

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. J. E. BILL,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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BAPTIST HISTORY OF THESE LOWER PROVINCES. COUNTY OF DIGBY.

CHAPTER XXXY.

A Baptist Church was organized in the beautiful little town of Digby on the 30th of September, 1840. Its original members were few. Even at the present day the Church there is neither large nor flourishing. Had it been blessed with continuous ministerial labour, no doubt the cause there would have been in a more prosperous condition than it now is. There is, however, hope for the future. The meeting-house, erected there several years ago, is a neat and commodious edifice, situated in a pleasant part of the town. Previous to the time that it was opened for the public worship of God, Baptist Ministers had always found it difficult to procure a suitable place to accommodate a congregation, who might feel disposed to listen to their preaching. Occasionally, reluctant permission had been given them to occupy the Methodist Chapel there for a couple of hours. Those who were attached to Baptist principles in that locality were few in number, and their pecuniary means were inadequate to enable them to carry out their desires in upholding the interests of Bible truth. A circumstance, however, occurred which prompted them to put forth an extraordinary effort to build a Baptist meeting-house. Elders William Burton and Charles Randall were there, and application was made to the resident Methodist Missionary for permission to allow them the use of the Wesleyan Chapel for a single religious service. The reply was, that it was an order of the Methodist Conference that the Chapels under the control of that denomination could be opened to no preacher except he were a Methodist or an Episcopalian. This unexpected refusal aroused the spirits of the few Baptists there; and the result was they erected and completed the meeting-house, which our people in Digby now occupy.

When the Digby Church was organized, Elders Burton, Randall, Jackson, and Joshua B. Cogswell were present, assisting in the services of the occasion. This feeble branch of Zion was occasionally visited by Bro. Randall or some other servant of Christ, who happened to be journeying in that direction. About 1841 the Rev. Samuel Bancroft removed with his family to Digby, where he continued to reside for three or four years, dividing his labours between that and some of the neighbouring Churches. After his removal thence, the little Church remained in a feeble and languishing condition till 1850, when Elder Edward W. Pray of the United States became its Pastor, and remained there nearly a year. His labours were blessed, and a number there being converted, were baptized and added to Zion. He was succeeded by the late Rev. Richard W. Cunningham, who remained Pastor of the Church for about two years.

In 1854, Elder Spenser laboured several weeks in connexion with the Digby Church in the service of the missionary board of the Western Baptist Association. As the result of this mission, several believers were baptized. He also laboured there for some time in 1855 with success. In July 1856, Bro. Thomas Higgins, then a Licentiate, spent ten weeks in Digby, and was the means of awakening a deep religious interest in the community. Bro. Walter Goucher succeeded him in carrying on the good-begun work, preaching with much acceptance; and through his instrumentality a number were baptized and inducted into the Church.

In the Autumn of 1857, Bro. Andrew H. Munro, a Licentiate of New-Brunswick, on his return from the Convention at Yarmouth, preached at Digby, and so pleased were the Church with his pulpit talents that he was invited to continue his labours there. It was soon arranged that he should remain, and administer to the spiritual necessities of the community. His time was to be equally divided between the Church at Digby and that located at the Joggins. This arrangement almost immediately led to his ordination, which took place on the 10th of December. The services connected with it, were unusually interesting, solemn and impressive. Brother Munro, as is usual on such occasions, gave a relation of his religious antecedents. Early in life his mind was deeply exercised respecting the necessity of being spiritually prepared to serve God on earth, and to meet him with acceptance in the world to come. After passing through severe mental trials and temptations, contending with the demon of infidelity for a time, he found deliverance in contemplation of the Cross.

