

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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him, and brought me back to his love. I seem for the last few weeks to be a new, a renovated man. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Christians rejoice and pray with me and for me, and the men of the world with whom I have served sin look and wonder; but I am the greatest wonder to myself, next to the wonder of God's all wondrous love. I think it not strange, my dear brother, that the angels, who having kept their first estate, have never sinned, and therefore never tasted the sweetness of a sense of pardoned sin. I desire to look into the mystery of this sinning. I first tasted this love one Monday morning in the latter part of July, 1824. It is the same love, but deeper, broader and more precious—I mean it seems more precious. I know it is always the same, but I have now had more forgiveness and I truly love more. It is wondrous, it is everlasting, it is Divine love. If it were less than everlasting and Divine; where, O where, in my wanderings from God, should I have landed? I cannot give you much account of this great change in all my feelings. It began at first with so still a voice and so silent a power within me so silently that I scarcely felt its power, until it broke all over me and quite overwhelmed me. This was four weeks ago this day. For between three and four days and nights, the exercises of my mind were quite indescribable. The remembrance which I can now retain of them is an overwhelming sense of sin, and a feeling of just condemnation, while in infinite contrast with my character, shone out before my troubled soul in divinest purity and love the character of the Holy God. The idea of the Holy God was in every thought, and blazoned on every thing within the range of thought. In this extremity, bowed into the dust of the earth by the mountains of my sins and feeling in my very soul that I ought not to be forgiven, and weeping day and night like a very child, the Redeemer of my youth came to me. O blessed Saviour—O Divine love—O sweet peace of pardoned sin. The tempest of my soul is calmed for ever, for those sins are washed away in the precious, precious blood of Christ. I am, my dear brother, the merest monument of grace—grace upon grace—that the world ever saw. I have been proclaiming this love on all proper occasions in all the churches, and I have no willing speech for any other theme. I see life in new aspects, and can go about my daily business as a thing to be used and performed, without its being worshipped and served as the object and end of life. My dear brother, make known to brother John and his family, to sister Jane and her family, and to all my kinsfolks, and all who have not forgotten or have ever heard of me, as you may have opportunity, the good words of this great and heavenly blessing. I wish now to see you all more than ever. I ought to have written you of it sooner, but I have so many errors to correct, confessions to make, and stumbling-blocks to remove—so much to do to undo in such part as I best can, the sins of twenty years—that all my time has been fully engrossed.

My dear brother, I am truly happy, and I send the best love of a heart full of love to God and love to man, to you and yours, and am more than ever,
Your affectionate brother,
SAMUEL CURREY.

To James R. Currey, Barrister, &c., }
Gagetown, N. B. }

THE HABIT OF READINIG.

If children form a habit of reading not of skimming over the surface of books for mere amusement, but of reading, it will prove a most important safeguard in the years when temptations are numerous and strong, and will develop and mature characters likely to make a mark upon the generation. Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary traveller in Africa, gives a brief account of the difficulties overcome by him in the pursuit of knowledge. He says:

My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentences after sentences as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect composure amidst the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer.

"Where there's a will," the old proverb says, "there is always a way," and one having a love of reading, will manage to find both the time and the books to gratify it. A few minutes given regularly every day to reading, enables one to go through many volumes in the course of years. The *Child's Paper* gives a curious estimate of the results obtained by an hour of daily reading:

There was once a lad who at fourteen was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his mas-

ter said when he was twenty-one that he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty five hundred and fifty-five hours; which at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days; equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do.

I HAVE LOST MY WAY.

Men lose their way to God and heaven, and are scarcely conscious of the loss; but true penitents feel like children who have wandered from a happy home, and long to return to its quiet peace and happiness.

"I have lost my way," a little girl said to me this morning. She had wandered too far from her father's house. "I want to go home," the child said, and her tears fell thick and fast upon her little hands I led the little lost one home; and it was sweet to witness the rejoicings of the parents over the restored lamb.

