

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. J. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1858. VOL. XI.—NO. 42

his voice is but the wing of the soaring soul—his glowing and his tones expand and swell with the ideas of his mind. Glowing with holier affluence than the scenery of time, of time, however grand, can inspire, the line which divides the perishing from the immortal is fast fading from his rapt prophetic vision. Scarcely which bubble ever fresh in the depths of eternity, supply the rapid current of his thought. Away on loftier heights than Alexander, Cesar, or Napoleon ever reached, he surveys interests more varied, and destinies more stupendous, than ever floated in the vision of statesman, or inspired the ambition of king. He sees nothing before him but deathless spirits; he is now a prince in the world of thought; he bears away in the kingdom of souls; his sceptre waves over a territory in the unseen. Pre-emption quails beneath that imperial glance; rebuke, winged with sarcasm, transfixes the cowering hypocrite; towering pride is scathed with the lightning of holy indignation, consolations fall like the dew of heaven upon the troubled conscience; hope for the guilty and oppressed is lifted high; wonder, amazement, gratitude, remorse, and thanksgiving—these are the various emotions kindled—emotions the consequences of which reach on for ever. The vast throng disperses, to meet on the morrow, when something similar will again be witnessed.

In a country where this is a specimen of what not seldom occurs, the pulpit must be a power. Here, then, we have a fact worth volumes of recent discussion on preaching. What are the elements of this power? Doubtless there are some peculiarities in the social condition of the people. Less political agitation prevails. A large commercial class, with its attendant good and evil, does not exist. The town system, with its peculiar vices and corruptions, is not so largely developed. A lower order, dependent upon a class above, yet fearfully distinct from it, cannot be found in any large numbers. When the revival of religion took place, it thoroughly penetrated the nation. These and other circumstances must be borne in mind, in the attempt to form a just estimate of the Welsh pulpit.

What is emphatically designated the "hwyl" is a peculiarity so striking in Welsh preaching, it so immediately arrests the unaccustomed ear, that it has attracted the attention of many early attention. The word "hwyl" (pronounced *hooil*), like many other Welsh words, is a highly figurative one. A ship is said to be in full "hwyl" when it leaves port with full and spread sails, under a favourable breeze. And a preacher is said to be in full "hwyl" when, in happiest mood, thoughts and words coming quick and apt, and rising like a man inspired to the loftiest heights of his theme, he inevitably, and as a matter of course, utters or chants his fervid thoughts. No English reader, let us at once confess, neither of the above words adequately expresses the peculiarity. It is something between a chant and a song, but greatly unlike either. We are not aware that what is thus described will, in some cases, when listened to, excite a smile. Nor are we ignorant that some of the more "knowing" among the Welsh themselves think the practice rather absurd and vulgar. And not long since we read the remarks of a learned American doctor, on a similar peculiarity in American preaching, and his dictum on the matter is, that to adopt any tone peculiar to the pulpit is highly absurd. Is it really so? At first the preacher talks very simply by and by he changes his tone; you would then, perhaps, say that he discourses to you; he still rises; you now see and hear something of the orator—he discourses and reasons; at length, passed through all those stages, you see clearly that passion and feeling—the grandest forces of the soul—are at work. Words and thoughts come forth, all-glorious with the hues of heaven. They are poetry. How can they be otherwise? Reason, imagination, feeling, and passion are the factors. Figures and metaphors become the native speech. With such thoughts, is the "hwyl" so unnatural or absurd? Occasionally you may fancy you hear in its tone the wail of unearthly sorrow, or the jubilant song of the redeemed. Are not poetry and music twin? And is it possible to be impassioned upon the most elevated themes without adopting a tone more or less peculiar to them? We think not. The style and tone must accord inseparably. The principle is illustrated in all oratory. The peculiarity of the Welsh "hwyl" is, that the principal is carried to a farther extent, and acted upon in a mode that accords most remarkably with the genius of the language and the people. When it is a mere habit, without inspiration, it is an intolerable oratorical vice; as such let it be condemned; but whatever material for criticism it may furnish, it has a power, when natural and genuine, over the masses of the Welsh people, which none but those who have witnessed its effect can easily believe. Until the preacher has arrived at this stage of his discourse, whatever he may have said, he has got no farther than the Welshman's understanding; the "hwyl" is once fired its way to the heart—Under these overpowering intonations even Englishmen have been subdued by the mystic power of an unknown tongue. Like music and song, they evoke a sympathy scarcely dependent upon words. Christmas Evens was scarcely less indebted to those magic tones which made his hearers tremble or rejoice at his imperial will than to his marvellous allegorical and dramatic

