

# The Christian Visitor.

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{ AND MANAGER

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Correspondence to the N. Y. Independent.  
THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

VICTORY OF THE ITALIANS.—POLICY OF FRANCE.

ENGLAND, NOV. 9, 1860.

Up to the present moment there is no intimation of the arrival of the Prince of Wales upon our coasts. The strong easterly winds which have prevailed for several days, account in some measure for a prolonged voyage, yet a degree of anxiety is beginning to be felt. It is no exaggeration to say that both a simple and a grand fact, that the Prince returning will fill a larger place in the national heart and mind than heretofore. The son of America, the emotions of a warm and impulsive people have been poured out upon him as a baptism. The national historic heart has leaped up, and owned its affinity. Blood is thicker than water. That confusion of tongues and divergence on the plain of Shinar has divided the race by an almost impassable barrier; but we English, we of the English tongue, may not be divided: we must march together, together build that temple whose top shall be deemed to heaven, but not devoted to Peor or Balaam.

If any stern republicans, if any fierce democrats, born of European despotism and enervated by misgivings, or a touch of false shame, on account of having been betrayed into the interest of almost affectionate regard to the son of a Queen and child of England, there is the balm of restored self-respect for him provided on the instant. England is not of "Europe." Here is the Absolutist, *Nord* of Brussels declaring that "England has opposed herself to Europe." And the Englishman and the American ought and will join to thank God that this charge is true. The facts are these. Lord John Russell has addressed a despatch to the Minister at Turin, such as has no precedent since John Milton, as Latie Secretary to Cromwell, addressed letters, to the same capital.

The Pope and Bishops have cursed the King of Sardinia openly and in right Rabshakeh style. Emperors and kings and kinglets everywhere have done the same in their manner. The King of Italy was to be cast out of the royal synagogue. Even the Prussian Minister sermonizes like a true court-preacher, and adds his political state communication to that of "the Church." In truth, it was in see-saw fashion: first a strain of national unity and of free will; then a scold of hyper-regalism, and absolute and unconditional reprobation for Italy and its chosen King—because chosen.

Well, popes and emperors, kings and kinglets, having spoken, England also speaks, by Lord John Russell, and speaks against this Europe—the legitimate vampire and the elect of France vampire included. He justifies the peoples and the King: he brings great undefeasible rights, and the things done, to confront the curses and the whinnings of the church and state of Europe. He cites our own Glorious Revolution and the Dutch William, cites also Vattel, and gives law and gospel in support of his argument and of freedom.

This comes upon the hateful intervention of "France," at Gaeta.

Now has not England spoken for herself, and for the United States, this day, as we hope and believe speaking potentially for herself from the Ark of the Ballot-box?

Let us record more on this memorable Sixth of November. Capua capitulated, rendering up "nine or eleven thousand prisoners" on Friday the 2d. The next day Garibaldi and the King defeated the Bourbon army, making a total rout and an immense capture; so that the Bourbon remains with reduced forces in his stronghold, under the protection of the Emperor of the French! Further, Garibaldi has met and saluted the "King of Italy, and the twin clasped hands fraternally; and, with words so clasped they saw filed before them, or were so seen by Garibaldians and brave Piedmontese. The hero spoke frankly to the King of his friends, and of MAZZINI, persecuted from Turin. I annex a paragraph or two from the letter to *The Daily News*.

"When the King and Garibaldi appeared in front of our columns the enthusiastic cries of 12,000 men saluted them. It was an imposing and curious scene to see those half-ragged fellows forget the miseries of a long and harassing campaign in greeting the two men who personified the cause of their country. Victor Emanuel seemed to be extremely gratified with his reception, and when the soldiers cried out, 'Long live the King of Italy!' he never failed to answer, 'Long live Garibaldi! Long live my army!' When the review was over, Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel rode together towards Belona, the two staffs following them at a distance of twenty yards. The King had decided to go and inspect the positions of Sant Angelo and Cajazzo, and to have a near view of Capua. Garibaldi accompanied him as far as Carmignola a ride of nearly an hour. Of course they talked freely of the present situation of the realm, and although their conversation was not heard by the officers of their staff, I have it on good authority that Garibaldi did not lose the opportunity of defending the policy he had followed after his arrival at Naples. An officer of Garibaldi's staff told me that when he had parted from the King, the General said, 'I did not shrink from telling the King that he is surrounded by a set of men who are not the warmest friends of Italy. I tried to persuade him that all that has been said about the influence Mazzini and his friends exercised upon me was a mere calumny. How could I send into exile Mazzini, who has done so much for Italian unity?' said I to Victor Emanuel, and his Majesty agreed that I was right."

