

# 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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## Selected Articles

### Notes of a Journey to Switzerland

Conference of the South German Baptist Church, BY MISS ONCKEN.

August 31, we crossed the Rhine at Strasburg, on our way to Muhlhausen, when there is a station of the Baptist church at Zurich. Some years ago my father baptized the first converts here; their number is now twenty-two. Many of those friends, at their conversion, made great sacrifices for the cause of truth, especially in their observance of the Sabbath, which is so generally disregarded in France; but the Lord has blessed them the more abundantly. Mr. Hafner, a baker, whose chief customers had been the owners of Sunday tea-gardens, after his conversion refusing to sell bread on the Lord's day, suddenly found himself almost without employment; the distress of his wife and the indignation of his friends, who accused him of making religion a cloak for idleness, were great; yet our brother was enabled patiently to wait upon the Lord, who in due time rewarded the faith of his servant. One after another his old customers returned. Their guests had complained of the inferiority of the bread lately provided, and hearing that Mr. Hafner would not sell his bread on Sunday, declared they would prefer having the bread of an honest man a day old, to that of persons who had no conscience regarding the material employed. Since that time Mr. Hafner's bread had quite a run in Muhlhausen; but what is of more importance, the commandment of God has been honoured before men. Abounding in works of love and faith, the little flock here cause their lights to shine brightly, amid the gloom of Roman Catholic errors, by which they are surrounded. Their services are conducted in German, although French dominion. The priesthood here, as everywhere, the enemies of a preached gospel, are unsupported by the Government in their efforts to crush the work of our brethren. The latter is afflicted more by political restrictions, particularly stringent with regard to the press. Every tract that enters France is marked with the stamp of the "Ministre de l'Interieur" before it is passed into the hands of the receivers. Neither may tracts be freely distributed, the gratuitous circulation of all pamphlets being interdicted. The letter of this prohibition, however, not including the loan of tracts, our brethren adopt this method for their circulation; and insignificant as these weapons may appear in comparison with the Goliath of infidelity against which they are directed, our brethren are undismayed, knowing "the battle is the Lord's."

But while the believers here display much zeal in the dissemination of the truth, their own spiritual interests call for the stated labour of a missionary. The present financial state of our mission, however, rendering a decrease rather than an increase of missionaries necessary, my dear father scarcely knew how to meet the entreaties made that a labourer be sent to Alsace. He could not find it in his heart, however, to give a refusal, and in faith in the enlarged liberality of friends abroad, and in the increased exertions of the churches at home, promised that a missionary should be stationed here. The formation of a church at this place was likewise postponed until my father's return. The services held on the Lord's day were well attended by strangers. To the brethren it was, as they assured us, a day in which they had gathered food for many days to come.

Two days later we proceeded to Basle, the pious old city, where in contrast to other continental towns, religion and respectability walk hand in hand. Here we visited the mission-house, built by the inhabitants in fulfilment of a vow made while the city was in a state of siege, that the deliverance should be thus commemorated. From this institution many missionaries have gone forth to heathen lands. The simplicity of the domestic arrangements impressed us favourably. Mr. Burckhard, the leader of a small dissenting church, kindly placed their meeting-room at my father's disposal, and a well-attended service was held.

At length we were en route for our last station, Zurich, and the glories of Alpine scenery began to unfold before us. There were hills "o'er which the vine hangs forth her purple grape, and gently creeps luxuriant," and here "the flowery lap of many an irrigated valley spread her store," while the Alps, like the union of dignity with beauty, heightened admiration into reverence. We realised Goethe's experience in Switzerland, "At every step I felt disposed to stand still and meditate." The pen of many a "ready writer" had indeed rendered these scenes familiar to us, yet every such representation was found to be inadequate to the lively reality. We felt that, as of the Divine Author, so of his works, there is no word more fitting than "Come and see."

