

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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Correspondence

Spiritualism.

BY N. N.

Continued.

Being desirous of ascertaining whether this circle would offer anything new to an inquiring mind, we went again to the same place on the following week. Our French friend accompanied us again and several others who like us possessed enquiring minds.

There was the same kind of an assemblage as before, except that now there were a few more gentlemen. As we were a little behind time we found that the room was already filled and the services had commenced. In order to let a little breath of fresh air into the crowded apartment, we took the liberty of opening both door and windows, regardless of the disapproving look of many of the mediums.

The lady of the house was in the trance state. She was chaunting a measured strain about the spheres, the angels, the attendant influences, the harmonies, the essences, and the great Supreme.

Suddenly she paused and gasped for breath. It was the open window which troubled her. In common with all the other mediums she seemed to have a horror of fresh air. To our dismay she burst into the following chant:

"Oh close—close that window!
The air it is chill—
It drives us away—
It dissipates wholly
The sweet influences,
The blessed commings,
The tender impressions,
The power celestial,
That radiate downward
From us upon you!
"Yea close—close that window!
The gases within—
The powerful carbon,
The hydrogen mighty,
Unite to attract us,
Their mystical union,
Exact an attraction
That draws us to you!
"Then close close that window!
Oh close it in haste!
"Tis sweet to commune
Divinely as now—
'Tis sweet to assemble
The mortal, the spirit;
The heavenly, earthly;
Celestial, terrestrial;
Unsevered by matter—
Communing as spirit.
We love the attraction
That draws us to you!"

Long before the chant was ended the oft repeated command was obeyed by several eager spiritualists and we resigned ourselves to heat and suffocation,—martyrs to a laudable thirst after knowledge.

THE THEBAN SPIRIT.
Scarcely was this ended when the lady of the house fell into another trance. Rising solemnly she stretched out her hand.

"The unknown tongue!" said the stout lady.

Then the lady of the house spoke:

"Grimsha—kardol—mehahatondito—calderado—peboltsih—ladies and gentlemen will you permit an old Egyptian gentleman to address you."

"Solde—romaldo—pe raina—che magong—de ranny calectrology. Before matter existed being—Sino corisetzty mejoyta jilohy—My age no man can tell—Leli fomas ridenechazish sesotreo chumetay. Before this western civilization arose I lived. Shohahy celajaja frijmadol goldymafriyo. Would you know these truths examine our monuments. Cese femaly royally chelacomya—pebubo. There is one eternal, immutable, supreme, Deity."

Thus the lady of the house went on with great volubility. Personating a gentleman of ancient Thebes, she spoke alternately in the old Egyptian dialect, and then in our own vernacular English, so as to render it intelligible to our bewildered faculties. Her remarks had reference to the Deity, his nature and his attributes. As they communicated to us nothing which we did not already know, we were much disappointed, we should have liked to have heard about the state of ancient Egypt, and have asked many a question of this venerable old man. "Was Pompey's pillar really a misomer?" "Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?" but we could ask nothing.

Emerging from her trance she sat down to rest, upon which there was a little episode of the writing communications. Determined to try and get something satisfactory we asked for the spirit of Napoleon Buonaparte, after a pause a dignified answer came. We were informed by writing that "Napoleon Buonaparte had other things to attend to than to be at the call of every mortal."

AFTER about a half an hour had been taken up in this diversion the undefatigable lady of the house fell into another trance. This time it was announced that the spirit of an Indian was in her and that he was a frequent visitor in this circle.

"Who are you?" we asked.
"Big foot."
"Is that your name?"
"Yes."
"Will you answer any question of mine?" asked one of our friends.
"Sartin brodder."

"Do you know how many brothers I have?"
"Four."
"No I hav'nt" cried he triumphantly. "I guess you don't know much."
"You had one den," said Big foot hesitatingly, and with such evident guessing that the men all laughed at her.

"I don't believe in you. You don't know anything," said our friend.
On this Big foot commenced an harangue in broken English about the beauty of the spiritual method of healing diseases, and the folly of *Allopathy*. When it is known that several of the gentlemen present were medical men the point of her remarks will be understood. At length the tall lady, who as well as the stout lady had been very quiet to-day, came forward.

