

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

EDV'S. I. E. BILL & H.P. GUILF
H. BILL, PUBLISHER.

ORD, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK,

Peace, good will toward Men."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1859.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. XII. No. 1

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Visitor.—A hurried visit to Burton and
to the Baptist church, where we preached in the
meeting house in the evening.
In this place, God has recently given gracious
and powerful displays of his mercy in the con-
version and conversion of many souls. Thirty
persons have already been baptized and ad-
mitted to the Baptist church, and we are told that
there are still others inquiring the way to Zion.
The revival has not been merely the product of
a protracted meeting of a few days, during which
crowds flocked together at the house of
prayer, but for a long time past, the Holy Spirit
has been silently working in the hearts of the
people, until the pent-up fires were just ready
to break out, on the arrival of brother Earl, who
came with them one week. The meetings con-
tinued deeply interesting, and the revival spirit
was cherished by the churches.

Since commencing this letter, the holy Sab-
bath has come, and has passed away, with all
its privileges and golden opportunities. Being
unable to get through with our *Visitor* business
in season to leave the place on Saturday night,
we remained with the friends at the Jemseg
on the Sabbath, and endeavored to preach to
them morning and evening, "Christ and him
crucified." With what success, the great day of
eternity must declare.

Jemseg is a very inviting field of labour, and
we hope it will be faithfully and successfully oc-
cupied. A large proportion of the inhabitants
of that section are Baptists in sentiment, and
the Baptist meeting house is the only place of
public religious worship in that neighborhood.—
It is a chaste, spacious and convenient house
and speaks well for the taste and enterprise of
the people. The Rev. M. Keith, who has been
the pastor in charge for some time past, closes
his pastoral connection with the church on the
next Sabbath in Jan. next 1859. Who may suc-
ceed him is not yet known, though many are
hoping that "God may send them a pastor af-
ter his own heart." May their prayers be an-
swered, and may they be prompted to care for
the CHRISTIAN manner. The retiring pastor
leaves with the confidence of his brethren and
the friends generally.

From the Jemseg, we passed on to the Grand
Lake, making short stops at different points,
until we reached Cumberland Bay, where a glo-
rious revival of the work of God, is in progress,
under the labours of Rev. Elias Keirstad, who
has already, (Dec. 20) baptized eight believers
in Christ and will baptize others in a few days.
At this place we preached in the evening to a
large and solemn congregation. After the ser-
mon, nearly two hours were spent in conference
and prayer, and many bore testimony to the
goodness and mercy of God. Some were under
deep conviction for sin, and voluntarily cried
out, "what must we do to be saved?" Every
thing indicates a very powerful work of grace
among this people.

It has been our good fortune to mingle more
in the revivals now in progress along the
river St. John. In Gagetown, Canning, Man-
ville and Fredericton, we have witnessed
strongly marked exhibitions of the saving power
of divine TRUTH upon the hearts of the people.
That in no place, since the recent revival com-
menced, have we discovered more of deep, heart-
felt, agonizing anxiety in behalf of perishing
souls, than was manifested in the meeting this
evening.

Surely the present, is a good day among the
people of God in New Brunswick. In various
directions the mercy-cloud is spreading, and the
rain of grace is now falling upon sections of our
land's vineyard, and for years, the moral soil
has been dry and parched. That this cloud may
continue to spread until every section of our
province shall be refreshed by its rain, let all
Christians, and all who desire to become Chris-
tians, most earnestly pray.

A night here, and we pass on around the
lake. The sleighing is excellent, the weather
cold, the hearts of the people warm, their houses
and tables comfortable, their tables well spread,
and their hands are full of honest labour. A
pious people, surely!

SUCH A TEMPER.

"That child will be the death of me yet. O,
he has such a temper! Just see how he acts.—
You John! Hush this instant, and do as I tell
you!"
These sentences were uttered in an excited
voice, by a mother who had come suddenly upon
her little boy, a bright, busy, active little fellow,
three years old, who had discovered a new amuse-
ment, and was enjoying himself up to his full
capacity. That amusement was a rude attempt
at castle building. The materials used on the
occasion were books from the library shelves.—
His mother, in company with an aunt, who had
arrived that day on a short visit, happened to
step upon him in the midst of his pleasant
sport.

