

# 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

VOLUME XIV.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1861

NO. 8.

### New Brunswick Baptist

AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS MCHENRY,  
Secular Editor and Proprietor.  
Office—Corner of Princess & Canterbury Sts.,  
next door to the Post Office, St. John, N. B.  
Rev. I. E. BILL.—Denominational Editor.

The New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor—For 1861,  
Will be enriched by regular contributions from the pens of  
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E. C. ADY, Pastor of Portland,  
L. WALLACE, A. M., Pastor of Carleton,  
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All Communications intended for this paper, to be addressed, to N. B. Baptist & Visitor Office, St. John, N. B.

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" 10 to Sept. 1, 1861, 10.00; to May 1, 1862, 7.50  
" 20 to Sept. 1, 1861, 20.00; to May 1, 1862, 15.00  
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### Poetry.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.  
We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move,  
The sun flies forward to his brother sun,  
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her eclipse;  
And human things, returning on themselves,  
Move onward, leading up the golden year.  
Ah, though the times when some new thought can  
bud  
Are not so poet's seasons when they flower,  
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore  
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,  
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.  
When wealth no more shall rest in moulded heaps,  
But, smit with fever light, shall slowly melt  
In many streams, to fatter lower lands,  
And light shall spread, and man be like a man,  
Through all the seasons of the golden year.  
Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?  
If to the world there comes, what of that?  
The wonder of the eagle we will see,  
But not less the eagle. Happy days,  
Roll onward leading up the golden year!  
Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press,  
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross:  
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward,  
With silks and fruits, and spices clear of soil,  
Enrich the markets of the golden year.  
But we grow old. Ah, when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace,  
Like like a shaft of light across the sea,  
And like a lane of beams ahead the sea,  
Through all the circles of the golden year?  
ALFRED TENNYSON.

### The Pulpit.

THE WAILING OF RISOA.  
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.  
The sorrow of the weeping prophet was  
exceeding heavy when he uttered those  
words of bitter lamentation. A great and  
present burden from the Lord is weighing  
so heavily upon our hearts this morning,  
that we cannot spare as much as a moment  
for sympathy with the griefs of past ages.  
God has visited our land, and his strokes  
have been exceeding hard. We are con-  
strained to take up a wailing, and cry  
aloud, "Suddenly are my tents spoiled,  
and my curtains in a moment." There is a  
spot in South Wales which has frequently  
yielded me a quiet and delightful retreat.  
Beautiful for situation, surrounded by lofty  
mountains, pierced by romantic valleys, the  
breathing of its air refreshes the body, and  
the sight of the eyes makes glad the heart.  
I have climbed its hills, I have seen the  
over-widening landscape, the mountains of  
Wales, the plains of England, and the sea

sparkling afar. I have descended the hills  
and marked the mist creeping up the side  
of the hills and covering the woods in  
clouds. I have mingled with its godly men  
and women, and worshipped God in their  
assemblies. These lips have ministered the  
Word in that once happy valley. I have  
been fired with the glorious enthusiasm of  
the people when they have listened to the  
Word. Well doth my soul remember one  
night, which I shall never forget for time  
or in eternity, when, crowded together in  
the place of worship, hearty Welsh miners  
responded to every word of Christ's minis-  
try, with their "groganants" encouraging  
me to preach the Gospel, and crying  
"Glory to God" while the message was  
proclaimed. I remember how they con-  
strained me, and kept me well nigh to mid-  
night, preaching three sermons, one after  
another, almost without rest, for they loved  
to listen to the gospel. God was present  
with us, and many a time has the baptismal  
pool been stirred since then by the fruit  
of that night's labour. Nor shall I ever  
forget when a standing in the open air be-  
neath God's blue sky, I addressed a mighty  
gathering within a short distance of that  
spot; when the Spirit of God was poured  
upon us, and men and women were swayed  
to and fro under the heavenly message, as  
the corn is moved in waves by the summer  
winds. Great was our joy that day when  
the people met together in thousands, and  
with songs and praises separated to their  
homes, talking of what they had heard.—  
But now our visitation of that neighbor-  
hood must ever be mingled with sorrow.  
How hath God been pleased to smite down  
strong men, and to take away the young  
men upon a sudden? "How suddenly are  
my tents spoiled, and my curtains in a  
moment." Oh! vale of Risoa, I take up  
a lamentation for thee: the Lord hath  
dealt sorely with thee. Behold, and see  
if there be sorrow in any valley like unto  
thy sorrow which is done unto thee. The  
angel of death has emptied out his quiver  
upon thee; the awful reaper hath gathered  
to himself full sheaves from thy beautiful  
valley.

