

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. S. E. BILL & H. P. GULFORD, PUBLISHERS.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK,

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1858.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS VOL. XI.—NO. 47

THE REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.

A recent number of the New York Observer furnishes the following deeply interesting information respecting the progress of the revival movement in that great business mart:

THE REVIVAL

Prayer for the Pastors and Churches of the New York and the surrounding cities.—Request was made for prayer for all the pastors and all the churches of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Harlem, Hoboken, Newark, and their surroundings—that God would revive his work in them all—that he would pour out his Spirit afresh upon all—that he would greatly quicken the faith and fidelity of all—that he would awaken the unawakened, and convert the unconverted—that upon all Sunday schools he would shower down the blessings of his grace and spirit—that he would bring the dear children and youth into the fold of the Great and the good Shepherd—that they may be fed in the green pastures of His love forever. Such was the nature and the objects of this request.

This petition was offered in concert in the Fulton street, the John street, and the Old Slip prayer meeting, on the 23d of October, Saturday, one month from the beginning of the second year of these noonday prayer meetings. The most earnest desire is manifested that the revival interest shall be felt more intensely than ever in all our churches. Thousands in our cities are going to ruin. Thousands have never heard of the "Great Awakening." Thousands who have heard, care for none of these things. Our cry is to God. The hearts of all men are in his hands and he turneth them as the rivers of water are turned. Our hearts are enlarged. We are greatly encouraged to pray. God is preparing his way. He inclines men to hear. Never were men so susceptible as now on the subject of religion. No open opposition whatever is manifested. The soil is prepared for the sowing. The sowers go forth bearing precious seed.

Revival in Macedon, Oswego Co., N. Y.—One brother spoke of the wonderful work of grace which had taken place in that village. The Spirit had come down like a mighty rushing wind and filled all the place. The revival commenced in a union prayer meeting—similar in its character to the Fulton street prayer meeting. Great numbers had been awakened, and most have been converted; and not more than three or four families had been passed by—leaving them without and beyond the influence of the "great awakening." All opposition was broken down. The great inquiry had been "What shall we do to be saved?" And the great mass of the people were now rejoicing in the confidence, that they are "called" of Christ Jesus. What a glorious change has come over the whole place! Family altars have been erected, on which sacrifices are daily offered.

The seven praying wives.—A clergyman present spoke of seven praying women, all of whom had uncovered husbands. These wives met steadily for prayer for the conversion of their husbands. They prayed on for ten years, and received no answers to their prayers, and then many were for giving up, discouraged and disheartened from the long delay of the blessing sought. One poor Irish woman, ignorant in the learning of this world, but abundantly instructed in the teachings of the Holy Spirit, said, "we must not give up our meeting. Do you not know that God is faithful to all his promises? He has never said 'Seek ye me in vain.' So they prayed on three years more, and all their children were converted, their husbands were converted, the Lord poured out his Spirit in great power, and their friends and neighbors were converted—the church received large accessions and the Lord turned almost the whole people to himself.

Synodical Prayer Meetings.—We had reports from the Synod of New York, the Synod of New York and New Jersey, and the Synod of Ulster, all in one day, from brethren who had been in attendance upon these meetings. All spoke in terms of thankfulness and joy of what God had done for them during the past year. In some of these, scarcely a church was to be heard from which had not shared in the glorious outpourings of the Holy Spirit. A most delightful spirit of harmony and love prevailed, so that though in some of those bodies there was a difference of opinion, which, at other times, would have divided and dampened the interest, now all was peace. There is a state of expectation and hope, and it was a prevailing impression in all these bodies, that we stand upon the very borders of a new and glorious field of the display of divine power and grace in the conversion of the multitude who are ready to perish.

In one of these Synodical prayer meetings, all the scholars in the Sunday school connected with the congregation, where their meetings were held, sent in their own request that they might be prayed for by the members of the Synod, and those who were convened for prayer.

The Synod of Ulster accomplished the business of the Synod proper, and spent the whole of the remaining day of their session in devotional exercises, which were of the most delightful character.