"Dear little fellow!" was on the aunt's lips as
her eyes fell upon the child's animated face; but
the words were spoken, his mother had started
forward and seized him by the arm. With

a sudden jerk she drew him several feet away
from his mimic building, exclaiming, as she did
so, in angry tones.
"You bad boy! How dare you do this!—
Just see your father's books scattered all over
the floor!"

A moment or two she held him with a firm
grip; then pushing him from her, she added,
"Put every book in its place on the shelves;
and don't you dare to touch them again!"

Released from his mother's hand, John, in-
stead of obeying her, threw himself upon the
floor, and commenced kicking and screaming in
uncontrolled passion.

"Just see how he acts, Mary!" repeated the
mother. "That temper will be his ruin. John,
hush this instant, and get up as I tell you."

But the child's passion was a whirlwind, and
subsided not until its force was spent. In her
blind anger the mother stooped over the boy,
and was raising her hand to punish him, when
her sister drew her back, and whispered.

"Don't Anna! A blow now will do harm." And
she drew the excited mother from the room.

"Mary! This is not right," said the latter,
with some severity of manner, as soon as they
were out of the library. "You must not come
between me and my children. If you take their
part when I reprove or punish, all my control
over them will be gone."

"Dear sister!" replied Mary, with much feel-
ing, and great tenderness of manner, "forgive
me if I have erred; and let the pure love I feel
for you and your child be my apologist."
There was silence for nearly a minute. A calm
was falling upon the mother's spirit.

"He has such a dreadful temper, Mary! If
it is not subdued now, it will curse his whole
life. You don't know how it troubles me."

"Your duty, it seems to me, is very plain, sis-
ter," was the answer.

"I must break that temper while he is a child."
"You cannot. It will only gain strength by
conflict," replied the sister.

"Is the case then so hopeless? I will not be-
lieve it, Mary."

"O, no! not hopeless by any means. How
does the oak gain strength and vigorous life?
Look at its rugged trunk; its gnarled and twisted
branches, and read the history of its strife
with tempest and tornado through half a century.
So it is, by action, resistance and conflict, that
our passions are matured. Do you imagine that
the excitement through which your child has
passed will weaken the bad temper of which you
complain? Has it not, on the contrary, given it
increased strength?"

The sister paused.

"There was not a sign of evil in his happy lit-
tle face when we entered the library."

"But he was doing wrong," said the mother.

"Had you told him that he must not build
houses with books?"

"Yes, forty times. There isn't an hour in the
day that I don't have to check, or reprove, or
punish him for one kind of mischief or another.
He knew it was wrong."

"Maybe you check, and reprove, and punish
him too much, Anna," suggested the sister.—
"There is danger of error in this direction,
when the child's mind is unusually active. The
stream that glides along smoothly enough
though the level meadow, will fret, and chafe,
and dash madly forward if rocky obstructions
come in its way."

"But children must not be permitted to do as
they please. They would soon be ruined," said
the mother.

"If you put a dam across the stream, or throw
huge rocks into the midst of its genty gliding
current, you but only swell its volume until it
overflows the banks, or distort its surface with
the swirling eddies. Mere opposition to a child's
desires effects about as little good. It only
gives them a morbid force. We should not re-
press activity, but seek to give it a right direction."

I will venture to affirm, Anna, that if, when we
went into the library, just now, we had entered
with some manifestation of interest into what
John was doing, and then pleasantly explained
to him that the use he was making of his fa-
ther's books was injuring them, and that he must
return them to the library, he would have re-
placed them on the shelves without a word of ob-
jection. There would have been, in that case,
no mental injury sustained through excitement
of a passionate temper. The sky of his mind
would have remained clear, and sweet peace
would now be in his heart, instead of sullen re-
bellion. Dear sister, a child's immortal soul is
a more precious thing than whole libraries of
costly books, or even the rich furniture in a
king's palace. While we guard his external
surroundings with a due regard to order, and
prevent, as well as for his sake as for these,
disorder and blind destruction, we must never
forget that the jewel is more to be regarded
than the casket. A scratched table, a torn or
defaced book, or even a costly thing broken, are
small evils compared with a scratched, defaced
or distorted mind. Pardon me for saying it,
my sister, but I have always thought that
parents are most to blame for the bad tempers
and passionate outbreaks of their children; and
this little trouble with John only confirms the
opinion. I say it kindly; nay Anna, in tender

love. Be not hurt, then, nor offended; but,
for your bright, beautiful boy lay up my words
in your heart."