Brother Munro's early years were spent in London, and soon after his conversion, he became a member of an Independent Church. A few years after he emigrated to America and became one of the tutors in the Wesleyan Academy at Sackville. While he was at that institution, there was an extensive religious revival in the vicinity, and most of the converts became Baptists in sentiment and practice. This led one of the Methodist preachers to deliver a series of lectures in reference to the baptismal controversy, which has so long, at times, agitated the minds of many in this land. Previously Bro. Munro's predilections touching this vexed question had all been on the side of infant sprinkling. But listening to the lectures, to which attention had been made, and examining the Bible in connexion with a rigid investigation of the matter, he was led, in spite of his pre-imbibed views

of the controversy, to embrace Baptist principles. Soon after he left the Sackville Academy, and visiting St. John, was baptized by the Rev. Samuel Robinson. Ere long he became a teacher in the Baptist Academy at Fredericton; and while at that institution, he was constrained to address his fellow-men on the momentous theme of salvation by the atoning blood of Christ. In several of the settlements surrounding Fredericton he held meetings, and preached Jesus to the people. His evangelical efforts in this way were owned and blessed of God in the conversion of souls. This success naturally led him to view the preaching of the Gospel as a life-long vocation, to which he appeared to be unmistakably called. His brethren encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to point sinners to the Cross; and highly appreciating his capacity as a religious teacher, they presented him with a license to go forth to a dying world in the name and service of the Lord. Before Bro. Munro, however, became fully convinced that it was his duty to make the Christian ministry the business of his life, he passed through many struggles and trials in inference to the pathway of prospective duty. Tempting offers of a pecuniary nature, which were held out for his acceptance, did not lure him from the holy vocation to which he was divinely impelled.

At his ordination Bro. Munro became the pastor of the Joggins as well as the Digby Church. Not long after he had thus become settled, the people of his charge were called to mourn the death of Elder Cunningham, who had long lived in their affections. This melancholy event took place on the 15th January 1858. Four days later his funeral was attended by a number of his ministerial brethren, as well as by a multitude of others, who had admired his talents, and loved him for his Christian virtues. On no previous occasion, had there been a more numerous gathering in Digby, to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth. It was literally a day of tears. On that day, as Bro. Munro preached, he wept. His hearers also wept as they listened. All felt that no ordinary man was about to be laid in his grave. His splendid talents—his piety—his life of usefulness, were all remembered. Many years will elapse ere the members of the Digby Church will forget the solemnities of that day. In subsequent chapters we shall enter somewhat fully into a detail of his religious career and usefulness; and furnish our readers with a sketch of his character.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

ITHACA, Sept. 9, 1858.

One of our counties is declared by the Governor to be in a state of insurrection, and the public property therein he has placed under a military guard. He has likewise ordered the County to be prosecuted for damages done by a mob that was led by some of its influential citizens. Vandalism yet exists on Staten Island. In the Quarantine hospital was collected the sick of all nations that had recently come into the port of New York, who were infected with diseases that are regarded contagious. These were taken at midnight, in the midst of the rain, from their couches of anguish, and placed beneath the unsheltered sky, regardless of the consequences to them or their friends. The desperadoes then proceeded to their work of destruction, and ceased not until the hospital and all the buildings connected with it were levelled by the flames.

No one questions but that the welfare of the Island and the cities and villages adjacent demanded that the Quarantine should be removed. It has been presented by the Courts of the Island, as a nuisance, and two years since, the Legislature appropriated \$30,000 for its removal. But no apology can be offered for the barbarous manner in which the work has been attempted. An attempt is being made to bring the ring-leaders to punishment, and there is a strong influence exerted to have the Government erect, in the same spot, fire-proof buildings, and place them under guard, as a standing reproof to mob-violence. But after the excitement is over, sympathy doubtless will be manifested for the criminals arrested, and their punishment will be light compared with their offence, and better counsels will prevail in reference to the Quarantine.

Among the wonders of the age should be recorded the fact that a cargo of blacks has been brought into port, who were rescued from a slave by a United States ship-of-war. This is a cheering event under the present administration, and may be an earnest of good things to come. The Captain of the slave will be tried in the South, and anticipates that a Southern jury will regard him as a persecuted philanthropist, who was defeated in his design of elevating humanity. Most of the Colleges have had their commencement. The hard times have not materially lessened their prosperity. They are felt to be indispensable to the best interests of the Church and of the Nation, and the benefits they confer upon the young are a passport to position, usefulness, and wealth. Their benevolent work is still continued of Doctoring our theology. Whether they will make it better or worse remains to be seen.

