

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.

Time's Changes.
The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year;
And years like passing ages.
The glaucous current of our youth,
Ere passing yet disorders,
Steady, lingering, like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.
But as the cro-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?
When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?
It may be strange; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When, one by one, our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?
Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying footness;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.
No. XLIII.
Beloved Brother,—I had a pleasant and a quick passage from Eastport to Windsor; very different from what I had in the Rainbow, on my passage down the bay, two months before. My health was also much improved by this journey; and I arrived home with more health, more knowledge, more experience, more courage and with a stronger desire to spend and be spent in the work of the Redeemer.

But here I must record the painful experience of a separation from a large number of old friends, such pain as exceeded anything I knew in parting from my kindred when I left England. But others had felt the same. Paul said, when his beloved spiritual children wept on his neck, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart?" He felt he must go, and so did I; though like him, I knew not what would befall me where I was bound; I was in God's hands, and that was enough.

My business was now to sell off the few effects I had; I had a horse and a new four wheel double seated carriage, which cost me £22; these I disposed of without a great loss; my furniture brought but little; but when I had squared up with every body, I had about twenty or twenty-two pounds left; this would pay expenses, and leave us a trifle to start housekeeping again.

I improved the little time I had, in paying a last visit to as many friends as were within reach of me; I went to Newport, to Horton and to Cornwallis. Brethren George Dimock, T. Harding, D. Harris and Manning gave me their good will and blessing. Many of our deacons and private brethren in these churches expressed their regret at my leaving the country; and so far as my feelings and sympathies were concerned, it was sad to leave the land and people I loved. One thing has been a source of satisfaction, I never had a quarrel with one minister or brother, or other person in the whole of my sojourn in these Provinces. I left them in peace.

Not a day passed, while I was preparing to leave, but my thoughts wandered to the various places in which I had preached, and where my heart had been warmed by the cordial greeting of hundreds of brethren and young converts. How I wished I could make them a farewell visit, and assure them it was a sense of duty only, that induced this separation. All those settlements along shore, stretching for hundreds of miles from Cape Negro to Cape Caxo, and thence by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its various bays and inlets, with the various interior settlements, where I had been, passed in review before my mind; and I often wished that providence had so ordered my lot, that I could spend my days in these provinces, and with this people.

On the other hand, I had a new field before me, and I was going amongst strangers, not knowing what would befall me there. I was anxious also, on the subject of my usefulness. What if I should not have any revival of religion? if no souls should be converted? if I should find no field to till? and if my labors should be confined to one congregation, how should I feel, and content myself? Every thing looked dark and doubtful, and I seemed to be surrounded by uncertainty and mystery, and to stand in the midst of a

very chaos! But I had taken a step forward. I had promised the people in Livermore to come and cast my lot in with them. They had been disappointed, by the failure of one Nova Scotia Minister, who had pledged himself to labor with them. This case must not occur again. Indeed, to fall back, never once entered my mind. I had required the fleece wet and dry, before I came to the conclusion to go to Maine; and having thus passed the Rubicon, I was bound to proceed. The words of the Lord to Israel came with great force to my mind; "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Here my thoughts found rest. Here is the rock of ages. On this I could depend. I had found Him to be a friend at all times:—

And could He have taught me,
To trust in his name;
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

Sometimes I have been asked how I felt, as an Englishman, in going to live under the American government? On this I will state, openly and frankly, that I had no misgivings! My impressions were that a Republican Government was the best government of any, and though I thought our own English form of government to be good, I conscientiously believed the American to be better! I still think the American government to be, in theory, the best in the world, and in practice the worst! Or, as the logicians would say, "good in the abstract, and bad in the concrete!" In fact, I confess that I was much more of a Democrat when I left Nova Scotia and went to the States, than I was after thirty odd years experience of its operations and workings! But, then, I am such a poor politician, and at the time I left Nova Scotia, had given so little attention to those subjects, that they weighed but little in my mind.

