

# New Brunswick Baptist

## AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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

Published on WEDNESDAY.

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

[For Terms, see inside]

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### New Brunswick Baptist

#### AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR

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Rev. I. E. BILL, —Denominational Editor.

The New Brunswick Baptist and

Christian Visitor—For 1861,

will be enriched by regular contributions from the

Rev. S. ROBINSON, Pastor of Brussels-st.,

Rev. E. CADDY, Pastor of Portland,

Rev. I. WALLACE, A. M., Pastor of Carleton,

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of the Union Society, and

Rev. D. NUTTALL, of Liverpool, Me.

The Pastors of the different churches, and

other valued brethren will keep the New Series

thoroughly posted on all matters of local and denomi-

national interest.

All Communications intended for this paper,

to be addressed, "N. B. Baptist & Visitor

Office, St. John, N. B.

TERMS OF THE BAPTIST AND VISITOR.

For remittances received by us **FOR** up to

1st of March, we will send the Baptist

and Visitor, as follows:—

To May 1, 1861, for ... \$0.50

" Sept 1, 1861, " " " 1.00

" Dec 1, 1861, " " " 1.50

" May 1, 1862, " " " 2.00

Subscriptions already received will be credited

according to the above scale.

Will receive the Baptist and Visitor as follows:

Club of 5 to Sept. 1, 1861, \$5.00; to May 1, 1862, \$9.00

10 to Sept. 1, 1861, 10.00; to May 1, 1862, 17.50

20 to Sept. 1, 1861, 20.00; to May 1, 1862, 35.00

50 to Sept. 1, 1861, 40.00; to May 1, 1862, 70.00

100 to Sept. 1, 1861, 75.00; to May 1, 1862, 125.00

We trust this statement is clear and definite,

and will be considered satisfactory.

Many poor persons who value the Visitor, and

have been receiving it for years at One Dollar

per annum, will still continue to receive it by

giving us notice through our local agents, or

through their minister, and remitting us that or

any other sum they may be able to pay.

Our ministering brethren, who interest them-

selves in behalf of the Baptist and Visitor will

receive it free. Any who do not receive it, will

be sent as usual, by the local agents.

Our Agents will oblige us by at once making up

and sending us their clubs. General Agents will

also oblige us by sending the names and Post

Office addresses of local Agents, so that we can pub-

lish them.

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### The Pulpit.

#### THE WAILING OF RISCA.

##### A SERMON

Delivered on Sabbath Morning, Dec. 9th, 1860,

##### BY THE

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,

AT EXETER HALL, STRAND.

"Suddenly are my tents spoiled, and my curtains

in a moment."—Jeremiah iv. 20.

II. The second head of my discourse

this morning was to be, **STEDDY DEATH,** AS

WE VIEW IT MORE PARTICULARLY IN RE-  
LATION TO OURSELVES.

The miners of Risca had no more idea

of dying that Saturday morning than I

or I have, nor did there seem much likeli-

hood that they would. They had gone up

and down the pit, some of them, many

thousands of times in their lives. It is

true that some had perished there, but then,

how very many had gone up and down and

had not perished. Nay, they had grown so

fearless of danger, that some of them

even thrust themselves into it, and in de-  
fiance of every regulation for the preser-

vation of human life, they were bold and

careless, and would gratify a selfish in-

dulgence when a spark might have caused the

destruction of them all. We will not say

that it was any negligence that caused this

accident—God forbid that we should

lay anything to the charge of those who

have now departed, and have to answer be-

fore their God—but, at any rate, sure it is

that men who have most to do with danger

are generally the most callous, and those

who are most exposed are usually utterly

careless about the very danger which others

see but which they will not see themselves.

Any warning you or I might have given

them would have been thought unnecessary,

if not impertinent. "Why need I be so

careful? I have done this fifty times

before. Why may I not do it again?"—

But as in a moment, although there was

no lightning flash, no earthquake, no open-

ing of a pit to swallow them up, quick in a

moment the gas exploded and they stand

before the Eternal God. It was but the

trinking of an eye, even as though the

last trump had sounded (and indeed it

did sound as far as they were concerned),

and down fell the lifeless corpse, and the

spirit returned to God who made it. And

you and I are in danger too. We are not

in the pit in the midst of explosive air,

but there are a thousand gates to death. How

many there be who have fallen dead in the

streets? How many sitting in their own

homes? I stayed but a week or two ago

with an excellent Christian man, who was

then in the haldest and most hearty health.

I was startled indeed when I heard im-

mediately after that he had come home,

and sitting down in his chair had shut his

eyes and died. "And these things are usual,

and in such a city as ours we cannot go down

a street without hearing of some such vis-

itation. Well, our turn must come. Perhaps

we shall die falling asleep in our beds after

long sickness, but probably we shall be

suddenly called in such an hour as we

think not to face the realities of eternity.