You all know the story; it scarce needs  
that I should tell it to you. Last Saturday  
week some two hundred or more miners  
descended in health and strength to their  
usual work in the bowels of the earth. They  
had not been working long, their wives  
and their children had risen, and their lit-  
tle ones had gone to their schools, when  
suddenly there was heard a noise at the  
mouth of the pit—it was an explosion,—  
all knew what it meant. Men's hearts  
failed them, for well they prophesied the  
horror which would soon reveal itself.  
They wait awhile, the foul gas must first  
be scattered, brave men with their lives in  
their hands descend into the pit, and when  
they are able to see with the dim miner's  
lamp, the light falls upon copper after  
corpse. A few, a handful are brought up  
alive, and scarce alive, but yet, thank God,  
with enough of the vital spark remaining  
to be again kindled to a flame; but the  
great mass of those strong men have felt  
the grip of death. Some of them were  
brought up to the top with their faces  
burned or scorched, with their bodies dis-  
figured by the fire; but many are discover-  
ed whose faces looked as if they sweetly  
slept, so that it was scarcely possible to  
believe that they really could be dead, so  
quietly had the spirit quitted the habita-  
tion of clay. Can you picture to your-  
selves the scene? The great fires lit  
around the pit, flaming both night and  
day, the thick mist, the pouring rain  
drenching the whole of the valley. Do  
you see the women as they come cluster-  
ing round the pit, shrieking for their sons,  
and their husbands, and their fathers. Do  
you hear the shrill scream as yonder wo-  
man has just discovered the partner of her  
soul; and there do you mark another  
bending over the form of her two stalwart  
sons, now also taken from her for ever?—  
Do you mark the misery that sits upon the  
face of some who have not found their  
sons or their husbands, or their brothers,  
and who know not who they are, and feel a  
thousand deaths themselves because they feel  
convinced that their precious ones have  
fallen, though their corpses cannot be  
found? The misery in that valley is past  
description; those who have witnessed it,  
fail to be able to picture it. As the cry of  
Egypt in the night when the destroying  
angel went through all the land and smote  
the firstborn; as the wail of Rachel when  
she could not be comforted for her chil-  
dren, because they were not; such has been  
the howling, the weeping, the lamentation  
of that fair but desolate valley.

My friends, this judgment has a voice to  
us, and the scarce buried bodies of those  
men, which lie around us in vision, have  
each a sorrowful lesson. The cry of the  
widow, and of the childless mother, shall  
come up into our ears to-day; and O  
Lord God of Sabaoth, may it so arouse us  
that we hear, and fear, and tremble, and  
turn unto thee—that this dread calamity  
may be to us the means of our salvation,  
of our fellow men.

There are three points upon which I  
shall try to address you this morning.  
First, I shall say somewhat upon sudden  
bereavements; then I shall dwell awhile  
upon the fact of sudden death; and after-  
wards we will say but a little, for we know  
but little of the sudden exchange which  
sudden death shall bring both to saints and  
sinners.

