,—that is many of them,—and they thought probably, they should never have that privilege again.

I had now been from home more than three months, and it was time for me to return. I resisted all their intreaties to stay longer, and retraced my steps back up the river, the way or rather where there was no way, that I came.

I knew the country that I had to travel to reach my home. I knew eighty or a hundred miles of it to be almost impassable, for I had been that way once before. A friend went with me a few miles from the settlement, but he could not make me a road, or help me much where there was one. I got back in about the same manner as I had come. No other accident happened, besides getting my clothes torn. After reaching the head of St. Mary's river, the trees had been cut away for a road, and ricketty gridiron bridges had been thrown over the most impassable streams. The greatest difficulty I met with was the trees that had fallen across my path. Their number was legion. The severe storm on Sunday, and at previous times, had prostrated the forest, and for forty miles my way was blocked up. To go back, and take the round about way, through Gushyborough, Antigonish, Pictou and Truro, three hundred miles, to get sixty or seventy, to where the two roads met, was what I could not bring my mind to consent to.

Having made up my mind to face this army of fallen timber, some giant trees, and some of inferior dimensions, I set out, if not with a cheerful, at least, with a resolute heart, to battle with these my enemies. I cannot tell you all the incidents I met with in my way, and out of my way. I had no axe with me, and if I had, I an Englishman, could not have cut my way through in two years. So I gave my horse the reins, and jumped over the trees where I could, and where I could not, I worked my way round, my nag following me like a dog. Sometimes I had to go back and help him over the windfalls, and sometimes lead him round. Frequently I wandered a quarter of a mile from the road before I could get round a winnow of fallen trees. If I found the path clear for a half a mile, more or less, I would ride. And I always found my horse in a good mood, quite willing that I should.

There was one house on this, the King's, now the Queen's highway; which had been supported by the government. Thanks to His Excellency the Governor and his Council, for this favor, I should have had to stay out all night, had they not been so thoughtful and kind, as to provide His Majesty's loyal subjects with this accommodation. Still, I must own, that brother Jonathan does much better in these matters, than uncle John Bull did in those days. Still, as we are to praise the bridge that carries us safely over, so must we the road. After two days battle, I mastered the difficulty; and at ten o'clock at night, I was safe and well at the house of a Mr. Archibald, in Musquodoboit. And within a year from that day I had the happiness of baptizing him and his wife, for God in his mercy converted their souls. But more of this hereafter. In two days more I reached my home in Windsor.

But, although I had got home with a whole skin, and my horse without broken bones, yet neither of us was in the best plight, as to the outward man, or the outward horse. My clothes were torn very badly, and my boots were tied together with tow strings. My

horse was weary, had got very poor, and had lost three of his shoes, and his master, though he pitied him sincerely, had not a shilling in his pocket to pay for his being shod. I rode the last morning sixteen miles before breakfast, for I had no money to pay for one. About 9 o'clock I arrived at my old friend's, Lorin Dewolf, Esq., who with his wife constantly attended my meeting, when at home. I went in at the back door, and perceived the old lady did not know me. I asked her if she would be so good as to give me some breakfast. She went about the house to look up some cold victuals, when the old Esquire came in, and not knowing me, said, "another old beggar come I suppose." I could hold no longer, but laughed right out. He looked at me with surprise, and asked his wife if she did not know who it was? She replied no; when he said, "Why it is our Minister; it's Mr. Nutter." The good woman looked, and when she recognized that it was really myself, she sat down and cried like a child. While I ate my breakfast Mr. Dewolf sent his hired man to my house for a change of clothes; for he said, I was not fit to go into the village, in the condition I was then in. But, these good people did not know all about my state, nor would it be lawful to commit it to paper. But, besides that which I must conceal, I had not one dollar to pay my rent, or the debts that had been contracted by my wife in my absence. I owed also, twenty pounds for my horse; for which I had given my Note, but which was not due for some time yet.

