

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.

THE CALL.

The night is dark: behold the shade was deeper.
In the old garden of Getsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper—
Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with me?
O, thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy daily cross,
It is so hard to bear thy little trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?
What if thou ALWAYS suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never ceases:
The gaining of the quiet habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.
But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through this dark hour
Only;
This one dark hour—before the eternal dawn.
The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath the plumed crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.

No. XXXIII.

DEAR BROTHER.—In reviewing some of my letters, I am quite sure that I have not related things in their proper order, as to time. The subject of the present letter, transpired before some of those I have already related. But as I am not writing a history, or my own biography, but simply Reminiscences of times long gone by, the irregularity, I have no doubt will be excused.

When I parted from Father Joseph Dimock, after our joyful season at St. Martin's, he made me promise to pay him a visit at Chester, I had also, for a long time, had it on my mind to go to Halifax, and see my old countryman, Father Burton. One Monday morning, I set out early on horseback, to go to Halifax, when I got about half a mile from Windsor village, riding carelessly along, and musing on I know not what, my horse stopped where the roads separated to go to Chester and Halifax, this brought me to my recollection, and the thought came, as forcibly as if a voice had spoken, "you ought to go to Chester; brother Dimock has long expected you." "Yes," I replied, "and to Chester we will go." And although the road was, compared with the other, a most wretched one, my horse was perfectly willing to go anywhere where his master would go. So he took the right hand road, and we made the best of our way to Chester. I will not detain you on the road, either to count the windfalls to examine the mudholes or other obstructions in the way. Suffice it to say, that by diligence and perseverance, we arrived at Brother Dimock's, just as the sun was going down. I got a most hearty welcome from our most precious brother, and his pleasant and cheerful wife. She was a sweet woman, with a smiling countenance, and withal quite handsome. Brother D. had a jewel and he knew how to appreciate it.

I was very weary and hungry, when I got to the end of my journey. But our brother was preparing to go to a prayer meeting; he asked me to go with him, though at first I objected, I finally, at his earnest solicitation, consented. He then, while I ate my supper, sent his children round to tell the people that I was going to attend the meeting. The worship, that evening, was held at the house of a black woman, the only coloured person in Mr. D's church. She was an aged woman, and for her sake a prayer meeting was held once a week, at her house.

The house consisted of one large room and a bed room and it was crowded with people, mostly young folks. Brother Dimock said I must preach, as the people had come together with that expectation. I never experienced a greater trial than on that occasion for I was exceedingly tired and weary, and having no notes, and not having given the subject a thought, I felt utterly unprepared and unfit for the duty. The words, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do," occurred to my mind, and I repeated them, without saying where they could be found; for I had quite forgotten. I went on and said what I could; but I am sure it must have been like Rowland Hill's, a very rambling discourse. But although it was a bow drawn at a venture, the arrow was sure. In the middle of the exhortation, two or three young persons were so powerfully wrought upon, that they cried out for mercy on their souls. This was like an electric shock, thrilling every heart in the audience. It was on the day of Pentecost, I am the

Spirit rested on the disciples, and they spake with new tongues. The meeting lasted long, and we had preachers enough. I obeyed St. Paul's injunction, "If anything be revealed to another, let the first hold his peace."

At a late hour we broke up and went to our several homes. But not one soul returned from that lowly but with the same feelings as when they came there. Some went away with a heavy heart to pray to God, and pass a sleepless night; others retired with hearts light and joyful, believing that God was in that place, though they and others had not known it. Others, again, went away more vexed and with harder hearts than they had when they went there. One of Brother Dimock's sons went home that night with a daughter of Squire David Crandall's. The Squire asked what had kept them so late? The young man replied, in a manner, that indicated he was chafed in his feelings, and that all was not right. Mr. C. asked him what in the world was the matter? When he replied, "Matter enough, why, here is your Mary crying for mercy, and our Begkey crying for mercy, and all the folks are going crazy."

However, our young friend, in a short time was also crying for mercy, but it was, when like the prodigal son, he had come to himself! This was the beginning of a great work in Chester, which spread and continued for a good while. Meetings were multiplied and held, sometimes in the meeting house, and sometimes at other places. Every day, some were convicted of sin or brought to the Saviour, to receive pardon and peace in his blood. There were some murmurers and complainers; but they could do nothing. Bro. N. Floyd, opened his doors, and gave free board to all who needed refreshment, and he had a good lot of boarders from abroad, for weeks. He was a hearty Christian; and nothing was too hard or too much for him to do, when the cause of religion or the salvation of souls could be promoted. This was the brother who was with us at St. Martin's, as mentioned in a former letter.