I have lost my way, I repeated sadly to myself in these deep labyrinths of life; my feet wander in strange paths; the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, turned to ashes on my lips; memories of my glad, prayerful childhood, come sweeping over my soul; I have left my Father's house, and I too, want to go home.

God has made the parent a type of his own infinite love; and if an earthly father can say, "It was meet that we should be merry and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found," how much more will our heavenly Father welcome the wanderer's return to his protecting love! The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence. Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's love awaits to embrace the prodigal.

"TRUST IN GOD, MOTHER."

None have ever trusted in God, and been disappointed. Human promises are often broken; human reliances often fail, but they who trust in God, find Him ready to help in time of need, whose word of promise never fails. The following incident illustrates how childhood often has a stronger faith than later years.

The wind shrieked and moaned, piling high the drifting snow around the dilapidated tenement of widow Grey and her daughter. It was bitter cold. The windows were curtained with frost, which the little warmth emitted by the dying embers could not dispel. A small pile of faggots lay beside the stove; but widow Grey and her daughter sat shivering and blue with the cold, scarcely daring to touch the wood, for fear it would not last them through the day. It was the last fuel they had, and they were without any means of replenishing it, and worse than this, the last morsel of food had been consumed the day before. So the poor inmates of the poor cottage were suffering not only from cold, but hunger.—The heart of the mother died within her, as she heard the fierce blasts swaying the trees and driving the sleet against the windows, and at length with a sad voice and despairing heart, she said, "Well, Lucy, I don't see as there is any hope for us. Here we are on this by-road, away from any neighbors, without food, and I may say without fire, for the wood will not last three hours longer. I say, Lucy, we must perish, for there is no hope for us."

"Have courage, mother," replied Lucy, in an animated tone as she could command, putting her arm tenderly around her mother.

"Courage! how can I have courage when there is no hope—none?"

"Trust in God, mother," said Lucy, raising her mild eyes, in which a tear of faith glittered.

"O my child, we are dying with cold and hunger, and my trust is all gone. Nothing can save us, no one comes this way, and we cannot get to the neighbors, they are so far off. O Lucy, my child, the end has come; and I have suffered with cold and hunger all Winter; but now we must die with them."

"Trust in God, mother," again repeated Lucy, in a low but firm voice, "He will provide for us."

"No, no, He will not."

"Mother, do you doubt Him?" and there was a slight touch of reproach in the sweet voice.

"He is able—but O, will He save us?"

"Trust Him, mother."

The hours passed by—the afternoon was almost spent—the last stick was in the stove, but no aid had come. But, hark! a step is at the door—and Lucy, with a joyful heart, sprang and opened it—a stranger was before her—she looked—gave one wild shriek, and sprang into his arms.

Her brother, the long lost wanderer, had returned to make the hearts of his mother and sister sing for joy. The last day of cold and hunger had passed. The God in whom Lucy had trusted had provided for them.

WHAT MADE AUNT MILLIE HAPPY.

"Why are you always happy, Aunt Millie?" asked little Jamie.

"Because everybody is good to me, Jamie."

"Why isn't everybody good to my papa, aunty? He is always fretful; he says everybody tries to hurt him; what makes everybody try to cheat and vex my papa aunty?"

A shadow fell over Aunt Millie's face, and she

became silent. Jamie stood still, looking at her. At length he asked, "Aunty, were you always happy?"

Aunt Millie's work dropped from her hands. "No, my dear boy. But, ten years ago I left off speaking ill of everybody; and instead, I tried to see excellences in people's characters, and good in their conduct. Since that time all have treated me kindly. I do think the same people are better than they were when I saw only their shady side. Their good is more positive than it was before. I expected only evil of them. In some way, looking for it as I did, I nurture the tendency to good in others; as the sun, by shining on the cold, dark ground, makes it bright and warm, developing flowers and ripening fruit. I seek only good, expect only good, Ought I not to be happy, Jamie?"—*Life Illustrated.*

ENGLISH BAPTIST UNION.