The friends in Windsor paid me all they promised, for the time I spent in their service. Beyond that, they had no responsibility, nor were they able. The people down East, where I had been preaching, were generally poor, and not used to give money for that commodity. Here and there a friend would put into my hand a half-crown or a shilling, but my expenses used up all I received on my tour, and about five pounds I had when I started. My horse was yet alive and sound, though poor; and I concluded, if the worst came to the worst, I could sell him, and pay the debt. As to the rest,

"The world was all before me, where to go,  
"And providence my guide."  
The joy and satisfaction of seeing the cause of religion prosper, and souls saved, was infinitely greater than the wealth of the Indies. The soul is so precious, that even angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Then I could say, "I know how to hunger." Now I can add, "I know how to abound." But there is not half the happiness in the possession of abundance, as there is in living by faith in God. In my necessity, a door has always been opened to supply my wants. And even in the present case, the debt I owed for my horse, was provided for, by Him who said, "The silver and the gold are mine;" as the sequel will show.

D. NUTTER.

For the Christian Visitor.

### Strollings in London.

We shall not tire the reader by giving a description of our route into the city, but let it suffice to say, that on a delightful morning, the sun shining brightly in the azure sky above us, so much so, that even London fog is dispelled, we stand on the steps of the Exchange. In the open space before us there is a statue of the late Duke of Wellington surrounded by several loungers and lookers-on. A little further on, there is a regular bustle; vehicles of all descriptions driving to and fro, persons of different grades in society, men of business with hurried steps and anxious looks, making their way towards Cheapside, for their various places of business, and travellers hurrying on towards King William Street, making their way, as we may suppose, towards some of the Railway Stations across London Bridge. Our eye again passes over this changing scene to the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor of London, which has more the appearance of solidity than beauty. To our right is that well-known building, the Bank of England, with its large pillars and massive doors, causing an observer to think that there must be something inside of some value, which is true, as here is deposited the wealth of the kingdom. The building covers an area of eight acres, but is not lofty; within the square are nine open courts, which afford light to the various offices, there being no windows in the exterior. The apartments consist of a rotunda, public offices, private rooms, committee rooms, a library, an armoury, a printing office, where the notes are printed, &c., &c. Leaving this important place, we proceed towards the Exchange. While viewing it, we are apt to ask ourselves, "Is it within this small compass that business is transacted

which affects the commercial world, raise them to the highest hopes of reaping a golden harvest, or sink many a family to comparative poverty? Yes: such is the case, yet one would not think so, as here no bustle is seen or noise heard. If you enter, you will only see a few thoughtful looking men grouped together, either standing busily talking, or walking leisurely round the courts; in the centre of this court there is a statue of Queen Victoria. The present handsome building stands on the site of the old one. The original establishment founded by that prince of merchants, Sir Thomas Gresham, was opened in January 1570, by Queen Elizabeth. On that occasion, it was honoured with its distinctive epithet by Her Majesty. The building was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and in 1669 it was again opened at the expense of nearly £100,000. On the night of the 10th of January, 1838, it was destroyed by fire. One rather appropriate circumstance is related to have occurred during this fire. Annexed to the building was a tower, with bells that chimed, and just at twelve o'clock, in the night, the flames reached the belfry, when the bells began to chime "There is nae luck about the house," and continued to play till they fell amongst the flames. The present building was opened on the 28th of October, 1844, by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On her way to her carriage, the heralds, by her desire proclaimed the building "Royal Exchange."

Proceeding towards Cheapside, we are attracted by the fine buildings by which the Bank of England is surrounded; banks, new assurance offices, &c. Now we are almost carried along by the throng; looking forward we see before us a large clock hanging out from a church. This is Bow Church. It is very old, having been built in the reign of William the Conqueror. It is called Bow Church, or St. Mary-le-Bow, because it was the first that was built in the city on stone arches. We read that this Church has gone through many disasters and been the scene of peculiar doings. In the year 1196 a seditious tailor of the name of William Fitz Osbert took the steeple of Bow, and fortified it with munitions, &c., he was, however, taken and hanged. This Church is thought a great deal of by the Cockneys, for they take their title of Cockneyship from having been born in the sound of Bow Bell. This bell used to be rung exactly at nine o'clock P. M. The young men and apprentices of Cheapside thought the clerk of the Church rang it too late, (probably it was their time of closing their shops) and so they made the following rhyme to the poor clerk:—

Clerke of the Bow Bell, with yellow locks,  
For thy late ringing, thy head shall have knocks,  
The Clerk made a reply as follows:—  
Children of Cheape hold you all still,  
For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will.  
He seemed to be uncommonly accommodating, it probably arose from fear of his head receiving knocks.