The engrossing cares of the world begin to show their sad influence upon the members of our churches; and a new manifestation of the spirit is already demanded to secure the beauty, influence, and prosperity of Zion. There are, however, tokens of his presence in our midst.

(For the Christian Visitor.)

SEWING MACHINES.

Truly, we live in an age of wonders, and not the least of them, is the fact, that, at last, a grand invention has been made, the object of which is the lessening of woman's labour. As century after century has passed by, leaving as its memorial some grand idea to serve but as a stepping stone to still higher discoveries—the one object in all has been man's convenience and comfort. Look at the changes from the time when "Adam delved," to the 19th century, when his gentlemanly descendant is drawn round his farm in a fancy carriage, the which not only bears his lordly weight, but at the same time either prepares his land, or sews, rears, or thrashes his grain. Compare the works in their cloisters, wearily copying dry manuscripts, with the boy who waits on one of Hoe's magnificent printing presses. Not to speak of all the wonders of steam. And now turn we to Eve—Methinks she had a great deal less to do, when "on hospitable thoughts intent," she went forth to cull her fruits for her Lord's repast, than has been her lot ever since. How few have been the aids granted her. True, if Adam no longer delves, neither does she spin; but the fabrics he lays, last so short a time, that she has gained little by the change—Washing machines have been given to the world, but they are rarely used except in establishments where man figures as a worker. What chair of wood shape, is at once the resting place of the lady and the remover of dust from her carpet. Where is the elegant parlor ornament, which on touching a spring becomes a maker of bread, cake and pies? Do I not speak the experience of hundreds of women, when I say that their husband's purses would open more freely to turn the course of a river, or the line of a rail-road, than to purchase a new cooking stove, to replace one which had worn out, harasses the temper and stops the household machinery? And yet I remember hearing a gentleman from Lowell say, that such had been the improvements in cotton machinery that he had changed his whole apparatus three times in seven years and gained thereby.

But let us give honour where honour is due.—At last man has thought of woman, and invented the sewing machine—And now, listen to the cry raised by man, the philanthropist, about "taking the bread out of poor women's mouths." Kind sirs, be consistent before you interfere with us. What can make you use copying presses in your offices, or steam mills for turning your gun stocks, &c. which certainly must have taken work from some poor man, and by consequence bread from his wife's mouth? No, no, the truth is, woman has always done so well with her needle, and you have found it such an admirable instrument in keeping her busy at home, as you call it, that you dread any change.

Now let me tell you a little of my experience; not an extreme case, my family being small, and my duties light compared with those of thousands of women. Still it is stitch, stitch, stitch, from morning till night, and my work never done. I might have educated my daughter highly, but not only the time for their lessons could not be spared, but the depressing effect of sedentary occupation, unfitted me for the task. My time for reading too, was so circumscribed that I did not keep up with the age, and I was fast becoming anything but a help-meet for a refined and literary husband. In a moment of despatch, I heard of the sewing machine, and resolved that I would have one. But now came the tug of war. Eighty dollars, or eighteen pounds! what a sum on a thing to sew with! A new set of window curtains for that sum. I could have attained directly, and we were on the eve of bringing a new piano to cost three times the amount; not that our own was worn out, but it had only six octaves, and seven had been pronounced indispensable to produce the necessary amount of noise under my children's fingers. What was to be done? for nothing but the possession of a sewing machine would content me. Most gladly would I have earned it, but ladies who may be slaves within four walls, must not use their talents to profit outside of them. Determination carried the day; I prevailed on two other sisters in misery to unite with me, and six pounds each made us joint proprietors of a pretty little machine made by Grover and Baker. This is three years ago—I now own one all to myself, as do also my former partners; and to hear our husbands dilate upon the advantages they have reaped from them in added comfort, quiet, health, attention to accomplishments &c. &c. &c., you would suppose we had yielded to the most urgent intreaty, and accepted the gift with wife like submission and gratitude.

Since that time, I have prevailed on more than forty of my friends to use them, and except when they have selected a bad machine, they have never failed to thank me. I would, however, recommend every one, before purchasing to attend to one or two hints, and on no account be tempted to buy either one of the catch-penny cheap ones, which will only tantalize them by working for a short time, and then giving out, or to take one that works with a shuttle, or without two needles.