And, indeed, what time or thought has a minister of Jesus Christ to devote to these subjects? To win souls back to God, is to save them from eternal death! And politics, in comparison with this, is but the small dust in the balance! I here remember an anecdote of Gen. Jackson and a Baptist preacher, which led me to form a better opinion of the "Old Hero," than any thing else he ever did. A Baptist preaching-politician once went to Washington to solicit of the General, when he was President of the United States, an office under the government. The President questioned him on the subject, and finally ascertaining that he was a Baptist preacher, told him that "he was serving a good Master, and if he served him faithfully he would have no time to devote to the service of the government," and dismissed him. Queen Victoria could not have given a better answer than that.

I was asked by some of my particular friends and some of my children how they could possibly get along when I was gone? These remarks caused me a great deal; not because I supposed they would have any difficulty on that score, but because I was afraid they were trusting more to the arm of flesh than to God. This humbled me. There was too much of the spirit of infidelity in the feeling which dictated the remark! We are in danger of having our idols taken from us if we rely upon them, or render that homage to them which is only due to the Supreme; and these idols may be ministers or any thing else! We have need to be watchful over our own spirits, lest we think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. If we imagine that God cannot do without us, or that the church will sink if we were out of the way, we deceive ourselves, and we displease God. What a warning we have in the story of Uzza, 1 Chronicles xiii. 9, 10, who put forth his hand to hold the ark. Was not this the sin of Moses when he said, "Shall I smite this rock for you rebels?" Did not the St. George's Church, at Liverpool, idolize the beloved Spencer, their pastor, whom God in his inscrutable providence removed from them while but a youth, for he was drowned whilst bathing. God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another. No! God has no need of us. He may use us as honored instruments for good, while we are humble, but he is independent of us. Neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." The old pioneers of Nova Scotia are all gone to their reward, but the churches live and multiply, and the cause of truth goes onward, and will progress and prosper until it has filled the whole earth!

My frequent mention of what concerned myself in these papers, I am persuaded will lay me liable to the charge of egotism. I have been ashamed of this throughout, but had no way of avoiding it in narrating what concerned myself and my travels during the

years of my sojourn in these colonies. In all these journeys I was alone, therefore the pronoun I, has to be used always, excepting when I united my horse with myself, and spoke of our toils and adventures.

But I wish it to be fully understood that I was not a pioneer in the cause, nor had I any thing to do in originating the Baptist denomination, either in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. The foundation was laid before I arrived, by those who had preceded me. The honour belongs to such men as Chipman, Manning, Crandal, Dimock, Burton, Cleaveland, Harding, Harris, Ansley, and their associates; names never mentioned but to be honoured. These laid the foundation, I and others—as Monro, Tupper, McCully, Davis, Dunbar, Milner, Miller, and others—came and built thereon. The first of these laboured, the last entered into their labours; and both classes rejoiced in the success of each other. I record it to the honour of all, and while I was here, and acquainted with these heralds of Christ, there was not the least jar or jealousy amongst them, as to who should be the greatest. I believe everyone accorded it to the other, each esteemed others better than himself.

What I have said of the revivals of religion in various parts of the provinces, whether in connection with my labours or others, the excellency of the power was of God, and to Him belongs the honour and glory, now and for ever more!

The ministers to whom I alluded, with the training they had, and the habits they had formed, would not, I think, be acceptable to the generation now coming upon the stage. But they were just the men for the times, they lived in, and the work they had to do. The same may be said, of our beloved ministering brethren now occupying the field in reference to those old times. They would not do, but they do now, quite well. But all whom God has called into the field, or will call, have a specific work assigned to them, by Him who ordained all things; and by combination of a wise providence, with the power of divine grace, it will be done, and by a succession of faithful laborers called and qualified by God Himself, the kingdom of heaven will enlarge its boundaries; and continue to enlarge and expand until it shall fill the whole earth. In this we can all rejoice, in this we can all labor according to the ability God has given us. And in this we ought to rejoice, for it is our highest honour; and is so designed by our Divine Master.

