

The Christian Visitor.

FAMILY NEW SPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Edvs. I. E. BILL & H. P. GUILFORD.

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

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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The Christian Visitor.

A FIRST CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Devoted to Religious & Secular Intelligence,
I. E. BILL,
H. P. GUILFORD, } EDITORS.

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acceptable to readers of Newspapers, than long ones,
and that a legible style of writing will save the
printer time, which is always valuable, and insure
a correct impression.

TEMPERANCE SERMONS.

We extract the following notice of these Ser-
mons from the report given in the Temperance
Telegraph.

THE SECOND AND THIRD SERMONS.

On Sunday last, in the morning, at Exmouth
Street Methodist Church, the second Sermon of
the course was delivered by the

REV. JOHN SNOWBALL.

The body of the edifice was well filled by a
respectable and attentive audience.

The usual service was performed, after which
the Rev. Gentleman delivered his Text.

"And Jesus answering, said, a certain
man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and
fell among thieves, which stripped him of his
raiment, and wounded him, and departed,
leaving him half dead."—Luke x. 30.

After alluding to the Parable generally, and
to some of the interpretations of it, he proceeded
to apply it to the present occasion. We re-
gret we were unprepared to take notes of the
Sermon. We will give an outline of it.

Jerusalem was a city in which the ceremonies
of worship were wont to be offered—Jericho was
about 8 miles distant, and was a vile and sinful
place. We have Jerusalem at the present time,
and there are Jerichos in and around this City
and other Cities—Rum-shops and Brothels
wherein one loses all self-respect and all claim
to be ranked among the respectable. The man
who "went down into Jericho" might represent
the person leaving good society and "going
down" into the Rum Dens. The thieves would
very appropriately represent the Rumsellers
—who strip men of everything decent, and kick
them out afterwards naked and nearly dead. The
Rev. gentleman at length proceeded to illu-
strate how the Distiller—the Importer—the
Wholesale Dealer—and the retailer, are all
"thieves" in society in a variety of ways, and
that it may well be said of the unfortunate crea-
ture who has become their victim, that he "fell
among thieves." The Priest who passed down
and saw the poor fellow half dead but passed on,
was a representative of "too many such Priests
in this city," who teach the moderation doctrine,
and pass by leaving the poor drunkard still in
the power of the "thieves." The Levite was
represented by hundreds who selfishly drink
themselves, and are careless as to the effects of
their example. The good Samaritan was the
society of Temperance men, or the incarnated
principle of Total Abstinence.

This view of the parable was presented and
enforced with all the power, fervor and earnest-
ness of the venerable Preacher. We never list-
ened to a better or more thorough expose
of the Rum system—or a more severe scorching
of its aiders and abettors in all positions of
society.

The main divisions of the subject were stated
as follows. The Drunkard.

How he fell. "He went down from Jerusa-
lem to Jericho."

How low he fell. "He fell among thieves."

Who was "neighbor" to him?

The Rev. gentleman condemned the exploded
Preaching of Moderation. It was the foun-
tain head of the whole sin. Every drunkard
was manufactured out of a moderate drinker.

The conclusion of the sermon was eloquent
and forcible; and throughout the service of the
morning was calculated to effect much and per-
manent good.

The Third Sermon was also delivered on Sun-
day last, in the Congregational Church, Union
Street, by the Rev. Mr. Thornton.

The Church was densely crowded in every
part. After the singing of an appropriate Hymn,
the offering of Prayer, and the reading of the
Holy Scriptures, the Rev. Gentleman proceeded.

This evil of Intemperance—you find it every-
where; you find it in every part of Saint John
—in the Lunatic Asylum, in the Gaol, in the

Alms House, in the Penitentiary, in the Hospi-
tal, in the Police Office. You have the horrid
picture of it daily in the streets. It is a broad
evil on every hand. Like a black cloud it set-
tles down over society. In fact, it is the great
visible sin among us. Do you deny this? Do
you ignore it? Do you acknowledge it in all its
height and depth and length and breadth? What
would you think of the man who would ignore
the largest extant evil? Oh how selfish,
how wicked—how unlike God—how unlike
the blessed Saviour? Whoever would ignore
it—I care not how high, or wealthy, or
proud, or respectable he may be in the world—
he is no man! And there are just such in this
City, just such! wrapped up in their own entire
selfishness; their money, houses, pleasures, all
invested in the sin. Go tell such an one that a
poor miserable being has been dragged through
your streets to the Lunatic Asylum,—and he will
care nothing for it; tell him there was fighting
last night in your streets through Rum, and that
a man was nearly or wholly murdered—and he
will care nothing for it; picture, if you can, the
whole scene of evil before him—and he will care
nothing for it! For my part I despise such—a
man! Of the two, I would rather be the person
to acknowledge the sin, and sympathize with it.
The latter has more man about him. He is a
kind of good-wicked man, as some might say;
the man who stands up boldly and tells the truth,
namely: "I see all that, oh yes! but I want my
liquor and I'll have it!" Oh! this ignoring
great sins. It is so infamous; this buttoning
up oneself against every human-divine emotion,
this locking in the soul 'till it is all shriveled
up!