then that he should announce the fact, and descend from his chariot to have the rite thus administered to him? "If going down into the water constitutes baptism," said he, (what Baptist says that it does?) "then Philip was baptized as well as the Eunuch."

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We are accustomed, Mr. Editor, to consider the terms—baptized with him in baptism—as remarkably allusive to our mode. Alas! what shallow critics we are! we must give up our favourite phrase! The preacher could see no allusion to a burial; we dig the grave—we put it in the coffin—but these are not burial—the burying act is the throwing the earth on the coffin! Ergo—sprinkling is the mode! How conclusive! How strange we did not see it before!

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I remain, Dear Sir,  
Yours very truly,  
THOMAS SIMPSON.

NEW-YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—A most terrific storm commenced yesterday about 4 P. M., and swept with violence over our village and the country adjacent. The wind roared apparently in the North-west, and in true tornado style came rushing upon the lake, accompanied with pealing thunder, lightning, fire, sheets, and torrents of rain mingled with hail. It rooted up the branches of the largest trees as if they had been but cords of flax, and twisting many of them from their trunks hurled them through the air in the wildness of its fury. Frequently the trees themselves yielded to its violence and were either snapped asunder, or torn up by the roots. Here and there the fences were seen reeling, and then levelled to the ground. At a few miles distant the roads were rendered impassable by the timber that had fallen, and those absent from home had to seek quarters for the night. At the commencement of the storm so intense was the darkness that in all the houses and stores artificial lights were required, and during the whole force of the tempest which was about twenty minutes in extent, this darkness seemed intensified. The crashing of the thunder, and almost constant flashing of the lightning continued, with the exception of a very short interval, until nearly midnight, and the rain still descending without any intermission, though not so heavily. Nothing would be more delightful than for the sun to cast his rays across the heavens and point to the bow on the opposite cloud. But we must wait. About eight in the evening, in the South-east quarter of the heavens, an intense illumination, and deep scarlet hues, forming a large circle in the sky, revealed the presence of an extensive fire, and soon after in the South-similar appearances informed us of "one still nearer, or far more extensive. Soon we heard the doleful strains of the bells—the rattling of the engines—the rush of the multitude, amid the peltings of the rain, and the cries of Fire! Fire! between the intervals of thunder. But the fire, were too far in the distance to receive our aid, and the drenched firemen sought the fires of their anxious families for safety and comfort. A report has just been received that two well filled barns were struck by lightning and consumed.

A most startling and inauspicious event recently occurred in connection with a Sunday School celebration in Michigan. A large balloon was prepared for the occasion, and two gentlemen having made a pleasant ascent, returned in safety at a few miles distant. While preparing to pack the balloon, one of them sitting astride of the valve ball, to hold it down by his weight ordered the car to be cut loose. This was no sooner done, than the balloon, still partially inflated, commenced ascending with the velocity of a rocket, bearing the aeronaut, on his perilous seat, clinging to the folds of silk, and unable to change his position, or direct the course, in its appalling flight to inevitable destruction. Floating it was seen, about three miles in height, like a speck in the sky, still moving upward and onward. It has since returned to the earth, but no tidings have been received of the fearless voyager, who had previously made over forty as-

