

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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PROOFS OF THE DIVINE POWER.

Frequent instances of the divine power in subduing the stubborn and rebellious heart of man are constantly occurring. Among the many which have been furnished the public within the past year as fruits of the recent, and indeed, present Great Revival in the United States, none that we have seen in print, have struck us more forcibly than the following. Read, ponder and adore, the infinite power of Divine Grace.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

Deeply interesting incidents continue to be mentioned both by the religious and secular press, indicating the extent and power of the revival influence. A correspondent of the Boston Journal says—

"I was in at the Fulton street prayer meeting yesterday 16th inst. There was a delegation from Philadelphia present. One of the members, Mr. Stuart, a merchant of high standing in that city, made some statements that were quite startling in regard to the large number of persons who have been converted in that city. He stated that seventy-five fire companies in Philadelphia had meetings for prayer in their engine-houses—that the Young Men's Christian Association had these under its care, and as application was made, a delegation was sent down to open a meeting, conduct it, and render such aid as the engine might demand—that more than 150 prayer-meetings were held in that city in its various parts—that a great number had been converted, and most decided, and energetic, and delightful Christians they became. He said it was a rule in Philadelphia that on an alarm of fire the fireman who reached the engine-house first, took a charge of the company and held the trumpet—that the other night there was a fire, and one of the new converts held the trumpet. Soon one of the members began to weep. But the trumpet rang out in clear tones—'Company! No awaring here tonight.' At once all was hushed, and no oath was heard that night."

He also related the fact that in the cellar of one of the paupers of Philadelphia, a prayer-meeting is held each day, at 12 o'clock. Another of the Philadelphia delegation stated that there was a card party, composed of a number of fast young men who went from house to house to engage in their favorite amusement. As the party was about to meet at the parlor of one of their number, he was converted. He allowed the gathering to take place as usual, obtained the presence of some of his new associates, and when the card party came together, made known to them his change and proposed a meeting for prayer, which was held and which resulted in the conversion of several. Soon the balance of the company met to have what they called a "grand jollification." But they could not proceed—they called in the aid of some pious young men, they knelt and prayed the Club was broken up, and twenty-five of the number became hopefully pious. It is now a Club of prayer, and thirteen meetings have been held under the new organization.

The N. E. Observer mentions an incident occurring at the far West, but told at one of the daily meetings in New York—

A gentleman said at the prayer-meeting at the Globe Hotel, that six months ago, as he was standing on the west bank of the Mississippi river, a hand-bill was put into his hand, inviting him to attend a prayer meeting in the city of New York. It was the Fulton street prayer meeting. You can scarcely imagine the influence of such a little event as that upon the feelings, decisions, course, conduct and eternal well-being of an individual. I was invited when one thousand miles away to attend a noon-day prayer-meeting of business men. I, a business man, in this great city of business, where time is money—surely there must be something in the religion of these men of business that amounts to something like a reality. He said that on coming to the city, he complied with that invitation, and he should always have reason to be thankful that he ever attended.

This same gentleman spoke of the revivals at the West, and gave the following interesting narrative—

"In a neighborhood where there was a large population but no church the people built a large school-house, and when it was finished, they resolved to hold in it union meetings for prayer. They were commenced and were largely attended. The Lord poured out his spirit in great power and many were converted.

Living in the neighborhood of that school house was a very wealthy, proud, infidel, irreligious man. Some of his family were inclined to go to the prayer-meeting. He called his family together, and told them that if any of his family went to that prayer meeting and 'got religion,' as he called it, they were to be disinherited and banished from the house. His wife was included with the children. She had been, and so had his eldest daughter, which put him in a rage. The daughter continued to go to the prayer meetings and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. When an opportunity was given for those who had a hope in Christ to make it known, she meekly arose and spoke of the 'great change' in her heart and her humble hopes of salvation through a crucified Saviour.

There were those standing at the window outside who immediately went and told the father of this young lady, of the professions she had

THE REVIVAL SPIRIT.

The revival spirit is a tender, humble, heart-broken spirit. This is essential to the spirit of prayer. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. This is accompanied with feelings of deep self-abasement. The prayer of Daniel previous to the return from the captivity is a specimen of revival feeling. A great portion of this prayer is the language of broken hearted confession. And such will be found to be the language of Christians, on awakening from a long season of spiritual slumber; and whenever this melting spirit becomes general in a church, great and glorious is the work of the Lord.