The mother looked sober and thoughtful.—
Her sister had not spoken in vain. Truth had
awakened conviction. Suddenly rising, and
kissing her sister in token of forgiveness, she
left the room, and went to the library. John was
still lying on the floor where he had thrown
himself. But he had ceased crying. He heard
his mother's footsteps, but he did not move.—
Experience had taught him that reproof, it might
be punishment, was in store for him and so he
awaited, in stubborn silence, for whatever
unpleasant consequence might come.

"John." It was a low, soft, tender, almost
sad voice, and the word was spoken close to his
ear. He started in sudden surprise, and raised
his face from the floor.

"Come, dear." The voice was even tenderer;
and a warm hand grasped him with a firm pres-
sure.

"O, mother!" The child started up with this
exclamation, and, in a passion of tears, threw
his arms about her neck and hid his face in her
bosom. Tightly she held him there, and lovingly
she kissed his pure forehead.

"I don't mean to do wrong, mother!" said
the boy. "I love to build houses; and father said
yesterday that if I didn't hurt the books, I might
take some of them."

The mother only kissed him again, and drew
her arms, in token of love, more tightly around
him. What could she say to words that came to
her ears with such cutting rebuke?

"You love me, mother, don't you?" asked the
child.

"Yes, dear, alas! Better than all the world,
was the almost sobbing answer.

"And I love you, mother. And I'll try to be
good always. Won't you ask father to buy me
some building blocks?"

"Yes. You shall have a box full to-morrow."
"You're a good mother," said little John.—
"Only sometimes—"

"The child paused, as if in doubt.

"Only what dear?"

"You won't be angry if I say it, will you?"

"No, no dear. Say on."

"Only sometimes you scold me so, and jerk me
up when I ain't doing any harm as I can see.
And then I get so mad—and I can't help it.
And I'm sorry. O dear! I wish I never was
mad!"

And with a half shudder, as if some very pain-
ful idea was forced upon his young mind, little
Jonny buried his face close down upon his mo-
ther's bosom again, and lay there very still.

No more words passed then between the mo-
ther and child; but scales had been removed from
the mother's vision, and she saw that her precious
boy had generous feelings and right impulses,
and that for his many exhibitions of naturally
quick temper she was most to blame.

"Thanks for your truthful words, dear sister!"
she said, a little while afterwards. "I shall be
cause to bless you for them in all coming time."
And it was even so.—[Arthur's Magazine.]

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR DRUNK- ARDS?

This is a serious question; for responsibility
rests somewhere. Such a terrible evil as drunk-
enness, falling so heavily upon unnumbered fam-
ilies and wasting and consuming so many of
God's image, cannot exist under the moral gov-
ernment of God, without laying at some one's
door, and invoking a terrible responsibility.

I. It lies at the door of the drunkard himself.
It is a moral, not a natural and physical evil, for
which there is no accountability, more than for
blindness or lameness by birth; it is the result
of choice, of gratified appetite; and though it
may seize and blind him in its iron chains, for
it he is accountable. He has destroyed his
body, and sinned against his own soul, and he
must bear it.

II. All vendors and all enticers to wine and
strong drink. They are the tempters. They
spread the snare. They say, "Come, drink of
my wine." They allure and drag down to the pit
and they must answer for the horrid result.

III. All moderate drinkers. But how are
they responsible? 1. They set an example
which leads to destruction. They teach by their
practice, that resort to the intoxicating cup is
pleasant, is safe, and who knows not that ex-
ample is more powerful than precept, especially
if it is set by the respectable and influential.

