

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. XI, No. 49.

REV. S. I. E. BILL & H. P. GULFORD
C. R. BILL, PUBLISHER.

ORD, on the 11th of the new year, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."
SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 1, 1858.

Peace, good will toward Men.
FREDERICTON, 3rd Nov., 1858.
TO THE REV. H. P. GULFORD.
Dear Brother,—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we have received the letter in which you tender your resignation of the office of Pastor over us, which you have held for the last year and a-half. But as it appears to your mind to be the path of duty to devote your time and energies to the interest of the "Christian Visitor," we have no other alternative than to accept your resignation as our stated Minister.

NEW-YORK DAILY MEETINGS.

From the Examiner.

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

These meetings are very full—indeed crowded to excess, so that two lecture-rooms are not sufficient to contain all who come. The spirit of prayer is fervent, and the requests for prayer very numerous, both from city and country. Many awakened, anxious sinners, are here every day. The voice of praise is often heard over the room, and the saved. God in his great mercy keeps his people humble.

Prayer for children Born in "India."

"I was here," said a speaker, "yesterday, and I am here to-day—a privilege which I highly prize. I want to ask you to pray for my three children—two sons and a daughter. These I have consecrated to the missionary work—in preaching that Name which is above every name. One of these sons was born on the Neighbourly Hills, and the other in Bombay, India. One is with me in this room. I consecrate them to Christ. I desire their conversion, that they may serve and glorify him. My great aim is to prepare them for the missionary field, and I want you to pray that they may be qualified by the Holy Spirit for this blessed work; by a renewal of the heart in righteousness and true holiness. The daughter hopes she became a Christian last winter, in Hartford, Ct. Also, I request your prayers for a little church on the banks of the Hudson, where I now labor."

Fervent prayers were offered for these objects—the children and the church.

Irish Roman Catholic Girls.

Prayer was made for one who was awakened by means of family prayer. It was stated by one speaker, that the most of our domestic help were Roman Catholic Irish girls. He said he had one in his family who had lately inquired of him where he went to church, saying that she wished to go with him. She does now go with him and he hopes she has become a true Christian. He said he believed we are all at fault in this matter. These girls may be reached, and every man of us, and all over the land, should set earnestly about their conversion.

Prisons full of Roman Catholic Criminals.

One gentleman said that our jails and prisons are full of Roman Catholic felons and criminals of all degrees and classes of crime. The most of our Irish Catholic children are coming up real vagabonds and ruffians, and our very lives are in danger from these young assassins, who swarm in every street. A young ruffianism is growing up. It begins with very small children, and unless something is done, we shall be overrun with the most disorderly vagabonds that ever disgraced humanity. All over our land it is the same. We have been neglecting these hordes of miscreants too long. We must pray and labor for them.

Prayers for Revivals.

Several places sent in requests that we should pray for a revival of God's work of grace in them. We are always glad to see them come. They indicate that God's Spirit is already at work, and has begun to be felt in the hearts of some, or these requests for prayer would never come. They come from the East, West, North and South. In one case, Dedham, Mass. we are requested to give thanks for the work of grace already begun. Fervent prayer is offered for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all the land, every day, in our Fulton street prayer-meeting, and not only on the land, but on all the world. The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free are here remembered, and the whole world lying in wickedness.

A Man 105 Years Old Converted.

This man died last week, said one, and I stood by his bed when he was dying. He was in full possession of his faculties. He was converted after he was one hundred years old, and he died at one hundred and five years. He gave, in his health and in his dying hour, the most comforting and satisfying evidence that he was a child of God. He expressed strong faith and confidence in Christ—said that he had Christ in his soul, and should soon be with him. He lived more than one whole century in a state of impenitence and sin. What a book of transgression was that long life. But God can have mercy even at the end of such a life as that, and it shows that none should be given up. This old man died to make a full surrender of all to the Lord Jesus Christ. He died in great peace and joy in believing in Jesus.

One of the striking fruits of this revival, has been the great numbers of people, far advanced in life, who have been brought into the kingdom of God and numbered among those who are redeemed. There is more faith and prayer in regard to such, than ever before. The faith of God's praying people has been enlarged, in regard to the salvation of all classes of perishing sinners. This case is a very striking instance of the power of Divine grace, in subduing such a heart to itself. We do not feel that this wonderful case of conversion, of a man more than one hundred years old, should be any encouragement to those who are inclined to live to old age in sin. Such another case of conversion is probably not on record.

The Infidel Converted.