Never in the whole history of the past, in the country, have there been such meetings of the Synods as this autumn—so refreshing—by rea-

son of the spirit of deep religious feeling and brotherly love. This is not the end.

The Awakened Catholic.—He was a young man; the Spirit of God touched his heart. He came to the Fulton street prayer meetings. He went to the Episcopal church on the Sabbath in the sight of his employer, who was a Roman Catholic. His employer was a contractor for laying pavements; and this young man was employed by the day as a laborer.

On Monday morning the following suggestive dialogue occurred. He was asked by his employer—

"Did you go to the Protestant church yesterday?"

"I did, Sir."

"And leave your own church?"

"I did."

"We want your services no longer."

"Have I been unfaithful in my work?"

"No."

"Have you any other fault to find with me?"

"None."

"Must I go?"

"Yes, we do not want you any longer."

Ob! the tender mercies of the Roman Catholic church? Here is a poor young man who dares to be anxious about his soul—who dares to ask what shall I do to be saved—who dares to go into an Episcopal church on Sunday, and for this he is dismissed from employment, he is banished from his friends, he is treated as an outcast; so far as the Roman Catholic church can do it. Rome never changes—what she has done she does now as far as she can or dares.

A mother and her only son.—Many tears were shed in the Fulton street prayer meeting, while the following letter was being read, and during the two prayers which followed. It is from one of the Eastern States.

To the Pastors of the Fulton street Church, Rev. and dear Sir:—I read weekly of the wonderful works the Lord is doing in your midst, in converting sinners in answer to the prayers of His people.

I have an only son—given to God in infancy—left fatherless in early childhood—but has been a subject of prayer ever since his birth up to the present time. He is now 35 years of age.—Have not seen him for the last ten years. His home is now in Oregon.

Our communications by letter have been frequent, and he is very kind, and he has proved the kindness of his heart by liberal presents. But he does not love religion.

In a recent letter he entreats me not to write him any more religious letters, as they will do him no good.

I need not say, all a mother's soul was stirred within me. I wrote him a reply as faithfully as I could, for the last time, on that subject,—on condition that he would promise to acquit me at the judgment bar, as having done all a mother's duty for the salvation of his soul. I have not heard from him since, but have felt to agonize with God in prayer for his speedy conversion, till within a short time, I have not had that intensity of feeling, and fear the Spirit is saying—

"He is joined to his idols; let him alone."

I have asked the Lord what he would have me to do. And my mind is inclined to send a request to the Fulton street prayer meeting, that special prayer may be made for the speedy conversion of his precious, immortal soul. It has long been my prayer—"Oh God! convert my son!" I feel like the mother of Augustine, that I cannot, cannot give him up—cannot leave any effort possible to be made for his salvation unattempted.

This request is therefore submitted to the Fulton street prayer meeting by—

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

This request was read in the prayer meeting held on Friday, October 22. Rev. D. Chambers, who lead the meeting on that day, commenced the reading, but was so overcome that he was not able to finish it and gave it to another. Many strong men bowed their heads to hide their tears during the reading. That mother has many prayers with her, and should not despair.

This request for prayer was fervently remembered in the Fulton street prayer meeting. It was also made the subject of special prayer at the Old Slip prayer meeting where an equal interest was felt in the subject matter of it. Also it was taken to a prayer meeting in Brooklyn, and there fervent prayer went up to heaven for this only son in Oregon, who bids his mother not to write to him on the subject of religion. Will not every pious reader of this paper go to his or her closet and pray for this mother that her faith fail not, and for this only son that he may at once become a child of God?

Fulton Street Prayer Meeting requested to pray for one of her children.—I come to ask this meeting, said a speaker, to pray for one of her children. She has a great many scattered all over the country. I mean to ask you to pray for our prayer meeting on Staten Island. Soon after we heard what the Lord was doing with you in your meeting, we gathered our pastors and churches, and we resolved on holding a similar meeting on Staten Island. We also resolved on open-air, out-of-doors preaching. You know that our island is overrun with people from your cities on the Sabbath. They come in steamboat loads, and they spend the day in rioting and revelry through our streets and fields and groves.