The trampled and corrupt press of France would seem to be embarrassed and the Parisian public is said to be offended by the audacious and despotic interference of the Emperor, on behalf of the Bourbon. The excuse put forth is evident falsity, and repulsive for its want of humanity. Here it is, from the *Pays*:

"In order that there may be no mistake as to the character and import of the instructions given to Admiral Lebarlier de Tiran on the subject of an attack upon Gaeta from the sea, we repeat, from certain information, that the order received by the Admiral was dictated by a sentiment of delicacy ('*honte convenance*') and humanity. It was wished to save the chateau in which the entire royal family is living from a bombardment, and, above all, it was desired to prevent the King of Naples from being made prisoner by his own subjects."

What can be added to this? Only one wants to ask, Who designed to make a prisoner, and

conquer this broken Bourbon? who cried a la Lanterne? who shouted for a nayade? who cried for the guillotine? who wanted him sent to one of his own dungeons, or to have his eyes forced out, Neapolitan fashion? who spoke of Cayenne and banishment? who, in a word, wanted to "decapitate this toothless tyrant?"

"There is 'no mistake' in the matter. By all means protect the Bomba against 'bombardment'—the bombardier should not be bombarded; the engineer should not 'hoist with his own petard'; and so a British steam-ship awaited the tiger brood; and was there not the squadron of France? Who then would pare, or even wish to pare, the nails, or to break a single fang of the creature who had lacerated and torn humanity and filled up the measure of a cruel felino race?"

After all it is, perhaps as well in the interests of religion and morals, and of humanity, that this Man of December should not wash himself in the waters of Italy, but remain as an illustration of the truth in that great state paper of Nebuchadnezzar the King, which affirms the Divine sovereignty as sometimes raising up and placing over nations the basest of men.

What, it does not seem that the French Emperor can carry out this hateful anti-Italian policy. France is not so dead as to be seen to be this "France." Then events fight against the libesticide—*Capua fall-n*: the great battle which was to be so much for the Bourbon, lost and won, "on the other side of the Garigliano," and the Mola di Gaeta already occupied by a portion of the victorious army. These things, and the decided and boldly expressed opinion of England, will be too strong for the imperial Cooperator at Paris.

## THE CONSOLER.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. It came from a small log cottage. It did not promise much, but the missionary was glad of any shelter. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place. It was cold and dirty, and almost without furniture of any sort. In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary pitied her, and drew near to the bed. He saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was very ill, and a great sufferer; yet the poor little thing was not impatient. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl, "Can you read this book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And when I think of that, I am happy. And in the dark night, when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Savior and heaven, and he seems to be saying, 'Suffer little child to come up to me, and forbid her not.' I am soon going to be with him for ever."

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little sick girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—John xiv. 27.—*Bible Society Record.*

## PULL BOTH OARS.

I remember having been told of two gentlemen, the one a hyper-Calvinist, the other a low Arminian, who were one day crossing a river together in a ferry boat. A religious dispute about faith and works arose. The former argued that good works were of small importance, that *faith was everything*. The other insisted that it matters little whether a man believes or not, the great question is, does he perform good works? Neither of the disputants being satisfied with the other's arguments, the ferryman, an enlightened, experienced Christian, asked permission to express his opinion on the point at issue. Leave having been granted, he said, "I hold in my hand two oars. That in my right hand I call Faith, Works is the name I give to the one in my left. Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the Oar of Faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and we make no progress. Now pray attend whilst I do the same with the Oar of Works; a precisely similar effect is produced, and we make no advance. Mark! I pull both oars together, we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place; in my humble opinion."

He added, "Faith without works, or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Our readers will remember that when the Pemberton Mill in Lawrence fell, burying so many persons under its ruins, and when those ruins were in flames, three girls, clasped in each other's embrace, were heard singing of their heavenly home, until their voices were silenced by the raging flames. It was one of the most affecting scenes of that never-to-be-forgotten night. The following paragraphs, taken from the Examiner's report of the daily prayer meetings in New York, not only refer to that scene, but give us a sketch of the life of one of those who thus met death with the notes of heavenly music on her lips.

