

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.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

I have read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night;
Where love is the main-spring of duty,
And God is the fountain of light;
And I long to be there!

I have read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone;
And I long to be there!

I have read of the myriad choir
Of the angels harping there;
Of the holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear;
And I long to be there!

I have read of the sanctified throng
That pass from earth to heaven,
And now unite in the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven;
And I long to be there!

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And sorrow and suffering too;
And the holy joy they feel within,
As their risen Lord they view;
And I long to be there!

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air;
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And to shout with the angels there;
O, I long to be there!

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.

NO. XVI.

Beloved Brother.—In resuming my account of our labors in St. Martins, I may say, that it is a pleasing reflection to know that after laboring for several years in New Brunswick with very little apparent success, I should within two months after my removal, be called back, in the mysterious providence of God, to pass through the important scenes which I have narrated in the last two letters; and which I now resume in this. My solemn consecration to the important work of the gospel ministry—my association with one of our aged fathers, in the work of righting up a prostrated church; our success; the ease with which, by the assistance and blessing of the Almighty, the work was accomplished; and the salvation of a great number of precious souls; heads of families and youth; have not yet, and never will be forgotten.—Our province is not, therefore, to be altogether a barren wilderness, or a mountain of Gilboa, on which neither rain nor dew descended. No, this wilderness has blossomed as the rose, and the solitary place has been made glad.

On the Lord's day to which I alluded in my last, we had four meetings; three sermons and a prayer meeting; and also the communion. I remarked, in my last, that the people were deeply affected. Several of those who had been left out, in re-constructing the church, were reclaimed; and that day, the next after the line of separation had been drawn between them and their brethren, they were made humble, penitent, and anxious to return again to their father's house. Nor did they meet with any elder brother, who wished to forbid their reception. All were humbled before God; and all bent the knee in confession; and with joy and joyfully extended to them the hand of christian fellowship. Brother Dimock preached one part of the day, and I improved twice; and in each meeting, the hand of God was with us; and many were pricked in their heart, and inquired, "What must we do to be saved." Several, before they closed their eyes that night, found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. O! how glad our hearts were made that night, at what we had seen of the going forth of our God and King in his sanctuaries! Such a meeting I had never seen, such a day I had never witnessed before.

I had imbibed some prejudice about our revivals; for I had met with a few who made a great noise and a flaming profession, who were far enough from the kingdom then: still I had no doubt but there was good in them. But now I had been called to turn aside and see this great sight; the bush on fire. I was not carried away, or greatly excited; but, my heart was glad, with exceeding joy! And when I rested my head that night on my pillow, I could say,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing myself away,
To everlasting bliss."

It is now thirty-five years ago that these things took place; and it is not to be expect-

ed that I can call up very many of the minor incidents of that work. I know that when we were not holding meetings, we found enough to do in visiting those who were concerned about their souls. One and another would come and tell us, that such a one was concerned about her or his soul, and we had to go and see them. So rapid was the progress of that revival, that on Tuesday, only two days from the first sermon preached, quite a number had come into the light and liberty of the gospel; and wished to avow their love to the Saviour by being baptized in his name.

That afternoon we had a meeting, and after sermon we heard the experience of the candidates. We had engaged with the captain of the vessel which brought us from Windsor to St. John, to call at St. Martins and take us home. We expected to be ready any time after the Lord's day, as we had not anticipated any other work, besides regulating the affairs of the church. But now, things were different, and we wished that the vessel might be detained, for we wanted more time. But, to our sorrow, about seven o'clock, that evening the captain came to the meeting, and told us that he should sail in the morning between five and six o'clock. This was a predicament; and we knew not what to do. Finally, we concluded to hear all who wished to relate their experience, and proceed to the water, and baptize the same night. Some, where near midnight, we resorted to the shore of the Bay of Fundy; and as the tide was out and there was not sufficient water, we had to wade out some distance. We went out hand in hand; I think as many as ten or twelve, to find the grave where Jesus lay. But, we found it; and they were buried with Christ in baptism, and rose again, and by the care of the protecting angel, we all got back safe to land.—There we sang an hymn and prayed, ready to depart on the morrow.