"How do you do Big foot."
"Good day sister."
"How is the squaw Big foot."
"H'm—she well."
"Big foot, don't you think you could dance for us to-day."
"Ha—what—me dance—no sartin not dance."
"Oh do—why not."
"Dance!—no no no—I frighten ebry body."

"Oh no you won't—come try. Come They won't believe you are Big foot unless you do."

"Oh no."
Big foot resisted long, but the tall lady entreated her. At last the gentle Indian allowed himself (or rather herself) to be persuaded. The tall lady induced her to give the warwhoop also.

Then the lady of the house commenced a wild, a furious, and we must add, a ludicrous dance. She threw herself from one side to the other, she sprang up in the air, she tossed her hands furiously over her head, she ducked towards the floor, and plunged underneath the table. At length after a dance of a few minutes, she sprang to the middle of the room, and uttered a loud long succession of most piercing shrieks which grated like harsh creakings of rusty hinges upon our quivering nerves. This was the war dance and war whoop.

"Well done Big foot—well done! I thank you very much."

"Was de howl good?"

"The war whoop? Oh splendid!"

"Oh—h'm—dat was n't nothin' to what I could ha' made it ef I dar'd."

"Wasn't it—oh I think it was pretty good as it was," said the tall lady with a merry and half mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Suddenly Big foot fell to sobbing. She covered her face with her hands and sighed most deeply.

"Well—why Big foot—what's the matter?" cried the old lady.

"Oh what made you make me do dat, what made you?" cried Big foot reproachfully.

"Why what harm was there? I'm sure you did it well."

"Oh sister—I promise my squaw not to. An you made me break my promise, what mus I do now. I fraid to meet my squaw now."

"Oh never mind, don't be afraid," said the tall lady consolingly. "We won't tell her, don't be afraid."

"Won't you?" cried Big foot, much relieved.

"No."
"Honest? Sartin?"

"Yes, sartin."

Upon this Big foot was loud in his thanks.

A conversation then followed and Big foot related some of the adventures of Black Hawk, Red Jacket, Osecola, and Tecumseh, in the spirit world. She told also some of the early history of King Phillip and Massachusetts which is certainly not generally known. At length Big foot departed and the proceedings began to assume a miscellaneous character.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The tall lady now went into the trance state. She went around to different people in the room who had come there for spirit communication, and gave them the news that they desired. To those who received the intelligence their evidently strong faith made the message satisfactory, but to our calmer minds it seemed of the most meagre and general description. These messages were not by any means of a sacred or religious character nor were they confined to the inhabitants of the other world. Distant friends in the body communicated here, for the spiritualists hold that under certain conditions, spirits which are yet in the body can hold communion though separated by thousands of miles. Therefore we were not surprised to see a young woman ask and obtain what purported to be a communication from a dear friend, whose peculiar relations to her diffused a general smile around the faces of the company.

People asked after their friends in the other world and were answered in a strain so unvarying that it grew inexpressibly monotonous. The essence of every communication was, "I am happy to say I am near you, press on and persevere."

A poor mother who was in fresh mourning for a little child excited much of our sympathy. The lady of the house advanced toward her and sitting on a stool at her feet took her hands and said in a little child's voice the word—

"Mudder!"

The poor woman's hand fell down and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. But

there was a long message from the little child, in which she spoke of a bright world, beautiful flowers, happy companions, lovely gardens, glorious dwellings, and universal joy. It was spoken with the infantile articulation and broken words of a little child. Indeed the lady of the house excelled in unknown tongues and broken speech.

Amid the quiet of this last scene the tall lady suddenly sprang to her feet with a cry of rapture. Of course she was in a trance state. Clapping her hands together she cried out with mingled joy and wonder: "Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—Can it be!—oh! oh!—oh!—Why—yes—it is—it is—yes—Washington! The Father of his country! The glorious chief! First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen! Oh what majesty! Oh what dignity! Oh what sweetness! What sublime glory dwells upon his face as he passes royally along. Everlasting honor encircles his brow, winning him never-ending fame!"