Our own was amongst the last arrivals of visitors to the Conference at Zurich. On reaching the house of brother Hofer, pastor of the church here, we were welcomed by an assemblage of friends, whose joy after long separation to see my father once more was great. After the first greetings were over, the brethren retired to make preliminary arrangements for the business of the following day. Our own hospitable entertainers during our stay at Zurich were a family, one of

whose daughters is about to be united to Mr. Merkt, the Baptist missionary here. Nothing that Christian affection could suggest was left undone to render the sweet cottage where we were lodged a home to us, and it was indeed good to be there. Opening on one side into a garden of roses still in full bloom, it commanded on the other a view of "fair Zurich's waters;" while snow-covered mountains were not wanting to complete the panorama. (To be continued.)

### Funeral of the late Dr. Harris.

On Monday the mortal remains of the late Rev. John Harris, D. D., were interred in Abney-park Cemetery, in a spot close adjoining the grave of Dr. Pye Smith. In Abney Chapel, opposite to the cemetery, the body was placed, prior to the interment, before the pulpit, and a solemn service held, in the presence of a very large and respectable audience, comprising a great number of ministers and many leading laymen of the Congregational and other bodies.

The funeral procession comprised upwards of eighty individuals, of whom sixty were students of the college, or ministers who had at one time been under Dr. Harris's tuition. Among the chief mourners were the Council and Professors of New College and other friends of the deceased.

Professor Godwin read an appropriate selection of Psalms and chapters, and offered up a solemn and affecting prayer.

The Rev. George Smith delivered an appropriate and very solemn address, not without difficulty mastering his emotions. They were met, he said, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The gloom was deep and all-pervading, for the occasion of their gathering was one of unusual grief and solemnity. The painful task of committing to the grave all that was mortal of one who was lovely and pleasant in life was devolved upon them by the all-wise Arbiter of human destiny. It was true that death was an event of daily-hourly occurrence. The great enemy was never idle, never inactive. With the beating of each pulse, with the flight of each moment in every year, in every night, in every day, one human being passed out of time into eternity. The rate of mortality was so great that half a century would suffice to depopulate the earth, were it not that an equal number were early and hourly entering upon life. "One generation passeth away and another cometh;" "friend after friend departs." They were frequently called to mourn the removal of beloved ones, endeared to them by ties of kindred, affection, and piety; but seldom had they been called to mourn a public loss so bitter and irreparable as that with which they were now afflicted. A real and widespread sorrow had already affected the mind of the Church of God; and, as tidings of their bereavement spread to other lands—to Protestant Europe—to the United States of America, and to various parts of the missionary field, where the name of Dr. Harris was familiar, and where his various works had shed the light of instruction and gratification, their grief would be participated, and the acknowledgment would be universal that a great man had fallen amongst us. Mournful, however, as the occasion was, they might endeavour to improve it by directing attention to some truths which are at all times important, and are now especially appropriate. There was a natural reluctance in the human mind to contemplate death. Human nature recoiled from its approach. The pain and anguish by which it was always attended, and the dread uncertainty by which it was often followed, continue to clothe it in revolting features, and to make it the king of terrors to the children of men. Death was not an original law of their being. There was no grave in the untainted Eden of man *primum*. Man was not created mortal. We were now, however, as fallen creatures, subject to the power of death. Go back, in thought, to the men who peopled the antediluvian world, and lived for nearly a thousand years, which appeared to them a kind of little eternity. The characteristic feature of the whole human race was at last inscribed on the tomb of each—"And he died." Survey the families and tribes of men who peopled Egypt and built the Pyramids, who reared the empires of Babylon and Assyria, who marshalled the armies of Rome, and founded the schools of Greece; of each of these it might be said, "He died," and likewise of all the men of like passions with ourselves; they moved and mingled in the eager excitement of affairs like our own; and the things of their day were as momentous to them, as those of our day are to us. But they, even they, eventually passed away like the leaves of the forest, and the place that knew them once knew them no more. Those then present, in like manner, would all fade as a leaf, and return to the dust from whence they were taken. Having shown that lest the remoteness of time and place should deprive the reflection suggested by this extended mortality of its point in relation to the certainty of our own departure, the connexion was brought home to us by the death of many in our own circle, he proceeded to say that no lengthened illness, no incipient febleness, no gradual decay, prepared the friends of Dr. Harris for the heavy blow that was so soon to follow. It was but as yesterday that they grasped the hand now cold in that coffin, and heard the melodious tones of a voice now silent in death. He fell, not beneath the weight of years, but sank in the full maturity