In a lane leading from Cheapside our forefathers assembled to worship God. And now we can imagine we see them covered by the darkness of the night, making their way to an eating-house, kept by a worthy man. We should like to know the exact spot where these ancient worthies met. Even if there were only a shabby looking stone just pointing out the place, it would possess more grandeur, and be by far more interesting to our mind, than the magnificent towers and lofty palaces which abound. Without an inscription and without a tongue, it would speak most powerfully. Here a few met in holy alliance, not for the purpose of causing a civil war, nor for the purpose of proposing plans to have their wrongs redressed, nor for the purpose of gaining liberty,—that would be a noble intention—but they creep, one by one, men of grasping powers of mind and thought; not your imbeciles or enthusiasts,—see them one by one, go into a room that this good man has selected for them, in a secluded part of the house; and now, about midnight, they begin the work which they came there for, that is, to worship God and celebrate the love of their dying Saviour. Oh! what a holy alliance! What sweet meetings! What glowing hearts! A little heaven below, to them many a time! Why, the Saviour met them and spoke peace to their souls. We shall not say that they were the fathers of our religious liberty, because we do not like the term. As religious liberty and toleration is taught and embodied in the teachings of our Saviour. He is the father of all the liberties we enjoy; but these men disseminated that truth, cleaved close to its teachings, and light from heaven began to shine on London, the beams of the sun of righteousness, striking amongst his followers in the chamber of meeting. How thankful we ought to be, that traces of their footsteps are still remaining in the world, so that we can see the steps they trod home to their Father's house.

(To be Continued.)

For the Christian Visitor  
NEWCASTLE, Grand Lake, April 1856.  
Dear Bro. Bill.—Having promised myself to pen down a few lines for your good Visitor occasionally, I will now endeavour to redeem that pledge. I am induced the more to do so from perusing the splendid letters of our valued Brother Nutter, as a rich treat to your numerous readers.

In the year 1836 I made an attempt to furnish the reading public with a small work, intending to show the rise and progress of the Baptist denomination in this Province, but for want of sufficient interest—untoward circumstances—which it would not have been prudent to bring before the public, I was forced to withhold the subject. But as I yet possess the manuscript, as far as it was completed, I will briefly notice such matter as I presume will be interesting to my Baptist brethren, by giving the names of those worthy pioneers, who first explored this region, and so nobly advocated the cause of their adored Lord and Master, and then say something of those venerable brethren who yet remain with us, as well as of some of those who have already gone to glory and to God. I shall therefore say something of the formation of the Churches in this region—of their pastors—of the various heralds of the cross who have visited this place from time to time, and I should be extremely glad to add the names of our beloved brothers, Bill, Robinson, Nutter and others, to the catalogue. I will also say something of our places of worship and their localities, and wind up with a few remarks concerning our present prospect as a people, if life and health be granted me from on High.

Yours, with brotherly regard,  
JAMES BUTLER.

### The Appointment of Trustees.

We are requested by the Hon. W. B. KINNEAR, to publish the following document for the general information of our Churches:

The first thing to be done by any Baptist Church desirous of taking advantage of the Act 18th Vic. c. 67, is to have Trustees appointed in the following manner:—

1. The Pastor or Minister presiding over the Church, or any Deacon, (if there be none) is to give notice of the time and place of holding a meeting of the Church and congregation (the latter being such as regularly attend and contribute to the funds) for the purpose of electing Trustees.
2. The Church must first meet, on a like notice, and enter on their books the time and place at which the election is to take place, which must be once in each year. They must also at this meeting settle the manner in which votes are to be given, whether by ballot or otherwise, and how the members and paying portion of the Congregation are to be ascertained, &c.
3. The number of Trustees to be elected must not be less than three nor more than nine, and from among the male members of the Church or congregation, or both, and by male members of the Church and paying part of congregation.
4. When the Trustees are duly elected a conveyance is to be made by the Trustees holding the property, as soon as any demands they have respecting their trust are satisfied, to the Corporation thus elected by their Corporate name—thus—