The next morning I rose as soon as it was light, to see if the weather and wind was fair for us to sail. We wanted to stay longer; but it would not do for us to let the vessel sail and leave us; as we did not know when we should be able to go away. When I looked out on the Bay, I saw that the wind was blowing right up the Bay, and when I told my associate, brother Dimock, he lifted his hands up out of bed, and exclaimed, "I am sorry." In a short time we got breakfast and resorted to the creek, where our ship lay; but, to our surprise, a large number of people had resorted there before us, at that early hour, to intreat us not to leave them. We were in a great strait; for in this case we would much rather tarry than depart.—But, to us it appeared necessary. We went on board and soon were moving down that narrow creek; and the people kneeled on the shore and prayed, and I have no doubt prayed the Lord to detain us. As we passed out of the mouth of that channel, Deacon Vaughn ran down and said, "We shall have a meeting appointed for you at seven o'clock to night, for the Lord will bring you back." But we had a beautiful fair wind; and were quite sure we should reach Windsor, and be at home long before night. But, He who holds the wind in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hand, knows his own purposes, and will perfect his own plans. When we got about half way, or near Cape Split, suddenly the wind shifted and blowed hard; and as our vessel had no ballast, we had to put about; and ran as fast back to St. Martins, as we had sped from it. In the middle of the afternoon the people living in sight of the Bay saw, and knew the vessel, and went from house to house, to tell their friends, that the Olive Branch was coming. And so it was. At high water, about six in the evening we again entered the creek; and at seven we met the congregation and preached to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

D. NUTTER.

A Week in Rhineland.

EXTRACTS FROM G. O. G.'S JOURNAL.

Continued.

Mayence is situated on the Rhine, about 20 miles from Frankfurt, and has 36,000 inhabitants. It is a very ugly, though not uninteresting city, famous chiefly as the birth-place of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. Here, in 1438, he erected his first printing-press, lived nearly all his life, died, and is now buried. A bronze statue, the cost of which was defrayed by subscriptions throughout Europe, stands in his honor in a square, opposite the principal theatre.—The most building in the place is the Cathedral, a venerable structure, of red sandstone, built 800 or 900 years ago. The Archbishops of Mayence

were formerly temporal princes, of great power, with almost unbounded wealth, and the Canons of this Cathedral were, I believe, more remarkable for their fondness of the good wines which their numerous vineyards yielded in great abundance, than for devotion to their prayers.

The next morning we embarked on the Rhine for Cologne. The steamer was very small, narrow, and rather poorly fitted up, presenting a very strange contrast to the floating palaces on the rivers of America. I did not think of this, however, but only, that I was sailing down the immortal Rhine, at the rate of 15 miles an hour, and fearful lest I should miss anything of its beauties, I clambered upon the paddle box, and prepared myself for a vast amount of enjoyment.

And now every hill and valley, every point of land, every inlet, tower, and ruined castle, were food for romance. On our right we passed a beautiful district of country, studded picturesquely with villages and lovely vineyards. This is the Rheingau, famous for its exquisite wines, and on that account called the "Bacchanalian Paradise." Twenty miles below Mayence, the scenery began to grow grander and more magnificent. The clear, sparkling waters of the Rhine now ran between lofty, precipitous mountains, whose broad ledges seemed every minute to oppose our onward progress, but only to recede, and develop more of their grandeur at our approach.—At Bingen we were enraptured with one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, and at a short distance below, saw the little square tower, which is the scene of Southey's Ballad about Bishop Hatto. The story runs thus:—Bishop Hatto is a rich and powerful Baron, who lives in the opposite Castle of Ehrenfels. One autumn, the winds and rains have ruined the crops, and all the poor in the neighbourhood crowd daily to the Bishop's well-filled granaries, clamorous for food. He appoints a day for distributing it to them, and the starving people, far and near, fill the great barn where they expect to obtain their winter's provision. But the hard-hearted wretch closes the doors, sets fire to the barn, and burns them up alive; laughing all the while at the bonfire he has made, and saying that he has done a very good deed, in ridding the country of the rats who consume all the corn. A terrible vengeance, however, awaits him. That night myriads of rats eat up the corn in his granaries—and when he awakes in the morning, he finds them approaching his castle! He flies for refuge to this tower, and there all the doors and windows are shut. The rats pursue him! They swim the river—they climb the rocks, and approach the tower—

"And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the wall by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling, and up thro' the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

This is a specimen of the traditions and legends which are connected with every castle, tower and rock on the Rhine. Below Bishop Hatto's tower we came to Aasmanshausen, a town remarkable for its wine. The hills here, which rise more than 1000 feet from the river, are terraced up to their very summits, for the purpose of holding the vines; and so costly is every inch of room in this position, that wherever the cliffs are so steep as to render terraces impossible, the vines are planted in baskets fastened to the rocks; and here we could see the vine-dressers, creeping about and hanging like flies from the cliffs. Below Aasmanshausen the river fully deserves the name of "the castellated Rhine."—On every inaccessible cliff—on every commanding position—could be seen these vestiges of feudal times, whose owners once kept the whole country in a continual state of warfare, and plundered every one who ventured near their strongholds. A few miles more, and we came to the Castle of Schonberg, which, like all the rest, has many legends connected with it. One of these says, that there formerly resided here seven sisters, who were so beautiful as to set all the young men in the country crazy after them, but they were so hard-hearted as to accept the suits of none, and were consequently turned into seven rocks, which can still be seen projecting out of the water a short distance below! This is a story upon which all coquettes should deeply reflect.