I. Our first sorrowful theme is sudden  
bereavement.  
Alas! alas! how soon may we be child-  
less; how soon may we be widowed of the  
dearest objects of our affections! O Lord,  
thou hast shown to us this day, how soon  
thou canst blast our joys and wither all

the fruits of our vineyard. The dearest  
ones, the partners of our blood, how soon  
can death proclaim a divorce between us—  
our children, the offspring of our loins, how  
soon canst thou lay them beneath the sod.  
We have not a single relative who may not  
become to us within the next moment a  
fountain of grief. All that are dear and  
precious to us are only here by God's good  
pleasure. What should we be to-day if it  
were not for those whom we love, and who  
love us? What were our house without its  
little prattlers? What were our daily busi-  
ness without our associates and friends to  
cheer us in our trials? Ah! this were a  
sad world indeed, if the ties of kindred,  
affection, and of friendship all be snapped;  
and yet it is such a world that they must  
be sundered, and may be divided at any  
moment.

From the fact that sudden bereavements  
are possible—not only to miners and to  
women whose husbands are upon the sea,  
but to us also—I would that we would learn  
profitable lessons. And first let us learn  
to sit loose by our dearest friends that we  
have on earth. Let us love them—love them  
we may, love them we should—but let us  
always learn to love them as dying things.  
Oh, build not thy nest on any of these  
trees, for they are all marked for the axe.  
"Set not thine affections on things on  
earth," for the things of earth must  
leave thee, and then what wilt thou do  
when thy joy is emptied, and the golden  
bowl which held thy mirth shall  
be dashed to pieces? Love first and  
foremost Christ; and when thou lovest  
others, still love them not as though they  
were immortal. Love not clay as though  
it were undying—love not dust as though  
it were eternal. So hold thy friend that  
thou shalt not wonder when he vanishes  
from thee; so view the partakers of thy  
life that thou wilt not be amazed when they  
glide into the land of spirits. See thou the  
disease of mortality on every cheek, and  
write not Eternal upon the creature of an  
hour.

Take care that thou puttest all thy dear  
ones in God's hand. Thou hast put thy  
soul there, put them there. Thou canst  
trust him for temporals for thyself, trust  
thy jewels with him. Feel that they are not  
thine own, but that they are God's loans  
to thee; loans which may be recalled at  
any moment—precious benizens of heaven,  
not entailed upon thee, but of which thou  
art but a tenant at will. Your possessions  
are never so safe as when you are willing to  
reign them, and you are never so rich as  
when you put all you have into the hand  
of God. You shall find it greatly mitigate  
the sorrow of bereavements, if before be-  
reavement you shall have learned to sur-  
render every day all the things that are  
dearest to you into the keeping of your gra-  
cious God.

Further, then, you who are blessed with  
wife and children, and friends, take care  
that you bless God for them. Sing a song  
of praise to God who hath blessed you so  
much more than others. You are not a  
widow, but there are many that wear the  
weeds, and why is it not your lot? You  
are not bereaven of your spouse, but there  
is many a man whose heart is rent in twain  
by such a calamity,—why is it not your  
portion too? You have not to follow to-  
morrow your little ones to their narrow  
graves—early flowers that did but and  
never ripened, withering alas! too soon.—  
Oh! by the sorrow which you would feel if  
they were taken away, I exhort you to  
bless God for them while you have them.  
We sorrow much when our gifts are taken  
away, but we fail to thank God that he  
spared them to us so long. Oh! be not  
ungrateful, lest thou provoke the Lord to  
smite very low the mercy which thou dost  
not value. Sing unto the Lord, sing unto  
his name. Give unto him the blessing  
which he deserves for his sparing favors  
which he has manifested towards you in  
your household.