of powers which they fondly hoped would long be continued for the welfare of men and the glory of God. Having, in an earnest and pathetic manner, enforced on his hearers the consideration, "What is your life?" Mr. Smith considered death in the light of Christian Revelation.

He then proceeded to say, that it was pleasant to reflect that life to Dr. Harris, while not free from trials and anxieties, was a happy as well as an honoured career. Without pronouncing mere eulogies on his name and character, Mr. Smith hoped he might be permitted, as one who largely shared his friendship, to utter his impressions of the worth of Dr. Harris. His nature, he said, was at once generous and gentle. There was a charm and an intelligence in his general conversation seldom equalled, and perhaps never exceeded. A vein of cheerful feeling and remark pervaded all his social intercourse. From bitterness, jealousy, and uncharitableness, he was eminently free. Those who knew him well, could scarcely fail to love him; and those who shared his friendship, would look back upon their fellowship with him as supplying some of the brightest hours in their lives. He was kind and liberal to many of his poorer brethren, and embraced numerous opportunities of doing good, with a large-hearted benevolence. In the most palmy days of his popularity, he never lifted up his soul to vanity. That an unusual measure of gifts were bestowed on him, was a fact which most persons would be ready to admit, and few, if any, would question. Analytical power of no mean order enabled him to pursue every subject with a profoundness and to an extent which were surprising. His diligence was unwearied. Whether at home or abroad, whether in the crowded thoroughfare of the great metropolis, or in the retired lanes of Chesham, he was always intent on accumulating knowledge and cheerfully communicating it. He had astonishing power in collecting and moulding materials, giving them a harmony, and making them entirely his own. Yet he was no mere compiler, no wholesale plagiarist or retailer of the views of others. His conceptions were often as original as they were beautiful. They were clothed in language chaste and appropriate, and enriched by metaphors which at times glowed as the firmament with living sapphires. While at home in the walks of science and literature, he was pre-eminently a theologian. In the present age, there were few who made theology a study; but there was reason to believe, that generations to come would testify favourably to the labours of Dr. Harris. Mr. Smith concluded a brief but beautiful address by an appeal to the students present to remember and act out the lessons which they had heard from Dr. Harris's lips.

The procession, after a short prayer, again formed; and, the coffin having been lowered into the grave, the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Godwin, and the multitude of sincere mourners slowly left the grave.

### The Emperor of Austria's Concordat with the Pope.

FROM AN ORATION BY LOUIS KOSSUTH, Formerly Governor of Hungary, now an Exile in England.

After some appropriate preliminary remarks, the illustrious Magyar observed that he was about to offer some remarks on "The Concordat between the Pope and Francis Joseph of Austria, with special reference to Hungary in general, and the Protestantism of Hungary in particular." He desired his audience to remember that concordats were agreements between temporal sovereigns and the Pope relative to ecclesiastical matters, especially the mutual relations between Church and State. It was a long time since England had to submit to agreements with the Pope. She had had to much to do with them in former times. Three hundred years ago the Pope sent his collector to England to receive the penny of St. Peter, telling the people of England most candidly that really he could not promise them that St. Peter would open the gates of heaven to any Englishmen if they retained what belonged to St. Peter on earth, and bidding them to rest assured, that unless St. Peter got his own, anathema and malediction would be the share of England, and would bring down on her the revenge of God and an eternal succession of national misfortunes. England had remained ever since under that malediction. He was not sure that it was not repeated year by year. However, England was in tolerable health, and likely to continue in good health, provided she committed not the sin of wrapping herself too fondly in her own security; but like her sailors, who never neglected to take heed of the smallest speck on the distant horizon, lest a storm be couched in it, did not allow her sworn enemy despotism to combine spiritual and temporal arms into a coalition, the tempest of which might eventually prove too powerful to weather, even for England's proud barque. Such a collusion of spiritual and temporal arms in aid of the spirit of despotism, the Concordat was well calculated to bring about. The thunderbolts of the Vatican might be very harmless now-a-days in themselves, if not combined with the bayonets of political despotism; but combined with those, they might prove thunderbolts in earnest. Englishmen should remember that one nation subjected to this combination was the strength of one nation acquired for the onward assault. He mentioned these facts to exemplify the statement that it was not religion about which the Pope cared, or ever did care. The penny of