Know all Men by these presents that We [ ] Trustees of the land and premises hereinafter mentioned, in pursuance of the power given by the Act in such case made and provided, and in consideration of the sum of ten shillings lawful money of the Province of New Brunswick to us in hand, paid at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents by the Trustees of the Baptist Chapel, [name of the place where the Church is] the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged,—Have granted bargained and sold, and by these presents do grant bargain and sell unto the said Trustees of the Baptist Chapel aforesaid [ ] their successors and assigns, all that certain lot piece and parcel of land and premises, situate lying and being in the parish of [ ] in the County of [ ] in the said Province, and known and described as follows, that is to say, (Here describe the land appropriately) together with all buildings improvements and appurtenances thereon standing and thereunto belonging. To have and to hold the said land and all and singular the above bargained and described premises with the appurtenances, unto the said Trustees of the Baptist Chapel aforesaid, their successors and assigns for ever.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the day of [ ] in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty six.

Sealed and delivered } (L. S.)  
in the presence of }  
This is to be signed and sealed by each Grantor (and the wives' name is not necessary unless there is nothing appearing on the face of the Deed by which the Trust is shewn.)

The acknowledgment is to be made in the usual manner.

The Trustees continue in office until new ones are appointed.

They hold all meetings for managing the temporal affairs of the Church on notice to each one.

A majority of those present, after due notice, may do any act for conducting the business.

### The Mother of Jonathan Edwards.

We find the following sketch of the mother of Jonathan Edwards, the distinguished theologian, in Zion's Herald. She was the daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., and the wife of Rev. Timothy Edwards, of Windsor, and was, in many respects, a remarkable woman:

Devotedly pious, consecrated to her work, and entering into all her husband's plans of usefulness, she was, at the same time, remarkably intellectual. Her concealed metaphysics broke out amidst kitchen and parish duties; and even in her devotions, she was a philosopher without knowing it. Inferior to her husband in taste and ten years of life, she possessed a more stern and powerful intellect, fond of reasoning, of studying philosophy, and pondering the deepest problems of theology. Had Paul's prohibition been out of the way, she might have eclipsed her companion in the pulpit, and anticipated the fame of her immortal son.

As it was, her ambition was content to operate in her sphere; to train the family, to instruct the ignorant, to bless the stranger, and, in all her ways, to aid her husband in his work. She assumed the entire care of the family, managing all the temporal affairs, in doors and out, and thus permitting him to devote all his time and efforts to his charge and his studies. In addition to these duties, which were by no means slight, she contrived to find time to read all the great theological works of the age. A new book was not long in the house before she devoured it, which was about synonymous with the digestion of its contents.

In later life, after the death of her husband, and when she had passed the bounds of ninety years, she found a season of leisure which was devoted to study. Most persons, at that advanced age, would have passed their days in dreamy musings, with faculties nearly perished; but she had her books, and every day invited in her neighbors to read with her, when she would make remarks that exhibited her extensive and acute research, and the almost undiminished powers of her mind.

The family training of such a woman must be invaluable. She was the Susanna Wesley of New England, and, like her English sister, left the lines of her own character engraven on succeeding generations. She was the mother of eleven children, all of whom showed the marks of her training. They were made the subjects of prayer before their birth; were carefully nurtured in childhood, and even in the cradle, were taught to submit to the wills of their parents. The government of their family, at once strict and affectionate, formed them to early habits of obedience and sobriety, and saved them from those "evil communications, which too often lead to follies and excesses in childhood and youth."

At a very early age they were instructed in letters, and, as they passed along in youth, were taught all the branches that are taught in the schools. Her son was instructed in Latin at eleven years of age.

Mrs. Edwards lived to the age of ninety-nine years, departing with the consciousness that she had not lived in vain. And we can but express our gratitude that "woman's rights" had not, at that time, so far prevailed as to call her from the family circle to contend in the stormy area of politics, or professional life. Her home influence outshone a dozen such lives. To train one Jonathan Edwards is a greater privilege than to be president of the United States, or the autocrat of all the Russias; and had we more Mrs. Edwardses, we should, no doubt, see more Jonathans rising up to stir and bless the world.

### Female Health and Education.