So we resolved to establish in a beautiful grove prayer-meetings and preaching on the Sabbath, hoping to gather in some of the wandering crowds. This meeting has been a great success. We have had a number of helpful conversions. We are about to renew our daily prayer meetings, and we hope you will remember us in your prayers. This daily prayer meeting is the child of the Fulton street prayer meeting. Pray for us, as we pray for you.

Then followed prayer, in which was mingled thanksgiving that God had put it into the hearts of our dear brethren in Staten Island to establish these meetings, and that He had glorified the riches of His grace in the salvation of many souls.

The young man lately converted.—It is but two weeks, said one, since I found an interest in Christ. I am but two weeks old as a Christian. I am impressed with the deep conviction that I am not my own. I have been bought with a price: even the precious blood of Christ. I have begun in earnest to do the duties of a Christian. I have conversed with and urged my best friend to the duties of a religious life, and I know him to be anxious on the subject of religion. I am anxious you should pray for him. I am anxious for his conversion. I hope we shall live a religious life together, shall run up together the shining way, and be associated together in the great work of leading sinners to Christ. I have also a brother for whom I request your prayers. He is the only one now left whose case is without hope, in our family. If he were brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd, then we all should be the sheep of his pasture. Pray for him.

And if there be a young man here, having no interest in the Saviour, let me say, the pleasures of this world were as much to me as to any young man; I had as much to enjoy in them, and as much to enjoy with my associates as you. And yet I must say, that in the past two weeks I have enjoyed more real, solid, substantial happiness, than in all my life before. What I before enjoyed I count as nothing.

I count it less than nothing, in comparison with what I now enjoy. Surrounded as I was with everything that could make life a pleasure, I had as much to give up as any one. And long, long was the struggle maintained in my own heart between giving up the pleasures of sin for a season, and submitting myself at once and forever to the service of God. But at length the contest was ended, and I yielded to the unspeakable claims which Christ has upon me. I exhort my young friends to come to Christ. His yoke is easy His burden is light. I had tried everything, but religion; I feared religion would strip me of all happiness, that it must be endured for the sake of gaining heaven. How mistaken I was. It is heaven below to be a real Christian, and it will be always heaven and by and by heaven completed.

[We desire to call attention to the John street prayer meeting, which is now attended daily in the old John street Methodist church. This is a convenient location for business men and others, and we hope soon to hear that it is as fully attended as the other meeting.]

Notice.—The Union noon day prayer meetings at No. 27 Greenwich street, have been resumed with a good attendance.

Noon-day prayer meetings are now held at Fulton street Reformed Dutch church, No. 13 Old Slip.

John street Methodist Church, No. 27 Greenwich street.

Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander's church.

REVIVAL UP THE RIVER.

Letter from the Rev. A. B. Earle. Nov. 9th, 1858.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

DEAR VISITOR,—Perhaps many of your readers would like to keep the track of me, at least, while I am in this Province. Although I have been in the great revivals in the United States for many years past, yet I never saw more wonderful manifestations of the power of the Spirit, than has been seen in this section for a few weeks past.

At the close of our meeting in Canning and Gagetown, we sat down at the table of our Master with about one hundred new members, who have been added to these two churches within a few weeks past; it was a memorable time.

"While all our hearts and all our tongues Joined to admire the feast: Each of us cried with thankful songs, Lord, why was I a guest?"

It was hard to say farewell; we never expected to meet again on earth. That Sabbath was a great day in Canning and Gagetown. At noon, we all repaired to the calm waters of the beautiful St. John, where five of God's Ministers assisted in baptizing more than thirty happy converts. I believe the Angels looked with pleasure upon the scene. A remarkable circumstance occurred during the time. A beautiful white Dove flew down near and over us, almost touching us with his wings, and while one of the Ministers was praying, and referring in his prayer to the Spirit like a dove lighting on our Saviour, the Dove came so near that many thought it would light on his head before he closed his prayer; but after hovering over our heads for a while, it lighted down close to us, and dipped it

snow-white wings in the river at our feet, and seemed to say,—"this is the way walk ye in it. Never will that precious day be forgotten. To God be all the glory.