And then permit me to remind you that  
if these sudden bereavements may come,  
and there may be a dark chamber in any  
house in a moment, and the coffin may be  
in any one of our habitations, let us so act  
to our kindfolk and relatives as though we  
knew they were soon about to die. Young  
men, so treat thy hoary father as thou  
wouldest behave to him if thou knewest he  
would die to-morrow. When thou shalt  
follow him to the grave, amidst all thy  
tears for his loss, let there not be one tear  
of repentance because of thine ill behavior  
to him. And you godly fathers and moth-  
ers, to you I have a special message.—  
Your children are committed to your care;  
they are growing up, and what if after they  
be grown up they should plunge into sin  
and die in that impenitent! Oh, let not  
the fierce regret sting you like an adder,—  
"Oh that I had prayed for my children!  
Oh that I had taught them before they de-  
parted." I pray you so live, that when  
you stand over your child's dead body you  
may never hear a voice coming up from  
that clay, "Father, thy negligence was my  
destruction. Mother, thy want of prayer  
was the instrument of my damnation." But  
so live, that when you hear the funeral  
knell, for a neighbor even, you may be able  
to say, "Poor soul, whether he is gone to  
heaven or to hell, I know I am a sinner of his  
blood." And with double earnestness be  
it so with your children. "Yes," says one  
"but I have thought of teaching my chil-  
dren more of Christ, and being more ear-  
nest in prayer for them by-and-by," but  
what if they should die to-morrow? "Yes,"  
says the wife, "I have thought of speaking  
to my ungodly husband, and trying to in-  
duce him to attend the house of God with  
me, but I was afraid he would only laugh  
at me, so I put it off for a month or two."  
Ah! what if he dies before you have  
cleared your conscience of him? Oh, my

brothers and sisters in Christ, if sinners  
will be damned, at least let them leap to  
hell over our bodies; and if they will per-  
ish, let them perish with our arms about  
their knees, imploring them to stay, and  
not madly to destroy themselves. If hell  
must be filled, at least let it be filled in the  
teeth of our exertions, and let not one go  
there unwarned and unprepared.

In the light, then, of sudden bereave-  
ments, let not another hour pass over your  
head, when you have reached home, before  
you have freed your conscience of the  
blood of your children's souls. Gather  
them together around you this afternoon,  
and say to them, "My dear children, I  
have learned to-day that you may die; I  
knew it before, but I have had it impressed  
upon my mind by a solemn incident. My  
dear children, I cannot help telling you,  
that as you must die, I am anxious that  
God's Holy Spirit should graciously lead  
you to repentance and seek a Saviour." And  
then, when you have told them the way to  
salvation in simple terms, put your arms  
about their necks, and bid the little ones  
kneel down, and pray, "O God! upon  
their infant hearts, stamp thou, the image  
of thyself. As they are in the image of  
the earthly, so make them in the image of  
the heavenly, that at the last I may be able  
to say, 'Here am I, and the children thou  
hast given me.'"

To be Continued.

From the Evangel, San Francisco.  
CIRCULAR LETTER.  
BY C. W. REES.

Were the Churches of Christ, when es-  
tablished, to be permanent and abiding, or  
were they, like the rocket, to burn and blaze  
and sparkle, and then go out forever?—  
After their first establishment, was there  
ever to be a period when there would be  
no true gospel churches upon the earth,  
and were such churches then to spring into  
existence full-fledged, in the days of the  
Reformation? Is it true, that for twelve  
centuries Christ had no kingdom on earth  
—no true gospel churches—unless found  
in the bosom of Rome, "the mother of  
harlots"? What say you to this Chris-  
tians?

Many of the prophetic visions of the Old  
Testament teach most clearly and distinct-  
ly that when Christ should establish his  
Kingdom, it should know no end. In Dan.  
2: 44, it is said, "And in the days of  
these kings shall the God of Heaven set  
up a Kingdom which shall never be destroyed,  
and the Kingdom shall not be left to an-  
other people, but it shall break in pieces  
and consume all these kingdoms, and it  
shall stand forever." Again in Dan. 14:  
7, it is written, "And there was given him  
dominion and glory, and a kingdom; his  
dominion is an everlasting dominion, which  
shall not pass away, and his kingdom that  
which shall not be destroyed."