This spirit is far removed from noise and confusion, and vain confidence. The accents of humble, broken-hearted penitence will be heard in the pulpit, in the social meeting, and at the family altar; and the secret places will witness the deep struggles of a spirit, where the humble souls wrestle with their God, for spiritual blessings upon themselves and others. The unhumiliated heart cannot approach near to the mercy-seat. 'For he knoweth the proud afar off.' He will not accept the sacrifice of the self-confident or of the vainglorious, even though like David's priests, they cry aloud from morning to evening.

This is a most tender, melting spirit. It meets a response in kindred hearts, and an affectionate, loving spirit pervades the little band of praying souls. It administers warning, exhortation, and indirectly to innumerable souls, in a tender, kind, and gentle manner, reprove, and even abuse, is met with meekness. It is opposed to harsh, austere, and bitter rebukes, which stir up the wrathful passions of men. Even opposition and violence are disarmed before it and rebuke from such a spirit enters into the soul like a sharp, two-edged sword. But this spirit cannot be acquired without deep struggles of soul, nor maintained without great watchfulness and care. It shuns the noisy scenes of carnal strife, and dwells not with the soul that harbors envy, ill will, bitterness, wrath, or an unforgiving temper. O that such a spirit pervaded the whole Church militant! How soon would the banner of the cross be displayed over the ruins of Satan's empire!—*London Herald.*

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

The stage was crowded with passengers as it passed from New York to Boston. It was late in the evening, when one of the passengers, a sea-captain, endeavored to excite the attention of the drowsy company by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his money lost, and all his property destroyed; and every soul on board had been lost, except the captain, who saved his life by being on a plank at the mercy of the waves, for several days together. The company were interested in this narrative; they pitied the poor unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered such a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every word with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning, when the stage stopped, a Mr. B., one of the passengers, invited the captain to walk on before with him, and they would step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr. B.—

"Did I understand you last night?—the stage made such a noise—did you say that you had lost your ship?"

"Yes."

"That all the crew were drowned except yourself?"

"Yes."

"That you saved your life on a plank?" Yes.

"Let me ask you one more question. When on that plank, did not you vow to God that if he would spare your life, you would devote that life to his service?"

"None of your business!" said the captain, angrily.

The stage by this time came up, and they entered it. Towards evening, as the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company that he could not stop with them, as he was so unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr. B. takes from his pocket, and offers him a handsome bill.

"No," said the captain, "I am poor; yet I am no beggar."

"But," replied Mr. B., "I do not give it to you as a beggar, but as an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a Christian, and I am taught by my religion to do good unto all men. The gospel prescribes no limit to benevolence; it teaches us to do good to all."

The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor; though his countenance betrayed uneasiness. The company supped together, and the captain bade each adieu, after having asked Mr. B.— when he left town. He was informed on the morrow at sunrise. They then parted, as was supposed, for ever. The captain went home with a heavy heart; while Mr. B. retired to rest, satisfied that he had honored his Father, who seeth in secret. He was surprised the next morning at daylight, to hear some one rap at the door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand and said, "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you; I abused you yesterday; I am now come

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

A traveler, sauntering through the lake districts of England, some years ago, arrived at a small public house just as the postman stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she took it in her hand, turned it over and over, and asked the charge. It was a large sum—no less than a shilling. Sighing heavily, she observed that it came from her brother, but she was too poor to take it; and she returned it to the postman accordingly. The traveler was a man of kindness, as well as of observation; he offered to pay the postage himself, and in spite of more reluctance on the girl's part, he could well understand, he did pay it and gave her the letter. No sooner, however, was the postman's back turned, than she confessed that the proceedings had been concerted between her brother and herself; that the letter was empty; that certain signs on the directions conveyed all she wanted to know; and that as they could neither of them afford to pay postage, they had devised this method of franking the intelligence desired. The traveler pursued his journey, and as he plodded over the Cumberland Fells, he mused upon the badness of a system which drove people to

such stratagems for means of correspondence, and defeated its own objects all the time. With most men, such stratagems would have ended before the close of the hour; but this man's name was Rowland Hill; and it was from this incident and these reflections that the whole scheme of penny postage was derived; and Rowland Hill was a Baptist.—*Life Illustrated.*

FAMILY FAILINGS.