St. Peter was but the tribute of the world to ambition and supremacy. The Concordat had nothing to do with religion; in fact, if the object of the Concordat had been to secure religious freedom and liberty of conscience, he should not have raised his voice against it. He demanded religious freedom and liberty of conscience, as a sacred human right, and he was thankful for the lot that had fallen to his share. He considered the regions of faith—the boundaries of which began where the limits of human reason ceased—he considered those mystic regions reserved by the Eternal Legislature for the property of man's own conscience. Interference with this was the worst of tyranny. "Do unto others as thou desirest others to do unto thee." To this law he bowed in humble obedience. He would not hold communion with any man who was not willing to grant to his neighbor, whatever his creed, the same freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience which he claimed for himself. His Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen in Hungary, he trusted, would rest assured, at all events, that imitating their own noble example, he should be, to his dying day, ready to battle for their religious freedom as for his own. But religion was one thing, priestcraft and Papal ambition another. None knew this better than the Hungarian Catholic. The Concordat concluded between the Pope and Francis Joseph of Austria, on the 18th of August, 1856, had absolutely nothing to do with religion. Its object was to make the civil structure of society subordinate to ecclesiastical supremacy; to make religion itself a tool for the unremitting aspirations of Papacy towards universal dominion. It enacted that the canonical institutions of the Roman Church should be the supreme law of the land, indiscriminately superior to all civil law, and that the civil government should have neither control nor inspection over the mutual relations between Church and State; and the emoluments of the bishops and prelates of every description were made to depend upon the mere pleasure of the Pope, who thus became their sovereign master, the bishops being invested with arbitrary jurisdiction over the priesthood. The clergy were organised instruments of Papal ambition. They were placed without the pale of civil society, owning a realm of their own, their revenues all withdrawn from the control and the inspection of the Government. They were placed above the laws of the country, exercising arbitrary control over public and private instruction, the whole education of the people, schools, sciences, the press, and even the book trade. All these means of power were held by the Pope, who moved them as the engineer moved the steam engine. In a word, the Concordat claimed supremacy over the State for the clergy, and by the clergy for the Pope. Such, and nothing else, was the Concordat. Now, all this was certainly not religion. To name the sacred name of religion in connection with such a compound of craft was profanation and blasphemy. In fact, it was a daring step to revive the political supremacy of the Papacy—more dangerous in its public results than the most daring aggressions which Pope Pius IX. had ever achieved. It would be necessary to take a general survey and a retrospective glance at the history of Hungary and her relations with the Vatican. The hereditary Princes of the house of Austria never were allowed to let Protestantism prosper in their dominions. In Hungary the Protestants had to fight for nearly two centuries in defence of their liberties. The empire of Austria was an empire eminently Roman Catholic. Even Hungary in a great measure remained Roman Catholic. The Catholic religion held a dominant position by law. Its clergy were endowed with social and civil privileges. The hierarchy of the Catholic clergy were immensely rich. Yet it was a remarkable fact that though the house of Austria, with the exception of Joseph the Second, were all that the most sanguine expectations of Papal ambition could desire, and though every Austrian domination presented Papacy with a mightier array of the elements by means of which it had worked its way towards public supremacy, still all powerful as it was with the Austrian Court, Papacy could never make of the Austrian dominions a former Spain—a second Spain—nay, not even a France of old. There was scarcely any Protestant country where the Popes had had less of real power, whilst there was many a Protestant country wherein the Pontifical See had a greater political influence than in the dominions of the bigoted house of Austria. And if with the lamp of critical history in hand they enquired into the cause and origin of these remarkable phenomena, they would come to the conclusion that this triumph of personal, social, and civil independence, incalculable in its beneficial influences on the past, and, perhaps, future destinies of the world, was chiefly, if not exclusively, due to Hungary. In saying Hungary, he did not mean to say Protestant Hungary alone. He meant all Hungary. Roman Catholic and Protestant alike. Yes—truth standing with him higher than party, and justice higher than self-complacency—he proclaimed aloud that in the meritorious work of clogging the wheels of Papal ambition greater were the deserts and higher the glory of Roman Catholic Hungary than that of the Protestant portion. He felt proud in paying this tribute of public affection to all his race; and if his testimony had no merit, it would, at least, have that of impartiality, because he was a Protestant himself, and numbered in the honoured list of his ancestors too who had died on the scaffold, and a third who became an exile for the sake