This kingdom was established in the  
fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius  
Caesar, and the seven hundred and fifty-  
second year of Rome.

In the New Testament records of this  
kingdom, we find those great principles and  
ordinances that have ever been dearer to  
Baptists than life; and we maintain that  
from Christ even until now, there have  
been those who have preserved those ordi-  
nances and principles in their purity. The  
apostolic churches were Baptist churches,  
holding the same doctrines, and observing  
the same ordinances now dear to us. For  
more than a thousand years these prin-  
ciples can be traced among the dwellers in  
the vales of Piedmont, and in Wales, and  
in the dawning of the Reformation thou-  
sands of Baptists were found scattered in  
the various countries of Europe. In 1533  
George Morell, a Waldensian historian, says,  
"More than 800,000 persons profes-  
sors of the religion of the Waldensian Bap-  
tists." Owing to an edict in 1511, Mos-  
heim says, "That the German Baptists  
passed in shoals into Holland and the Net-  
herlands, and in the course of time amal-  
gamated with the Dutch Baptists."

We turn to the Romish Church. It was  
fully organized in the year 606, under  
Pope Boniface III, who first grasped both  
temporal and spiritual power. "The Epis-  
copal Church came out of the Romish  
Church in 1534, under King Henry VIII.  
of England; the Lutheran, under Luther,  
in 1535, but was more fully organized in  
1540; the Presbyterian in 1541, under  
John Calvin; the Congregational in 1602,  
under John Robinson. The Methodists  
came out of the Episcopal Church in 1729,  
under John Wesley, but the M. E. Church  
was organized in America in 1784, under  
Thomas Coke. The Campbellites seceded  
from the Baptists in 1827, under the lead-  
ership of Alexander Campbell. Here we  
find the origin of these different bodies,  
but we challenge the combined wisdom and  
scholarship of the world to show the origin  
of Baptist Churches this side of John, and  
Christ, and the Apostles.

The Baptists have ever been a perse-  
cuted people. John seems peculiarly to  
have had them in view when he said, "I  
saw the women drunken with the blood of  
saints, and with the blood of the martyrs  
of Jesus." Their blood has wet the soil  
of almost all the nations of the earth, and  
for them must remain many a martyr's  
crown.

Had King James, the head of the Eng-  
lish Church, allowed the translation rather  
than the transfer of Baptists, in the English  
New Testament, rendering it "immerse"  
instead of "baptize," (a Greek word, with  
an English termination) much of the con-  
troversy on this subject in the Christian  
church might have been avoided.

All Greek lexicons give immerse as the  
primary and legitimate meaning of baptizo,  
and the Greek Church, which should un-  
derstand its own language, has always prac-  
ticed immersion. All the most eminent  
Pedobaptist historians, such as Mosheim,  
and Naander, teach most clearly and dis-  
tinctly that for the first three centuries,  
immersion on profession of faith was con-  
sidered the only Christian baptism. They  
also teach that sprinkling and pouring came  
not from the teachings of Christ, but from  
edicts of Popes and decrees of Romish  
Councils.

On the point of "Communion," against  
which all Pedobaptist artillery is levelled,  
we stand not only on the teachings of Christ,  
but of Pedobaptists themselves, who agree  
with us in the New Testament doctrine,  
that baptism precedes communion. Let  
the new born Christian, with his heart all  
glowing with love to Christ and the brother-  
hood, while yet unbaptized, approach to  
sit with the Presbyterian Church, around  
their communion table, and celebrate with  
them the dying glory of Jesus—his re-  
jected. He turns to his Congregational  
and his Methodist brethren, but with the  
same repulse—and why? What is the  
matter? Why exclude him from the Lord's  
table? Do they doubt his conversion, his  
love to Jesus, his orthodoxy? O, no; but  
he has not been baptized, and Pedobaptists  
consider baptism requisite to precede com-  
munion. The young convert therefore  
submits to a sprinkling or pouring, and  
has then a valued badge, which admits him  
to membership in all the ranks of Pedobap-  
tist communions. He now comes to  
place himself with the Baptists, but is not  
received. Why? Because, in their view,  
he has never been baptized, as they con-  
sider nothing but the immersion of a believer  
as baptism.