Then we came to a huge black cliff, called the Lurleiberg, which stood out boldly, and formed a bend in the stream. As we passed round it a gun was fired, and the echoes which followed were astonishingly loud and numerous. This rock was believed by the superstitious peasantry to be the abode of a wicked nymph, whose beautiful voice allured the passing boatmen into the whirlpool below.

As we passed by all these beautiful spots, we, stationed on the paddle-box, gave vent to our pleasure in long and oft-repeated exclamations. An old man, who was born on the Rhine, and had served in his youth in the German war against Napoleon, added very much to the interest of our voyage, by his descriptions of different places, and his stories of many exciting events in the last war. Dinner being ready then, and our appetites sharpened by the keen air, we rushed down in

a body to the tables, which were spread on the deck, and when we had finished we were at Coblenz.

(To be Continued.)

Letter from St. Francis.

Bro. T. H. PORTER, Jr., writing from St. Francis, under date of January 31st, 1856, says:

A week ago to-day I arrived here, and I was joyfully welcomed by the dear people who are literally starving for the bread and waters of eternal life. Bro. Slocumb having heard that a young man had stopped a few miles below, harnessed his horse in the morning and drove down to meet me. When he saw me coming, he stopped his horse, jumped out of the sleigh, and while tears of joy ran down his face he told me who he was, and that from the description he had of me he supposed that I was some person that had a message of mercy for perishing souls in the land. The news soon spread that I was here, and there was a manifestation of gratitude such as I never saw before. Since then we have been trying to labor and to pray for the salvation of immortal souls, and I assure you, Dear Brother, that I firmly believe that the fields here are this moment white unto harvest. The people pay the most serious attention, and sometimes the tear of penitence is seen coursing down the cheeks of burdened sinners, and the people of God are laboring and praying for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. We had a most interesting Conference the Saturday after I came, and one young woman who had never spoken before, arose and said that "she loved the Saviour with all her heart." It was a blessed season. All the members of the church seem to be united in love to each other and in earnest prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. The meetings are all interesting, and the interest I think is increasing. The French attend, and sometimes quite numerous, and seem to listen with attention and interest. I have been up and down, and in settlements adjoining, and it really seems to me that all around here, above and below for the distance of 30 or 40 miles, the harvest is so ripe that it is at this moment perishing for want of laborers. As Bro. Slocumb says—"St. Francis is calling now, at this moment louder for help than ever Burmah did." I believe it. I believe there is not such an important field for a missionary to cultivate in the three Provinces, or one where there is such prospects of doing good. I cannot tell you my feelings, I only wish you were here one week. There is an English School kept here by a female member of the church, and some French children attend; there will be a Sabbath School in operation in the Spring, and I think some of them will attend that. I sometimes think that by the eye of faith I can look forward to a time far distant when their ranks will be broken, and converts made to the religion of Christ. Of course the community is scattered, and the congregations necessarily small, but the Sun of Righteousness has dawned here, never, never, to set till the end of time. "The little one will become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," the Lord has promised to hasten it in his time. But the little hand sometimes get discouraged. Bro. Wallace left them in the midst of a revival, and some that were serious then have again turned to folly, but they keep up their prayer, exhortation and temperance meetings regularly, and sometimes have a heavenly time while thus engaged. And now when I talk of going it kills them. Bro. Slocumb thinks you take no interest in them and will eventually leave them to perish. He says he has done all he can for a minister to come here, and the people are willing to do all in their power for their support, but all the ministers are afraid to come. And sometimes he thinks they are doomed to perish; he says he cannot live here unless one comes, he must leave. Oh, I wish you could hear him talk; I know you would be led to pray and labor more earnestly than you do that a man might be sent here after God's own heart "to till the ground." I try to encourage him. My object in writing at present, is to try and see if some suitable person cannot be got to come and till this fruitful land. I do not know of another man so suitable as Bro. Wallace, unless he has a more important work to perform. I have thought of this, this morning for the first time while talking with Bro. Slocumb; could not another man be found to fill his place and let him come here? He says, he is willing to come, if so, I think the cause of God demands it. The people seem anxious for me to stop, but this is impossible. I have just got fitted up for travelling and I like it, and think that I have the means in my hands of doing more good in this way than any other. If some suitable person should come to-night, I would gladly leave to-morrow. May I be allowed to give you one caution before I conclude, be very, very, careful who you send. It needs a good, humble, devoted man.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

NO. V.