of religion, whilst of his own attachment to the religion of his fathers, he might perhaps be allowed to remember that Divine Providence having placed him in a position where he had to choose between fidelity to his religion and security to his life, he did not find the choice either dubious or difficult. The struggle of Roman Catholic Hungary with the Pope was 500 years older than Protestantism itself. When other nations were crushed in the dust before papal ambition, Hungary alone—alone in all Christendom—stood erect, and maintained her independence and dignity of position, and presented an insurmountable barrier to the encroachments of the Papacy. Hungary, at all times, had known how to distinguish between religion and priestcraft, and by being zealously attached to the first had determinedly opposed the other. It was a maxim with his nation that papal interference was a wind that blew nobody good. Therefore every attempt at encroachments on their rights, on the part of the Pope, found the nation united as one man—united to oppose it. (Many proofs of this M. Kossuth quoted.) In the gigantic struggle which it had been its destiny to head, the great majority of the Roman Catholic clergy had stood always for the nation, and with the nation, against whosoever dared to encroach upon the nation's right, whether it were King, Emperor, or Pope.—The Hungarian nation, thus supported by their spiritual chiefs, in one of their earlier struggles, not only did not wince before the thunderbolts of the Vatican, but thundered back again; the Pope excommunicated Hungary, and the Hungarian clergy assembled at Buda excommunicated the Pope. Mighty indeed and manifold indeed were the services which Hungary had rendered to Christian Europe; in fact, it was Hungary, Roman Catholic Hungary, that had clogged the wheels of papal ambition in her onward course towards universal dominion. This she had been able to do by the free will in her diets. It was in these fifty-two parliaments of freedom that she was enabled to maintain her position as a nation, and repel every attack upon her. Now, mark the effect of this. By the Russian bayonets the word was quieted, the doors of their assemblies were closed, and German lazzaronis, imported from abroad, dictated to the Magyar in his own house what he was to be and what he was to do. Now was the time, or never, to break the glorious spirit of Hungary—now was the time, or never, to make Hungary a slave, and at the same time a tool for the Roman Popes, leaving them such an acquisition of power as would make them dangerous to a great portion of Christendom.

of those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

7. Be careful never to join in a jest and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults and only speak of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy, has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

8. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable, and a wife should always endeavour to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife.

9. Let home be your empire.—Your world. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of wife, mother, and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober quiet scenes, let your heart cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to your husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God.