This was the last of the trances. After this was over, there followed a general conversation upon the spirit world and recent communications of an unusual nature. The meeting then broke up and we took our departure.

FREDERICTON, N. B., March 22, 1857.

DEAR BRO. BILL.—Hoping that it may not prove entirely uninteresting to your readers, I embrace a leisure moment with a view to writing a brief epistle, touching a number of topics which have recently interested my own mind, and which have been suggested by my visit to this city. And first then, a word or two concerning the Baptist cause in Fredericton.

As is known to many of your readers, this old and once flourishing Church, has long been without the services of a stated pastor. And, as a natural consequence, the peculiar kind of work which only a pastor can do, has of necessity been neglected; and this neglect, has operated against the general interests of the Church and congregation.

The work to which I particularly refer, is that which relates to visiting, and the general oversight of the concerns of the Church, outside of the labors of the Sabbath and the pulpit. Still, the condition of things here, is much better than could ordinarily exist in the absence of pastoral efforts, because of the very kind and truly acceptable labors of the Rev. Charles Spurden, who has devoted much of his time out of school hours, to his service, occupying the pulpit with great acceptance and ability, in the absence of other preachers, and being present to lead and to encourage in the social week evening meetings of the Church. By this arrangement, though the Church has been without a Pastor, the preaching and ordinances of the Gospel have been regularly continued from month to month.

Now, however, the people feel that their circumstances demand the settlement of a Pastor; and they evince a commendable disposition to do to the extent of their ability, toward sustaining whoever they may call to this work.

The state of religious feeling in the Church is promising, and the social religious meetings held on week-day evenings, are well attended. The members appear to be well united, and if they succeed in securing the "material aid" they desire and absolutely need, they feel confident that God has in store for them greater prosperity than they have enjoyed for a long time past. May God put it into the hearts of his people in this Province, to so far make the wants of the Baptist Church in Fredericton their own, as shall lead them individually to act with reference to the "golden rule." "Whatever ye would, that men should do to you, do you even so to them," and to remember the divine requirement, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Another point interesting my own mind considerably since I have been here, relates to the cause of Temperance. Outside of the Sons of Temperance, but little seems to be doing in behalf of this great moral cause; and even they are not doing what they might do for the cause, if those who come here from abroad, and who are professed Temperance men, would set their faces, as they should, entirely against the traffic in ardent spirits.

It is necessary to have a correct and well defined moral sentiment on this question in the community, to secure which, requires that through the power of our own example and influence, we shall make those engaged in the traffic and use of ardent spirits as a beverage, feel that they are engaged in an unholy and demoralizing business, and that we will have no part or lot in the matter. But so long as professed temperance men (!) who come here from abroad will continue to connive at this giant sin by patronizing Rum Hotels, and pay their money, for board, into the hands of the enemies of the Temperance reform, while those who keep Temperance Hotels are left to starve out and close their houses: fast sacrificing all their property rather than put the cup of death to the lips of their fellow-men. I repeat, while this is the case, we may well despair of securing that correct moral sentiment which must be the basis on which to rest the further spread of the Temperance Reformation.

But some may say, "We cannot always find well conducted temperance houses when away from home, where we can obtain board." However true this may be of some places, it is not true of this place. For the traveller may find a Temperance Hotel

kept by Mr. Segee, where all the comforts of a quiet home are secured, where the tables are bountifully supplied with all the desired delicacies of the season, where the rooms and beds are neat and comfortable, and where both the landlord and his lady, take especial pleasure in rendering their borders and visitors, at home and happy. What say friends of Temperance. Will you continue the Temperance Hotel in Fredericton, and encourage the heart of its worthy keeper? or will you allow him to sacrifice, until obliged to close his house? The question is for you to decide.

There are several other points on which I thought of saying a few words when I commenced writing, but I have already occupied more space than I at first intended, and hence I must reserve them until another time. What I have written, had been from a sense of duty toward those concerned, and not by the request of any one. Hoping that they will be received with the kindness in which they are written.

I remain
very truly yours,
H. P. GILFORD.

