

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. S. I. E. BILL & H. P. GUILFORD, PUBLISHERS.

R. BILL, PUBLISHER.

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

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1858.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. XI. No. 52.

## POPE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE MORTARA CASE.

This case has created a tremendous sensation all over Europe and America. The Protestant and Catholic press has discussed the subject freely, the former to condemn and the latter to justify. Both parties agree as to the main facts in the case. This startling circumstance occurred some six months ago; but its publication to the world is of comparatively recent date. The statements of the press go to show that this boy Mortara the son of a Jew in Bologna was sprinkled with holy water, or (baptized) as is termed by a Catholic nurse some years ago when the child was sick. At the opening of last summer the nurse gave information of the fact to her priest. The result was that the Bonish authorities seized the boy and carried him as a captive to Rome. The circumstances of his capture are thus detailed in the *London Freeman*. "The Mortara family live in the street called 'Via delle Lane.' One night last summer, when all the inmates of their house were in bed excepting Mortara and his wife, a loud knocking was heard at the street door about twelve o'clock. Mortara hesitated to open on account of the numerous acts of violence that had taken place in the town. The knocking was repeated, and he then asked who was there—'The police.' That word made him open the door, when a little man in plain clothes, followed by several *gend'arms*, entered. He asked Mortara's name, and put some other questions; then how many children he had, and desired that they should be shown to him. Mortara said, 'Why do you wish to see my children—by whose authority do you ask to do so?'—The man showed a warrant (patente) of the Inquisition. Mortara represented in vain that the children would be frightened at being roused from their sleep and brought among armed men. He was told he must dress them and bring them. As the children came in their names were asked; the last was the little boy who was in search of the man beckoned to the child to come near him. As soon as he was within his reach he caught him in his arms; the child cried and the other approached to take him, but some of the police placed themselves in front of the man between the father and his child. The man retreated with the child, leaving one or two *gend'arms* within the house, and others outside, in case the father had attempted to rouse the neighborhood. When the story became known next morning, all Bologna was horror struck, even the supporters of the Papal Government and region exclaimed against an act that violated the most sacred ties. It may be mentioned that the man who took away Mortara's child was one of numerous body of spies and secret agents (patente) employed by the Inquisition, who are to be found in every class of society where it exists; and when one of these men is employed to execute a decree of the Holy Office, he has a power which compels every bishop, and magistrate, and every force civil and military, to assist him. The Pope justifies this outrage upon relations existing between parents and children upon the principle that this sprinkling of holy water in the face of the boy by a Catholic nurse secures his regeneration and at the same time imposes an obligation upon the church to educate him in the Roman Catholic faith. The parents appeal in vain against the decision of his Holiness for the reason that in his judgement the authority of the church is absolute and paramount to every other; hence all families must be surrendered when the supremacy of the church demands it. A recent number of the *New York Examiner* in referring to this case says— "Seldom, if ever before, has a single outrage of the kind produced so wide and deep an impression on the mind of the civilized world. It has been discussed by the press, and in the social circles, in every country in Europe. In Russia, it is very generally considered as an intolerable outrage on the natural rights of parents. In France and Belgium, opinion is divided almost by the very lines that separate the two great parties of the Catholic Church. The French Emperor, however, has been appealed to by Signor Mortara, the father of the child, and is said to have sent a remonstrance to the pope. In Savardin alone, of the Italian kingdoms, the general voice is against the Papal decision, as contrary to wisdom, if not to right. Meanwhile, Baron Rothschild, the famous Hebrew banker, has sent to Mortara 10,000 francs, to enable him to prosecute his case, and contributions are ready to be sent, for that purpose, from Jews in every part of Christendom. The Pope, however, thus far, shows no signs of relenting. The Roman press—if the petty journals of the Papal city deserve that name—glories in the proved fact that the unquestioned duty of the Government is to obey the Pope himself has sent an official circular to all the Courts of Europe, explaining his decision, and the grounds on which it was made. We only add, that a system of religion which thus tramples under foot the tender and endearing relations which exist between the parent and the child, calls loudly for the baneful execration of the whole civilized world.

"TRUST IN THE LORD." Many years ago, in one of our pleasant New

England towns, was a home where poverty was no stranger. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. S., and their three children. The ill-health of Mrs. S.—had obliged them, as winter was coming, to seek a home in another town where the air was purer. Here work was not so plenty; still they managed to get a living humble though it was.