Now as Christians—in the matter of religion—
what relation do we bear to this Intemperance
question? I say, the man who drinks his one
glass of "wine" is guilty of the whole business!
He cannot be guilty of a little of it.—It is cer-
tainly a modern, a beautiful idea to talk about a
moderate sinner—a little sinner—a little bit of a
sinner! This Rum Traffic is a Unit. The
Brandy in your houses in Saint John, and rolling
on the floor in York Point is the same. It is in
essence and in effects—one. You cannot separ-
ate it. The Rum of York Point and the Wine
on the table of the Clergyman's study (flanked
perhaps with John Calvin on the right and the
Thirty-nine articles on the left), is the same—
except one costs three pence a glass, the other
perhaps one dollar or five dollars! The only
difference is in the fact that the Clergyman in-
vested more money in the transaction. The in-
fluence is the same throughout.

I may refer to a case which lately came under
my observation. I happened to visit the
house of a Parishioner a few days ago. I found
preparation for a Party—and there was to be
Wine there! Next day I visited the same house,
and during my stay, heard a wail such only as
could come from the heart of a mother standing
over the form of her dead babe. I went below
to the place; I found the little innocent asleep
in death in its little cradle. I endeavored to
speak a few words of cheer and consolation. The
mother turned to me, and with the tears running
down her cheeks, said, "Oh sir, I have seized
that child a hundred times and rushed with it be-
yond the reach of its maddened drunken father,
and now God has taken it to himself." I could
not help, as I stood there, tracing the connection
which exists between your Wine Parties and
scenes such as that. Do you see the connection?
Do you see that, in many respects, they are
one; or that one leads to the other. And
perhaps, she would tell some one that the Rev.
Mr. So-and-so has Wine at his Parties, or home,
and writes his sermons under it! Or ask that
pitiable drunkard—or that degraded woman
through intemperance, and he and she will say
the Clergy drink, and we drink, and we are all
a pretty and a happy set together.

Did you ever hear of burning the upper half
of a barrel of gunpowder, without igniting the
remainder? You never did? And you cannot
destroy this foul evil of intemperance, while you
or any, use wine, never, if you labor till the end
of the furthest Eternity. The man who drinks
his wine has a lot in the sin of intemperance. He
has engaged his time, money, affections in it—
he is one in heart with it. He drinks his glass
of wine wholly independent and careless of the
consequences, and sets an injurious example.
But this is wrong. Every man has a natural
right, as it were, to walk straight way to Perdition
—but when, by any means, he sends his neigh-
bour there, it were "better that a millstone be
tied to his neck and cast into the depths of
the sea." I may cheat myself out of immortality
if I will, but if I defraud one little child of
Heaven the angry vengeance of Almighty God is
heavily upon me. If I go to the Bar, or at the
sideboard, and partake of wine, and thus set my
example before my people, and the young, or any
fall thereby—with the light and knowledge
around me—on my garments will be the stain of
the blood of the lost one throughout all Eternity;
for I am my brother's keeper, all my dis-
claimers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Would you do good to your neighbor? Ab-
stain.

Do you love Christ? Abstain. I am not ir-
reverent—pardon me—but if Jesus Christ were
to enter your town to-night, can you think of him
in a respectable Bar-room—in the dens of York
Point—at the sideboard, once, or twice, or three
a day drinking intoxicating liquors? As well think

of a Rum shop in Heaven? No, Christ is per-
fectly-pure and purely-perfect, and whosoever
will be like him, will not pollute the temple of
the Holy Ghost with wine.

Oh then give up your cups—let them forever
slong. Clergymen, Deacons, young men, I ask
you to abstain for your own sake. I ask you too,
for the principle of Self Denial. Yes, and if I
would produce arguments to you, I would call
upon your wives, perhaps your little ones, and
bid them plead.