The reformation progressed much as reformations generally do; it is not, therefore necessary that I should give a circumstantial report of its progress, or relate what occurred in general. I will, however, mention a few incidents and facts, which I either saw, or heard related. There was in the church, when this revival began, a sister, who had had a great disagreement with a young woman in the neighbourhood, who had now been converted. Some friends were anxious to have them reconciled, and applied to me to take the matter in hand. I undertook the task, but soon found that it was a bad case. I asked the sister to go with me and see the other; but no, she would not go near her. The other was equally inflexible. I then proposed to one, to meet at a friend's house; and she consenting, I went to the other, who was finally induced to go, also. The difficulty between them was great, and it was on both sides. At the hour appointed, they came to the house, and when the last one entered, I stepped up to her, and took her hand, and led her across the room, and introduced them to each other, saying, "I believe you used to be intimate friends;" and I joined their hands. It was enough, the evil spirit was cast out, and they were locked in each other's arms, shedding floods of tears, and making mutual confessions of their own sins, instead of accusing each other. When I told our good brother Dimock what had happened, in his usual emphatic way, he clapped his hands together, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I am glad." I never saw, on any occasion, more feeling, or more excitement, than was manifested in this season of revival. The young converts gave themselves up to its full influence, and sometimes to the wildest bursts of excitement. I have seen five or six standing on the seats, in the meeting-house, speaking and exhorting at the same time. And when you could hear what they said, you would be so satisfied, both with the matter and the sincerity of the speakers, that you could not have a heart to reprove, or check them. One week day we met early in the morning, I think it was at nine o'clock, for a Conference. This large church, were nearly all present. There was great freedom, and all were ready to speak; some quite lengthily. After the church had done speaking, the new converts related their experience, when, I believe, twenty or more came forward, and were received for baptism. It was near sun down when they separated. That night a Prayer-meeting was appointed

at brother Floyd's. And such a meeting one seldom attends. The singing and rejoicing, on the part of those whom God had blessed with light and assurance, and the sobs and tales of woe, from those who saw their sins, and felt the wrath of an angry God, created a wild confusion, almost a chaos. We dismissed the meeting about ten o'clock; but it would not do. Nobody wanted to leave. We dismissed it again about twelve; but to no purpose. It seemed to be a case of life and death with them, as though they were to go to the judgment the next day; and they could not separate until every brand was plucked from the burning. Brother Dimock went home, but I stayed, and several times begged them to separate; telling them that we were to meet the next day again, for baptism. Finally, I saw the day light break through the window, and retired, but not to sleep. My nervous system was too much excited, and I arose after about an hour, unrefreshed!

This may afford matter for criticism, by our good orderly, and staid brethren, who are used to carry on religion mathematically and philosophically. There certainly was feeling and zeal, whether it was according to knowledge, or not. But, I appeal, not to the formalist, but to the experimental christian, if this is worse in the sight of God, or, in your eyes, than the lifeless routine of these lukewarm times? Is there a minister of the gospel, in these Provinces, who would not rejoice to see just such an outburst of feeling and enthusiasm, as I have here described, rather than that saint and sinner, the wise and foolish, should continue lying with their heads on the lap of Delilah, *slumbering and sleeping together!* What a wild, confused excitement there will be, in the day of judgment, when saints shall lift up their heads and rejoice, for the day of redemption is come, while ten thousand angels will be shouting, "Rise ye dead, and come to judgment," and millions of sinners be crying to the mountains and hills to fall on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. Let us judge of these things in the light of that day!

D. NUTTER.

For the Christian Visitor

Second Stroll in London.