On the Tuesday after, we commenced a three days' meeting at Maquapit Lake. Christ seemed to bid us a welcome good morning. The moment we entered the sanctuary, the mighty power of the Spirit rested upon the whole place.—Ten happy converts were baptized the third day of the meeting. I left the next morning, but learned that the work went on with power under the labours of Brother Reese, assisted by Brother Goucher, and nine more were baptized the three days following. I then held a four days' meeting at Scotchtown, Grand Lake. Two were baptized there on the Sabbath; others had found peace, and many were enquiring what they should do to be saved. Tuesday of last week, I commenced a three days' meeting at Jemseg; but such was the deep interest, I feared to leave until after the Sabbath. No pen can describe the wonderful display of God's power in Jemseg for the last six days. The second night of the meeting, seven men and three women, (all unconverted) were praying with and for each other alone, in brother F. Purdy's parlour. Five more near midnight, in great distress, had gone to the bank of the Grand Lake and were begging for mercy. In the open air, in the fields and streets, and houses, the voice of prayer and weeping could be heard most of the night. The fourth evening, several men requested prayer as lost sinners, saying, "we cannot be left alone in Jemseg to serve the devil." O, my dear Visitor, what a mighty Saviour we have to go with his people; he says, "Lo I am with you always."

Last Sabbath, the Pastor Brother Keith, and Brethren Crandall, Blakeney, Springer and myself went into Grand Lake and baptized thirty-two of the happiest converts I ever saw, all praising God as they came out of the water.—O what a day was that! In the evening we commemorated the death of our Saviour and took leave of each other to meet no more below. Yesterday about 75 came to my room to say farewell, and as we parted one man desired to be baptized; so after baptism we parted at the water.

I commenced meeting at Mauderville last evening; and next week, on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, I commence meeting at Fredericton.—Pray that I may have much of the spirit of the Master.

Yours, in Christian bonds, A. B. EARLE.

MINUTES OF ORDINATION

A Council convened at Hampton Ferry on Tuesday, 12th October, to deliberate concerning the Ordination of brother A. B. Macdonald.

There were present as members of the Council—From St. Martin's Church, Elder J. A. Smith, and brother J. H. Moran.

2nd Upham—Elder James Trimble and brother W. Pickle.

Springfield—Elder G. W. Springer and brethren Kiersted and Ganong.

Carleton Church—Elder E. Clay, M. D. Mill Cove—Elder G. Burn.

Hampton—Deacon W. Snow.

3rd Upham—Deacon W. Titus.

Norton—Deacons C. Burnet, J. Hays, and J. Pickle.

During the deliberations of the Council, brother W. J. Blakeney preached from Job 26—14. Brother W. A. Corry also addressed the people.

The Council having unanimously agreed to ordain brother Macdonald, proceeded with the services in the following order:—

Sermon by Elder J. A. Smith, from Isaiah 52—7. Questions by Elder James Trimble. Prayer by Elder G. W. Springer. Right hand of Fellowship by Elder George Burns. Charge to the Candidate and Churches by Elder E. Clay.

The Candidate's experience and call to the ministry and religious views were satisfactory; the service throughout very solemn and impressive, and the kindness of the friends at Hampton Ferry such as to merit our warmest gratitude.

JAMES A. SMITH, Moderator. JAMES H. MORAN, Secretary.

[For the Visitor.] Newcastle, Miramichi, Nov. 4, 1858.

Messrs. EDITORS.—The good work of God is still advancing in this region. Since my last, I have baptized two in Black River, one at Little South West, and two others at the north west. At the latter place, the cause is beginning to assume a most encouraging aspect. The hope expressed in a previous letter in reference to that place, is being fully realized. The reviving influences of God's Spirit is resting upon the people. In the last meeting I held there, about 15 penitents requested prayer.