A gentleman said, "Some time ago I led a little girl, in a distant city, from a wretched home, where drunkenness on the part of both parents prevailed and was almost constant, into a Sabbath School. We had her neatly clothed, and she soon began to take great delight in the exercises of her class. Sometimes the clothes we gave her would be sold by her unattractive parents for rum, and she would stay away from the school from very shame. Then we would again fit her up with new clothes, and I would

go round, on a Sunday morning, to her father's wretched abode, and lead her to school. This was done over and over again. She was not content with going to school. She would go morning, afternoon and evening, if she could. When inquired why she went so much to Sunday school, she would answer, "You know not what a home I have. Is it any wonder that I love to go to Sunday school? Oh! I do love to go. I love to sing our little hymns." She was fond especially of singing the hymn beginning with the line,

My heavenly house is bright and fair.

After a time little Mary gave pleasing evidence that she had become a follower of Christ, and then she loved to sing her hymns more than ever. You all have heard of the fall of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Mass. Mary was at work in the basement of the Mill's at the time of the awful accident. She was with some other little girls, whom she had taught to sing with her Sunday school hymns. At first these children were uninjured. Piles of timber and rubbish were above, falling in such a way as to shut them in close confinement.

We could not get them out. But we could pass down food and coffee to them, and we could encourage them. This we did until the cry of fire was raised, and all those ruins were soon enveloped in a sheet of flame. Then we could not get at them any more. But when the fire was raging all around them, I heard the voice of my dear little Mary, singing most sweetly, joined by three or four little girls, her favorite hymn,

My heavenly home is bright and fair.

We'll be gathered here,

Nor death, nor sighing visit there;

We'll be gathered home.

We'll wait till Jesus comes.

And we'll be gathered home.

Now I want to ask you if you can imagine the value of such music as that, sung in such a place? I stood powerless to help her, and heard her sing, until her voice was lost in silence, and she went up to heaven in her chariot of fire."—*Era.*

The following lines were received some time since, but have been mislaid.

"And there was no more sea."—Rev. 21:1.

My soul! Though drifting clouds now compass thee,  
This morning star of hope, thy guide shall be  
Midst troubled waves, to worlds without a sea,  
Our portion's changing tide.

Ye fountains! morning with a sullen roar;  
Faith brings an olive leaf from distant shore.  
Which says to you, "Thus far ye go" "no more,"  
But calls me to his side.

Be still, and fold your pinions, birds of care!  
No shadows glide along God's temples fair.  
Children of storms! ye cannot enter "There,"  
Why then sad heart this fear?

My soul! Be calm! One walk'd before this way.  
At length "Come unto me," I hear him say.  
"There shall be no more sea." Whom waves obey,  
Jesus, my rest, is near.

## COOLIES OF INDIA.

The coolies in India are neither Hindoos nor Mohammedans. They believe in the existence of one God being, nominally supreme, but really not troubling himself much about this world, and hosts of demons. Gosson's missionary association, (a German society), established a mission among them fifteen years ago. The result is 2000 converts and 18,000 regular attendants on Christian worship. In common with most German missions at the present time, they rejoice in a large measure of spiritual life. One day in March last, it is reported 113 were baptized.

## ENDOWING A BAPTIST CHURCH.

We notice in the Eastern papers that Miss Eliza Angell, of Providence, recently deceased, has left \$100,000 in trust to Drs. Wayland and Caswell, the increase from which is to be expended in erecting a plain stone church edifice and parsonage, in North Providence, and keeping them in repair; in supporting a Baptist minister to preach in said church, and the surplus, if any, to be applied to the education of the children of Baptist ministers and missionaries, and candidates for the Baptist ministry.

Rev. H. G. GUINNESS is at present in this city, with the intention of remaining here for a season, if the Providence of God shall seem to indicate it as his duty. He preached last Sabbath morning at the Mount Vernon Church, (Rev. Dr. Kirk's), and in the evening at the Somerset-St. church, (Rev. Dr. Neal's.) He will preach the present week in the following places: Tuesday evening, in the Bowdoin Street church; Wednesday evening, in the Charles Street church, and Thursday, at Park Street church.—*Reflector.*

WEST INDIA BAPTISTS.—In the West India Islands there are two hundred Baptist churches with 36,250 members. There is also a Theological Institution for the training of native preachers.