Quarterly Meeting.

WOODSTOCK N. B., March 25th 1857.

Permit me to state to you as briefly as possible, matters connected with our last quarterly gathering of the ministers and brethren of the Baptist Churches in this section. According to appointment we met with Bro. Todd's church in Jackson town, which was also favored with having the last Western Association, a time and meeting long to be remembered by many in this distant part of the Province. Very large congregations were present during the Quarterly meeting, excellent feeling prevailed from day to day, the ministers seemed to be clothed with salvation, and surely the saints rejoiced greatly in a Saviour's love. I have seldom seen a company of ministers possessing so large a measure of the Spirit's influence and power as was exhibited at Jackson town on that occasion. The ministers present were Elders Harris, Rigby, Springer, Outhouse, Walker, Wallace, Todd, (the Pastor of the Church) and brother George Campbell a worthy young man who was but a few days since ordained pastor of the Howard Settlement Baptist Church.—Brethren Aaron Easty and Harvey were also present. Our respected Bro. Wallace was delegate from the Sunbury Quarterly meeting. We are glad that he is favored with so gracious a work of God in his field of labour.

At the ministers business meeting on Monday the following resolutions were unanimously carried. That Bro. Todd be our delegate to the Sunbury Quarterly Conference, also that the next Victoria and Carleton Quarterly meeting be held with the Baptist church at the Presquille Corner, Maine, on the last Friday in June, commencing at 4 o'clock P. M. This Church belongs to our W. N. B. Association. It was further resolved that each church in these two Counties be requested to send delegates (whether with or without pastors) to the Quarterly meetings. The brethren in York County will be glad to learn that Brethren Rigby and Harris are the delegates to their Quarterly meeting in June next; they go in the power of the Spirit.

On Monday afternoon the yearly meeting of the Home Missionary Society met for the dispatch of business, when the following brethren were chosen to office for the ensuing year. Rev. W. Harris, President, Rev. G. Rigby and D. Outhouse, Vice Presidents, the writer for Secretary and Benjamin Churchill, Esq., Treasurer. Handsome collections were taken up for missionary purposes, during the meeting. I trust sincerely the labours and exertions put forth at the late Convention of ministers and friends of Jesus in Jackson town will not soon be forgotten. Bro. Todd's church in Jackson town is certainly a very interesting and numerous body of christians; there are a great number of noble hearted people living all around in this country. May the churches and ministers have a share in your intercessions at the throne of grace,

Yours in Christian love,
G. SEELY, Secretary.

For the Christian Visitor.

Meeting at Elgin.

A council convened at the Baptist Meeting House at Elgin on the 25th inst., pursuant to an invitation from the Baptist church of that place, to take into consideration the propriety of sitting apart to the work of the ministry our esteemed brother Caleb Spragg Licentiate from the 4th Baptist church of Springfield.

The council organized by the choice of Rev. Titus Stone as Moderator, and Rev. James Trimble Clerk. The resolution of the church authorizing the call of a council was called for, when the following brethren took their seats as members of the council:—

Revs. Titus Stone, James Trimble, L. H. Marshall, James Herrett, W. Pulsifer and W. A. Coleman. On motion the lay brethren present were requested to take part in the deliberations of the council to which they concurred.

The candidate underwent an examination and was approved; but on investigation it was apparent that the church had not made such provision for the support of our brother as would authorize the council to ordain him as their Pastor; as they only asked for his services a part of the time, and no arrangements were made for the other part. The council therefore recommended that the Ordination of our brother Spragg be postponed until after the Eastern Baptist Association, or until such arrangements shall be made by the church as will warrant his Ordination as their Pastor.

May God continue to bless the faithful labours of our brother among the people whose good he is seeking!

Communicated by request of the Clerk,
W. A. COLEMAN.
Salisbury, March 27th, 1857.

For the Christian Visitor:

Tea Meeting.

MR. EDITOR:—Our Pastor, the Rev. J. H. Hughes, is about to leave us for one of the Western States.

We had a tea-meeting last evening of a character similar to that of a "Donation Visit." Its object was, to raise a sum of money to present our Pastor as a token of our respect and affection for him.

