

New Brunswick Baptist,

AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

[For Terms see First Page]

Published on WEDNESDAY.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men.

VOLUME XIV.

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The New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor—For 1861, will be enriched by regular contributions from the friends of the cause.

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to the solicitude of all to render the meeting one for the glory of Carey's Lord, by encouraging each other's hearts in the work to which Carey had been called.

A passing thought on the difference of the material scene before us and any to be witnessed in Carey's days was unavoidable.

Many of our readers know what the lighted-up interior of the Surrey Tabernacle is, from having beheld it; if they do not, we can only leave them to their imagination till they may see this denominational wonder. A friend had shown us just before we went a faithful picture of the cottage where the wife of the parish clerk, a hundred years ago, gave birth to Wm. Carey. Our readers, too, will probably soon see that; and the cottage was quite in keeping with the kind of places which were called Baptist Meeting-houses in Carey's day, and such as Carey himself doubtless officiated in when he first listened to a call, which was really one of the Holy Spirit, to take on him the ministry of the Gospel. What a stride onwards since that day! Could Carey have been placed in the centre of the congregation on Monday evening, and had he heard nothing which betrayed the purpose of the building, we question whether he could have imagined that that vast space, those richly-wrought balustraded fronts to the galleries, and the first and second elegant platforms in front of him, were really parts of a Baptist chapel. His feelings would have been the reverse of those of the old men, who beheld the consecration of the second temple.

But when we looked round on the congregation, they were unmistakably Baptists—the great majority of them, we mean. Methodists it was clear they were not, their dress would have betrayed them, Churchmen they were not; their manners, and, in a measure, their dress too, would have told who they were. And Independents they were not; a little smarter, one sex would have been, and the other would have looked of more consequence in the world. No, the great body of those around us belonged to the denomination to which Carey himself did; we dare not define too closely, but there was the homely, the independent, the sensible, and self-compunct aspect so well known to those who are familiar with the distinctive features of congregations. Not but that the world, alas! makes far too many in all much alike, yet a brief observation would soon detect the denomination in the portion which were not quite frivolous enough to be entirely moulded by the passing fashion of the hour. We like our older people for it. Take them as a whole there is a sturdiness in a Baptist's nature which sets lightly by all current trivialities. The mental independence which accepted, and acted on, a truth antagonistic to current opinion and practice, implied, in the case, at least, of converts to Baptism, that it was strong enough to confront society, and obey duty rather than custom. But enough, and more than enough, on such a topic.

In a somewhat long ride home we had leisure to ruminate on what had passed; and our readers will see that it was worth the effort to recall. Amongst what we remembered with the greatest pleasure, were the soul-stirring appeals to our young men, two of them by men comparatively young themselves. One happy effect we did hope might be produced on many of their minds—that of a right comparative estimate of the value of real and Christian greatness; and of that which, under the spell of worldly enchantment, we can scarcely avoid regarding as the world itself regards it. But, oh! how surpassingly difficult is this! A moment's generous enthusiasm is natural to the young; but the next presence of the enchanter restores the old illusion, even while the consciousness that it is illusion has not quite vanished. Steadily, as Carey did, to keep the eye fixed on something worth living and dying for—to be prepared at any moment to feel that the Governor-Generalship of India was, so far as its honors and real value were concerned, a bauble worthless compared with the work he was doing at Serampore—this was greatness of soul—a greatness like that of his Lord himself—the greatness of close and habitual association with reality, and of disregarding, or, in truth, not noticing, the shows and seemings amid which others live. Most of us, at times, awake to perception of the tyranny of customary estimates of things on our habits of life and on our daily thinking and purposes. Carey appeared to live and move in a world unmasked to him; the false tints and hues and mists had vanished from the time when the great idea, as Mr. Chown happily expressed it, was not seized by, but rather seized him—in Scripture language, that "for which he was apprehended of Christ." We speak of his simplicity—how should he but be simple? His single eye guided him by the discernment of all things as they really were.

We could not help thinking, even, that a remarkable parallel might be drawn between Carey and his Master. There was, though, of course, at infinite distance, some considerable resemblance between the disciple and his great Teacher. Their human temperament might be in many things alike. If his Lord was "full of truth and grace," Carey had received largely of the same. While working as a boy and a sea man's mate, after he had felt the power of religion, a Rabbi of our National Establishment—no less a man than Scott's Commentator—was astonished at his understanding and his answers—how knew he letters, too, having never learned them? And from to be "at his Father's side," about his Father's business, and the duties of his soul.