God Almighty has given you one life to live,
and see, there are thousands you are influenc-
ing. How? Will you abstain.

You may yourself, there is (I will only say) a
probability you will be, a drunkard, if you go on
in your drinking course. 6000 were tried in
Boston Police Office last year for crimes, and
only 90 of them were sober when the crime with
which they were charged was perpetrated. Yes,
and it is added, that since the establishment of
the Asylum for Inebriates, there have been not
less than 2000 applicants for the admission of
patients from wealthy and respectable wine drink-
ing quarters!—2000!! and of this number 400
were women!!!

May we not almost say then—if you drink
Wine you will become a Drunkard! In our cli-
mate we cannot drink as in the old Country—
here on this continent where the thermometer
changes sometimes 50 degrees in 24 hours. I
say in this Country we cannot tamper with ar-
dent spirits. Look about you. How many are
drunkards in this town! How many are now,
or are becoming such? I have been here but
about seven months—and oh! how many sad
tales of the results of Wine drinking have I
heard, and alas! how many noble young men,
of iron constitutions and firm nerve, have been
destroyed in that time by Wine.

I will not detain you but for a moment more.
I have endeavored very simply to show you why
you should abstain.

1. No man can wash his hands of the effects
of this Traffic while he ignores them, sympath-
izes with them, or fails to denounce them, in
every form.

2. Abstain that, in this matter, you may set a
perfect example to all men.

3. Abstain—because no man who indulges in
it, can say "I am safe!"

4. Abstain on the principle of self-denial.

And now you may ask me for my text. Shall I
do as some do, give you a paragraph concerning
some little minor sin generally? Shall I as some
have done, split hairs over God's Book? Shall
I tear off the covers of this Bible and throw them
at you, and keep back the contents—as some
have practically done? No! But I give you a
text which may serve now, and for all time to
come—merely adding, that if we would love one
another as Christ loved and loveth us, Intem-
perance would soon be forever at an end.

TEXT: A new Commandment I give unto you,
that ye love one another; as I have loved you,
that ye also love one another.—John XIII., 34.

For the Christian Visitor.

LETTER FROM REV. J. W. GOUCHER.

PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—The rapid growth and
healthy appearance of the Visitor are not now a
mystery to me; for good food and plenty of exer-
cise will always be productive of this state of
things. But lest I furnish it with poor food, and
give it too much exercise, and so injure its
health, I will be ever as brief in my articles as
possible. About a year ago, in New Brunswick,
Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, the
efforts of the Catholic party of P. E. I. to shut
out the Bible from the Common Schools, was
going the rounds in the various Protestant pa-
pers, and was frequently the topic of considera-
tion at public gatherings. Not long since, the
Catholic people of France made a similar effort
to destroy—at least to weaken Protestantism by
closing up the Protestant Schools. The matter
is being pretty freely discussed in some of the
Periodicals of England. After becoming ac-
quainted with the facts of the case, the judg-
ment every one must form, is, that religious per-
secution in a country like France is as impolitic
as it is wrong. The truth is this, Protestants
cannot be effectually persecuted now in France.
They may be annoyed, embarrassed, disgusted,
but the policy of persecution cannot be carried out
sufficiently for the demolition of Protestantism
there. That being the case, it is doing what it
has done in hundreds of cases before, namely, it
is infusing new life and spirit into the persecut-
ed sect. Persecution always gives the sufferer
the opportunity of showing to the world the
depth of their convictions; it puts them on their
m-tle. It was so in the case of the ancient fa-
thers, who sealed their testimony with their
blood. Here are a dozen schools shut up by
the Prefect in the department of the Haute
Vienne. What is the result? The inhabitants
of those villages, with unshaken firmness, and a
moral courage unknown to the French charac-
ter, have resisted ecclesiastical press gangs, and
have refused to sacrifice their children to the
religion of the state, and if an example of indom-
itable energy, sustained by the deepest convic-
tion, is wanting to prove the reality of religion
among heretics, the Academical Council should
make a tour of inspection, and see the men who
they have turned out of the School-houses, going
from house to house to teach the children of
each family the lessons of the school-room.