I have now brought up my "Reminiscences" of past times and events according to the best of my recollection, to the time of my departure. I wish my brethren and all who have read these narratives, to understand that I have no manuscript or book to refresh my memory; but that these papers have been written off hand, as I was able to call up from oblivion, old scenes and forgotten events, and past associations. The time of my leaving these Provinces for the United States, was thirty-three years ago, and under this consideration, I hope for the indulgence of the readers of the *Christian Visitor*, for any mistake or imperfections, which may be discovered by them.

As to the style and composition, the papers will not stand the test of criticism, I might have perhaps improved them somewhat, had I revised them or written them over; but for this I had not time, and to those for whose edification they were published, they will be equally acceptable, I presume. I wrote neither with a view to honor nor profit; and the many expressions of satisfaction which I have received from old friends, and others who are personally strangers, have abundantly compensated me for this small service I have done. I will also add, that before half of the numbers were published, I received information that God had owned and blessed the reading of these Reminiscences, to the reclaiming of some old backsliders, who were led to remember the solemn vows which they had made in old times, and to now come back, and taken their places in the churches from which they had too long been separated.

If I shall add a few more letters of my labors and experience, while absent, (which I have not quite concluded to do) I will also give my views and impressions of things as they appear to me on my return to her Most Gracious Majesty's dominions. But whether I have any further correspondence or not with you, I hope to hear that you all stand fast in one faith, rooted and grounded in love. This is the fervent prayer of an old laborer in this great and fruitful vineyard.

D. NUTTER.

For the Christian Visitor.

Excursion to New-Brunswick, from Hantsport.
No. I.

"I have a map of Nova Scotia, but I cannot find Hantsport." So writes a friend from Bath, England. The same complaint I have heard from another friend in New Brunswick, and even we Nova Scotians are not all posted up as well in the geography of our own country as we might be. Hantsport, be it known then to all, is a rising village on the Falmouth side of the River Avon, situated near the junction of the Halfway River, about seven miles below Windsor. It is a commodious haven for ships, and a place where they are wont to be constructed. It has been principally built up within the last ten years, through the business energies of my friend Ezra Churchill, Esq., M. P. P., and several others, some of whom are now no more. A level flat of excellent land, about 60 or 80 feet above the channel of the river, covers an area of some hundreds of acres, offering every facility for the construction of a city of any size. Back of which runs a line of hills, from the top of some of which you may look away to your left and see "cloud capped Blomidon," Five Islands and the shore of Parsboro', Ecomeny, &c., and in front, the hills of Newport and Rawdon, with the long line of settlements skirting the River Avon, and the mouths of the Kennetkook and Kookumregun, while to the right, you see the blue peaks of the Ardoise hills, about thirty miles distant, with a range of landscape lying between, of ever varying shade and feature, upon which, if you have the soul of a poet or a christian, you may gaze to your heart's content.

The dwellings in our village are all of wood, small—too small—for the most part, but painted and neat, occasionally surrounded or fronted with nascent trees, showing that if the inhabitants are not ahead of the age they are not altogether behind it. I am not able to say how many inhabitants there are. They are rapidly increasing however. Some here about a dozen new houses are going up, I believe this summer. People ascertaining that it is a good place for trade, shipbuilding and other businesses find it for their interest to remove thither. It is open to water conveyance to all parts of the world, except about three months in winter. When the rail road goes into Annapolis, it must pass through this place. We suppose it is destined to become a large city.

The most of the people are Baptists, but there are some excellent Christians who are Methodists, and a few of other communions. There is but one place of worship and that is a Baptist meeting house. It was thought large when built a few years ago, but it is too small now, and we are talking of enlarging it. It is a very neat, snug little place of worship, quite in advance of our usual style in many particulars. For instance, the pulpit is only about four feet two inches high, and the pews are evidently constructed for people to sit. An ugly little pigeon house looking belfry diminishes its external beauty, and the usual mistake was made in its construction with reference to ventilation. The worshippers are supposed to be so wrapped into the spiritual as to escape from the material, during the hours of service. For what purpose can fresh air be needed, and if needed why may it not be fanned into our faces through the open doors or the lower sashes of the windows? But we shall probably adapt it to the purpose of breathing when we enlarge it, as well as to the purpose of rest and quiet worship.