The whole question of Communion turns  
on the question of gospel baptism, and not  
church fellowship; and if Baptists are right  
in regard to baptism, they are also on com-  
munion.

Cardinal Hosius, President of the Coun-  
cil of Trent, (A. D. 1560), a distinguished  
dignitary of the Church of Rome, says:—  
"If you behold their cheerfulness in suffer-  
ing persecution, the Anabaptists run before  
all the heretics. If you have regard to the  
number, it is likely that in multitude they  
would swarm above all others, if they were  
not grievously plagued, and cut up with  
the knife of persecution. If you have an eye  
to the outward appearance of godliness, both  
the Lutherans and the Zuinglians must  
needs grant that they far pass them. If  
you will be moved by the boasting of the  
word of God, these be no less bold than  
Calvin to preach, and their doctrine must  
stand aloft above all the glory of the world,  
and stand invincible above all power, be-  
cause it is not their word, but the word of  
the living God."

"If the truth of religion were to be judg-  
ed by the readiness and cheerfulness which  
a man of any sect shows in suffering, then  
the opinions and persuasions of no sect can  
be truer or surer than those of the Anaba-  
ptists, since there have been none for these  
twelve hundred years past, that have been  
more grievously punished."

Temperance.  
From Correspondence of the Morning Star.  
OURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.  
I think there is another positive cure  
for the evils of Intemperance. I mean that  
power which woman holds over the hearts  
of men.

It would seem unjust to charge upon  
woman the cause of the direst evil with  
which she is afflicted. But it is clear, I  
think, that the remedy for this great curse  
is in her own hands. It is certain that  
nothing throws such a blight upon the hap-  
piness of the wife and mother, nothing so  
wings the heart of innocence and purity as  
strong drink.

Visit the houses of the orphans and  
friendless, enter the hut of squalid poverty  
and listen to the tale of woe and sorrow  
that is wrung from broken, disconsolate  
hearts. The loudest and deepest notes of  
all this misery are thrown from the dismal  
chord of Intemperance. The husband  
drank and squandered his time and money,  
while the wife and children were drinking  
the bitter dregs of penury. The brother  
became intemperate, and brought misery  
upon himself and sorrow and disgrace to  
the hearts of his fond sisters. And still  
they bear all this in patience. Still, drop  
by drop, the life, and buoyancy is pressed  
out of their hearts, till at length they are  
lain beneath the green turfs of earth,  
and their memory is forgotten. O woman!  
deep are thy wrongs, but great is thy pow-  
er over the hearts of men.

There is in the character of woman  
much executive ability. She wills and  
acts. She frequently exhibits remarkable  
feats of heroism. Were her whole force  
of character arrayed against this foe to all  
her peace and happiness, the whole founda-  
tions of the dark kingdom would be  
shaken from centre to circumference.—  
Could the wife of the unfortunate inebriate  
be heard, no doubt her voice would be,  
"by every consideration of love and mercy;  
by all that is dear and sacred in the  
word home; by the incalculable interests  
of the human soul; by all that is bright  
and beautiful in hope; dash the madden-  
ing bowl to the earth, ere it whirls the  
brain of my dearest friend and blasts all  
my happiness." Still she submits to this  
"reign of terror," and shuts up in her  
heart the hot fires of grief which are eating  
out all its life and hope. There may be  
true heroism in this. It may be right to  
yield passively to such awful tyranny. But  
there is an element in woman's nature  
which would rise above such thralldom and  
break the cruel chains.