The converts at Little South West remain steadfast, and are doing well in advancing the cause they have so recently espoused.

Our congregations are increasing in all my preaching stations. This remark will especially apply to Newcastle.

I find increased pleasure in the work to which I have devoted my life, and cherish increased reliance on the omnipotency of Truth under the influence of the sovereign Spirit.

We rejoice in the remarkable blessings attending the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Earle on the St. John river, and should these lines meet his eye I trust they may remind him of encouragement that he gave me, that he would visit this section of the Province during the coming Winter. The friends in Newcastle are cherishing the hope that he may make us a visit at an early date.

Yours, in christian bonds, ISAIAH WALLACE.

(To the Editors of the Christian Visitor.) DISTRICT OF PRINCE EDWARD. BLOOMFIELD CANADA WEST.—Oct 31st, 1858.

I regret to inform you that Mr. Thomas Corey (formerly a resident of Waterborough, Queen's County, New Brunswick) departed this life on the morning of 31st Oct, 1858, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Corey came to Bloomfield in the year 1840, where he has resided ever since; he died of a cancer which came on the side of his face about the 1st of last June, and has finally after many long days of extreme pain brought him to his grave; he went rejoicing in the God and rock of his salvation exclaiming while dying Lord Jesus receive my spirit. Truthfully could he have exclaimed with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Mr. Corey was a man greatly respected and beloved by all who knew him and has left a widow one son, two grand children and a large circle of friends and relations to mourn their loss of a kind friend and husband and affectionate father.

Yours respectfully, E. S. WIGGINS.

[OBITUARY.] Mrs. Mary Stiles, of Hopewell, calmly fell a sleep in Jesus on Thursday, the 7th Oct., 1858, aged 39 years.

The deceased was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Job Steves, of Moncton. She was in early life impressed with her lost state and her need of having an interest in the great Salvation. With this impression she often prayed, wept and longed to find the precious Saviour, but she did not become fully satisfied of her acceptance until eleven years ago. At that time the Lord laid her on a sick bed, and there she experienced the pardon of sin through a crucified Saviour, and she could rejoice in God's electing love, believing through sovereign grace that her name was in the Lamb's book of life. A few years after by the late William Sears, she was buried in the likeness of the Saviour's death and raised in the likeness of his resurrection—she united with this church and lived a faithful Christian until the Lord took her to the church above.

She left a husband and five children and a large circle of friends. As a neighbour, she was benevolent to the poor, and none turned empty away—she was obliging and dearly beloved by all who knew her.

As a Christian she was meek forgiving, pious. She was much attached to the cause, walked in the footsteps of her Saviour—and ever delighted to sit at his feet and learn more for his charms.

As a wife, kind and loving and as a mother tender and affectionate. She met death with resignation trusting the merits of Christ—Her remains were carried to their last resting place on sabbath to sleep until the last trump shall bid the sleeper rise.

The sermon was preached from Luke 20 36. J. S. REED. Hopewell, Oct 14th, 1858.

[For the Christian Visitor.] OBITUARY.

We have to record the death of Mrs. Jerusha Bishop, wife of the late Ezra Bishop, of Harvey, Albert County.

Mrs. B. was one of those links that connect the past and present, being one of the oldest of the inhabitants of this place. She had arrived at the advanced age of four score and five years, ere the messenger death clasped her in his cold embrace.

Mrs. B. was born in Cornwallis, Nova-Scotia, November 15th, 1773. She removed to this place with her husband and family, in 1806—was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in 1831, and was buried with Christ in baptism by Rev. Wm. Sears; from which time until her death, she adorned her profession, and lived in love and fellowship with the church of God.—She had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing all of her children savingly converted to God, some of whom now hold responsible offices in the Church of Christ. She fell asleep in Jesus on the 26th day of Oct., 1858, much lamented by all with whom she was associated in any capacity. She had ten children, 84 grand-children, 61 great-grand children. May the mother's example be followed by them all, that they may, like her, say when death appears for them—"I am ready to go," and with her enjoy the rest that remains for the people of God.

