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THE RICHEST MAN I EVER SAW.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.
 Many years ago, as a steamer went up and down the broad Delaware, the passengers would gaze with admiration upon a beautiful spot called Andalsia, the country seat of Nicholas Biddle. He was at that time the president, and the head and moving spirit of the great United States Bank at Philadelphia. General Jackson was then President of the United States, and set himself to break down the Bank. I well remember the terrible combat between the iron will of the one President pitted against the shrewd cunning of the other. At that time Biddle was "the money king," and when he went into the Legislature of the State, the House arose and received him standing; and so powerful was the High Priest of mammon, that they presented him a service of plate, costing, in those modern days, thirty thousand dollars or more. But Biddle was not the richest man I ever saw.

Then, in my pilgrimage, I have met with John J. Astor, the man who had the sagacity to open the far trade in the far off regions of the Columbia River, not expecting to return under twelve years—the man who could in those days, rear the stupendous pile which stands near the Park in the city of New York, and which bears his name. But he was not the richest man I ever saw.

And I have seen the persons and the faces of those now on the stage, who seem to have a grasp that can take in property without any apparent labor, and who only wanted the life of a Methuselah to own the globe. But none of these is the richest man I ever saw.

But the richest man I ever saw was Mr. Phillips. He lived in a little one-story white house, on the hill, among the apple-trees, at the further end of Market-street. He was, perhaps, forty years old at the time. He was an invalid, unable to work. A good wife and a charming little girl comprised his family. The house was neat, and scrupulously clean, cheerful, and every way inviting. They seemed to live very comfortably, and certainly they were a very happy family. His worldly property, embracing everything, would not amount to over four hundred dollars—not yearly, but totally. He knew that his disease was eating his life away by inches, and that he must die in consequence. But there were several wells near him, out of which he was accustomed to draw and drink, and he drew freely—and these constituted his happiness.

1. The well of Contentment.

From this he drew something every day;—and go to him when you would, you would hear no murmurings, no regrets or repinings. His very face shone as if it had been oiled; and there was a kind of perfume shed through the house that made you feel that the spices of Arabia must grow near the well. I used to see him often, but never heard him speak as if it were any hardship to have the purposes of life broken off—to be cut off from labor to procure the comforts of life for his family—to be shut away from the society and activity of the world—to be deprived of the public worship of the Lord on the Sabbath. He asked for a meek, quiet, and contented spirit, and he had it. No bucket that he ever let down came up empty, and he was rich in the power thus to draw as often as he pleased.

2. The well of Patience.

In going to this well, you had often to pass over the hill of Difficulty, and there were many branches and briars growing near it, of the species called "Troubles," and the cords with which you drew the waters sometimes cut your fingers; but when once the waters were reached, how sweet and refreshing! I often noticed a great crowd trying to get at this well; but Mr. Phillips had a path of his own, which he often used. And when he had once drank of the waters, and had bathed his face and washed his hands, all troubles seemed to fly away, and he was at peace. I have seen men try to drive up to this well in their coaches, but the roads were so narrow, and so full of fallen trees which the winds had blown over, that they never got a taste. I have seen people send for their ministers, and politely request them to go and draw and bring these waters to them. But that would never answer; you must go yourself and drink at the well, or the water ceases to be efficacious. Sometimes people lay silver pipes, and hope thus to pump out what they need; but it is found that these waters won't run through silver pipes. The little path in which Mr. Phillips went to the well was well worn, for he went to it many times every day. A distinguished chemist undertook to analyze this well, and though I forget how many valuable ingredients he found in it, yet I well remember that the article called *hard-ship* was a large one; and though multitudes have been known to draw from it at once, I never knew the well exhausted.