From early dawn to dusky eve, those indefatig-
able men, keeping within the law too, have for
some time been engaged in giving instruction to
the children of these poor peasants at their own
homes. This is the sort of result which imper-
fect persecution always produces. Catholics
cannot, with the large body of enlightened opin-
ion now in France, persecute root and branch;
they cannot forbid the profession of the Chris-
tian religion; all they can do is to shut up cer-
tain school-rooms. This they are trying to do—
and are reviving the persecution of some six
years ago, of a similar nature. But the Protest-
ants only take to educating in houses instead.
Does Protestantism lose the least by the ex-
change? On the contrary, it gains. There is a
return to the days of primitive christianity, in
teaching from house to house. This is work in
which christian sects delight. And there is
plenty of work for them now in France. They
are doing it in spite of the powers that oppose
them. The enemy always boldly lays his plans,
and much overdoes the matter, so that his at-
tempts to destroy others will break upon him-
self and prove fatal. So in this matter of per-
secution in France. What greater drivelling
can there be in the way of persecution than to
let the Protestants have their chapels, and shut
up the school-rooms? Yet this is what is done
now in France. The Prefect, in fact, had taken
a more consistent plan and had shut up the cha-
pels too; but now comes in the curious tortuous
mechanism of the French Government, and there
is a check from Head Quarters at once, and the
chapels are opened.

The French Government is a system of wheel
within a wheel. There is in the first place, an or-
ganic Law, which ordains perfect liberty of wor-
ship and education in France. Religious liberty
is proclaimed as clearly as black and white can
do it. What is there then to prevent the full
enjoyment of religious liberty there? The reason
is that a second law now steps in, the Police
Law. Police Law practically gives the Prefect
the power of interpreting the organic Law on
these points as they like; and as the organic Law
defines all legal and statutable education as re-
ligious and moral, the Prefect, acting of course
under the influence of the Bishop, who is the
President of the Departmental Council of Educa-
tion and the Clergy, votes, Protestant educa-
tion not to be religious and moral—and on this
ground, shuts up the Protestant chapel and
school-room. But now comes in a third law,
viz, the will of the Emperor. As the Prefect
and the Departmental Council overhaul the or-
ganic law, so the Emperor, by means of his con-
fidential police agents, overhauls the Prefect and
the Departmental Council. In the present in-
stance, the Emperor was persuaded to look
into the case of the Protestants of the Upper
Vienne, and his ordered the Chapels to be
opened; but the school-rooms continue closed.
Here is evidently one law acting in opposi-
tion to another—one law weakening another.
Each one intending the persecution of Protest-
ants; and yet all stopping persecution measur-
ably, and furthering Protestantism. Thus usually
that which was intended for evil, works out good
in the end. Such is religious persecution in
France at present—a poor and feeble system it
is. It irritates without destroying or even
weakening the body attacked. It only nerves them
to greater zeal. While we lament persecution
in any way—we do think that Protestants want
something universally to stir them up to greater
diligence and faithfulness. Their principles are
good, and why not rapidly disseminate them.—
Could the Departmental Council, under the Presi-
dency of the Bishop, have all its own way,
there would doubtless be as good a root and
branch persecution in France as there ever was
in the days of the Waldenses and Albigenes,
or in the Italy and Spain of the 16th century,
where the Reformation was literally put down by
merciless suppression, the theory of persecution
being carried out in full length. But this can't
be done with so large and enlightened a class
of Protestants as France now possesses. If the
chapels and school-rooms were all shut up, Pro-
testants would walk at large, sound in wind
and limb, scattering broadcast as they went,
the seeds of Protestantism. Their attempts
at persecution are evidently doing no good,
even to the Roman Church; but the Pro-
testants are elevated by them. To suppose ef-
fective persecution now in France is supposing
an impossibility. It can't do again even what it
has already done. Protestantism is gaining
strength. Persecution is becoming less possible.
True, Catholics would devour Protestantism; so
would the bird the mustard-seed, which is the
smallest of seeds; yet it finally becomes a shel-
ter to the very bird that would have previously
devoured it. So Protestantism shall become the
poor Catholics shelter from the storms and curses
of priestcraft. As a little leaven, it shall at last
leaven the whole lump. As an handful of corn
on the top of the mountain, it shall beautify its
slopes, and shake like Lebanon.

Yours, &c.,
J. W. GOUCHER.
Regent's Park College, London,
Feb. 10th, 1859.

(For the Christian Visitor.)

THE GOD OF PROVIDENCE.