He was an infidel of the most violent type. He was of the Fourierite school. He was always ready to make an onset upon Christianity, whenever he met a Christian, or a Christian minister. No matter where, at the post-office, at the store, in the family gathering, no matter where, he had a shaft always ready against religion. He was well read in all the infidel writings of the present and past generation—he was at home in all the arguments against Christianity. He knew well how to use them.

On going to the place where he lived, after having been away for some time and having heard no tidings of the case, you may judge, said the speaker, of my surprise, on being called on to lead a prayer-meeting, as I was, after having opened it, to see that very man rise up as the first one to lead in prayer. And such a prayer as he made—so humble, so penitent, so lowly, so hearty in acknowledging Christ as a Saviour, so full of joyful hope of a full and free pardon through his atoning blood; it brought tears into all eyes—what a moral transformation had come over the man. What a change from a state of nature to a state of grace—from the sneering, boasting infidel, to the humble, devoted Christian.

So God works by his mysterious and almighty power, and subdues the stoutest hearts to himself. The revival in which we now live furnishes many examples of the power of God's Holy Spirit in subduing the stoutest hearts to himself. It really seems as if it was probable that one man would be converted as another. Prayer prevails with God.

The Young Man—Answer to Prayer.

A young man arose in the back part of the room. He spoke of his own case, and his conversion within a short time past, as being in answer to prayer. He was made the subject of earnest prayer in this room, but a few days ago. He was then unconverted, but he had friends who were anxious for him, and they requested prayer for his conversion, and he stood before the meeting to tell what the Lord had done for their encouragement, who meet here for prayer. He had been overtaken at a most unexpected moment, and made acquainted with himself as a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and how miserably blind he had been all his days, was now an astonishment to himself. He had fled to Christ as the only Saviour, and had devoted himself to him forever, as his Saviour and friend.

affectionate daughter, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a true-hearted friend. But let us contemplate the evening of her days.

Though suffering from a tedious and distressing disease, which in most instances depresses the natural spirits and awakens a morbid view of one's own character and position, she had grace sufficient for her, and in her trial exhibited all the more clearly the fruits of the Spirit. With no ordinary meekness and patience she received and endured her sufferings, and with no ordinary fortitude awaited their termination. Her friends will long remember her unselfishness—Her disease did not take off her thoughts from others. She seemed always to care more for her friends than for herself, and was nervously fearful of being a burden to any in the least degree. Towards the close of her life, her path seemed to shine brighter and brighter. Very beautiful was it then to witness the blossoming of the rarest and most precious graces of Christianity. Unconsciously to herself, she was exhibiting the results of deep & intelligent piety. Even the language which she used to express the awe and hesitation which the humble believer feels at the prospect of soon appearing before the just Judge of all the earth, revealed the depth of her piety.

On the Tuesday previous to her departure, she expressed herself in language like the following:—I know that I must soon leave this world, I feel it to be a very solemn thing to die, and I now know how dreadful it would be if I have been deceived. To be deprived of his presence—to be unable to thank him for all his goodness to me—the thought is too dreadful, I long so ardently to see him—to praise him. Eternity would not be too long for me to express my gratitude for his love. If I have deceived myself in supposing that I have been a Christian would Jesus receive me now? Oh I feel that his compassion would reach me. He is too gracious to cast me off. I know that he is able to save me, and he is so full of love, and has already done so much for me that I feel he is willing. I am so willing to be saved in his own way—to rely entirely upon his mercy.

Subsequently she drew still nearer the throne, and was able to turn her eyes from herself and all the past, and to gaze steadily upon the grace of the Redeemer. Dearly as she loved her family she was willing to leave them to the care of her heavenly Father—then she calmly awaited his summons home. She was unable to converse with her friends after Wednesday, but she was evidently conscious of what was transpiring. A little while before she died she strove to speak, but the word "Heaven" spoken with a gesture expressive of confident hope was all that her friends could hear. In a few moments more she passed away.

Thus she went to meet the bridegroom, with well filled lamp lifted up in the sight of all and seeming to gleam more brilliantly as the darkness of night was settling around her. The bereaved husband can contemplate not only a beautiful life, but the heavenly halo which encircled it at last. He knows now how precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints, and can see a ray of heaven's own light amidst the gloom of death—a comfort for him who mourns. The daughters who were so near to her heart have learned a lesson which will never be repeated to them again. Her prayers her tears, her Christian love for them will, we trust, be forever a benefit and a comfort. Let her friends shed the natural tears over her grave, and then learn to live and die as the believer only can. Like her "let us add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." "for if ye do these things ye shall never fall, for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Com by Rev. E. B. Denill*