At last, Mr. S. succeeded in procuring employment for the winter; and hearts that had been at times apprehensive for the future, were quieted. But only a few days had gone by, when the husband was accidentally injured, and obliged to lie on his bed for weeks. Mr. S. and his wife were both pious Christians. And now came the trial of their faith. Their little stock of food grew smaller each day. When it should fall, were they to look for more? It was an oft-worrying thought to the anxious mother. But she bore in silence her cares and anxieties; thinking her husband had enough to sadden him, without her adding to his burden.

One morning, when she had placed all the food she had on the table, for her little ones, she knew not what to do. Poverty had been their lot in life. It was no new thing to be poor. But never before had they lacked for food. Now they were strangers in a strange place. Sickness and want were within their dwelling. 'Twas a bitter cold day in December. The snow had fallen all night, and was now whirling in many a drift, between them and the village. It was impossible for Mrs. S. to get to the nearest neighbors, half a mile distant. For a time, the mother's faith grew dim.

Tearfully she told her husband how they were situated. "What shall I do," said she mournfully, "when my children ask for food?"—What was the sick man's reply? What would you have said—you who are faring sumptuously every day, yet oft complaining of your lot? For a moment Mr. S. was silent. Then in a cheerful voice he said,—"We must trust in the Lord. He who is mindful of the raven and the sparrow, will also care for us." And so, comforted with these words, Mrs. S.—went about her work.

Not many hours have gone by, when, looking from the window, she saw a man making his way through the drifts, seemingly coming towards the house. Immediately she told her husband, "How do you know," said he, "but the Lord has sent him to help us?"

In a short time, the man, who proved to be one of their neighbors, entered, bearing a large basket filled with food, and delicacies for the sick one. Thinking, he said, that they were sick, and among strangers, he had ventured to bring a few supplies. How gratefully the gift was received, needs not to be told. And while they thanked the generous giver again and again they failed not to thank God—who had heard their cry. And they resolved anew, never to despair, though their prospects seem ever so cheerless, feeling that He who had cared for them, would not forget their want.

Years have passed since then. The little family is a broken circle now. Yet Mrs. S., though a lonely widow, bowed with age and sorrows, can still say from the heart,—"Trust in the Lord."—*Boston Recorder*.

## 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 at sea 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 sentence 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 you not 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 sup 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 forever. 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 there 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 to ask your pardon. I did, while on that plank, vow to God, that I would live differently from what I had ever done; and, by God's help from this time forward, I am determined to do so." The captain could not proceed; they pressed each other's hands, and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.—*Presbyterian*.

## ACTIVE EFFORT DEMANDED.

Activity is one of the everlasting laws of existence. There is no religion without work. Laziness is spiritual death. Who ever acquired anything worth having by lying still and waiting for it to come to him? All things are within the reach of man if he will only go after them? all things mock him who lingers by the way. Who gains money but the man who toils with hand or brain? Who finds knowledge save by striving of the understanding? Who knows anything of beauty in nature, but he who spurns the morning couch, and is on the hill top while his neighbors are asleep, can defy the snow and the rain, and strain up the mountain's summit and endure the noonday heat!—And through what watching and lonely wrestling languor and discouragement, the artist leads out human loveliness from the rough marble, and coaxes beauty upon the canvass? And does not every good man go up to his virtue as Jesus went; like him resist satan in the desert, sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, and bear his cross up Calvary? Activity is the law of life. Let us be up and doing. Time waits for no man; all things go on; go on with all things or you will fall out of your rank in the procession of existence, and never find your place again, unless through toils that will wring your soul with anguish. Listen to the voice of the sea, for it is the voice of God, which evermore says: "Work while it is called to-day."—*Christian Inquirer*.

## (For the Christian Visitor.)

DEAR EDITORS:—As I have been often gladdened in hearing through the *Visitor* of the prosperity of Zion in different parts, I thought perhaps some of your readers would be glad to hear of the work of revival in 2nd Salisbury, where Elder James Herrett labours a part of the time. 38 have been added to the church their by baptism recently. Elder Herrett came over to 1st Elgin, where he labours a part of the time also, and held a number of meetings, and received 9 members in the church, and baptized 7 willing converts. Pray that the work of the Lord may prosper, till there shall be a host raised up in this place to call the Saviour blessed.

## A FRIEND.

Elgin, Dec 18th, 1858.