Those made by Grover and Baker are so strong in the machinery that they never need repairs, and

yet are so simple that a person quite unacquainted with the use of machinery, can at once work them by the printed directions. The elasticity of the stitch is superior to that of every other, and I have tried all that have been invented.—The cotton requiring no re-winding, a whole reel can often be worked off without unthreading the needle. There is no kind of work they will not do, from a fine cambric handkerchief to a pair of cloth pantaloons—Such is my experience, and if ever the Bostonians propose to erect a statue to Grover & Baker as public benefactors, they may call upon me for a handsome subscription, for I owe to them much of the comfort, health and happiness of the last three years of my life.

J. M. C.

AN ARTICLE FOR PASTORS.

The relation of the Religious Press to personal religious progress, is more intimate than generally supposed.

As the intellect is expanded by its exercise upon proper subjects, so the moral or spiritual nature is improved by the contemplation of moral truth. But the contemplation of truth alone, is not sufficient for the highest moral development. We need to see the effects of that truth in the great world, and upon individual life, in order to realize its Divine power. Then, with this increased confidence in its efficacy, as seen upon others, we shall the more prayerfully study it, to secure the same blessed results for ourselves. Moreover, as we hear of the wonderful effects of very feeble causes, put in operation by very feeble men, we are stimulated to like efforts, and this effort being followed by like blessings, our faith is still further strengthened—faith in God, and faith in our own power to do good, under God.

There are many Christians seemingly destitute of this faith, who hence make little effort to be useful, and consequently lose all the benefit of the reflex influence of doing good. The Christian, therefore, daily needs to be brought into close contact with the great religious world, that he may know of the trials and trials of God's people, and the triumphs of Divine grace. He needs this to acquaint him with his own capacity for usefulness; to remind him that he is not fulfilling his mission, and to stimulate him to the required effort, and thus bless and be blessed.

Now, that pastor who will thus bring a disciple into this daily contact with the religious world, performs for him a most important service, by placing him in circumstances favorable to personal religious progress. This important service he can easily render; by inducing him to take some well conducted religious paper; and he will soon see his own reward in the increased and more intelligent attention to his ministrations, and in the spiritual growth and greater usefulness both of the individual and his family. Especially important is it, that the thousands recently brought into the church, should at once be brought into this close contact with the great body of Christ, and thus, at the outset of their course, acquire that comprehensiveness of view ever indispensable to the greatest largeness of heart; for we can be deeply interested in that alone with which we are intimately acquainted.

Pastors! at once to the work, and let the new converts have the benefit of our religious periodicals, and the fruits will soon appear, both at home and abroad.—*Examiner.*

THE RAINY NIGHT PRAYER-MEETING.

We do not recollect to have seen a better reproof of that indolence and indifference, characterizing too many with reference to "rainy night prayer-meetings," than in the following article, which we take from the *Western Christian Advocate*. Let all read it and be stirred up by its pertinent "suggestions."

This meeting was held at the usual hour, in the usual place. The meeting, as the preacher expected, was not crowded. Looking round, he saw that brother A. was not there. This brother had not given directions about an early supper, and in consequence, staid at home.

Bro. B. was not there. He had been busy through the day, and must needs read the newspaper, which he had not found time to read while at home.

Bro. C. was not there. He was a little tired in the ankles, and the thought came over him that the damp air and wet walking would not improve his ankles.

Bro. D. was not there. He would have been there had there been any chance of his making a turn to trade, or of his coming into possession of a three dollar bill. As it was, the preacher hardly expected to see him; yet

Sister G. was there, and her little girl. She is a widow, and has hard work to get along, but has hope of an inheritance and a better lot in the world to come.

Sister H. was there also. She got some one to stay with the children, and she and her husband reached the house of prayer.

Bro. I. was there also. He is always there. He does not get on to the mountain, in the morning, and shout at the top of his voice, "Glory!" and then, before noon, sink down to the bottom of the valley, and disappear from sight.