cents, but now has found, it is believed, a most fearful end, leaving an only daughter to mourn his unhappy fate. "In such an hour, as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Our autumn has been most delightful. The trees of the forest still retain their beauty and much of their freshness. A maple, here and there, shows a mingled tinge of scarlet and yellow, as a token that the breath of winter has been gently exhaled. The vegetation of the gardens is ceasing from age; the fruits being brought to perfection, rather than from any chilling necessity. The grass under the refreshing influence of the present warm rain; bears the fresh hues of spring, and may in part recover the wastes that the grasshoppers have made, should no hoary frosts make their appearance. Our fall crops in this vicinity are good, but almost all kinds of produce is rising in price, either from the caprices of those whose interests too often control the market, or because there is in reality a short crop in the country. Farmers, that can keep their grains, are very slow to sell, and business does not improve so rapidly as was anticipated a few weeks ago. The opinion is beginning to prevail that prices will be higher for the year to come on produce than the quotations of last year. Time alone will decide the fact.

J. M. H.

Ithaca, October 1st, 1858.

A NEW HOUSE FOR MR. CRAWLEY.

To the pastors and members of the Baptist churches in New Brunswick.

DEAR BRETHREN:—A few days since a letter reached the Missionary Rooms in Boston, from Rev. A. R. R. Crawley, setting forth the necessity of an appropriation by the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union for the purpose of erecting a new dwelling house for the accommodation of himself and family at Henthada, in Burma. The case seemed to the committee an urgent one, and they were anxious to meet it promptly and liberally. But the appropriations for the current year had already been made, and in making them, the committee had gone quite up to the limit of probable receipts, and to go beyond that limit, even for so desirable an object, would, by prudent men, be regarded as unwise. What was to be done? No one could have anticipated the case, and the appropriation, and no one, on the other hand, deemed it prudent under existing circumstances, to increase the debt of the Union already swollen to uncomfortable dimensions. At length it was suggested that the friends in the case be stated in brief to the friends and supporters of Mr. Crawley in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with the request that they will, at once, by special contributions in the churches, or otherwise, raise and send forward a sum sufficient for the purpose. The suggestion met with favor, and, in the faith that a favorable response would be given to the call, they at once made the desired appropriation, and a letter is on its way to Burma informing Mr. Crawley of the fact and authorizing him to go forward at his convenience and build.

In the faith. In you, brethren, pastors and members of the Baptist churches of New Brunswick the Executive Committee have reposed their faith. Shall it prove a confidence unworthily bestowed? Will not a bare statement of the case awaken the right kind of interest and produce the right kind of action? Brother Crawley is one of your number, among you he learned the preciousness of a Saviour's blood, and from you went to preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. He is your representative, I might almost say, your sole representative on earth ground. God is with him—Converts are multiplied. Indeed, for the last two or three years the Burman department of the Henthada Mission has been among the most favored of our Burman stations, and there is every reason to believe, that should brother Crawley's life be spared, he will see a few Burman churches raised up in different parts of that province. Shall not every thing be done that can be to encourage his heart and strengthen his hands? Is it to much to expect that you will at once respond liberally to this call? You brethren of the Executive Committee think not so.

Your brother and fellow labourer,  
J. G. WARREN, Cor. Sec.  
Missionary Rooms, Boston, Sept. 27th, 1858.

P. S. A commodious house, that will, with occasional repairs, withstand the climate for twenty years, will cost, including exchange, from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. Let your contribution come designated, "for Mr. Crawley's house," and we will, in due time report to you the result of your efforts.

J. G. W., C. S.

POPISH SPOTISM OF THE R. C. BISHOP SHOP OF MONTREAL.

Monseigneur Bourget, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, has lately sent to the different parishes of his Diocese two Pastoral Letters, accompanied by a private Circular to his Priests, which are well worthy of notice. These documents were designed for the pulpit only inasmuch as the Priests would find it proper to communicate portions of them to the Pulpit Sabbath after Sabbath; and as to the Circular, it was of course for the Clergy alone. But to the great astonishment of the Bishop and his friends, they have all been published in a

paper "Le Semeur Canadien," a priest having been so kind as to furnish them to one of our friends who hastened to hand them to us for use. The first of these letters is directed against the Canadian Institute, that interesting Literary Society of Montreal composed of liberal Catholics who are endeavoring to think for themselves and who, on that account, have had to endure the ill will and vexations of the Romish Hierarchy for several years past. Many have been the efforts of this tyrannical body to crush the young but vigorous society, and we are happy to add, all in vain.