## (For the Christian Visitor.)

MESSRS EDITORS:—I have just arrived home to Harvey this evening, and do therefore take this opportunity of saying, that during the past week, our esteemed Brother Dr. Clay, has been delivering a course of very interesting Lectures at upper Sussex, which were highly appreciated by the community. During his stay at Sussex, he had to try his skill at bone setting. Old Brother Stone fell down on the ice near his house, and broke both bones in his right wrist. I am happy however, to be able to state that the wrist is doing well, and so far not very painful.—I would also state, that the Lord is reviving his work at Harvey. Brother Coleman has baptized eight willing converts, several of them the heads of families;—others youthful, and full of promise. I would farther state, God willing, I am about commencing a series of meetings at Lower Salisbury commencing on Wednesday evening, 22nd inst.—Pray for our dear brethren, that Almighty God may in mercy bless the effort for his glory. I would also mention that the prospects are brightening at Hopewell, in religious matters. There have been some recently baptized; Elder Fitch is labouring with the Hope-well church at Prescot. The Lord grant to make him a blessing to that church and people.

L. H. M.

## (For the Christian Visitor.)

MESSRS EDITORS. As many who read the *Visitor* feel about the cause of God here, I drop you a line, to let them know that the Lord is magnifying the riches of his sovereign grace in blessing souls in this place of late.

A few months ago, Elder Trimble accepted an unanimous call to labour with the 2nd church in Uppam. The Lord is blessing his labours among us, and has poured out the influences of His Holy Spirit upon many. The church has been revived; sinners converted, believers baptized, and Backsliders have been reclaimed. Brethren pray for us, that the religious feeling so happily begun may deepen, and spread far and wide. You will no doubt rejoice also to hear that the Lord is blessing the labours of Elder A. B. McDonald. The cause of God is revived there and believers have been added to the Hampton church. Yours in hope of Eternal Life JOHN V. TABOR Church Clerk.

Uppam, 13th December, 1858.

The following report from Rev. Thomas Todd should have appeared in the report of the N. B. H. M. Society; but it had unfortunately got mislaid. Since the annual report was published, this has come to light, and we now give it in the "Visitor," for the satisfaction of all concerned.

## (For the Christian Visitor.)

TO THE N. B. H. M. SOCIETY. DEAR BROTHERS:—Having received an appointment from you for a three months' Mission, the labour having been accomplished, I send you the following Report, in which I do not attempt to give you a minute detail. My time was chiefly occupied in Lower Jacksontown and Upper Woodstock, at which places I attended 52 meetings, prayed with a number of sick persons, attended several funerals, 17 have been added to the Jacksontown Church from the Mission locality. A new Baptist Meeting House is being erected in Lower Jacksontown, and constant preaching is kept up there once a fortnight, and at the Upper Woodstock every Sabbath evening, with good congregations in each place.

## THOS. TODD.

Woodstock, 28th April, 1858. P. S.—The following sums have been paid in to the N. B. H. M. Society, viz:— Collection from Jacksontown Church, £3 7 6 W. Alterson, Sr., 20s; J. Churchill, 20s 2 0 0 Chas. Connel, Esq., M. P. P., 20; 1 0 0 Charles Perley, Esq., M. P. P.; 1 0 0 L. P. Fisher, Esq., 0 5 0 E. Parker, 0 7 6 Dea. Alexander, 0 10 0 John Esty, 10s; B. Esty, 5s; 0 15 0 Alexander Watson, 0 5 0 Levi Everitt, 2s 6d; Jas. Sharp, 6s; 0 7 6 James Price, 5s; J. J. Hovey, 3s 1d; 0 8 1d James Clark, 10s; J. Esty, 5s; 0 15 0 Thos. Todd, 50s; 2 10 0

Total, £13 10 4d

Your agent collected on this field about £4 during the past year; there is still an amount signed which is not yet paid in, which I think will be before very long. T. T.

## (For the Christian Visitor.)

CAPE TORMENTINE. Dec. 14th, 1858.

MESSRS EDITORS.—I left home on the 7th and arrived here on the 11th, having preached twice on my way. I met a hearty welcome from the brethren and friends of this place. I preached to them twice on the Lord's Day, and felt the presence of my Divine Master with me. In the evening, after a short sermon, some 18 of the brethren and sisters spoke, saying that they had been praying for my return and thanking God for answering their prayer, in permitting them to hear from me once more the blessed gospel of Christ. They have continued to hold up their weekly and Sabbath prayer meetings. They have a brother who teaches School and preaches occasionally for them; and he is very useful. There is a blind man by the name of Venning Burr, who also preaches occasionally to them. I feel encouraged to hope the Lord will bless my visit to these people in the building up of his kingdom, and in the salvation of precious souls. To this end please request for me the prayers of all who love the Saviour.