"Wives, submit yourselves to your  
own husbands," says the devout apos-  
tle. But it cannot be that he would  
have the wife submit to the degradation  
and woe of drunkenness, if she is endow-  
ed with a power to rise above it. Can it be  
that innocence and purity have no defence?  
Are they not entrenched in the human soul?  
When woman arises in the purity of her  
nature, with resolution and firmness, the  
works of darkness must tremble.

I can point the reader to a village in an  
adjoining State, where the liquor traffic was  
banished in one week. Not one glass of  
strong drink could be obtained. Do you  
ask how this was accomplished? I an-  
swer, simply and entirely by the influence  
of woman. The ladies, an army of fifty,  
took the work in hand, and with charac-  
teristic decision and resolution made a clean  
sweep. Their husbands, brothers and  
friends were becoming drunkards.—Their  
heartshouses were being invaded by the  
most direful foe. Was not the causa belli  
ample? Had they not sufficient reason to  
rise in their strength?

Who could impede their progress?  
They destroyed property, but saved their  
friends.—They received a few curses from  
depraved hearts, but a shower of blessings  
were poured upon them. The poor inebri-  
ate rejected that the cause of all of his  
trouble was removed. While he felt the  
raging of that disease within, his better na-  
ture gave the most unreserved approval to  
the course taken by the ladies.

Now if the same thing had been done in  
the adjoining village and then in the town  
beyond, the cure of the great curse would  
begin to be general. What has been done  
in one place can be done in another. Let  
woman avenge her wrong. I am sure God  
will favor her cause.

But alas! there is a preparatory work to  
be done. The nature of womanhood is de-  
based by inebriation. She not unfrequ-  
ently sips her wine and other intoxicating  
drinks to great excess. It is a humiliat-  
ing fact that many women now-a-days  
drink to excess. It is not an uncommon  
thing, in our large towns, at least, to find a  
woman drunk! And you find something  
less revolting, but not less withering, than  
this. You will find gay young ladies im-  
bibing wine and liquors at the fashionable  
party. You will find her offering the in-  
toxicating cup to gentlemen! I wonder if  
she thinks how many of her sisters, young  
and beautiful once, have made a sacrifice  
of all upon the dark altar of drunkenness?  
Does she know what she is doing? Does  
she realize that the whole weight of her in-  
fluence is now thrown upon the side of in-  
temperance?

Young lady! pause, ere you offer the  
cup of intemperance to lips that may here-  
after curse you under its maddening frenzy.  
Let the ladies everywhere scorn this foe to  
their sex.—Let them modestly inquire of  
gentlemen who would sue for their especial  
favor, if they are pledged to total abstin-  
ence? It may prove a test of affection.  
If the bottle have more real charms than  
yourself, beware. It is not enough to know  
that they are temperate. Occasional drink-  
ers are not to be trusted. Let the ladies  
require total abstinence from all the gen-  
tlemen; let them execute the higher law  
of their natures, and drunkenness will dis-  
appear from the land. JAMES.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.  
LOSING THE FAMILY ALTAR.  
One day a gentleman was riding on a  
Western prairie, and lost his way. Clouds  
arose in the sky, and not seeing the sun,  
he quite lost his reckoning. Night came  
on, and as he knew not which way to  
guide his horse, he let his horse take his  
own way. It was a Western horse, and  
was therefore likely to understand prairie  
life better than his rider, who was not a  
Western man. By-and-by a light glimmered  
in the distance, and it was not long  
before the faithful animal stopped before a  
log-cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody shouted from  
within.  
"A benighted traveller," answered the  
gentleman. "Can you give me a night's  
lodging?"  
"You're welcome," said the man, ap-  
pearing at the door.  
The gentleman was thankful enough to  
give up his saddle, and give his bridle to  
the master of the log-cabin. He found the  
family at supper—man, wife, and children;  
and a place was soon made for the stran-  
ger.  
Some time in the evening the man  
asked, "Are you a minister of the Gospel,  
sir?"  
"No," answered the gentleman; and  
seeing the man looked disappointed, he  
asked why he wished to know.  
"O sir," answered the man, "I hoped  
a minister had come to help me build a  
family altar. I had one once, but I lost  
it coming over the Alleghanies. It is a  
great loss."  
"Perhaps I can help you to build one,  
though I'm not a minister," said the gen-  
tleman, who always had one himself; and  
after a little more talk, the man handed  
him an old family Bible. He read, and  
they sang a psalm, and all knelt. The  
gentleman prayed first, then the man pray-  
ed, and the wife and children said "amen";  
for it seemed as if each wanted to have  
a little part in building up the family  
altar.  
"Sir," said the man when they arose,  
"there's many an emigrant that loses his  
family altar before he gets here—and after  
too, sir; it's a great loss."  
Yes, many family altars are lost. Some  
are lost in politics, some in travelling, some