The habit of viewing everything in a ridiculous light, is one of the family failings that I would warn against. It too often leads to an unamiable desire to detect and hold up to ridicule the faults of others, and it almost always destroys the finer feeling of admiration for what is beautiful, and the tender and more lovable qualities of putting the best construction upon the action of others, etc. A critical, censorious, fault-finding woman is a most unamiable being; and let us not conceal the true odiousness of such propensities in ourselves, under the guise of a sense of the ludicrous.

In many families, however, where both love and good temper prevail, there is what may be called an "intrinsic" rather than a sinful mode of carrying on and contradicting one another. No harm is meant, and no offence is taken; but what can be more wholesome than to hear two sisters, for instance, continually setting each other right upon trifling points, and differing from each other in opinion, for no apparent reason but from a habit of contradiction? And such a habit does it become that one may sometimes see persons who have acquired it, contradict their own statements just made, the moment any one advances the same opinion. It is generally on such trifles that this bad habit shows itself, so that it may seem needless to revert to it; but it is a family fault, and should be watched against, for it is an annoyance, though but a petty one, never to be able to open your lips without being harassed by such contradictions as "O no, that happened on Tuesday not Wednesday;" or if you remark that the clouds look threatening, to be asked, with a tone of surprise, "Do you think it looks like rain?" I assure there is no appearance of such a thing."

A LITTLE BOY'S LEGACY.

The London Bible Society Reporter, for October, gives an interesting account of a little boy who very much loved the Bible. Before he was old enough to read, he delighted in hearing others read to him from this Word of God; and when he had learned to read, it was his favorite book. And he was not satisfied with having such a treasure himself, but wished others to have it also. When he was but little more than five years old, he was told that a neighbor, who commanded a merchant-ship, was about to sail for the West Indies. "Oh let us send some Bibles to the poor black children," he exclaimed; and then added, "Tell them they are sent by a little boy who loves Jesus."

At this earnest wish, twenty copies were accordingly sent, and distributed; and on the following Sabbath, when the subject was referred to, he said impressively, "Ask God to bless his Word to the little children." About a year afterwards, on hearing that a young man, whom he knew, was going to Australia, he expressed a strong desire that Bibles should be sent to that colony also, with the same message, "From a little boy who loves Jesus."

The little boy died last June, when he was thirteen years old. One of his last expressions was, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," for he loved the Saviour as he loved the book that told of him. And he did not forget others when he was about to die. He wished to do good still. Three days before his death, he expressed a desire to make his will, and, after bequeathing his books and other articles to his relatives and friends, on being reminded of his money, and asked how he wished that to be disposed of, he said, "Put that into my Bible box." A sum equal to about two hundred and twenty-five dollars was afterwards sent to the Bible Society, as the contents of that box.

WISDOM IN LOVE MAKING.

I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is, gallantry; not the gallantry of words and poses, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's hearing wins ten superior women where his boasts and brains win one. If a man stand before a woman with respect for herself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world, to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not the spirit in you to come up to a test like this, you have not that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl, who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you.

But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get in to a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old, will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Othy." So don't be in a hurry, I say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea of the kind of wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise. You can spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good female society.—*Timothy Titcomb's Letters.*

PRAYER ANSWERED.

At a recent prayer meeting in New York city, a man rose and said, "I passed through it city a few days ago, and I sent up a request that you would pray for an unconverted brother, the only remaining one of a large family of brothers, out of the ark of safety. I told you I was going to see him. I had come from the West, and was going East, a thousand miles in all, to see him. I felt very anxious about him, as the only remaining one out of Christ, and alienated from us on account of some difficulties about the division of property. He would not write to us; I got into the cars praying; I rode on praying; I stopped and came here praying; I asked you to pray, and then I went on praying; and when I met him, oh! an answer had come to our prayers. He threw his arms around my neck, and said, 'Oh! my brother! my brother! God has had mercy on my soul. Let me kiss you; let me fold you close to my heart.'"

"And now I am on my way back to the West, but I felt as if I could not go through New York without coming to this meeting and telling you the story of my brother's conversion, and asking you to join with me in thanksgiving to God that he has answered our poor requests, when he had so little confidence in Him.—*New York Observer.*"

SAVE IT.