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

Even for the scholar, we believe the text, with the usual apparatus for studying any language its own best comment. For general readers, a really true and faithful translation is better than all notes and comments. And a mind truly honest, willing to receive light, and a heart panting for God and spiritual good, and a soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness, can take the Bible in any respectable version, and find all its own wants met and satisfied; can, if it has a gift or feels a call, go to its fellow beings with a power and efficacy that will be sought in vain from critical and exegetical apparatus: it is one of the illusions of young ministers, and still oftener of Sabbath School teachers, that they can find in books the material they want for the elucidation of the Bible and the instruction of hearers and pupils; and no illusion is more completely and rapidly dispelled than this, when the actual trial comes. The books are found to be dry and husky, beating ever about the bush but missing the bird. The mind of hearers, and above all of children, will not respond to any such bringings forth. The sermons and the lessons partake of their source, and drop dead on dull ears. But when pastor and teacher kindle their own souls at the fire of God's altar, fill their own minds with the dear sparkling truth of the Bible, their hearts with its faith, hope and charity, and have the Word hidden in their souls and glowing there, they find that their speech partakes of the glow and fervour of the divine word, they see its meaning and testify as those who have seen and do know.—*Christian Register*

CORRESPONDENCE.

REVIVAL AT MONCTON.

Moncton, Nov. 22d, 1858.

DEAR VISITOR,—Permit me through the medium of your columns, to inform your readers of the good work which is progressing here, through the instrumentality of Brother G. F. Miles, Pastor of the church at this place. As my object at this time is to give a true representation of the extent of the present revival here, and the future prospects of the church, I not know that I can more fully do so, than by simply stating a few facts, connected with the services of yesterday, (Sabbath).

At the appointed hour for morning services, I found myself, with a large audience, listening with deep interest to an affectionate, but heart searching discourse, by Bro. Miles.—

At two o'clock, Bro. M. baptised three willing converts at a place called Lewisville, situated about one mile from the town; a large number were present some of whom were Pedobaptists; and it was quite evident, that they too, felt deeply impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the scene.

At three o'clock, Bro. M. preached at Lewisville, to a crowded house; at half past six, he again preached at this place. The house was filled almost to overflowing; in fact it appeared as if all Moncton, and all the region round about had become interested, and were pressing forward to hear the word of life. The subject was the "Love of Christ." I think that I never heard a more impressive sermon; the hearers seemed moved with the spirit it breathed, and really one might imagine, that the cry of "what shall we do to be saved," was about to burst from many lips.

Bro. M. is indefatigable in his labours; preaches three times on Sabbath, and nearly or quite every day, during the week. May the Lord strengthen him for the work.

I understand that there is also much interest manifested at several places in the surrounding districts, where Bro. M. has been labouring.

I have been here but a few days, yet I have witnessed ample indications to assure me, that a glorious and heart-cheering season awaits the church at Moncton, God grant it, and to His name shall be all the praise.

Yours respectfully,
A TRAVELLER.

RESOLUTION OF THE CHURCH.

That Resignation and Reply be sent to the "Christian Visitor" for publication.

OPENING OF A NEW MEETING-HOUSE.

Messrs. EDITORS,—I now send you an account of the opening of a new Baptist Chapel for the second Church in Cambridge, Q. C., at the Narrows. On the 14th of November, inst., a large congregation assembled in the house to be dedicated at 10 o'clock. Many prayers were offered in a spirit of true devotion, we trust, for a blessing to rest upon the Church worshipping there and upon all within the circle of its influence.

At 11, the services commenced by appropriate singing, and an excellent Dedication Sermon, delivered by Rev. E. Clay, M. D., text Isaiah 66: 1. Services commenced in the evening by a sermon by Rev. David Grandall, from Matt. 11: 28, 29., after which a number of the brethren spoke and some manifested a desire to become decidedly religious, who never spoke before in a public meeting.

On Monday, at 10 o'clock, Dr. Clay preached again, much to the comfort and edification of all who love the Saviour, after which the pews were disposed of. They all went off quickly and the amount realized nearly covered the expense of building.

Much credit is due to Messrs. Tool and De-Nett, the contractors, for urging forward the completion of the building in so short a time, and for its style and workmanship.

The people owning and occupying the house are very happy in having such a commodious edifice for the worship of God, and we hope they will be blessed with a good pastor, and that the cause will revive and flourish in their midst.

The building of that neat and comfortable Chapel originated in the visit of Dr. Clay last spring, who delivered a course of lectures in the Temperance Hall, near the Meeting House, after which, he laboured with the people for a short time. A revival of the Church followed, and a number of new converts came forward and were baptized by Dr. Clay in the beautiful waters of the Lake, at the Narrows. Then the Church and community immediately moved forward in the erection of the building now dedicated to the service of God.