An Entire Discourse.

Not exactly a sermon; yet so much in the form of one that it may here answer the same purpose. Not one of Mr. Spurgeon's greatest efforts; but so much the better fitted to supply what is intended, an average specimen of the preacher's powers. It is a paper prepared by Mr. Spurgeon himself for the pages of the *Baptist Messenger*. It is serious, searching, experimental, and well

adapted to usefulness. I commend it to the prayerful perusal of your readers. J. D. Coblenz.

Happiness; Its Mistaken Seekers and Real Finders.

"There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us!"—PSA. lv. 6.

READER! another month brings us again together in friendly converse. I would fain hope that thou art an heir of heaven, a pilgrim marching to the land of Canaan; I would earnestly pray that both of us may be partakers of "like precious faith." But here is a text for us, which by the rich assistance of the Holy Ghost may serve as a touchstone, to try our state. See, here are two classes of men; the many, panting after the good of this world; and the few, turning the eye of faith to their God, and begging that he would "lift up the light of his countenance upon them."

Let us now contemplate with sadness, and with searching of heart, THE MANY—trembling lest we should find ourselves among the number.

"THE MANY" what a thousand thoughts arise around these two words! The million peopled city, the populous town, the wide-spread country, this isle, kingdoms, empires, continents, the world, all seem to issue forth like armies from the hundred-gated Thebes, at the mention of that word, "The many." Here we see the toiling peasant and his lordly squire, the artisan and the princely merchant, the courtier and the king; the young, the old, the learned and the unlearned, all gathered within the compass of a word.

All these—all this vast gathering of human souls, are joining in one cry—all moving in one direction. Oh! thought at which the faithful well may weep; their cry is SELF, their course is SIN. Here and there are the chosen few struggling against the mighty tide; but the masses, the multitude, still, as in the days of David, are hurrying their mad career in search of a fancied good, and reaping the fruit of the futile search in disappointment, death, and hell. Oh, my reader! art thou like the dead fish, swimming with the stream? or art thou by constraining grace, drawn onward to the bliss prepared for the elect? If a Christian, I beseech thee pause and admire the grace which hath made thee to differ. If thine heart is right with God, I know thou wilt confess that there is no intrinsic natural goodness in thee; for like thy friend the writer, I doubt not that thou art made to groan over a strong propensity within, which often tempts thee to join in the world's chase, and leave the "fountain of living waters" for the "broken cisterns" of earth.

I know thou wilt join with him and sing:
"Tis all of free grace we were brought to obey,
While old sinners were suffer'd to go,
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the chambers of woe."

Come thou with me, and behold the evik and the folly of the world; come, listen to their never-ceasing cry, "Who will show us any good?"

Mark—

I. Its sensual character: "Who will show us any good?" The world desires something which it may see, and taste, and handle. The joys of faith it does not understand. We, by Divine grace, do not walk by sight; but the poor sons of earth must have visible, present, and terrestrial joys. We have an unseen portion, an invisible inheritance; we have higher faculties, and nobler delights. We want no carnal showmen to bid the puppet joys of time dance before us. We have seen "the King in his beauty," and spiritually we behold "the land which is very far off." Let us pity the worldling who is seeking water where there is none, in a salt land, a thirsty soil; let us earnestly intercede for poor shortsighted man, that he may yet have the "wisdom which cometh from above," and the eyessalve of Divine illumination; then will he no more seek for his happiness below, or look for pleasure in things of sense. Take care, my reader, that thou dost not suffer under the same delusion. Oh! ever pray that thou mayest be kept from hunting in the purlieus of sense, and fixing thine affection on earthly things; for be sure of this, that the roses of this world are covered with thorns, and her lives of honey, if broken open, will surround thee with stinging bees—but not a drop of sweetness will they afford. Remember to lay to heart the words of a holy poet:

"Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord."