The tickets were low, and the weather and roads proved very unfavorable, but, notwithstanding, a goodly number of the brethren and sisters met, and the amount realized was upwards of eight pounds.

The tea was served in the Hall, and displayed a skill in its preparation, and a taste in its arrangement, equalled only by the liberality of those who provided it.

Soon after we had partaken of the refreshments, prepared by the ladies, we repaired to the Meeting House, where the meeting organized, by calling Brother W. Wallace to the chair. The meeting was addressed by Elders Duffy and Coleman, by the chairman and other brethren present.

The Elders in their remarks dwelt upon the ties that bind the Pastor to the people of his charge, upon the sacredness of the connexion, and upon the fact that those ties were about to be severed.

The evening's entertainment was enlivened by vocal and instrumental music. A little before its close one of the sisters presented the Pastor with a purse containing the money that had been raised.

The Pastor then addressed the meeting. He said he had not come to the conclusion to leave us on account of any pecuniary consideration; but that he deemed it to be the will of his Heavenly Master that he should proclaim "His Truth" in another land. He stated that before he had felt satisfied with the path of duty was and had finally concluded to take his leave of us, he had advised with some of his brethren in the ministry, and had ascertained that on account of his leaving we should not be left destitute of pastoral labour. He then referred to the many kindnesses he had received, and told us, that though he should be separated from us we should live in his memory, and be remembered in his prayers. He also said that if it should be the will of his Heavenly Father, that he should meet with us no more on earth, he trusted that there were many of us with whom he should meet in another world; in a land where the ties that bind us together will be stronger, and where we never more will be called to part.

The choir then sang the "missionary hymn," and thus closed a meeting in which all present appeared to feel a deep interest. Arrangements are being made with Father Craudal to take charge of the church in this place.

Hillsborough, March 20th, 1857.

Rev. J. Herrett's Mission.

In answering to the request of the Board, I visited Upper Sussex, South Branch, and a small part of Elgin, I must say I felt that my mission was from the Lord. As I spoke of the importance of sending the Gospel to the destitute, it seemed to rouse up every mind. Money is scarce, yet the aged and the young, including persons of other denominations, gave freely. I love the broad commission, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." On my return I felt an anxious desire to visit Mill Stream Settlement, and found them glad to hear the Word. Was with them in that vicinity some eight or ten days, and the Lord was with us. At the close of my visit I called a meeting on the 4th day of March, Mr. Abraham Johnson Senr., in the chair, and after some discussion a unanimous vote for the building of a Baptist meeting house was adopted, site at or near the corner formerly called English's corner, one mile from Rev. E. Kierstead's. The land for house and grave yard was given, as the clerk of that meeting, Mr. D. Johnson, told me, by Mr. Foster. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Committee, Isaac Coy, Isaac Kierstead, Charles Vincent, William Keirstead, and David Johnson. May God bless the people. I met brother Wallace on the Ridge, he baptized three; the Lord owned his own ordinance, I was with him and the people some 10 days. Elder Keith returned home and was with us on the Sabbath. I had the pleasure of burying eleven by baptism in obedience to Divine command. Elder Wallace was baptising in Canada the same day. He is engaged in a good work, may the Lord bless him.

JAMES HERRETT.
March 16th, 1857.

Canada Correspondence.

For the Christian Visitor.

DEAR BROTHER BILL:—I have surveyed the City of Toronto with much pleasure,—It is built on the north west point of Lake Ontario, and opens to the magnificent river St. Lawrence, where a thousand islands cluster to vie with each other in attraction. Four branches of Rail Road meet at that city

which added to the Lake Navigation—makes it a thoroughfare for business. The City is regular and well laid, and encompassed with beautiful walks. The Asylum is 600 feet long, three stories high, yet it is far too small for its dejected inmates. It is surrounded with a lonely flat of ground interspersed with shrubs and flowers; but all its external beauty cannot remove the internal melancholy of its inhabitants. Some splendid edifices, recently built here, would grace any city in the world. Every one can see, that gives the slightest observation, that Toronto will be the London of Canada West. I remained eight days in the city, and travelled nearly through it, during which time I received the kind hospitality of the Rev. W. Fyfe, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Toronto, to whose gentlemanly attention I feel deeply indebted.