2. They hinder reform. They set them an
example which they cannot follow and be safe.
No drunkard, drinking moderately can possibly
become a reclaimed man. And to stem the
power of moderate drinking in all around, is al-
most an utter impossibility. Think of this,
moderate drinker, As you pass through life,
saying let me eat and drink and be merry, you
hedge up the way of reform to the last; you rivet
upon him a chain that cannot be broken. You
are the great obstacle which he daily encounters
and when he lies on the burning gulph, gnawing
his tongue for pain, his thoughts will follow
you wherever you go. Remember you, he will
Yes! remember you—your example; your teach-
ing; your indifference, your denial of all obliga-
tion to make sacrifices for the good of others,

and your perseverance in the way of supposed
safety, till you saw him sink in perdition.—*Tem-
perance Journal.*

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

A young medical student from Michigan, who
had been attending lectures in New-York for
some time, and considered himself very good-
looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on
the heart and fortune of a young lady who was
boarding in the same house with him. After a
prolonged siege, the lady surrendered. They
were married on Wednesday morning. The
same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and
exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful
little daughter," three and a half years of age.

"Good heavens! then you were a widow," ex-
claimed the astonished student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my young-
est; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben
will arrive from the country, and then I shall have
all my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word: his
feelings were too deep for utterance. The next
day the "darlings" arrived. Reuben was six
years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy
of twelve. They were delighted to hear they had
a "new papa," because they could now live at
home and have all the playthings they wanted!

The new "papa," as soon as he could speak, re-
marked that Augustus and James did not much
resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother, "my first
husband was quite a different style of man from
my second—complexion, temperament, color of
hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married
a widow, but was her third husband, and the
astounded step-father of four children.

"But her fortune," thought he, "that will make
amends." He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures," says she in the Ro-
man matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was now quite taken out of the
Michigan student, who finding that he had made
a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a
farm in his native State, where he could have a
chance to render his boys' useful, and
make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon
him by their mother.

THE LAND OF BEULAH

No other language than that of Bunyan him-
self, perused in the pages of his own sweet book,
could be successful in portraying this beauty and
glory; for now he comes to tell that all the dan-
gers of the pilgrimage are almost over, and gives
himself up without restraint so entirely to the sea
of bliss which surrounds him, and to the gales of
heaven that float in the whole air round him, that
nothing in the English language can be compared
with this closing part of the Pilgrim's Progress,
for its entrancing, splendid, yet serene and sim-
ple loveliness. The coloring is that of heaven
in the soul, and Bunyan has poured his own hea-
ven-entranced soul into it, and it is made up of
the simplest scriptural material and images. We
seem to stand in a flood of light, poured upon us
from the open gates of paradise. It falls on every
tree and shrub by the way side; is reflected from
the crystal streams that between grassy banks,
wind amidst groves and fruit trees, into vineyards
and flower gardens. These fields of Beulah are
just below the gates of heaven; and with the light
of heaven, come floating down the melodies of
heaven, so that here there is almost an open re-
velation of the things which God hath prepared
for them that love him.—[C. Leever.]

DIALOGUE ON NEWSPAPERS.

"How does it happen, neighbour B., that your
children have made so much greater progress
in their learning, and knowledge of the world,
than mine? They all attend the same school,
and for aught I know enjoy equal advantages."
"Do you take the newspapers, neighbour A?"
"No, sir, I do not take them myself; but now
and then borrow one just to read. Pray, sir, what
have newspapers to do with the education of chil-
dren?"

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with
it, I assure you. I should as soon think of
keeping them from school, as to withhold from
them the newspapers; it is a little school of itself.
New every week, it attracts their attention, and
they are sure to peruse it. Thus, while they are
storing their minds with useful knowledge, they
are at the same time acquiring the art of reading.
I have often been surprised that men of under-
standing should overlook the importance of a
newspaper in a family."

"In truth neighbour B. I frequently think I
should like to take them but I cannot well afford
the expense."

"Can't afford the expense! What, let me ask
is the value of the five or six dollars a year, in
comparison with the pleasures and advantages
to be derived from a well conducted newspaper?
As poor as I am, I would not, for fifty dollars a
year, deprive myself of the happiness I enjoy in
reading and hearing my children read, and talk
about what they have read in the papers. And
then the reflection that they are growing up
intelligent and useful members of society. Oh
don't mention the expense!—pay it in advance
every year, and you will think no more of it."
Printer's Letter.

DON'T-FORGET TO PRAY.