2. Notice yet again its indiscriminating nature: "Who will show us any good?" The unregenerate mind has no discernment in its choice. One good is to it as desirable as another. Men easily allow toleration here. The cup is the good of the wine-bibber; the indulgence of lust is the object of the voluptuary; gold is the miser's god; and fame or power the choice of another. To most men, these are all good in their way; if not esteemed good morally, they are looked upon as forbidden fruits, only untasted because of the penalty, and not abhorred because of a real distaste. Oh, my reader, hast thou a judgment to see that any good will not suit thee? Hast thou made an election of "solid joys and lasting pleasures," and are the dainties of time tasteless to thee? Thou art not like the bee, which can find her food in nettles and poisonous weeds; the "Rose of Sharon" is the flower of thy choice, and the "Lily of the Valley" is to thee the perfec-

tion of beauty. No longer canst thou ask for ANY good, for thou hast found the one, the only good; and in Him is such a fulness, an abundance, that thy song ever will be—

"God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In Him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice."

3. Remark attentively the selfish nature of the question, "Who will show us any good?" Here the poor man of this world is seeking for himself and his fellows, but not for God, or the good of others. He has no fear, nor love, nor reverence of God; let but his barn be stored, his purse filled, his body fed, his senses gratified, and the great Maker and bounteous Giver may be forgotten. What cares he whether there be a God, or whether He be worshipped, or no? To him Venus, or Brahma, or Woden, or Jehovah, are alike. He cares not for the living and true God; he lets others have religion; to him it would be a weariness and a labour. Or, if he put on the outward guise of religion, he is but a Gibeonite in the temple, "a hewer of wood, and drawer of water;" selfish even in his worship—selfish in his praise and his prayers.

But we, beloved reader, are, we trust, no longer lovers of self. We have become adorers of God, and purely, from gratitude, we pay our glad homage at His throne. We do not now put self foremost; we wish to experience a self annihilation—a death to self. We have learned to sacrifice our own desires on the altar of Divine love, and now one passion concentrates our power, and truly we exclaim—

"Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes."

4. Once more, with care, observe, the *utility* of the inquiry, "Who will show us any good?" Echo might answer, Who? Where lives the fortunate discoverer? where the man who has stumbled on this pearl of price unknown? Ah! sinner, call again, like the priests of Baal, for there is neither hearing nor answering. Go to those Arcadian groves of poetry, and find them a fiction; taste the nectar of the epicure, and find it gall; lie it on a bed of down, and loathe the weakness which effeminacy engenders; surround thyself with wealth, and learn its powerlessness to ease the mind; ay, wear a royal crown, and mourn a king's uneasy head. Try all: like the preacher of wisdom, open each cabinet in the palace of pleasure, and ransack each corner of her treasure house. Hast thou found the long sought good? Ah! no. Thy joys, like bubbles, have dissolved by thy touch; or, like the school boy's butterfly, have been crushed by the blow which won them.

Pause here, and realize the emptiness of sub-lunary joys. Entreat the Spirit of all grace to reveal to thy soul the hollowness of terrestrial baubles. Take the earth, and as Quares has it, "Tumult inane,"—it sounds, because it is empty. Despite the world, rate its jewels at a low price, estimate its gems as paste, and its solidities as dreams. Think not that thou shalt thus lose pleasure, but rather remember the saying of Chrysostom, "Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt gain heaven!"

Here may you and I close our review of the foolish multitude, by learning the three lessons spoken of by Bonaventure: "The multitude of those that are damned; the small number of the saved; and the vanity of transitory things."

II. A happier sight, awaits us. Yonder is a company whose constant utterance is widely different from the inquiry of the many. These are few. Not so many as the moralists and formalists believe them, and at the same time not so few as Bigotry in her narrowness would make them; for God has his hidden thousands whose knees have never bowed to Baal.

These seek not a good, for they have found it; they ask not a question, but they breathe a prayer, they apply not to mortals, but they address their God, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Let us tarry on the very threshold of these words, and devoutly ask for Divine searching, lest we should be deceived in our belief that this is our prayer; let us not take the words lightly on our unhallowed lip, lest we ask for our own damnation. Perhaps, my reader, if the light of God's countenance were at once to shine upon you, your heart is so far from God, so full of hatred to him, that it would suddenly destroy you,—for remember, he is a "consuming fire."

Let us, however, if the answer of conscience and the inward witness are agreed to give us hope, behold the countenance of our God.

I. For it is a *reconciling* countenance. "Though thou wast angry with us, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest us." "I will never be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee." The anger of God towards the elect is for ever appeased; they are so perfect in the righteousness of Jesus, that "he seeth no iniquity in Jacob, neither perverseness in Israel."

Though of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity," he doth yet regard poor sinners with affection; and towards thee, my Christian reader, he hath no sentiments but those of unmingled love. Think of thy glorious condition, reconciled! beloved! adopted!

"On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, whilst lost in holy rapture,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!

Grace shall reign eternally!"

(To be Continued.)