And there were several others there—all sojourners and pilgrims, seeking a better country, even a heavenly one. Some old-time melodies were sung—

"There is a land of pure delight,"
"Forever, here, my rest shall be,"
"The praying spirit breathes," &c.

Some tears were shed, and some brief remarks made—among them an exhortation by the preacher, "There are no rainy nights in heaven, dear brethren and sisters," said he. "The clouds never come up to darken the sun—the glorious Sun of Righteousness. The damp vapors ascend never so high as the dome of the New Jerusalem. There are no trin congregations, no stayings at home to plot schemes or cast accounts. There the music swells from untired and untiring lips, forever and ever. There they who go in never go out any more. Blessed land! While struggling through this wilderness, how often my heart goes up, and longs to be at home! Yet not my will, but the Lord's be done. I am willing to labour and suffer, if, at last, I shall be permitted to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

Then another hymn was sung,

"Jerusalem, my happy home!"
and another prayer was offered, and then the little group crossed the threshold of the church, and went home. Dear reader, were you at the prayer-meeting on the last rainy Wednesday night, or did you stay at home to enjoy yourself? Is it your calculation to stay at home and enjoy yourself always?

WORK FOR THE CHARITABLE.

"What! make shirts for nine shillings a dozen?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I can get nothing else to do!"

"Nine shillings a dozen! nine cents apiece! but how many can you make in a day?"

"One, sir, if I have my time; but I have my little boy, two years old, and he's quite fretful this warm weather, so that I do not always finish it, unless I can work at night."

"And do you work at night, sewing on these?"

"I would, sir, and do, so long as I can afford to; but, indeed, sir, what with feeding my four little ones, I cannot afford to buy candles!"

"Four children! Poor woman! I fear you have a hard task to pay the landlord! What rent do you pay?"

"Four dollars a month, sir!"

"And you earn fifty-four cents a week. How long have you lived here?"

"My husband died in March last. He was a manufacturer of daguerrotype colors. We lived up town then. Put his long sickness consumed what little money we had; and when he died, I was obliged to sell most that we had in the house, and come down here with my four little ones."

"Your oldest boy is nine years; you can scarcely earn more than will pay your rent—How do you furnish food for yourselves?"

"This young woman pays three shillings a week for a part of the room. We had a silver plated teapot, sugar bowl, and such like, and some spoons. For these I got nearly their value—I have sold everything I had beside. I have no more to sell."

"The tears came into her eyes. Poor thing! she could not help it."

"Indeed, sir, I would not have sent for you if the sight of my children in rags and hunger did not compel me to do so."

"Your rent is paid for this month? (I knew it was, or she would not be a tenant of that landlord.) Your children began to come to the House of Industry last Monday, I believe, did they?"

"Yes, sir; and I'm very thankful for your kindness to them."

"Send them every day. They shall be fed and clothed; and when rent day comes near, let us know."

"God bless you, sir!"

A heavy load of care withdrew from her mind, and a cloud from her face. *Nine shillings per dozen* for making shirts, with plaited bosoms, linen wristbands, and to be well made; for if a flaw can be picked in the workmanship, all the seamstress work goes for nothing.

Do you believe it? It is a fact! We saw the shirts to-day. We saw the care-worn and work-worn mother, and her children. We have heard that such facts were plenty. We know they are! Would some charitable ladies like to see the same! Let them go to the House of Industry any day, for one hour, and if they do not return to their homes with the heartache, we are no true prophet.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STRUGGLING AGAINST CONVICTIONS.

A short time ago, after speaking on the danger of trifling with religious impressions, a man came up to me and seized my hand, saying, "That is true; enforce it wherever you go, and impress it on every impenitent soul. Every word you said was applicable to my case, and if you had known my heart for years, you could not have described it any better." After that I took the liberty of inquiring into his case. He related substantially the following:

"I have been a wretched man," said he, "for almost ten years. Solitude has been a hell, and loneliness a land of despair. 1848, I accidentally found my way to the house of God—a place, by-the-by, which I had not been in the habit of requesting. The preacher, on that occasion repeated a certain passage of Scripture that went into my soul like an arrow. It wounded me till my heart bled. I found also that the wound grew more and more serious by time,

and hence I endeavored to heal it. For that purpose I resorted to various means, such as plunging into vice, and mingling with drunkards, to drown my feelings; but all was in vain. While floating on the current of sin, and charmed by the merry songs of my jovial companions I felt that the arrow was extracted, and my troubles forever at an end. But alas! when alone, ploughing in the field, or resting on my bed, I found it was still there to mar my pleasure and bliss, my joy.