On a Sunday evening of missions had he as

on him, he saw nothing but fields white unto harvest; and, whether discouraged by older ministers, or by his equals in age, or by difficulties apparently, to a poor shoemaker, as great as removing mountains, he saw them not, for "His meat and his drink were, to do the will of him that sent him."

Do they think we are going beyond the line which separates the Elder Brother from all His brethren? We are confident we are not. We have no doubt that that intense realising of the truth of all things in Carey's soul, was Christ dwelling in him, than we have that similar effects flowed from the same cause in the minds of the Apostles, in that of the Great Apostle especially.

But Carey was as distinguished by grace as by truth. Clearness of vision, beholding things all around him in their true light, was not, in him, the parent of a hard, unsympathising, censorious spirit. Mildness and gentleness were as remarkable in him as truth in perception and action. Never to be turned from sacred convictions, he yet sympathised, with those who were out of the way as much as if he too were deluded with them. Probably all who knew him felt that if any man on earth at that time exemplified the meekness and gentleness of Christ, it was William Carey. The natives admired his "straight word," and they loved him who sought "not theirs but them;" while Governors-General and great men in India earned to appreciate the marvellous power of that faith which, with the most genuine humility and modesty, united a firmness which could not shrink before man because it rested on the Rock of Ages, and a meekness of spirit which could have followed his Master's example, under all the provocations of His last hours.

And kindred with this, indeed due in great part to that truth-loving spirit which the Spirit of the Lord had seized on, and sanctified, and elevated, was his wonderful faith. We thought of his faith compared with that of some eminent philosophers—men, we fear, sadly wanting in that which formed so large an element in the faith of Carey. We have heard of a Watt, a Benethan, and an Adam Smith, slowly thinking out the ultimate truths on their respective sciences rested, and then coming forth from their closets with their most undoubting confidence that they could reform practical mechanics, or law, or trade. Smith, for instance, after years of patient thought, when he had gained sight of his great truth, never faltered in his course; and the trade of all the world feels the effect of his faith resting firmly on a scientific truth. We do not depreciate that; but think of Carey, with no objects of sense to guide his thoughts—nothing that could be handled, weighed, and measured; think of him looking at the world of heathenism, with his estimate, too, of the inveterate hold of evil on the human heart; think of him revolving all the practical difficulties in the way of his ever getting to the scene of his proposed labours; think of him turning over in his mind all the inherent difficulties of his work, and all the innumerable obstacles which, not a timid fancy, but the coolest reason, set before him; think of him pondering over hindrances which made his ideas seem almost like absurdity, even to devout men, and yet reasoning himself, through all, to the clear conviction that there was a Power abundantly sufficient to carry him through all, and that he, the poor self-taught cobbler might grasp that Power—might humbly, yet with entire confidence, go forth as the well warranted agent of the Lord of all—that was faith. It was not impulse, it was not passion, it was not blindness, it was not presumption, it was faith—and such faith as even the Church, not to say the world, rarely sees.

We wonder if it ever occurred to Carlyle to number Carey among his heroes. He has taught a cry to our age, and one that has become little more than cant in the mouths of thousands of our young men; the chief reason being that he would rouse men to faith and energy, but all of it objectless, and therefore too commonly but concealed word-worship. At best he has taught them a Liturgy to the praise of mere resolute force. Carey is the true teacher, and the true "Representative man," for those who would be great in the Kingdom of God; and he was so, because he was in our times, the representative of so much learning.

One who came to set us an example that we should follow His steps. To our mind, not one of the favorite writer's heroes can compare in moral grandeur with our Carey. Rarely is it given men to exhibit a mind fixed on the noblest work possible to man, exhibiting in pursuit of it a thoroughly enlightened, steady, and severely tried firmness, never probably surpassed, and yet combining with all the gentleness which might have leaned on the bosom of Jesus Himself. Carey was one of those who constitute the living witness of the Church to the living power of her Lord—the proof that the Spirit which inspired the Apostles can still consecrate them. Head of the Church, watchman to our generation, even to us, such men as Thy servant Carey! Set before us again the embodied working of Thy Spirit! Breathe it into us!

THE DEATH OF WHITEFIELD.