## JAMES BLEAKNEY,

Missionary.

## OBITUARY.

Died on Handly Mountain Co., Annapolis Nova, Scotia Dec. 3rd 1858 John Cropley, Ser., aged 93 years. He was born in Suffolk England; at the age of 6 years in 1771 he emigrated with his father to America, Landed at Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war, where he remained with his father some 8 or 9 years. thence with other Loyalists emigrated to this Province and settled in the Co., of Annapolis. At the age of 19, he was awakened to a serious concern for the salvation of his soul under the preaching of the Rev. Harris Harding, who at that time was traveling from place to place preaching Christ to the people, and many with father Cropley could bless God that ever he was directed this way, and that they were made to hear the voice of the son of God through his instru-

mentality. Suffice it to say Father Cropley found peace in belief, felt his sins were forgiven through the merits of the dear Redeemer, and was made to rejoice that the Lord had brought him across the mighty deep from the land of his nativity to experience the religion of Christ. However he was left to the buffetings of the enemy, and the power of unbelief pressed heavily upon him, so that he was many times led to fear he had been deceived; again his despairing thoughts would pass away and light would spring up in his soul, and he could rejoice in God his Saviour. So he lived a number of years, until 1829, during a general revival of religion in the County of Annapolis, under the labours of the Rev. L. E. Bill and others, Father Cropley publicly put on Christ by baptism, and united with the Church at Nietaux, with whom he walked as a consistent Christian until he joined the church triumphant. During his last illness, which lasted some two or three months, his mind for the most part appeared to be tranquil and happy. He was very solicitous to see his Christian brethren, with whom he would converse freely upon the great things of deity. Very frequently he expressed a fervent desire to see Mr. Bill, his former beloved pastor, that he might say to him that the Gospel which he preached to him was now his support while his clay tenement was crumbling down to dust. A few hours before his happy Spirit took its flight he said,

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."  
Father Cropley was called to pass through deep affliction in the loss of his beloved companion, Mary Cropley, who departed this life July 31st, 1849, who was also a member of the Baptist Church at Nietaux for many years, and lived a life of faith on the Son of God, and died the death of the righteous. I humbly trust they are now happy spirits in eternity. The Church in this place has sustained a loss in the death of our beloved Brother; he has also left a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn the loss of a kind parent, a benevolent friend and sincere Christian. His funeral services were improved by the Rev. Wilfred G. Parker, from Ecclesiastes, 8th chapter 12th verse. "I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." The subject was impressed upon the minds of the hearers with solemn weight. May it have the desired effect. If a steadfast reliance on the merits of Christ, universal benevolence, true charity, and the discharge of the duties of a Christian, as a parent and a husband entitle a departing soul to a reward in heaven, then Father Cropley cannot fail of attaining it. Reader, from his example, learn to live and die.

WM. BROWN.  
Handly Mount, Dec. 10th, 1858.

## THE MICMAC MISSION.

The Ninth annual report of this important mission has just come to hand, and we have perused its contents with intense interest and heart felt joy. We greatly rejoice to know that our esteemed Brother Rand has not laboured in vain in this good cause. The conversion of Benjamin Christmas and his subsequent consecration to the enlightenment and salvation of his fellow Indians is a fact of stirring interest, which may well be regarded as a sufficient reward for all the money, toil and anxiety, expended upon this mission. Benjamin seems thoroughly in earnest in his work. He will doubtless have to pass through fiery ordeals; may God protect him from every snare.

Among other valuable items in the pamphlet before us is an original poem, by Mr. Rand, of much merit, entitled "The Dying Indian's Dream." This was repeated by its author at the anniversary service in Halifax, and was highly applauded. We hope to be able to give it in full in our next issue.