It is to deal the great blow against the Canadian I strute that the Bishop has issued this long letter which threatens with excommunication all those who remain connected with it. It seems hitherto to have produced very little effect and many are inclined to laugh at the manifestation of the spirit of the dark ages. One of them was saying sometime ago: *I wish the Bishop would excommunicate us, it might perhaps improve our appetit.*

The second letter has in view the *bad newspapers* which embrace the whole French Canadian Press, except the organs of the Priests. Every liberal paper is pointed out and denounced; and the public is strictly prohibited from subscribing to it. The old Bishop has expressed his views in this letter with regard to liberty of thought and inquiry in the most astonishing manner.—He is only, it is true, the faithful exponent of the Popish spirit, but, generally, the dignitaries of the Romish Church are so much as possible their tyrannical pretensions. "Mgr." Bourget goes so far as to deny entirely to every one the liberty of opinions, and that, not only in religious but also in political matters, as you may see by the following extracts:

"We will extract that it is not lawful for any one to be free in his religious and political opinions, but that it belongs to the Church to teach her children how they will be good citizens as well as good Christians. This is what the Supreme Pontiff, Gregory XVI., has stated and shown in his memorable encyclical of 16th August, 1832. He has told us in what a fearful abyss, freedom of thought leads not only religious but also civil society. According to him freedom of thought is nothing else but freedom of error, which destroys soul, truth and society. It is the bottomless pit, from which issues a smoke so thick as to obscure the sun, and locusts to spoil the earth. This freedom of thought is a poisoned spring which gives death to nations far from regenerating them, as is pretended. It is a principle erroneous, absurd, or rather it is delirium. Thus it is qualified and described by our Sovereign Pontiff."

Bishop Bourget must think that his people are entirely priest-ridden to dare avow such pretensions and profess such principle. Many, it is true, are so benighted that they will receive these letters with respectful submission, but, on the other hand, those who begin to think for themselves will be more and more disgusted with Popery; they will see that there is a complete antagonism between that system and the principles of liberty they fondly cherish. May they turn themselves towards the Truth as it is in Jesus, and come to that faith which respects the sacred rights of the mind, whilst it meets all the wants and aspirations of the heart!—*The Register.*

INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

About a year since, a gentleman in Rochester purchased a building that had been used as a tavern, and converted it into a Sabbath School house. Children were gathered there from week to week in crowds. This part of the city (Bull's Head) had been much neglected, there being no Protestant house of worship there. On the first of January the Bethel was opened for preaching. A little boy, ten or twelve years old, came home from a neighbor's house one day, and said "Ma, I wish you would ask Pa to do one thing for me; will you?" "What is it my son?" "Say, Ma, will you ask him?" "What is it?" "Inquire of the mother again, who was not a Christian.—I want you to ask him to take the Bible, and read and pray, as Mr. M. does." "O," said the mother, "you must ask him." When the father came, the boy went to him with his request: "Pa, I want you to do one thing for me; will you?"—say, Pa, will you?" "What is it, my son?" "Say, will you do it?" "I don't know till you tell me what it is." "I want you to read and pray, as Mr. M. does."

Soon the father began to visit the house of God, and in a short time the request of the son was granted. "O out of the mouths of babes," etc.

A German family, consisting of parents and six children, were living in the most degraded state of intemperance. Some tracts were left there, and a few days afterward the family were visited again when, to our surprise, the father told us that he had stopped drinking, and was going to be beastly no more. He asked for a German Bible, with which he was supplied, and became a careful reader of the word of God, attended meetings, and prayed in his family.—His children are regular at the Sabbath School, the house is furnished with chair and beds, etc. and has now the appearance of a dwelling of intelligent beings.—*Zion's Herald.*

"The education forms a tender mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

then that he should announce the fact, and descend from his chariot to have the rite thus administered to him? "If going down into the water constitutes baptism," said he, (what Baptist says that it does?) "then Philip was baptized as well as the Eunuch."

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