The Baptist church in Toronto have some wealthy intelligent men, and if a portion of this wealth and intelligence was directed to the suburbs of the city, it would be of immense advantage.

The City contains about 45,000 inhabitants. The Norman School is an excellent institution, conducted on the most efficient plan for training teachers—I had the pleasure of spending an evening with one of its efficient teachers—a self taught man, but well able to teach others.

While walking near the harbor one evening, my attention was arrested by the novelty of boats, sailing on the ice, with greater velocity than it was possible for them to go in water. They have no resistance except the air, hence with a smart breeze they acquire amazing speed; and they can guide them in any direction by the helm with perfect ease.—From the city I directed my course west, where found the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, with whom I spent a pleasant time.

He is a strong "Bible Union" man; with his span of horses he carried me among his people, where I obtained a good amount for the Union. In the afternoon, I travelled by rail 50 miles farther west, to Chatham. The day was beautiful, the company pleasant, and the journey made in less than two hours.—Chatham lies almost to the western extremity of Canada. The land is for miles around perfectly level and very fertile. The people speak of going 50 or 60 miles in the cars here, as an evening's pastime. When I enter the cars going 50 or 60 miles, I get a newspaper or find a suitable companion for conversation, thus reading or conversing two hours my journey is finished.

I hope soon to be home and see my old friends and my dear family who long for my return. You will hear from me again.

Your's truly,
JOHN ROWE.

From the Presbyterian.

A Baptist Parable.

It appears from the records of the Royal house of Aben Ezra, that a certain Eunuch was put to death in the year of the Hegeir, 127, because he acted on an absurd interpretation of his Lord's orders which his Majesty gave in writing when he set out on his famous expedition against the King of the Krushnees. The story is to the following effect:

The Eunuch was appointed to manage the household of his Majesty, consisting of wives, children, and servants, according to the aforesaid written instructions, among which were:

"That every evening the family having said the prescribed prayers and bowed to the East, should be washed for the cleansing away of all impurities.

"That every one should be employed during his absence, at some useful work, and that if any one did not fulfil this injunction, the defaulter should be sold as a slave in the public market.

For many days after the departure of the King, the Eunuch caused the children to be washed, including the children of the household. But it came to pass that a celebrated philosopher and rhetorician, from Alexandria, passing through the Royal city of Aben Ezra lectured on the philosophy of language.

Among other curious things of rare wisdom he proved to the satisfaction, at least of the Eunuch, who chanced to be present that the positive of one thing implies the negative of another thing, and that general expressions are to be interpreted according to the most restricted possible signification. He quoth the Eunuch this will save me a vast deal of trouble, and no doubt my master, who is a lover of wisdom, will be quite satisfied. There is nothing said in master's orders about washing the children, for those alone who say their prayers and bow to the East are to be washed. There shall be no more squalling in the palace, and indeed I think the babies will be mighty well pleased. And now I think my master gave this command to try my wisdom, for what is the use of washing these babies who will be as dirty as ever the next hour. So the Eunuch gave orders that the children should not be washed any more. The mothers and others out of whose brains this philosophy of language had not pushed the common sense, opposed the Eunuch, and among them particularly one old duenna, who had long resided in the palace, gave great opposition. "Why fellow—she was a privileged person—thy brain is turned; I suppose you will next sell my masters children because they cannot work." But the Eunuch turned a deaf ear, though he had some qualms about the inconsistency of not selling the infants because they could not work, while he refused to wash them because they could not pray.

But he well recollected that the philosopher had taught him also that there was a wide distinction between matters of religion, and secular affairs. So very pompously he replied to the duenna who was raving him daily, "old woman hold thy peace. The prayers and the washings are religious acts and to be interpreted in the strictest manner possible, but as for the working and selling of the children as slaves, these are matters belonging to common life. Between the pious and the profane there is a wide difference." "Aye," quoth the duenna, "but not so wide a difference as between thee and common sense."