I must not omit that hitherto we have remained nearly uncursed by taverns and rum-shops. The effects are visible in the comfort and peacefulness of the inhabitants. May this rate of things long continue! We have a school house upon the most improved plan yet to be built.

Hantsport has been selected for a central place of operation for the Micmac Mission. For this it offers many advantages; those above enumerated apply, and besides there are no white Romanists to watch enquirers and to betray and persecute them. Let the traveller as he approaches Windsor from the west, look out for the steep hill, around which the road winds into the valley of the Halfway River, at Bishops, skirted by willows to keep the horses and vehicles from taking a sudden leap into the stream away below, and just before he comes to this hill he will see a road turning short to his right hand; it is just as you pass Miss Kelley's. Take a look at the hill in the distance upon which that road opens. That is "Mount Micmac." There the society has purchased about 450 acres of land for the use of the

Mission. The country around us abounds in free stone well adapted for building purposes out of this one of these days we shall construct a Mission house, around which may yet with God's blessing cluster some of the "tawny sons and daughters" to be taught in all good things.

But first we must pay for the land. We shall need at least £200 extra this year for this purpose. Money is scarce and times have taken a sudden turn for the worse. How can we raise the money? The committee inform me that I must quit the quiet of my house and study, suspend translation and revision and sally forth upon a "begging excursion." Well so be it. But whither shall I go? I can't expect to get money this time of year in the country.

Well, *Menahgwesk ayleay*—I go to St. John. My Micmac assistant must go with me. We can work then at all kinds—we can translate—convert—visit the Indians, and Ben can pursue his studies. We will take the steamer at Hantsport, as she returns from Windsor, and run down to "Menahgwesk." July 23d we start, (D. V.)

S. T. RAND.

The Bible Union's revision of the Book of Job.

It is only right, as you say, that the people of these Provinces who have contributed largely to the funds of the Bible Union should know all that is published respecting its operations; this is justification enough for the insertion of Dr. Maclay's letter and the reply of the Board, in the *Visitor*. It is not my intention to make any comment on the points at issue, or to stir up strife by taking part in a conflict, with which, as I think, we in this Province have little to do; but there is one admission made in this controversy of which I am glad to avail myself, and that is, that the Book of Job is the final revision of the Union, which there is no intention of submitting to a college of revisors, but which is accepted as the Union's substitute for the common version. A minute and thorough examination of the Society's work has hitherto been stopped at the threshold by the announcement that the published versions are only specimens which are to be revised and re-revised by all the learned men whose labors the Union can command, and finally to pass the ordeal of a college of revisors who are to give the finishing touch of perfection to the whole. No one could undertake to investigate the merits of a work which came forth in a state of acknowledged incompleteness. But now it appears from the statements of Dr. Maclay in his letter as given by the *New York Chronicle*, that the revision of Job by Dr. Conant has been stereotyped in six different forms, for which the officers, in their reply, say they have the authority of the Board. All this is equivalent to an admission that Dr. Conant's work is final and not to be revised, except by himself in such a way as could be done without injury to the plates.

Here then we have something tangible on which to proceed in judging of the work of the Union; for by the merit of its work must the value and utility of the Society be eventually determined.

Before entering upon an examination of the revision, an important distinction must be made; and that is, between the version of Job as the production of Dr. Conant, and the revision of Job which the Bible Union put forth to take the place of the common version. There is an essential difference between these two aspects of one and the same work, which must not be lost sight of. The question of the value of this translation as a contribution to biblical literature by an able and learned divine, differs entirely from the question of its value as a revision of our common version and a substitute for it.