Of the crowds that not only flocked to hear his preach, but which continually filled his father's house, when Mr. Whitefield was his honored guest, has my grandmother, of blessed memory, often told, as well as how she herself, then a young girl of about 15, sat in his chair and saw him die. He had come to Newburyport on a Sunday evening of missions had he as

Exeter, N. H., on that day, expecting to supply her father's pulpit on the next day—attended, as usual, by an elderly man, his body servant. Many persons called at the house to speak with him in the early evening; and after a little time spent in this way, he complained of much fatigue, and requested to attend the usual family worship, that he might retire. By this time the house was full of people, and Mr. Whitefield went a few steps up the stairs, and, standing there, prayed with great fervency, and immediately retired to his chamber. Before the morning came, his servant aroused the family with the sorrowful cry, "Mr. Whitefield is dying." Rising hastily, they found him sitting in a large arm chair, before an open window gasping for breath, in a severe and sudden asthmatic attack, to which he had been subject. Windows and doors were hastily thrown open, physicians and neighbors summoned, but their kind offices were of no avail to give relief to the labored breathing, which could be heard throughout the house; and as the morning of the Sabbath dawned, the spirit of the good man departed.

ASTOUNDING was the intelligence, and grievous the lamentation, of that great congregation, which had assembled from all the region on that delightful September Sabbath morning ninety years ago, with the expectation of listening to the eloquence of Whitefield—but only to hear, instead, the announcement of his sudden decease, and to be assured that the sweet but powerful voice [it is said to have been heard at the distance of two miles] of that wonderful preacher of the gospel would be heard on earth no more, while only the cold, silent remains were left among them. Many were the applications from various places to have his grave made with them; but by his own request, of repeated in previous years, his body was laid in a tomb-built for the purpose under the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church in Newburyport, where he had so often preached when in health. Not many years after, his venerable friend, the Rev. Mr. Parsons, at whose house he died, was laid beside him. To this day the tomb has always been open to any one who desired to go within it, and see where they lay. Once and only once, has its sacred precincts been violated. Long ago it was discovered that some sacrilegious hand had removed one of the bones of the arm of Whitefield, none knew when, where, or how; but not many years since the then incumbent of the parish received from England a box containing the missing remains, which were reverently placed in the coffin, and the place more carefully guarded in future. I have seen the cenotaph placed in the ancient church as a memorial, and the mural tablet, inserted in the pulpit front, which marks the place of the tomb itself. Precious to that church and congregation must be the dust, for dust is all that now is, of those great and godly men.

The chair in which Whitefield died was long kept as an heir-loom and memorial by the descendants of Mr. Parsons, and was finally presented to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and is now in their museum in the "Missionary House," on Pemberton Square, in Boston. One other memorial we now possess, in a walking cane, the wood for which was cut from the ruins of the "Orphan House," near Savannah, Ga., where Mr. Whitefield and his beloved friends, the Wesleys, first laboured in America.—N. Y. Observer.

A Guide for Volunteers.

[Abridged from a little tract under this title published by Messrs. Wertheim & Macintosh. A few shillings would suffice to place the tract in the hands of every volunteer in your locality. Will our readers undertake this service?]

THE LEADER.

THE LORD he it is that doth go before thee. He will be with thee. He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.—(Deut. xxxi. 8.)

THE WORD OF COMMAND.

"Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."—(1 Tim. vi. 12.)

THE ENEMIES.

Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—(1 Pet. v. 8.)

"Fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."—(1 Pet. ii. 11.)

"All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."—(1 Jn. ii. 16.)

STANDING ORDERS.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—(1 Cor. xiv. 13.)

"Be sober, be vigilant."—(1 Pet. v. 8.)

"Watch unto prayer."—(1 Pet. iv. 7.)

"Take ye heed, watch and pray."—(Mark xiii. 33.)

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—(Mat. xxvi. 41.)

"Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded."—(Titus ii. 6.)

"Looking unto Jesus."—(Heb. xii. 2.)

MARCHING ORDERS.

"Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil."—(Prov. ix. 27.)

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time."—(Col. iv. 5.)

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."—(Prov. iv. 26.)

"Let thine eyes look right on."—(Prov. iv. 34.)

"Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous."—(Prov. ii. 20.)

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not; walk not thou in the way with them, refrain thy foot from their path."—(Prov. i. 10, 15.)

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—(Jer. vi. 16.)

BODILY TRAINING.

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—(1 Cor. ix. 27.)

"Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth."—(Col. iii. 5.)

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to all to the glory of God."—(1 Cor. x. 31.)

"Let your moderation be known unto all men."—(Phil. iv. 5.)

"Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."—(Heb. xii. 1.)

"Flee youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, charity, and peace."—(2 Tim. ii. 22.)

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—(Luke ix. 23.)

"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."—(Titus ii. 4.)

THE WEAPONS.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."—(Eph. vi. 17.)

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."—(2 Cor. x. 4.)

"The Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's."—(1 Sam. xvii. 47.)

"Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—(Psalm xx. 7.)

"Overcome evil with good."—(Rom. xii. 21.)

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."—(Prov. xv. 1.)