Friends that live apart in London and are anxious to meet in the city, will find the steps of the general post office a fine place for meeting; being prominent and conspicuous. As we have a few more ramblings to make, a few more sights still to witness within the walls, we shall make this our starting point on all convenient occasions. A few words have already been said respecting this fine building, we shall then at once proceed on another day's sauntering. Turning to our left, crossing Newgate street, we enter Paternoster Row, which is as familiar in our mouths as household words. From the popularity and notoriety of the place, we might expect something worth looking at in the shape of handsome buildings and a fine open street. If such were our expectations we are doomed to a thorough disappointment. On entering we might almost imagine ourselves going into a cave, especially if the atmosphere is foggy. The street is very narrow, the houses lofty, their walls coloured to a peculiar tinge by the famous London smoke, and, over head, through the narrow aperture which is left for the light to penetrate, the fog hangs like a pall. Can it be wondered at that we should compare such a place to a cave or subterranean passage. As we walk backward and forward, we ask ourselves, what could have made this place so renowned? We, at once, discover that it is not for its architectural beauty, nor for its fine stores, for they, to all appearance, are paltry enough; but we notice numbers of boys hurrying away with loads of books, periodicals, &c. from the stores, which we now begin to examine more closely. On entering one of these the enigma is explained by the piles of books that meet our eyes, and the busy appearance of all inside. One wonders why, in such small stores, so many young men are required without many customers to be served; but that is also explained, for the booksellers of London, as well as those of the country, (who generally remit their orders by post) receive their supplies from this spot, and here it is the most renowned publishers transact their business, and have done so for ages gone by, from the stall of the hawk of Paternoster, to the now great publishers Houlston, Stoneman & Co., &c., &c. From hence knowledge is distributed—from this

dark place light is sent forth to illumine the minds of the people. We unroll the book of time, and in our imaginations stand in the same spot about a century ago, what do we see? The houses and stores are somewhat similar, not much alteration in that respect, but we see many pale, haggard, thoughtful, melancholy individuals in dresses corresponding to their appearance, who, in fact, were the nobility of the age. Some coming out from these marts more dejected than when they entered, because the grand idea conceived by them which they wished to unfold to the world, lit up their countenances with unearthly splendor but finding that these hard-hearted publishers would not enter into their feelings, neither could sympathize with their genius, unless they saw £ s. d. making its way into their pockets. Money seemed to be what they were aiming at, and unless the author was well known, or had cash ahead to pay the publisher, but little heed would be given to him, no matter what brilliant thoughts had been inscribed in manuscripts, because I believe that class generally were in the grasp of mammon, making their ill-gotten gain by purchasing, for a trifling sum, the hard studied work of years. Oh! I imagine I see them, one by one, coming from the presence of the publisher thoroughly cast down, muttering to themselves, 'After so many years of hard study; after spending many a sleepless night in unfolding my ideas, which have for their tendency the elevation of humanity, I only get as much as maintain me for a short time.' See there amongst the number Milton; only fifty pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' But we must proceed with grateful feelings that we are permitted to live in better days, when the true nobility are beginning to be recognized, not only by the publishers, but by the mass. Leaving Paternoster Row we enter Ave Maria Lane, of the same style as Paternoster Row, but not so extensive. This leads us into a bustling thoroughfare where all is confusion. The noise is enough to stun a stranger; the conductors of omnibuses engaged in calling out the various places where they go, the noise of the various vehicles, &c.

In olden time there was a gate here built by King Lud, and that is the reason why it is called Ludgate still. About half way down turning into a narrow street to our right, we come in front of Newgate prison, which occupies a large space of ground. Retracing our steps down Ludgate Hill, crossing Farringdon street we enter Fleet street, so called because of the Fleet ditch that ran close by. On the left is a house once occupied by Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, now inhabited by a jeweller. A little farther on we notice a moderate sized archway, and we venture to enter, although it appears to be private. Proceeding along a narrow passage, we come to a chapel built in the style of a temple. A little farther on a fine large open square on the banks of the Thames surrounded by large modern buildings. The scene takes one quite by surprise. After such a narrow entrance, such dark windings, and intricate courts, to arrive at such a delightful spot. I suppose you would like to know what elysium this is. The chapel was the noted Temple Church, the courts are courts of law; their intricate position answers very well to the profession practiced there. There are two divisions, viz. the Inner and Middle Temple.