Rev. John Parsons writes from Ballymen, Ireland, near the close of summer:  
Having taken my position in the water, I had the privilege of baptizing nine—five females and four males—in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It was impossible not to feel assured, from their whole demeanor, that they counted it all joy to keep the Lord's commandment.

## USEFUL MEDICAL HINTS.

We find the following remarks (by the editor) in the "Cincinnati," a scientific and agricultural journal, published at Cincinnati, Ohio:—  
If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having over-loaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a tea-spoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a tea-cup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up bringing with it the contents of the stomach, and least there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a tea-

cupful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these nullify many violent poisons. In case of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in cold water gives entire relief, as instantaneously as the lightning.—Meanwhile, get some common dry flour, and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part the moment it emerges from the water, and keep sprinkling on the floor through anything like a pepperbox cover, so as to put it on evenly. Do nothing else; drink nothing but water; eat nothing until improvement commenced except some dry bread softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burnings have been performed in this way, as wonderful as they are painless. We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently dropped with lard-oil, and which was fast sinking into the sleep which has no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg—a tea-spoonful every five minutes—until it ceased to seem drowsy.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO TYNDALE.—It is proposed to erect a column to the memory of William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, on Nibley Knoll, a site for which has been given by Sir Maurice Berkeley. Tyndale was born about 1484, in the village of North Nibley, and after a life devoted to the one noble object of opening up the treasures of God's Word to all classes in his native land, he suffered martyrdom near Brussels, in 1536. A permanent and suitable monument to so great a benefactor to his country will doubtless be raised, and it is believed that the demonstration will be general throughout Gloucestershire, a deep sense of the debt of gratitude, so justly due to one who was born among us, and who toiled and suffered for us, having been evinced.

THE REV. DR. CHEEVER.—The friends of the anti-slavery cause will be sorry to learn that the Rev. Dr. Cheever is obliged, through indisposition, to withdraw for the present from all public labor. The rev. gentleman, when his health broke down, was prosecuting his noble work in Glasgow and its vicinity. Though compelled to suspend his exertions for a while, it is hoped that complete rest for a short time will have the effect of restoring his strength, and that he will yet be enabled to fulfill the mission on which he came to this country.—*Leeds Mercury.*

VALUE OF RELIGIOUS PAPERS.—A friend gave his testimony as follows:—"I have been pastor of a church several years, and have noticed that all men who have been troublesome in my church, who have been easily offended, and ugly—have been men who did not take a religious newspaper. And you will find that almost all church difficulties come from men who do not read religious journals."

The Princess Alice is beginning to figure as a patroness of literature. Her Royal Highness has accepted the dedication of a new illustrated work.

The Prince of Wales is expected to land at Plymouth, where arrangements for his reception are being made.

those illustrious men who have shone with so much honour in ages that are past, and it is the two combined that must now constitute both individuals and churches, those powerful agents for good which the great founder of Christianity designed them to be. He, therefore, who separates knowledge from piety understands neither the one nor the other, and by a blind and fatal act of presumption, attempts to put asunder that which infinite wisdom has inseparably joined together.

And who is not convinced of all this by experience and observation, as well as by the inspired word? If we would find an active, working, prosperous church, we must find one whose members are intelligent as well as pious—who have not only the witness of the Spirit that they are born from above, but have also, a good understanding of the faith in which they profess to believe; and are able to define intelligibly, and if need be, defend successfully, the grand principles which lie at the basis of their hopes and aims. Such a church will be known, and its influence felt wherever it exists. Its prosperity will not depend upon spasmodic efforts, periodical protracted meetings, and occasional revivals; but like a true church of Christ,—its members characterized by harmony of sentiment and feeling,—uniformity of life and labour, and faithfulness in every engagement and obligation, will move forward from strength to strength, its course being like the path of the just, shining more and more to the perfect day. If these statements be true, then all must see the importance of a wider dissemination of sound religious instruction amongst our churches and congregations; and every proper effort should be vigorously employed to secure so desirable an object.