"I did not mention my troubles to any one, least they should think I was becoming religious, and laugh at me. I hated the cross, and had too much pride to become the follower of Him that died upon it. I feared the jeers and ridicule of my wicked associates; and thus my soul was harassed, and even tormented. Ten years of my life were passed in that miserable manner. O! what a dark, dreary spot that is in my history! Would to God I could blot it out, or bury it in oblivion!"

"A few weeks since," he added, "I was again induced to attend divine worship. While going thither I said to myself, 'Perhaps another arrow will find its way into my soul, and thus add to my torments.' I immediately paused, not knowing whether to proceed or return home. At last I determined to go, and my apprehensions proved true. The old wounds were aggravated, and new ones were made. These so discomfited me that I almost despaired. It occurred to me for the first time, that I was fighting against God, and I was led to examine into the reasons of such conduct. I discovered that my heart was corrupt to its very core; that there was no health in me. Seeing that it was full time to seek some means of recovery, I turned to the world, but it failed to furnish the healing balm; I turned to my friends, but they could administer no comfort; I turned to my myself, and beheld there nothing but helplessness and sin—Having thus failed in all my attempts elsewhere, I was led to look to the great Physician of souls and he at once healed my broken heart and bound up my wounds. He made me whole, removed my load of guilt, and dispelled my troubles. Then, for the first time, did I see a smile on my Father's face; then did I feel a thrill of ineffable joy passing through my soul, and then did I experience that peace which passeth all understanding. Ever since, solitude has been my favorite resort, the lonely field my place of communion with God, and prayer my delight."

I fear that this is not the only one that has been struggling against religious impressions, that has been striving to smother them. In these days, distinguished by the outpouring of God's Spirit, many sleepless nights are spent, and many desperate attempts are made to banish serious thoughts from the mind.

In any such case should happen to read this little narrative, let him be warned by it. Do not try the long suffering of God for ten years, my dear reader, lest you should succeed in driving away those serious thoughts, those convictions of sin and that Holy Spirit of God. Cherish them, and pray God that they may prove effectual to bring you to Christ. Beware, also, lest by disregarding them, you should hush forever that only voice which can speak peace to your troubled breast! Beware, lest you should grieve that Spirit, whereby you are sealed for the day of Redemption, and thereby with your own hands seal your eternal doom! Beware, lest you should exclude from your soul the last lingering hope of eternal life! Beware, lest you should shut out forever the last smile of your Heavenly Father, and thus turn the rest of your life into a blank, and your eternity into an awful gloom.—*Presbyterian.*

CRIME CONTAGIOUS.

We have long been of the opinion that those newspapers which labor the most earnestly to give the earliest and the fullest details of crime, are really the worst foes of morality and good order that we have in the community. They foster crime, by furnishing the meat it feeds on. They minister to minds already diseased; they stir up latent feelings and emotions which, if left to sleep in inactivity, would never plunge their victims into abysses of irretrievable ruin.

Multitudes have been led into crime by reading the details of our police gazettes, and other sickening receptacles of abomination, who, but for this mental contamination, would have lived and died honored, respected, and beloved. Crime is as contagious as the small pox.—There are periods when the moral atmosphere becomes thick with pestilential miasma. Woe to the individual who becomes contaminated with its poisonous exhalations; woe to him who studies the literature of our criminal courts, and makes police reports a portion of his daily mental food. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

The tendency of the constant comment by the press upon crimes and criminals is to familiarize the mind with evil. Newspapers throughout the United States teem with police records, and that journal is an exception to the rule, that does not have a third of its reading space devoted to such matters. It has become an evil; an evil not only to the virtuous member of society, but upon the principle that he begets like, it has grown to be an evil to society in general. But worse than all, is the attribute of heroism given by such notices to great criminals. If the press