The following extracts from the report are full of encouragement to the patrons of the Mission:— During the past winter Mr. Rand was principally occupied upon the translation of the Book of Psalms. The manuscript had been previously forwarded to the Publishing Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, but enquiries were forwarded by that Committee respecting the translation. None of them, of course could examine it; and they wished to know whether it had been made direct from the original Hebrew, or from the English,—what helps had been used in its preparation,—in what cases it differed from the English authorized version, and wherefore. It was intimated that a satisfactory reply to these latter questions would be indispensable to the ensuring of its publication. This involved a large amount of labour. The translation had been made directly from the Hebrew, and the original and not the English authorized version, nor any other version had been considered the standard. In order to ascertain the instances in which the Micmac version varied from the English, it was necessary to compare the two very carefully together, and to mark the passage. Then all the versions Lexicons and Commentaries used in the preparation of the work, had to be examined, that the translator's reasons for differing from the authorized English version might, as requested, be "briefly given." While all this required time,

and careful research; it was work very suitable to a translator and expounder of the Scriptures; and, if satisfactorily performed, could not fail to promote confidence in the translation, not only of that particular book, but of all that has been or that may be translated by our Missionary.

Mr. Rand according drew up a document in which he pointed out nearly a hundred passages in which his version varied, sometimes slightly, often essentially, from the authorized English version. Arranged one under the other were in each case to be seen at a glance, the English, the Micmac with a translation into English, the Hebrew, the Septuagint, the Latin Vulgate, and the Latin versions of Junius and Tremellius, and Castilio,—the German of Luther, and of De Wette, with an English translation of Hengstenberg's German version,—the French versions of Martion and Ostervald,—the Spanish of Scio, and the Italian of Diodati with a brief remark following, giving the translator's reasons for adopting the translation given in the Micmac.

On the receipt of this document a sub-committee, consisting of three gentlemen, viz: Rev. P. G. McGregor, minister of the Poplar Grove Church, (Presbyterian), Rev. A. McKnight, Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Halifax, and Rev. Mr. Jardine, (Church of Scotland) was appointed to examine and report upon it.

In presenting their Report to the general Committee, they stated they had carefully examined the document, having met twice a week for the purpose, and having devoted two hours at each meeting, for six weeks. That they unhesitatingly agreed with Mr. Rand's translation in all but twenty of the cases,—that in many of those they admitted that his version was equally as literal as that of the authorized English version,—that in some cases they would prefer a rendering differing from both. The Committee also expressed their conviction that Mr. Rand has discharged his duties as a translator with great fidelity, and had displayed a most intimate and scholastic acquaintance with the original language. Their Report, together with their remarks upon each passage, was transmitted to Mr. Rand, who, in accordance with their suggestions, made several further corrections of his translation, reducing the instances in which they would still differ from him to about ten. The documents were then all transmitted to the Publishing Committee in London. The following extracts from two letters received by the Secretary of the Halifax Bible Society, S. L. Shannon, Esq., through whom they were forwarded, will show how they were received:—

LONDON, 10, EAST STREET, BLACKFRIARS,

September 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have safely received your esteemed communication, bearing date the 12th of August, accompanied by the documents relating to Mr. Rand's translation of the Book of Psalm into Micmac, all which were submitted to our Committee on Monday last, and by them referred to our Editorial sub-Committee from whom they will receive every consideration. Those of us who have already examined Mr. Rand's lucid paper, have been much struck with the care and attention and thought which he has bestowed on his work, and the whole reflects great credit on him. In due time the decision of our Editorial Committee will be communicated to you.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

HENRY KNOLLEKY,

Assistant For Secretary.

S. L. Shannon, Esq., Halifax. Having given extracts from Mr. Rand's letters, we proceed to present one or two from those of his coadjutor—Benjamin Christmas.

PLAISTER COVE.

Sept. 31st, 1858. MY DEAR BROTHER,—I arrived here last evening, and made a visit to my people to-day. I told them what Christ has done for my soul, and now the Holy Spirit comforts me. Dear Brother I could not describe to you how I felt; all I can say is, I rejoice exceedingly this day. My heart wondered at my circumstances. Here I am in Cape Breton among my people: it is harvest time, and the fields are white, and the labours few. I saw the tears of an Indian woman (Mrs. —) roll down her cheeks as I talked to her and her family, and all the world. I mean to tell my people as I go to "behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

The next is dated.

Truro, Oct. 28th, 1858

MY DEAR BROTHER,—After I had written you from Plaister Cove I pursued my journey to meet Dr. Forrester at Whyogomagh. Here I found some of my countrymen, and they were all glad to see me. I learned there how much threatening they had got, this last summer from the Priest to have nothing to do with me when I should go among them. Some of them said the Priest told them if they should shoot me it would be no harm. But I did not see any of this harsh treatment; but I saw red countenances solemnized while I talked to them, and I think when the countenance is solemnized the heart is affected. After I finished there I went down to the Bar.