The Annual Session of the English Baptist Union was held at the Baptist Mission House on Friday morning April the 23d; the Rev. B. Evan's D. D. in the chair.

At this meeting the chairman made an excellent address on the subject of Baptist History which is published in full in the *London Freeman*. The following extract from this address will doubtless interest our readers:—

BELOVED BRETHREN,—In most cases, requests from Christian brethren or churches come to me almost with the authority of command. I have difficulty in resisting them, and glad as I should be frequently to escape from the duties they involve, yet I sometimes cannot. Such in part is the reason of my appearance this morning, and the only apology, if apology be necessary, is, that the request of the honoured secretary of the Union, sustained as it was by the vote of the committee, left me no alternative.

From year to year, beloved brethren who have addressed us, have selected topics confessedly of vast importance in connection with some great Christian verity, or some controverted topic bearing on the vitality of the pulpit or the pew. Those efforts have been eminently successful, and their influence has told upon the body to which we belong. If I venture to deviate from this path on the present occasion, let it not be attributed to any doubt as to the accuracy of the information, or the undying importance of the objects they have placed before us. "Every man in his own order."

Men in all ages have desired to perpetuate the memory of the great and illustrious. The pen of the historian, the chisel of the sculptor, or the pencil of the artist, has achieved this. During the pamy days of republican Rome, the mansions of the great were adorned with images of those who had been distinguished in war or celebrated for their virtues. The design was noble, and becoming familiar with their virtue, would be excited to emulate their excellences, and rival them in devotedness to their country. We venerate the name of Copernicus, of Kepler and Newton, for their discoveries in science; we raise monuments to Bacon, Locke, and others, for their large contributions to the laws of mind; and we lavish the wealth of the nation upon our warriors. Men tell us it is for the present and the future. Upon the rising and future generations of the kingdom it will exert an influence. Brethren, we have had a glorious past. Men of the loftiest and purest principles, of heroic spirit, of ardent faith, and singular devotedness to the cause of our common Lord, have gone before us. Men whose example will challenge our imitation and kindle in our minds the spirit of heroism. The past may teach the present. Forgive me then if, on this occasion, I confine my remarks to the early founders of our body in this country, their principles, their struggles, and their triumphs.

The origin of the Baptist must not be sought amongst those of modern sects. It dates long prior to the existence of any of those ecclesiastical organizations into which the Christian church is divided. It arose not from the scholarship of the Reformation—nor is it the fruit of its spirit. It prepared the way for its reception and facilitated its triumphs. In the depths of primitive antiquity, even Mosheim confesses we must look for it. We should find it at an earlier period still. From the apostolic age the stream of fact and evidence is uninterrupted. In subsequent times, from the growing corruption of the church, Dissenters separated. Their views in the main were those which we cherish, and the great principles which they held were early propagated in this country. But important as this is, and interesting as it would be as a topic for discussion, on such an occasion as the present we must forbear.

Limiting the range of our remarks to about the time of the Restoration, we shall find, from the earliest dawn of our denominational history to this period, a class of men upon whom we may fix as the founders of our body in this kingdom; men whose mission was great and arduous, and who nobly executed it. It was an age of greatness. Bacon and Boyle had opened new fields of thought and inquiry and had shed a charm on mental science. Shakespeare, Milton, and Johnson had poured the splendour of their genius upon the nation. Walton and Lightfoot, Castell and Pogoek, Usher, Selwyn, and Pool, had largely contributed to extend the circle of biblical science; with the ministry was marked by