Nov. 22, 1858. J. C. SKINNER.

OBITUARY.

Our friends are continually passing away—but in the case of the most of them there is required no other notice of their death than the brief obituary which records the fact and its date.

Sometimes friends die, and love itself (so apt to flatter the departed, to find Christian graces in natural virtues, and Christian resignation in dumb submission), can find no solid ground of hope in their deaths—we bury our dead, and expect consolation from the numbing influences of time.

Sometimes Christian friends die, and owing to some depressing influence, they depart in silence, and leave no tokens but what can be found in their past lives, that death has been swallowed up in victory. We can believe that they have gone to be with Christ, where he is, but some expressions indicative of triumph over the King of terrors would soothe the hearts of those who mourn.

But deaths sometimes occur, which deserve more than the cold, and statistical notice. When the last hours of a believer accord with the professions made in years gone by, and also with a consistent, religious life, then not only do personal friends find the bitterness of grief allayed but the Church of God feels renewed confidence in its faith.

Such a death, harmonious with a Christian life, we now feel called upon to notice. A few days since, Mrs. John Masters was summoned to her rest. She was lovely and pleasant in her life, and her death was what the intelligent believer hopes for and expects.

From the hour when she professed faith in the Son of God, until she was taken to herself, it was her aim to serve God. As a Christian, she was influenced by a strong sense of duty.—She thirsted for religion herself, and earnestly sought to practice what she knew. Her piety was not of the demonstrative kind. Its depth and activity were revealed to her family and her friends; her children will never forget her impressive instructions, and her fervent prayers, and those who knew her best will long feel the influence of her example.

Her Christian character was remarkably symmetrical, as it was her aim to be guided by the revealed Will of God. The various Christian graces were harmoniously and evenly developed. She was never the mere creature of religious impulses—but from the time when she became conscious that a change had taken place in her heart, she steadily persevered in well doing.

Her natural virtues would of themselves have endeared her to her friends, but these excellencies, heightened and beautified by religion, won the lasting love and confidence of all who knew her. She was a kind sister—an

A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

A communication in the *Country Gentleman* has a word in season for those young men who hanker after tickets in the great lottery of mercantile life:

I am a city merchant, having commenced my career as an adventurer from the farm, on a salary of \$80 per year, and having passed through half a year of incessant toil to reach the point where dependence ceases and dinner ahead begins. I filled a clerkship in several first-class mercantile houses, and was associated with a very considerable number of salesmen, accountants, and clerks generally.—Nearly thirty years have passed, since my city clerkship began, and the retrospect has developed the following results:

All mercantile houses by whom I was employed have since failed; one, after an eminently creditable career of fifteen years, was carried into hopeless bankruptcy by outside speculation; and another, after thirty-five years of unbounded success and credit, was a few months since in inextricable difficulties—the result of a single dash of the pen—and has ever closed its mercantile existence. Of all the clerks with which I have been associated, not one has achieved permanent success equal to the value of a well-stocked one-hundred-acre farm; while from the most brilliant of their numbers

THE DYING CHILD.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on] her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet flower of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice—the child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, how much—do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice:

"Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—maybe—you would lay it out this year in Bibles—for poor children—to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort? A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart, the bliss of one noble loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten—sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing the brow with solemn tenderness.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTERS.

As you are already apprized of the new arrangements into which I have recently entered, to devote my time and energies for the present, to the interests of the "Christian Visitor," you will all be prepared to entertain the request I am about to make, and to take immediate action with reference to it.—This request is, that you will accept my resignation of the pastoral charge of the Church, and as the Pastor, to grant me my dismissal. My membership, I still desire to continue, until such time, as in the Providence of God, I may remove to some other place.

In making this request, I am happy to say that it has not grown out of any dissatisfaction with the charge I have retained for nearly nineteen months among you; nor yet, to assume the pastoral office in other field of labor. On many, very many accounts my relation to you as Pastor, has been very pleasant both to my self and family.—My only regret is, that it has not been more profitable to you. And I assure you, that no small consideration could have induced me to resign my charge, and to separate myself from a people who have uniformly treated me with respect and kindness, and whose sympathies and prayers I shall gratefully remember during all the future of my earthly pilgrimage.

In gaining the consent of my mind to the step I am about taking, my heart has felt more than my lips have dared to utter. I leave, only to discharge what has seemed to be my duty in consideration of all the circumstances. Whether I have or I have not erred in judgement, time alone

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