Yes, young man, save it. Put it in a safe place and add to it often. We refer to the half dime you were on the point of exchanging for a "drink." Get a stout box made, and whenever you are tempted to spend your coin for a useless indulgence, drop it into the said box instead, and listen to its musical jingle. Ah! you have no idea how three cent bits, and half dimes and quarters count up.—But try this savings bank for a year, and then count your coin, and you will learn how much money you have wasted, and not only wasted money but time—precious, priceless time, and formed habits of idleness and dissipation which cling to the unfortunate possessor as the fabled poisonous shirt of Nessus cling to him who once put it on. Yes, save your money young man and your leisure hours at home with your mother and sisters, occupy yourself with earnest and judicious study, and you will stand a chance of taking rank with the great, prosperous and honored ones of the earth.

A SHADY SIDE.

Rev. M. K. Cross of Tipton, Iowa, writes to the *New England Farmer*:—

"I wish all discontented farmers in New England could be out West this summer. It would teach them a lesson which they very much need to learn, viz. to stop croaking. Of all the hard, dull, blue times I ever knew in Massachusetts, the present time in Iowa are the best. Property of all kinds, except money, has depreciated from one-third to one-half its estimated value one year ago. There is not half so much money in circulation as there was a year ago. The crop of wheat and oats, in a large part of the State, is less than half of last year; and, in

Miscellany.

The Merchants' Magazine says that there are in operation 197,150 miles of telegraphic lines, of which America has nearly as much as the rest of the whole world combined, viz. 45,000 miles. It is estimated that 4,000,000 messages pass over the American line annually, yielding probably a net revenue of \$6,000,000. There are 95 1/2 miles of submarine telegraph cable now in use, exclusive of the Atlantic cable.

There are two girls in Massachusetts, 9 and 11 years old, weighing 18 and 15 lbs; their height 29 and 31 inches.

In the United States there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers.

IMMERSION.—The *Christian Era* states that one-half of the Methodist ministers practice immersion; and that some in the vicinity of Boston immerse far more than they sprinkle.

Miss March, author of *English Hearts and English Hands*, has undertaken a mission to the cabin of England, with a view to their spiritual welfare.

"Now! George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

"What is honorably, mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, Mother, I'd rather Charley should divide it."

A World's triennial Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations was held at Geneva, Switzerland, Aug. 22-26. About 160 delegates were present from Switzerland, Germany, France, Belgium and Great Britain. The United States were represented by ex-President Pierce and Rev. Mr. Cook of New York. The former took part in the services. The American Revival was a topic to which considerable time was devoted.

Skeletons of men ten feet high have been discovered in a burying-ground about a mile northwest of Winchester, Indiana. Near by is an old fort, enclosing about thirty-six acres of ground.

When a person painted by Appelles, the illustrious Grecian painter who he touched and ratched his pictures with so much care, the reply of the artist was, "because I paint eternity."—And should not ministers of the gospel, parents, and Sabbath School teachers, preach earnestly, faithfully, and labor faithfully, because the fruits of their labor are eternal?—*Braze.*

Each warm day between seed time and harvest, is estimated to be worth \$18,000,000 to the country.

Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan, cut out of a pine log with an axe and auger; and Lewis Cass was rocked by his mother in a second-hand sugar trough.

The rice crop this year is a full one, and the quality is very fine.

France is about to undertake the gigantic project of tunneling the Alps by the forge of compressed air.

Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, Roman Catholic, in Canada, has lately renounced Romanism and adopted Protestantism as the true religion. His conversion, we learn, is very satisfactory to those acquainted with the circumstances.

The total gold circulation of Great Britain is estimated at \$250,000,000 and of paper money \$158,000,000.

In London, a printer boy has fallen heir to some \$8,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Calcutta.

The hog cholera is making terrible ravages among the swinish multitude in Sullivan county Indiana.

There is a married lady in Salem, in good health, whose weight when in full dress is only 73 pounds. She has been married ten years, and is a model housewife, performing all her household duties from choice, without assistance.

The reading of the Bible in common schools is a subject of warm discussion in Kentucky.—The Roman Catholic Bishop is opposed to it.

A knitting machine that will knit a perfect pair of stockings in less than five minutes, has been invented by a New Yorker.

Enck's comet having no tail, it is proposed to procure funds to buy a short one—say about five millions of miles long.

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still."—Probably, replied a gentleman, "her still is all you do love."

Free grace is God's darling, which he loves to advance; and it is never more advanced than when it beautifies the most misshapen souls.

A million bushels of wheat are in store in Chicago, and the fall crop is coming in to increase the supply.

Brigham Young now keeps concealed—fearing Mormon vengeance for his numerous frauds.