in moving, some in the hurry of the harvest,  
some at stores and shops; it is an unspeak-  
able loss. Abraham never lost his; yet  
never family travelled farther and moved  
oftener than his. But wherever he pitched  
his tent he set up his family altar, and  
called upon the Lord; and the Lord blessed  
him wherever he went. Children as well  
as parents have an interest in keeping the  
family altar. Don't let it be lost. If  
farther forgets, let the children gently and  
respectfully remind him, "Father, we  
haven't thanked God for His goodness, or  
prayed to Him for forgiveness." No father,  
I am sure, but will thank a child for thus  
helping him in his duties. It is good to  
sing, and praise, and pray around the  
family altar. "Blest be the tie that binds"  
a family around its altar. They are dearer  
to each other for being near God.—Prairie  
Herald.

EMANCIPATED NEGROES.  
The advocates of slavery have too long  
pronounced these baseless slanders touch-  
ing the effects of emancipation in the  
British West Indies. An intelligent cor-  
respondent of *The New York Times*, who  
visited the West Indies a year ago, gave  
this explicit and unanswerable testimony to  
the beneficial effects of emancipation:—  
"I wish to give point-blank denial to a  
very general impression that the Jamaica  
negro will not work at all. I wish to ex-  
hibit the people as peaceable, law-abiding  
peasantry. I wish to bear witness to their  
conduct. When I had occasion to ask for  
coconuts or oranges on the roadside, the  
settlers generally refused payment for the  
fruit. The district through which I have  
been traveling is composed entirely of pasture  
land. All the settlers (emancipated slaves)  
own a horse and stock of some kind. Their  
cottages are very neat and tidy, and are  
surrounded with coconuts and plantains. In  
the better class of cottages I have invari-  
ably found books—always the Bible, and  
not unfrequently the pious works of  
William Wilberforce.

"Quite close to one group of cottages  
stood a neat little Baptist chapel, built by  
the laborers at their own expense. These  
people who live comfortably and independ-  
ently, own houses and stock, pay taxes and  
poll votes, and pay their money to build  
churches, are the same people whom we  
have heard represented as idle, worthless  
fellows, obstinately opposed to work, and  
ready to live on an orange or a banana  
rather than earn their daily bread.  
"The people are no longer servile, though  
they retain, from habit, the servile epithet  
of *Massa*, when addressing the whites. There  
is no discarding the fact that, since their  
freedom, no people in the world have  
been more peaceful than the creoles of Ja-  
maica. With their freedom they seem to  
have forgotten all ancient grievances, and  
never even to have thought of retaliation.  
The contrast, in this respect, between the  
reign of *freedom* and the reign of *slavery*,  
carries its own lesson and its own warning.  
Since emancipation they have passed, in a  
body, to a higher civil and social state.  
Any unprejudiced resident in Jamaica will  
indorse the statement here made, that the  
peasantry are as peaceful and industrious a  
people as may be found in the same latitude  
throughout the world. The present genera-  
tion of Jamaica creoles is no more to be  
compared to their slave ancestors than the