A lady who had the charge of young persons
not of kindred blood, became on one occasion
perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired
to her own room to meditate, and being grieved
in spirit, laid her head on a table, and wept
bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daugh-
ter, seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer
to bare the sight of her mother's distress, she
stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in
both of her own, said, "Mamma, once you
taught me a pretty hymn:—

If e'er you meet with trials
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

The counsel of the little monitor was taken
and relief came. The mother was repaid for
rightly training her child, by having her become
her own blessed teacher. Out of the mouth of
babes and sucklings God has ordained praise."
—*Sayings of Little Ones.*

PASTORAL VISITING.

—There is a charm in the
week day services of a parish minister which
has not been duly estimated, either by philan-
thropists or patriots. His official and recog-
nized character furnishes him with a passport
to every habitation; and he will soon find that a
visit to the house of the parishioner is the
surest way of finding access to his heart. Even
the hardest and most hopeless in vice cannot
altogether withstand this influence; and at times
in their own domestic history, there are oppor-
tunities, whether by sickness, or disaster, or
death, which afford a weighty advantage to the
Christian kindness which is brought to bear
upon them. His week day attentions and their
Sabbath attendance go hand in hand. It is
thus that a house-going minister wins for him-
self a church-going people.—[Dr Chalmers.]

(For the Christian Visitor.)

OBITUARY.

Miss Abigail Colpitts, of Elgin, died on the
23rd, Nov. 1858, aged 27 years and 23 days.

The subject of this notice was the eldest
daughter of Mr. Robert Colpitts, senr., of Elgin,
A. C. She was awakened to a sense of her lost
condition as a sinner, at the age of 12 years, un-
der the preaching of Eld. James Bleakney, at the
time when he was labouring on the Pollitt Riv-
er about 15 years ago, when the Lord signally
blessed the word sent by his servant to the
awakening and conversion of a number of care-
less sinners. The subject which seems to have
been applied to her case, was a discourse on
which the preacher dwelt principally on the sub-
lime and awful scenes connected with the "day
of JUDGEMENT." She continued for seven
years burdened and cast down, with out being
enable to exercise faith in Christ, when in her
sleighbought the TRUMP OF THE ARCHANGEL
had sounded, the nations of the Earth, both
dead and living were assembled; the LAST JUDG-
MENT was proceeding, and she was about being
numbered with those at the LEFT HAND OF GOD;
her mental agony was so intense that she awoke
pleading and crying for mercy, when she was
soon made to realize her sins forgiven, and
could rejoice in pardoning mercy. But all these
exercises of her mind were kept secret from
mortal ear for about six years more, when on
the 22d day of February, 1857, she made a pub-
lic profession, was baptized by Elder James
Trimble, and united to the first Elgin church.

She always enjoyed good health, until about
the first of March last, when she was confined to
her room from what appeared to be a sudden
cold, but which afterwards proved to be one of
the most stubborn cases of Dropsy. She was
a great sufferer during the last four months of her
life, but was enabled through Divine grace to
bear her afflictions without murmuring. About
two months before her death when told by her
Mother that the Doctor had no hope of her re-
covery, her countenance never changed; and
when asked to choose any other physician she
pleased, she replied "the Doctors can do me no
good, the Lord is my Physician. He is too wise
to err and too good to be unkind." About two
days before her death, she expressed great anxi-
ety about the young people of Elgin, saying
"there was mercy in store for them and she hoped
they would not reject it; and if they did they
would think of it when ON A DEATH BED."

When asked by her Mother a short time be-
fore she died, if she still felt the same reliance
on the Saviour, she said, "O yes, I will soon be
with him." The last two or three days of her
life she suffered great distress, until the final
struggle came, when her spirit took its flight.—
Neither a struggle nor a groan was noticed to
mark its departure.

Her funeral was attended by Elder J. Herritt,
on the 25th ult., who was listened to with the
deepest attention and solemnity by a large con-
gregation of relations and friends.

Elgin, 21st Dec., 1858. [Com.]

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Joanna Beck, of Salisbury, who died
11th Oct., 1858, in the 80th year of her age.

The deceased was the widow of James
Beck, Senr., late of Salisbury, and the third
daughter of the late Young Sherman, of the
same place. She was baptized by the late Fe-

ther Crandall, upwards of 40 years ago, and
united with the first Baptist Church at Salisbu-
ry. Her end was peace. Her funeral was at-
tended by Elder David Crandall, who improved
the occasion by an appropriate discourse.
Salisbury, 22d December, 1858. [Com.]