The Christian Religion is superior to every
other system of Religion in the views it gives us
of the God of Providence. Heathen writers who
wrote best about God represented him as a cold,
careless, and indifferent being, who looked down

with sovereign apathy upon the world which he
had made, and the creatures which he had called
into existence. But the Bible represents him as
overruling, caring for, and sustaining all that his
hands have made. Whether great or small in
our estimation, all things are under his notice
and controul. The tiniest insect that flutters in
the sunbeam, as well as the tallest Archangel be-
fore the throne, receives from God its existence
and support. He who speaks and it is done, who
commands and it stands fast; who takes up the
isles as a very little thing, and metes out the
waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand; also
decides a sparrow's fall and numbers the hairs
of his children's heads. He who hears the Cheru-
bin's song and the harpings of the saints,
bends a listening ear to the prayer of childhood
in its first stammerings of devotion. The same
God that sways the sceptre of the universe opens
his hand to supply the wants of every living
thing. With him there is no little—no great—
no hard—no easy—no comparison—no degree.
An Archangel is no more in his sight than one of
his humblest children. He hears the ravens
when they cry, giving the young lions their food,
and clothes the grass of the field with more glo-
rious garments than Solomon ever wore. Then
will he, can he, forget even those who have but
"little faith?"

As God overrules all, he must be everywhere.
Christian, take courage then. Art thou upon
the sea, sailing along the voyage of life? over
that sea none but thy God presides. The winds
are in his hands—their howlings he can still
the heaving billows he can calm, and bring thee
to the desired haven. Art thou on pilgrimage,
travelling towards the celestial city? Is the way
sometimes dark and rugged? Do thy enemies
pride and threaten to devour? Fear not! thou
hast a strong guard and a good guide. Thy God
is with thee.

"He will make thee still his care."

Art thou engaged in a conflict? Though a good
one, is it trying and painful? Remember thy
Captain is locking on, watching thy conduct, and
none that trust in him will ever be put to confu-
sion. Art thou in the furnace of affliction. Thy
Father is sitting by thee, to examine the process
of refining, and when he sees his image reflected
in thee he will bring thee forth. There is also
one walking with thee in the fire, and his form is
like the Son of God. Have thy friends grown
cold, and tenderest ties been rent by fate or false-
hood? Thou hast yet a friend that sticketh
closer than a brother. Do thine enemies com-
bine, and set thee as their mark? Thy God is
stronger than thy foes, and all things shall work
together for thy good. Does death approach the
friend on whom thou hast been leaning for support,
and snap rudely and forever the ties which bind
him to earth? It is God's doing, and he is su-
preme—he is wise—he is good. And what thou
knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.
Does thy shadow lengthen on the plain—are thine
eyes on the declining sun—is thine end near—
has it become thy turn to die? Fear not the dark
valley; it is only the shadow of death to the
christian. If thou trust him, thy God will be with
thee there—his rod and staff will be thy comfort
and support, and death to thee will be a pleasure
and a gain. G. E. D.

Fredericton, Feb. 25th, 1859.

NEWCASTLE, Feb. 27th, 1859.

I have nothing special to report from Newcas-
tle, yet we are cheered by the news from the
out-posts. Bro. Wallace has returned this even-
ing from Bay Du Vin, and Black River, about 20
miles distant, East—where he had most interest-
ing meetings. I left home this morning—traveled
seventeen miles and tried to preach to the people
in Little South West. This is one of the most
interesting parts of the mission field. Bro. Wal-
lace preached this evening in Newcastle. The
meeting was most solemn. His text—"How
long halt ye between two opinions—was very im-
pressive. May the Lord bless his own words.

I observe Bro. W. has given you a faithful ac-
count of his labors and success. He is much en-
couraged, and declares that he would not ex-
change this field for any in the Province. We
would be glad to have a visit from any of our
Brethren.

Brethren pray for us—our Union Prayer-meet-
ing is well attended, and it is one of our best
meetings. We are cheered by the accounts re-
ceived through your paper of those who believe
and obey the gospel. May their numbers be
multiplied until every solitary place in this moral
wilderness shall be glad in the Lord!

Bro. Clay's Letters and Bro. G.'s notes by the
way are much prized. Bro. C.'s noble stand for
the cause of temperance is as it should be. May
he be assisted in this blessed enterprise. The
cause in connexion with the order of the Sons is
very much revived. They are doing a good
work. WM. GLEMLEY.

CHEFMAN, Feb. 17th, 1859.

Dear Brethren,—I am labouring on the Sal-
mon and Gasparus Rivers, and part at New-
castle a very important field of labour. I feel
encouraged to hope that God is about to revive
his work in this region. The Pedo Baptists have
been lecturing in this region, pretending to
prove by Tradition and Scripture that infant
sprinkling is the only true Baptism, and it has
caused considerable excitement, but the result
has been more to confirm the people in believing
Baptism. Truth must prevail.