Harvey, A. C., Nov. 9th, 1858 [Com.]

OBITUARY.

Died on the 4th of October, Sarah Augusta, daughter of John and Mariah Granville, in the Parish of Waterborough. 2 years and 2 months old. Also on the 25th inst., son of the same,

aged 5 years and 6 months. May the Lord sustain the bereaved in their affliction, and may the young remember their Creator in the days of their youth. [Communicated by R. G. BARTON.]

JOHN STREET MEETING.

In addition to the original daily union meetings for adults and for boys, in the John street church, we rejoice to find that the movement we have heretofore advocated for the benefit of the eighty thousand working girls of this metropolis—a large portion of whom are employed downtown—has been commenced among the Christian ladies of New-York. A Union Female Prayer-Meeting, located expressly, to meet the situation of the working girls, has been opened in the basement of the John street church, between the hours of twelve and one, each day. From sixty to a hundred were present, were informed, at the first meeting, and a goodly number attend regularly. Ladies of all denominations from most of the large churches up town, and others, conduct the meetings in rotation, and a cordial spirit of union and harmony prevails. The movement owes its immediate origin mainly to one lady, member, we believe, of Rev. Dr. Potts' church, who has exerted herself, singly and most energetically, to enlist the interest and cooperation of her sex in this important movement. Visitors are engaged in the labor of love to carry the invitation personally to the employes in the manufactories, and to win the countenance and cooperation of the employers. Usually an hour is allotted in these establishments—or might be, if the employers did not prefer to return to their work sooner—for dinner, from twelve to one o'clock. Half of this time might be employed with not only spiritual, but physical benefit to the operatives, in stepping out to the prayer-meetings. They would return refreshed, and more earnestly disposed, and the employers themselves would feel the beneficial effect in the increased order and efficiency of their establishments. We feel that we need not bespeak from our earnest female readers in the city, the best they can do, to aid this noble enterprise.

SALUTATIONS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

The expressions used as salutations among different nations have, under their common aspect, something characteristic and interesting even for the most casual observer.

In the East the expressions savor, in a more or less degree of the Scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiments of the inhabitants. One recognizes the immobility of these pastoral and warlike people, standing aloof from all human progress. Nearly all have a foundation in religious sentiments, and express peace to those to whom they are addressed.

The salutation used by the Arab, "Salem," or Shalum, means peace, and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus: "May God grant you a happy morning." "May God grant you his favors." "If God will, it you are well." This last expression betrays their fanaticism.

Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny climate—"May your shadow never be less." An Englishman would never think of wishing a fine shadow.

The climate of Egypt is feverous, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian meeting you, asks "How do you perspire?" "Have you eaten?" "Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman—a touching solicitude which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.

"Good cheer," says the modern Greek in nearly the same language that the ancients went to greet their friends. A charming salutation, which could only have originated among the happy careless Greeks.

The Romans, who were heretofore robust, indefatigable and laborious, had energetic salutations, expressing force and action; "Ralve," "Be strong," "Be healthy;" and "Quid agis." "What do you do?" "What make you?"

The Genoes of modern times says, "Health and wealth," which is very appropriate for an active and commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity;" and the Piedmontese, "I am your servant. The "How stand you?" of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the nonchalance of that sunny land.

The Spaniard, grave, haughty, and indifferent, wishes you "Good morning," to which we respond, "At your service sir." Another salutation which the Spaniard uses, "God be with you signo," shows a melange of respect for one's self and religious sentiment.

The ordinary salutation of the German is, "Wie Geht's?" "How goes it?" and has a vague character of the German, "To bid one adieu, he says, "Leben sie wohl"—"Live quiet and be happy." This last plainly indicates his peaceful nature and love for the simple joys of life.

The traveling Hollander asks you, "Hoe waart'ge?" "How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands, "Of what do you think?" whilst the Dane, more placid, uses the German expression, "Liv vel," "Live well."—But the greeting of the Pole is best of all—"Are you happy?"