As a new translation of Job it will confer upon its author a reputation equal to that enjoyed by other learned translators of portions of the Scriptures, the critical student may derive most valuable assistance from it, even its errors in translation will help him to unravel the perplexities of this difficult book; but this is not the point of view from which I intend to regard it; indeed any notice of it as a critical work would be altogether misplaced in your journal, which is intended not for the studios few, but for the reading many; and a laboured panegyric from my pen would be at once intrusive and presumptuous.

But as a revision of the translation of Job which our Bibles contain, it assumes a different character; all consideration of authorship vanishes; a searching comparison of every word with the original Hebrew is chal-

lenged; a discriminating judgment must be pronounced upon the whole; and if the decision should be that, with all its excellencies, it falls far below the standard which must be reached by any work that would successfully claim to replace the common English version, no more disrespect would be shown the author than has been shown to Louth or Campbell or a host of learned translators of parts of the Bible.

Now it is altogether as a revision of the Book of Job intended to supersede the common version that I propose (with your permission) to give the result of an investigation which I have endeavoured to make both close and full. The churches I think are entitled to this at our hands; most exaggerated and injurious statements about the number of errors in the authorized version have been widely circulated, whether the mischief thus done will ever be counteracted is problematical, but it is a reasonable thing for the brethren to expect those who have enjoyed opportunities of investigating the subject to give them the benefit of their assistance.

In prosecuting my object I shall strive to avoid as much as possible a controversial style, and every expression that could be personally offensive to any one, if my motives are impugned and my statements controverted, if my object is censured and my reasoning misunderstood, I shall bear it with what equanimity I can, and not think myself required to reply and to involve you in an uninteresting and perhaps interminable dispute.

C. SPURDEN.

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL, C. E., Aug. 15, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—An Editor's trials are numerous, and call forth little sympathy. Not the feeblest nor the fewest are the inflictions of correspondents, of whom the regular contributors are perhaps the most troublesome. Called upon to furnish a certain quantity per week, the quality sets at naught the three degrees of comparison, poor, poorer, poorest, being quite incapable of conveying the real gradations of inferiority; yet who more determined to resist an editor's variations, corrections and omissions than they? The manuscripts not always very carefully written, must be copied entire. One erasure destroys their complacency. A typographical error awakens their indignation. Hints respecting brevity are almost impertinent. We pity the editor. But pity is one thing, and relief another, as this lengthy introduction to a very simple subject abundantly proves. In this the seventh communication we introduce, for the third time, the weather. And why not? Is it not the duty of a correspondent to write as he feels? Do not editors even, reiterate what they feel? Is it not upon this principle that we explain editorial duns to delinquent subscribers? Perhaps, some reader will take the hint. *The Visitor*, we presume, is not an exception to the rule which holds good of credit-giving newspapers generally. We repudiate the system in toto. How a christian can enjoy a paper for which he has not paid, when he reads the divine rule, "Owe no man anything," is a strange thing. But we beg pardon, we are going astray from our subject. Let the weather be our apology. "We care nothing about your Canadian weather." Nay, be not so testy, good friend. We will not trouble you on that subject. We are not disposed to say more, for we have completed what we intended; or shall have done so when we give you a little gratuitous advice—doubly gratuitous, if you have not paid for your paper—do not, we pray you, do not forget the proprietor and editor this warm weather.

Passing from a very serious subject to one calling for gratitude, we would notice the general good health of our city. Montreal has been highly favoured in that respect this summer; old inhabitants say that they do not remember its parallel. We have been mercifully spared the scourge of '54, as have other parts of the continent. Montreal, like St. John, has good reason to remember that sad season, but it seems to be well nigh forgotten. National judgments do not, of necessity, produce national repentance. While the adult population of this city has been spared, the deaths of infants have been numerous during the hot season; thus making up a total rather formidable. For example, during the week ending August 2nd, the deaths reported rise as high as ninety-three; sixty-four being children under one year. We cannot refrain from noticing the advantage which flows from a weekly report of deaths. Saint John suffered during the cholera season from