some of the noblest sanctified intellects which had adorned any nation since the Reformation. With these the later founders of our churches lived. Chosen and prepared of God for a great work, their mental and moral fitness for it was unquestioned. Above the common mass they rose in virtue and moral dignity. No one would think of testing them by those rules which govern society at present. It would be unjust to them, and not less so to ourselves. They stand before us only like the first rough draft of some great master mind; the outline is massive and commanding, but the features are not finished, and filling up his picture. The softer and milder graces, which adorn with such exquisite charms the Christian character, result from retirement, and freedom, and culture. They grow not in the wilderness. The battle-field and the conflict produce them not. The bold, the masculine, the heroic, may be nourished in the perpetual struggles for life, but they that wear soft clothing dwell in kings' palaces. Nor are we prepared to contend for equal claims to all. In so many, wide differences of mind, of culture, and moral worth exist. Still, looking at them in the mass, no one can doubt that their excellency was of no common order, and that humanity at large, and the church of God in particular, are laid under a vast debt of obligation, which they have but very slowly and reluctantly acknowledged. To some points we must more definitely refer.

In all the elements of moral worth, they will bear a comparison with the highest of other bodies. Beatitude or saintship would have been awarded them in other ages. Amongst confessors and martyrs they would have been ranked. Men of ardent and strong faith, earnest, prayerful, self-sacrificing, and laborious, and to these they superadded the attractions of a holy life.—Their piety was not only raised above the region of doubt, but it was commanding. Cut off from much that throws a charm around social life, exposed to the bitter scorn and fierce hostility of the Church and the State, their aspirations after heaven became more intense, and their converse with the invisible more intimate and unbroken. Nor was it less intelligent than elevated and unbroken. Springing from the deep personal consciousness of the moral wants of our nature, of the spirituality and vital power of the religion of Jesus, and its full and eminent adaptation to their necessities, the cravings of their earnest spirits could only be satisfied with the daily study of God's word. To that they referred at all times. From churches, councils, creeds and human authority, they retired to the only fountain of purity and life. From these records of our faith, they drew their spiritual nourishment. In the strong meat which the holy volume produces for Christian manhood they luxuriated; from the lively oracles they drew their loftiest aspirations; and by it their course was regulated, and their hopes sustained, in the contempt, the sacrifices, and the bonds and imprisonments, which ever and anon awaited them. If there were not all the blandness and lady softness of modern piety, it had, with more ruggedness far greater power. If one has the varied beauty of some richly cultivated valley, the other exhibits the stern and massive grandeur of some lofty mountain range; and whilst the loveliness of the one may be crushed by the storm in a moment, the other still stands before you, and after the thunder has exhausted itself, and the lightning flashed around it, you gaze upon the same forms of majestic and imposing grandeur.

All parties agree that the Baptist element pervaded the armies of the Commonwealth to a great extent. In this way it was widely diffused through the country. Their zeal, their self-denial, their labour and trials, were great. No danger unnerved them, from no sacrifice did they shrink, and to their prowess and heroic defence, we are mainly indebted for one of the most splendid eras of British history. We stop not, brethren, to inquire into the fitness of such a course. We merely indicate the fact. To those who are disposed to question its rectitude, or censure their conduct, we would only say, forget not, that the liberty in which you luxuriate, has been won by their suffering.

Many of these illustrious patriarchs were men of no ordinary scholarship; and others, if not favoured with an early scholastic training, were distinguished by powers of no common kind. Upon some, the universities had lavished their honours, and they had drunk deep at the fountains of sacred and profane literature. Some of the early ministers were seceders from the dominant Church, and many of the latter had been nourished in her fold, and dignified by her favour. In general scholastic learning they would bear a comparison with others, and in the subtleties of her schools they were adepts. A glance at some of these may not be improper.

Smith, the opponent of Robinson, and no doubt originally an Episcopal minister, was no ordinary man. Bishop Hall styles Robinson only "his shadow." John Canne, who, if he did not give us the first example of illustrating Scripture by its own teaching, produced a volume which is still highly prized by the church. Bunyan, whose glorious dream has enchanted the mind of the most brilliant essayist of this age, and is still read with new and intense interest alike by the child and the philosopher, and whilst it sheds light in the palaces of the great, inspires the mind of the Indian and the Kaffir with heroic for-