I would gladly continue this subject to a much greater length, as I had originally intended, but though there are numerous important points, naturally coming under the head of "denominational education," which still remain untouched, yet the press of other indispensable duties compels me to abandon it for the present, in hope that some of your able correspondents may be induced to take it up, and discuss it as its importance demands. If they do not, however, I may, probably, resume it when I again have leisure to write.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.  
Fredericton, Nov. 1860.

For the Christian Visitor.  
SYNOPSIS OF PROFESSOR FOWLER'S LECTURE ON "THE THEOLOGY OF PHRENOLOGY."

(Continued.)  
GENERATION AND THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

This principle that generation redoubles happiness is sufficiently important to deserve reinforcement by that anatomical relation found to exist between generation and the seat of the soul.

"But what mean you by the seat of the soul? What by even the soul itself? Please define," say some.

The "soul" is here used to signify the embodiment of all the human faculties and functions into a one entirely, in order to their united action. As a watch consists in the union of all its parts withal, so as to constitute one entity—as, after all parts are made, they do not constitute a watch while separate, but only when and by being so embodied that, collectively, they keep time; so if memory, judgment, language, worship, affection, appetite, &c., were isolated, and acted disjointedly, they could not constitute a human entity, whereas their union and collective action form them into a human soul.

Now since, according to Phrenology, every mental function must be put forth by some particular portion of the brain, of course this uniting or embodying function must have its brain-organ also. And as, like feet, eyes, heart, &c., each organ is located where it can exercise its function better than if placed anywhere else, so of course there must be a natural fitness between the position of this embodying organ, and its uniting office. Therefore, since its function is to centralize, its place must needs be correspondingly central.

Now on examining the brain, we find the mental functions performed by that gelatinous or cartilage portion near its surface, and unconvoluted or folded,—the talents being greater in proportion as these convolutions are deeper.

Each phrenological organ, after we pass through this cortical substance, is found to be composed of nervous fibres which, like muscles tapering down into tendons, the tendon transferring the power from the place of its origin to that of its use, tapers down to a conical apex, which terminates at what is called the *corpus callosum*—a bundle of nervous fibres which run from front to rear, and side to side, in the middle of the brain, so that all the phrenological organs, by running to this common center, are enabled to work in concert. Now this great nervous centre is exactly adapted to embody into one great unity all those phrenological organs, which terminate in it, and by enabling them to act together, constitute that soul which inheres in this embodiment.

Now this shipping organ is located directly above this seat of the soul as if presiding over it, runs down to it, thereby obviously controlling it. Hence, as in a man's worship, so also are all his other faculties. Let but veneration be in a right state of harmony with the Deity, that

fact spreads throughout the human soul a lambent flame to warm and quicken all, together with a balmy, elevating, purifying influence, more easily felt than described, whereas when it is in discord with this key-note of the universe, all grates soul harrowing discords with all.

Let the practical history of orthodox conversion attest and enforce this point. Sinners, whilst under conviction, that is, whilst Veneration is averted from, or in rebellion against God, experience, a cold, leaden pall which stifles all their faculties. They feel almost dead to friendship, and hate both themselves, and their fellow-men, because at war with their Maker; are oppressed, conscience-stricken, unable and unwilling to speak in public—a sort of numb-palsy as it were clasping all their faculties.

Yet as soon as Veneration is brought into harmony with the Divine—that is when this faculty takes on its normal action, it quickens intellect, so that, though they could not utter a sentence in meeting before they now talk with an eloquence, a force, an appropriateness wholly unknown before, and impossible without this quickening of veneration.

He whose heart is warm with love to God surpasses himself, in thought, language, gesticulation, indeed all the attributes of a good speaker because his natural talents are wonderfully enhanced by this combination of all his faculties with veneration. And mark the concordance of this principle with the wonderfully forcible eloquence and diction of the Bible. And how many speak splendidly on religion who speak poorly on other subjects. So, too, how many uneducated stammerers become remarkably gifted in prayer.

And how often do young converts throw their arms fondly around the necks of friends, being rendered incomparably more affectionate by and after conversion than before? And how much more benevolent? All because the increased action of veneration redoubles intellect, language, friendship, benevolence, all their faculties, music included. Merely, then, as a mental discipline, to improve memory, reason, goodness, &c., right life, cultivate love of God. Behold also the face of the ecstatic convert, so radiant, so glowing, so expressive of rapture.