Yours,
T. LOCKY.

with sovereign apathy upon the world which he
had made, and the creatures which he had called
into existence. But the Bible represents him as
overruling, caring for, and sustaining all that his
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bends a listening ear to the prayer of childhood
in its first stammerings of devotion. The same
God that sways the sceptre of the universe opens
his hand to supply the wants of every living
thing. With him there is no little—no great—
no hard—no easy—no comparison—no degree.
An Archangel is no more in his sight than one of
his humblest children. He hears the ravens
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Art thou engaged in a conflict? Though a good
one, is it trying and painful? Remember thy
Captain is locking on, watching thy conduct, and
none that trust in him will ever be put to confu-
sion. Art thou in the furnace of affliction. Thy
Father is sitting by thee, to examine the process
of refining, and when he sees his image reflected
in thee he will bring thee forth. There is also
one walking with thee in the fire, and his form is
like the Son of God. Have thy friends grown
cold, and tenderest ties been rent by fate or false-
hood? Thou hast yet a friend that sticketh
closer than a brother. Do thine enemies com-
bine, and set thee as their mark? Thy God is
stronger than thy foes, and all things shall work
together for thy good. Does death approach the
friend on whom thou hast been leaning for support,
and snap rudely and forever the ties which bind
him to earth? It is God's doing, and he is su-
preme—he is wise—he is good. And what thou
knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.
Does thy shadow lengthen on the plain—are thine
eyes on the declining sun—is thine end near—
has it become thy turn to die? Fear not the dark
valley; it is only the shadow of death to the
christian. If thou trust him, thy God will be with
thee there—his rod and staff will be thy comfort
and support, and death to thee will be a pleasure
and a gain. G. E. D.

Fredericton, Feb. 25th, 1859.

NEWCASTLE, Feb. 27th, 1859.

I have nothing special to report from Newcas-
tle, yet we are cheered by the news from the
out-posts. Bro. Wallace has returned this even-
ing from Bay Du Vin, and Black River, about 20
miles distant, East—where he had most interest-
ing meetings. I left home this morning—traveled
seventeen miles and tried to preach to the people
in Little South West. This is one of the most
interesting parts of the mission field. Bro. Wal-
lace preached this evening in Newcastle. The
meeting was most solemn. His text—"How
long halt ye between two opinions—was very im-
pressive. May the Lord bless his own words.

I observe Bro. W. has given you a faithful ac-
count of his labors and success. He is much en-
couraged, and declares that he would not ex-
change this field for any in the Province. We
would be glad to have a visit from any of our
Brethren.

Brethren pray for us—our Union Prayer-meet-
ing is well attended, and it is one of our best
meetings. We are cheered by the accounts re-
ceived through your paper of those who believe
and obey the gospel. May their numbers be
multiplied until every solitary place in this moral
wilderness shall be glad in the Lord!

Bro. Clay's Letters and Bro. G.'s notes by the
way are much prized. Bro. C.'s noble stand for
the cause of temperance is as it should be. May
he be assisted in this blessed enterprise. The
cause in connexion with the order of the Sons is
very much revived. They are doing a good
work. WM. GLEMLEY.

CHEFMAN, Feb. 17th, 1859.

Dear Brethren,—I am labouring on the Sal-
mon and Gasparus Rivers, and part at New-
castle a very important field of labour. I feel
encouraged to hope that God is about to revive
his work in this region. The Pedo Baptists have
been lecturing in this region, pretending to
prove by Tradition and Scripture that infant
sprinkling is the only true Baptism, and it has
caused considerable excitement, but the result
has been more to confirm the people in believing
Baptism. Truth must prevail.

Yours,
T. LOCKY.

(Selected for the Christian Visitor.)

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Among the list of Woman's various duties, the
most endless in its requisitions, and imperative
in its demands, is that of needle-craft. In every
well-ordered family, the ward-robe and its wants
proves a sort of modern moloch, on whose altar
all mental development, bodily welfare, time,
health and life are offered up.

How seldom do we see a perfectly healthy wo-
man. Pale cheeks, listless movements and
ashen lips plainly betoken the daily transgres-
sion of some physical law of nature. And so
they sew and stitch day after day, and week
after week, till they drop into the grave. Then
what an outcry about the dispensations of Pro-
vidence! Talk rather about the dispensation of
needle and thread, trundle and work-basket—
that is nearer the truth!

But a time is approaching