Well, if it be so, if there be a thousand

gates to death, if all means and any means

may be sufficient to stop the current of our

life, if really, after all, spiders' webs and

bubbles are more substantial things than

human life, if we are but a vapour, or a

living taper that soon expires in darkness,

what then? Why, first, I say, let us be

all look upon ourselves as dying men, let us

not reckon on to-morrow. Oh! let us not

procrastinate, for taken in Satan's great

net, of procrastination we may wait, and

wait, and wait, till time is gone and the

great knell of eternity shall toll our dis-

solation. To-day is your only time. O

mortal men, the present moment is the only

moment you may call your own, and oh!

how swift its wings! This hour is yours;

yesterday is gone; to-morrow is with God,

and may never come. To-day if ye will

hear his voice harden not your hearts."

Many have had their first impressions from

thoughts of death, and hence it is that Sa-

tan never likes to let a man think of the

grave. I know a family in which the gov-

erness, the daughter of a Christian min-

ister, was told upon her entering her office,

that she was never to mention the subject

of death to the children. They were never

to know even that children might die. I

did not marvel when I knew the infidelity

of the head of the household. What better

atmosphere for an infidel to breathe in,

than where the blast of death is never felt?

Infidels ought to be immortal. They ought

to live in a world where they can never die,

for their infidelity will never be able to pass

the stream of Jordan. There are infidels

on earth, but there are none in heaven, and

that can be none in hell. They are all

convinced—convinced by terrible facts—

convinced that there is a God while they

are crushed beneath his vengeance, and

made to tremble at his eternal power. But

I pray you, sirs, be not such fools as to live

as though your bones were iron and your

ribs were brass. Let us not be such mad-

men as to run as though there were no

bounds to our race; let us not play away

our precious days as though days were com-

mon as sands on a sea shore. That hour-

glass yonder contains all the sands of your

life. Do you see them running? How

swiftly do they empty out! With some of

you, the most of the sands are in the bottom

of the glass, and there are only a few

left to trickle through the narrow pass-

way of its days. Ah! and that glass shall never

be turned again; it shall never run a sec-

ond time for you. Let it once run out

and you will die. Oh! live as though you

meant to die. Live as though you knew

you might die to-morrow. Think as though

you might die now, and act this very hour

as though I could utter the mandate of

death, and summon you to pass through

the portals of the tomb.

And then take care, I pray you, that

you who do know Christ not only live as

though you meant to die, but live while you

live. Oh what a work we have to do, and

how short the time to do it in! Millions

of men unconverted yet, and nothing but

our feeble voice with which to preach the

Word! My soul, shalt thou ever condemn

thyself in thy dying moments for having

preached too often or too earnestly? No,

never. Thou mayest rebuke thy sloth, but

thou canst never bemoan thy excessive in-

dustry. Minister of Christ! in thy dying

hour it will never be a theme of reproach

to you that you preached ten times in the

week, that you stood up every day to preach

Christ, and that you so preached that you

spent yourself, and wasted your body with

weakness. No, it will be our dull sermons

that will haunt us on our dying beds, our

careless preaching, our long studies, when

we might have preached better; but

we come away and preached without them;

our huntings after popularity, by gather-

ing together fine words, instead of coming

right up, and saying to the people, "Men

and women, you are dying, escape for your

life and fly to Christ;" preaching to them

in red-hot simple words of the wrath to come

and of the love of Christ. Oh! there are

some of you members of our churches, who

are living, but what are you living for?—

Surely you are not living to get money—

that is the worlding's object. Are you liv-

ing merely to please yourselves? Why that

is but the beast's delight. Oh! how few

there are of the members of our churches

who really live for God with all their might.

Do we give to God as much as we give to

our own pleasures? Do we give Christ's

service as much time as we give to many of

our trifling amusements? Why, we have

professional men of education, men of ex-

cellent training and ability, who when they

once get into a church, feel that they could

be very active anywhere else, but as Chris-

tians they have nothing to do. They can

be energetic in parish vestries or in the

rite corps, but in the church they give their

name, but their energies are dormant. Ah!

my dear hearers, you who love the Saviour,

and who shall come before Christ in heav-

en, if there can be a regret, it will be that

we did not do more for Christ while we

were here. I think as we fall down before

his feet and worship him, if we could know

a sorrow, it would be because we did not

bring him in more jewels for his own crown

—did not seek more to feed the hungry, or

to clothe the naked—did not give more to

his cause, and did not labour more that the

lost sheep of the house of Israel might be