The church was built by a class of men known as Knight Templars, who first originated, according to Stowe, in the year 1118, forming themselves into a society for protecting pilgrims to Jerusalem, from the robbers that in those days infested the roads; and as they had no particular habitation to dwell in, Baldwin King, of Jerusalem, granted them a dwelling place, in the Palace near the Temple; and from this they were called Knights of the Temple. Many noblemen, in all parts of christendom, became brethren of this order, and built for themselves Temples in various parts of England, but the one which we have just visited, is by far the most handsome, having been built after the style of the Temple in Jerusalem. The order increased rapidly in numbers and wealth, and also in insolence, but after existing about two hundred years, they experienced a fearful downfall. This place then fell into the possession of the Lawyers, who rented it in the reign of Edward III., at the rate of £10 per annum, and has ever since remained in their possession. We shall leave this ancient structure with its beautiful marble pavement, on which is inscribed, various kinds of animals, &c., its painted windows, and its monuments. These solemn Temples must one day all dissolve

and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind; but the dust of the great men, Dukes and Lords, must rise up and render their account to God.

T. P. D.

Report of the Juvenile Missionary Society in connection with the Baptist Church, Brussels Street.

This being the first anniversary held by this Society it may be necessary to give a brief account of its origin as well as of its progress. A few individuals connected with the Brussels Street Baptist Sabbath school, were strongly impressed with the importance of circulating religious reading among the juvenile portion of the population, throughout the destitute parts of the Province, where the children are deprived of Sabbath school instruction and religious reading, such as themselves are so abundantly blessed with. They met together on the 1st day of June, 1854, and organized themselves into a Society, for the purpose of collecting together the papers and tracts that are circulated in our Sabbath school, after they have been read by the children, and distribute them throughout the destitute localities. The Society also looked forward to the time when they would be able to support a missionary and send him forth not only to distribute papers and organize Sabbath schools, but to make known the way of life and salvation to those who are now ignorant of those things. For the first year but little was done, the Society held its regular meetings, attended to its ordinary business, collected a number of papers, &c. together, opened a correspondence with Bro. Knight, but finding a difficulty in the way of working in connection with that brother, (as the majority of those among whom he labours are French, and cannot read English), decided after corresponding with Brother Scott at Miramichi, to forward these papers, &c., to him for distribution among the children in that locality and that correspondence has been continued up to the present time; and the letters received (eight in all) from that brother, and his valuable partner Mrs. S. and also from Brother Bishop of Newcastle, have been of the most encouraging nature. The Society now consists of sixty members, and the receipts for the year ending May 6th, 1856, are as follows:—

By cash on hand	£0 6 6d
" Cash for Membership	1 1 7
" Cash from monthly collections	1 7 10d
" Cash collected by Committee for books	1 3 2
" Cash from Missionary Boxes	1 13 0
" Cash from Miss Berryman's class	0 10 0
" Cash from young Ladies prayer meeting	0 6 6
" Cash from Joseph Read, jun.	0 2 1
Total	£6 13 8
EXPENDITURE.	
For Tracts	0 10 0
Books for Sabbath School at Newcastle	1 1 9
Missionary Boxes	0 16 10d
Stationery and Postage	0 4 7d
Total	£2 13 3

Leaving a balance of cash on hand £4 0 5
The Society has sent out for distribution 2495 papers, comprising the Child's Paper, Penny Gazette, and Family Casket, also 8208 pages of Religious and Temperance tracts. A flourishing Sabbath School has been started by the efforts of this Society, and furnished with a library of 130 volumes, and 50 hymn books; and two other schools have been greatly aided by the papers and tracts sent them by this Society. The Society also appointed a committee at their last meeting to secure the services of a missionary for one month, and will continue to employ him as long their funds will allow. They feel confidence in doing so, for the gifts of benevolence which are entrusted to their disposal, find their way to really destitute parts of the country. Can you look forward to the results of those noiseless efforts to occupy the minds of a rising generation with divine truth, and so through promised grace, destroy the influence of wicked men and seducers who may endeavor to make them a prey to the adversary of souls and then say you can do nothing to assist them? No you cannot; for all can do something; if you have not money you can gather up religious papers and tracts after they have been read in your houses and send them to the Society on the first Tuesday of each month. Let Sabbath School teachers imitate the example of those who have taken up collections in their classes and handed it to the Society as a donation, for several successive meetings past, or let parents put a Juvenile Missionary Box in a convenient place in the family, and the children be encouraged to put the copers which in many cases are spent

in a way that is worse than wasted, into these boxes, and on the night of meeting, let the contents be forwarded to the Society. Or when you pass the Missionary boxes in the Brunswick Street Baptist Vestry, just stop long enough to put your hand into your pocket and add think to what use the money is appropriated.