"Do good to them that hate you."—(Mat. v. 44.)

THE EQUIPMENTS.

"The breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation."—(1 Thes. v. 7.)

"The Lord is my strength and my shield."—(Psalm xxviii. 7.)

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."—(Eph. vi. 14.)

"Taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one."—(Eph. vi. 16.)

"Your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."—(Eph. vi. 15.)

"Take unto you the whole armour of God."—(Eph. vi. 13.)

WATCHWORD.

"Emmanuel, God with us."—(Mat. i. 23.)

BANNER.

"Jehovah Nisi. The Lord is my banner."—(Exodus xvii. 15.)

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—(Isaiah xl. 29, 31.)

"Fear not, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."—(Gen. xv. 1.)

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."—(Deut. xxxiii. 25.)

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage: be not afraid, neither be dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—(Josh. i. 9.)

"Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield."—(Psalm v. 12.)

FINAL VICTORY.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—(1 Cor. xv. 57.)

"We are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."—(Rom. viii. 37.)

"To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne."—(Rev. iii. 21.)

SUCCESS IN THE PULPIT.

Rev. Thomas Binney, of London, is one of the greatest masters of extemporaneous discourse—finished, logical, earnest, eloquent. In some recent hints for the benefit of theological students, he makes the following valuable suggestions as the fruit of his own experience. Addressing the new Prince of Cheshunt College, Mr. Binney said:—

"Inculcate the duty of acquiring the habit of free speech—of facile and forcible utterance. To this end they must neither neglect previous written preparation, nor burden themselves by committing a discourse to memory to be verbally repeated, nor sink down into the invariably readers of sermons. Let them learn the best methods of charging their minds with the subject to be set forth—arranging the order and process of argument, the regular successive steps by which they are to reach a certain end—selecting their illustrations and illustrative Scriptural statements—burning the whole into their souls by prolonged thought, and baptising it by fervent prayer—and then, standing up, with humble dependence on Divine aid, and with faith in themselves, in their power to do what they have undertaken, and in their honesty and conscientiousness—let them thus seek to bring out the truth that is in them, so that it has fashioned itself to the intellect, and been fused into the soul, with plain, pungent, unaffected speech, the language of the heart, words, for the most part, of the common people and of common life—and they will not fail, God helping them, of acceptance and success. I have no great faith in extemporized thought, nor much in the throes and efforts of verbal memory; but thought being got, mastered, wrought out, arranged, language may be very much left to the hour of utterance. Many passages of the previous preparation will be recalled as they stand, and many better will be suggested at the time."

Lord Brougham.

This distinguished Lord of the British realm, who is now in the enjoyment of a green old age, devotes assiduously the closing years of a laborious and most impressive public life to the promotion of those Institutions of science, morality and religion, which are shedding their light and their glory upon every page of human progress. In this the noble Lord sets an example worthy of imitation by all interested in the world's redemption from ignorance and sin.

At the recent Anniversary of the "Social Science Association," held in Dublin, Lord Brougham made an admirable speech. We have only room for the closing paragraph:—

"The friends of Social Science, indissolubly bound up as it is in peace, must exult in contemplating the position of the country, and in reflecting that the security of society cannot be shaken by any politician's scheme, or any general's ambition, or any monarch's caprice—by the speculations of avarice, whether in traders or soldiers; the military genius of one, or the restless intrigue of another. Against all we are, heaven be thanked, prepared, for the people of our empire have shown that they must be not merely subdued, but extirpated, before an invasion of them can succeed. Would that we had a like consolation in casting our eye across the Atlantic, and regarding the conflict which now shakes the great union of our Kinsmen! On this most unhappy subject it becomes us to abstain from whatever might be deemed to indicate an opinion upon the merits of the controversy. But we should ill represent the friends of the science we cultivate, if we did not breathe an earnest hope for the termination of a civil war, the real origin of which has been the displacement of faction in the thirst for places, and which, as if to make it more respectable and more amiable, has assumed as its avowed principle the perpetuation and extension of slavery, now for the first time declared to be good in itself. Surely without offence to this party in this lamentable contest, we may breathe a wish that the least of the war's evils—its heavy expense—were bestowed upon the redemption of the coloured race, upon the amelioration of the greatest obstruction that exists to American prosperity, the greatest blot that rests on the American name. Humbly, but deeply, may we be thankful for the blessings we enjoy under our free and well-ordered Constitution, which leaves us towards other nations without hatred and all uncharitableness, and certainly without envy; the blessing of being able to continue our labours in secure possession of freedom from all tyranny, whether of one or of the multitude—of