More if I were now a scientific teacher of a class of youth whom I were to fit for the highest honors at the whole world's fair of a purely intellectual superiority, I should not teach reading, Grammar, Geography, Mathematics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural History, Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, &c., as now, but, instead, taking Jehovah as the great trunk of all things and nature as branches from Him and these various sciences as roots, leaves, flowers, and fruit of the different out workings of their great Creator, expounding all the attributes of God and all connected with all by their divine origin, I do honestly believe I could actually convey several times more scientific knowledge in a given period by thus making science a theology, than as now by divorcing science from its Author, as well as its respective departments from each other, claiming that this grouping all around the great centre of the universe would so methodize and systemize all, and show the bearing of all on each, and each on all, as incalculably to promote merely scientific attainments besides all that divine worship thereby superadded.

Most. This same "seat of the soul," thus controlled by veneration, also controls the body and all its functions. Thus every bodily organ, even the little finger nail, lives only by means of it nervous connection with the brain. Destroy that and one and all die. A neighbor having broken his back by a fall, the parts connecting with the spinal column below the breach became insensible and dead, so that he persuaded his neighbors to beat iron red hot, so that his still living eyes could see them seath his own flesh before he would believe these lower portions were dead.

Now all these nerves from all parts of the body enter the spine, and passing up into the brain terminate right in and under this same *corpus callosum* or seat of the soul, in which all the phrenological organs center, so that its states likewise control the whole body, as well as mind. And since veneration governing its states, therefore the state of veneration controls all the functions of the body, in addition to all those of the mind to strengthen or weaken, build up or break down all according as it is strong or weak, right or wrong, and the universal fact that who ever is troubled seriously with nervous affections has a tender painful spot on the top head, right at veneration, still further establishes the natural inter-relationship existing between the states of veneration and the whole being.

By virtue of this law it is that he who eats in a mental frame of love to God, eats both eat all the more, and digest all the better, and of course live the longer, and enjoy and accomplish the more, than he who does not. In like manner devotion promotes sleep, animal warmth and vigor physical strength and activity, ability to labor, animal ecstasy and luxury included in fact, every animal function and pleasure. Hence merely as an investment in animal pleasure, or as an annuity of creature comforts, divine love and worship is the surest and most profitable. Verily, those neither "live on half their days," nor half live, while alive who live without God in the world. Then, one and all, redouble all life powers and pleasures by redoubling worship.

## Correspondence

For the Christian Visitor.  
DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION.  
NUMBER SIX.

## CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In addition to what I have said in previous articles on Church history its importance to Baptist churches and families, I need only say that the mere existence of the numerous works on that subject will make nobody the wiser unless they are purchased,—I will not say *borrowed*,—and read. And fortunately for those who are desirous of gathering such information, abundance of well-authorized material is now to be obtained at a very trifling expense, and so arranged, condensed, and popularized, as to be at once attractive and interesting, and hence peculiarly adapted to private and family instruction.

And what has been said of the history of our Baptist Churches may be said also of their doctrines, polity, and principles in general. They should be carefully studied and thoroughly understood by all. Such knowledge is essential to our strength and advancement as a denomination; and just in proportion as it is acquired and disseminated, will our influence be felt, and our hopes and exertions be crowned with a due measure of success.

Some systems of religion have their foundation in ignorance, their extension and power being in exact proportion to the blindness and superstition of their adherents. With Baptists it is far otherwise. Knowledge is the germ and soul of their being—the great element of their power—the keystone in the great arch of their system—the secret of their growth and prosperity. Its importance to them can never be over-estimated, nor too frequently or forcibly urged upon the minds of all who are interested in the spread and triumph of their principles.

I need not here stop to discriminate between knowledge in the head, and grace in the heart, or to express my opinion respecting the absolute necessity of both to constitute the sound, intelligent, active, and useful Christian. This matter has received sufficient notice in a previous article to prevent the possibility of my being misunderstood in reference to it. I will here add, however, and the fact should be repeated with thrilling emphasis till it is heard, understood, appreciated, and acted upon by every Baptist in the country,—that it is neither the one nor the other, separately, but the two combined that consummate the true Christian character and state. It is the two combined which has distinguished