(For the Christian Visitor.)

OBITUARY.

Brother Olmstead, resident of Canning, de-
parted this life, Dec 2nd. Aged 61 after a short
illness of four days, deserv'dly regretted by all
who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In
early life, he was made the subject of redeeming
grace and often has been heard to say,—
"Why was I made to hear his voice.
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice;
And rather starve than come?
In 1836 he was baptized and united with the
Canning church with whom he continued until a
church was organized at Scotch Town at the time
of Bro. Wallace's ordination in April 1856. Bro-
ther Olmstead, as one of its members, was in-
variably, attendant on the means of grace when-
ever his health would permit.

During the past year his mind appeared to be
much engaged in the service of his Redeemer;
he rejoiced in the prosperity of Christ's kingdom
loved to hear the gospel and to see sinners
converted from the error of their ways. In the
prayer meeting the social conference, his voice
frequently has been heard in words of consol-
ation to the believer and of warning to the sin-
ner out of Christ.

In his affliction he was patient and resigned,
in the midst of pain, not a murmur escaped his
lips. A little previous to his death he said
that Christ had died for his sins and rose for his
justification.

His prayer was for sustaining grace in the
trying scene, and when the solemn moment came
he took his last farewell here on earth of loved
ones around his death bed commending them to
God their protector to whom as his Redeemer he
yielded up his spirit without a struggle or a
groan, in expectation of immortality and eter-
nal life.

The affecting occasion was improved on the
Sabbath following by an appropriate discourse
by Brother Goucher at the Baptist Meeting
House from 1st Cor 15th Ch. 21st V. to a large
attentive audience.

The sudden death of our esteemed brother
admonishes us to be ALSO READY.

D. C. STILWELL.

We have had interesting meetings in this place
during the few days Mr. Earle remained with
us two were baptized, and as the fruit of gospel
truth being exhibited, others were willing to
confess Christ in Baptism. The Lord by his
spirit has worked marvellously in the hearts of
sinners. At Maquipp Lake, a few Sabbaths since,
a Branch church in connection with the Canning
and Sheffield church, consisting of 26 baptized
believers, were organized, of which probably you
have received a statement of the proceedings.
We see what has grown out of Brother Wallace's
effort in the erection of a Baptist place of wor-
ship, and the dedication services. The text "We
will rejoice in thy salvation and in the name of
our God we will set up our banners." Sermon by
Brother Wallace &c., Our Lords name be praised
for what he has done since the association.

(For the Christian Visitor.)

Messrs. EDITORS.—We have had several
deaths in this place of late of which I send you
the following notice.

Ann Jane the beloved wife of J. W. Straight,
died on the 21st, of November after a weeks
sickness which she bore with christian resigna-
tion leaving an infant a week old, a disconsolate
husband and a large family, of children to
mourn their loss. She was a member of our
church, and died in hope of a resting place in the
mansions prepared for the people of God. The
death was improved by a Funeral Discourse by
the writer.

Mrs. Catherine Blizard died on the 6th inst of
cancer in her breast. She had been a great sufferer
for a long period during which she manifested
great patience, strong faith in her Saviour, and
died in full hope of a resting place in a better
world than this. The Funeral was improved by
the Rev. David Crandall, who preached an ex-
cellent discourse on the occasion. She was the
only surviving daughter of John Watson, late
of the Parish of Wickham, Q. C. Deceased
has left a family of five children to mourn their
loss.

We are enjoying quite a revival of religion in
this region: a number has been baptized of late
and more are coming forward in the ordinance.
Brother Judson Bleakney has been preaching
here and in Wickham church for five or six
months to good acceptance, and has been the
means of awakening the minds of the youth es-
pecially in Wickham church. I have baptized
on three Sabbaths, three young men whom I ex-
pect will be a blessing to religion, two of whom
united with us, and one with the Wickham
church. Last Sabbath brother Keith baptized
in Wickham church, five, and to-day there are
others to be baptized. I hope the Lord will
continue to revive his work amongst us, until
our churches become strong in the gifts and