### Golden Rules for Wives.

1. Endeavour to make your husbands' habitation cheerful and delightful to him. Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the world, a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasures in other houses, let him find pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be silent or thoughtful, do not heedlessly disturb him; should he be studious, favour him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature, by your sweetness and good humor. Urge him continually to think, though he may not say it, "this woman is indeed a comfort to me; I cannot but love her, and requite such gentleness and affection as they deserve."
  2. Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating, while their opposites never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and the modesty of the bride be always in a degree supported by the wife.
  3. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation he will take some pains to deserve it; but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality.
  4. Cultivate and exhibit with the greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face, and impart charms where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings; he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles, and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.
  5. In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinion of others on the subject is of but very little consequence, if he approve.
  6. Particularly shun what the world calls in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavour to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look on your chamber as a retreat from the vexation of the world: a shelter sacred to peace and affection.
- How indecorous, offensive, and sinful it is, for a woman to exercise authority over her husband and say, "I will have it so. It shall be as I like." But I trust the number of

those who adopt this unbecoming and disgraceful manner is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject.

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### Valuable Memento.

We are happy to learn that the Temperance Club of Indian Town has presented a beautifully bound, gold clasped Bible to Miss S. Phinney, late Teacher of the School in that place, as a token of their esteem and respect, and an appreciation of her exertions and labours especially in the Temperance cause.

Below we give the note which accompanied the gift, as well as the young lady's reply:—

RESPECTED MADAM:—As men, we feel it our duty to do all that is in our power to advance the cause that is so near our hearts; and we feel that power limited indeed, without the aid of the fairer sex. The power of their influence is to make us more wise, more noble, more useful. Without female influence man is illly prepared to battle with the world, for her smiles and approbation he toils day after day with renewed vigor; if such is her influence, oh, that she would exert it in the cause of Temperance, Humanity and Progress—three great watch-words. We feel sorry that you leave our community, as we have great respect for your virtuous conduct since we have had the honor and pleasure of your acquaintance, and shall ever regret your leaving our midst. There is nothing would give us more pleasure than to cross to Nova Scotia to form a Temperance Club in the vicinity of your father's residence.

As a token of respect we present this Book, knowing that it is into hands of virtue we give it. We hope that the promises held out in it to the faithful and true may ever rest on you and yours in all coming time; and that you may always be a stranger to want and suffering is the prayer of your obedient servants,

WILLIAM IRVIN, } Committee of Argamo  
MATTHIAS HAMM, } Club No. 24 of T. W.  
EDWIN KIRSTEAD, }

REPLY.

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN:—The Holy Bible, that you have so kindly presented to me, I shall ever retain as a sacred memento, and from its precious pages, so fraught with living interest, may I derive strength to aid the noble cause of Temperance, to relieve suffering Humanity, and make Progress in every contemplated good. You could not have chosen a more appropriate and beautiful Gift. One that I shall ever prize and value as long as life shall last.

Your kindness in expressing regret at my leaving this place, I fully appreciate, and while I feel myself unworthy such flattering encomiums as you express, yet allow me kind sirs, to express my earnest thanks to you for your wishes for my future welfare, as also for the disinterested kindness you have extended to me since the period of our acquaintance. I can never forget the spot around which so many pleasing associations linger, and should we never meet again in this world, may we meet in that city so beautifully described by St. John. "The walls of gasper, the streets of pure gold, transparent as glass, gates of pearl. There we will need no sun, neither light of the moon, for the Lamb is the light thereof." Under every vicissitude of life amid all its cares, may you be supported. May all the obstacles that obstruct the pathway of the good cause, in which you are now engaged be removed, and should you, as you kindly suggest, take the trouble to cross to Nova Scotia and form a Club, to reclaim and save those who are fallen there, may the good Father above reward you, and may His blessing to the Israelites be verified to every one of your club. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his free shrine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Num. 6th, 24, 25, 26. This is the humble prayer of yours most respectfully,

S. PHINNEY.  
To Messrs.  
WILLIAM IRVIN, } Committee from Argamo  
MATTHIAS HAMM, } Club No. 24, of T. W.  
EDWIN KIRSTEAD, }  
Indian Town, Jan. 24.