At a special meeting held on the 27th of May, the officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:—

President, F. A. ESTY.
Vice President, F. WIDOM,
Recording Secretary, W. WRIGHT,
Corresponding Secretary, J. READ,
Treasurer, H. EVERETT.

HENRY EVERETT, Recording Secretary.

From the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Burmah.

Rev. Arthur Crawley attacked by Robbers.

HENTHADAH, February 5th, 1856.

My dear Mr. Editor—The present letter will contain a "picture of Missionary life," rather different from any which I have yet given to your readers, and if it had for them a tinge of the peculiar interest which it has had for me, it will be worth a place in your paper.

Returning from one of my tours, we had, on the night of the first of February, reached a place distant about sixty miles from home. Our boat was moored for the night by the bank, whose dark outline of deep jungle was broken only by one solitary human habitation. All in the boat had fallen into a profound slumber, after a day spent in unusual exertion, at least all but Ko Eim, one of my faithful assistants, who, kept awake by the severe suffering from rheumatism, was, as he afterwards told me, trying to while away the long night by singing and praying in a low voice. While thus engaged he saw two small boats, each containing four men, gliding swiftly up the stream and towards us. Scarcely had he exchanged with them the usual Burman salutation, when they came alongside, and, with loud shouting and flourishing of their dangerous darts, leaped upon him. I was sleeping so soundly, that the Ko Eim assures me he pulled and shook me violently, still I did not awake until the noise and confusion of the short struggle occurred.

And when I did awake, it did not at once occur to me that we were at the mercy of Burman robbers, a class of men famous for their wanton and unprovoked cruelty and brutality. More effectually to compel their work they had unmoored the boat, and we were drifting rapidly down the current. I cannot convey to you any idea of that interval of horror, from the moment that I comprehended that we were hopelessly at the mercy of the robbers until they departed. The noise which aroused me lasted but a moment, and was succeeded by a fearful silence, broken by a low moaning, suggestive to me, of course, of my poor me lying fatally wounded at the bottom of the boat. Then the gleam of that dah in my face, and the harsh voice of the robber, imperatively demanding where my valuables were secreted, and threatening to take my life if I did not show him. They became much excited when they found but little money to reward their hasty search. They had transferred to their boat every now that I must make a desperate struggle which would probably be my only hope of escape from a horrible death. How hopeless would have been that struggle you may judge from the fact, that I had not even a stick to defend myself with, while I was literally surrounded by armed men. How vividly, at that moment, was revived to my the case of poor Captain Madigan, who under circumstances not dissimilar to mine, was attacked by the same number of men, and though surrounded by faithful Bengali servants, and having ample means of defence, was yet butchered in cold blood, and died with more than a dozen wounds on his body.

A merciful Providence averted from me that terrible fate. The disciples told me afterwards, that they were silently praying that I might be restrained from making any resistance, as they well knew that my life depended upon my remaining passive. And I knew Burman character sufficiently well myself, to understand that nothing but a forlorn hope would justify an interference. But where all this time were quiet as men who were with me? lying down as quiet as rabbits, their respiration almost suspended by terror. The event proved that we had adopted the wiser course, and that prudence was the better part of valour. We all escaped without even a wound. The robbers made off with nearly everything of value we had, the disciples losing, besides their bedding, a considerable sum of money, and I all my bed-clothes, a number of articles of clothing, &c., which a missionary can ill afford to lose. To secure ourselves from being immediately followed the fellows had taken all our oars but one, and as our boat was large and unwieldy, the problem was how we should get home against the swift current of the Irrawaddy. There was just a chance that the thick fog of the morning might delay the mail steamer from Rangoon until we could get into her track. This failing us, then there would be nothing left us but to get through the long bitterly cold nights without any covering as best we could.

A kind Providence again favored me. The fog was unusually thick and we soon had the pleasure of seeing the steamer creeping slowly along and feeling her way through it. Our signal of distress was noticed, and we were soon on her hospitable deck, and steaming on for home which we reached early the following day. The conduct of the disciples thro' all this unfortunate episode was most admirable. The robbers had scarcely left us before they proposed that we sing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had delivered, and we sang, I believe, with most sincere and heartfelt gratitude. For men in their circumstances their loss was really a heavy one, and yet it did not seem to rest upon their spirits with the weight of a feather.

That you may understand how utterly defenceless I was, I ought to have mentioned that I was under the covered part of the boat entangled in