3. The well of Submission.

This was a small, deep well, situated a little back of the others. When one first began to draw, it was hard work to get at the waters, and even when you got them to your lips, they were at first bitter to the taste.—I have seen many try to drink them, but on finding how bitter they were, at once spit them out of the mouth. In order to drink them you had to get down on your knees, and bow down the whole body, and sometimes one will choke and almost strangle in order to get them down. Sometimes people get other kinds of water, and put in a little aloes or quinine, and because they can taste the bitter, feel sure that these waters must come from the well of Submission.—Now, Mr. Phillips went to the well himself, and drank freely, and the waters soon lost all their bitterness, and he really loved their taste, and rejoiced in their effects. He used to have palpitations of the heart, but these cured it. He used to feel a kind of fever creeping over him, called *anxiety*, but these checked the fever and took away all pains.

4. The well of Hope.

This was a beautiful well. It was surrounded by flowers and tall trees. Every flower was beautiful to the eye, and fragrant to the smell. The trees waved gently in bright sunlight, and their branches were full of singing birds. No owls or bats ever flew near the well, but zephyrs brushed their wings against the flowers, and shook out the spices, like the oil of Mary, very precious. The waters rolled up through a crevice in the Rock of Ages, and sparkled, cool, sweet, strengthening, purifying, cheering, and blessing. How often have I seen Mr. Phillips with a trembling hand draw up and drink, and then begin to smile with gladness and joy. I have often seen people rush to get at this well and drink of it before they drank of the others; but this will never do. You must draw freely from this well before you touch this. To the very last moment of life, this well becomes more and more refreshing and sweet. Mr. P. drank deeply, and it always renewed the inner man.

5. The well of Salvation.

This was a marvelous thing. Around it were

thick trees, and deep shadows. Among these shadows you might see the pictures of patriarchs and prophets, each with his staff, feeling and searching for the well.

Before you reached it, you heard thunders, as if rolling around a great mountain, and saw lightnings, as if you would be smitten to the earth. But all along the narrow path, which led to it, there were little guide-boards, on which were directions written. You must take off your shining boots and plated spurs, in order to reach it. The well is very deep, and no one ever saw, or found its bottom by soundings. And yet, according to the testimony of multitudes, if you only set out in the right path, nothing was easier than to find it, nothing sweeter to the taste, and nothing more refreshing to the soul. Mr. Phillips drew from this well, and it seemed as if it became a well in him, rising up, and causing him to be full of joy and gladness.—I noticed that he used to break out in singing whenever he took a draught.

And thus it was, dear reader, that Mr. Phillips was the richest man I ever saw. He owned a right to each of these wells, and they were more to him than property, and health, and any earthly good. They made him lovely and loving, cheerful, hopeful, and even joyful. I wonder if thou art acquainted with these wells! I commend them to thee most earnestly.—*Examiner.*

STEADFASTNESS OF YOUTHFUL CHRISTIANS.

Nothing gives dignity to the loveliness of youth like steadfastness in religion, and it is useful as it is honorable. Evincing in word and example, it wins respect and exerts an invigorating and hallowed influence. It is an element of immense power to increase the efficacy of the Gospel over those of kindred age. Youthful activity and attractiveness are agencies which God incorporated in the organization of human society to impart to it life and effectiveness, and to diffuse over it the warm sunshine of cheerfulness. The church can never go forth arrayed in all her subduing power, shedding over the community the mild radiance of the Saviour's character without the same element. True, the young members of a church, by falling in with the tide of worldliness and pleasure-seeking around them, may greatly hinder the Christian ministry, but by sustaining and working with it, they may redouble its power and add lustre to its benign achievements. When possessing the simplicity and unobtrusiveness becoming their age, and uniting with a kind, gentle, loving and persuasive spirit, a serious and devout habit and firm resistance to all vain amusements and unheavenly tendencies surrounding them; they recommend at once the loveliness of religion, and its unlikeliness to and separation from the world. Could this class, in all our churches be persuaded to stand erect for Jesus, they would strengthen inconceivably the hands of their pastors, give energy and enterprise to the "Lord's host," and swell the number of the redeemed.

In the time of Mary, Queen of England, a young man, William Hunter, was a decided, ardent Christian. Suspected of attachment to the Protestant faith, he was summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal of the times. Unabashed he defended the truth as it is in Jesus with Christian meekness. He was severely reprimanded and condemned to the stocks for two days. He was to be served with no refreshment but "the crust of brown bread and a cup of water." Various other indignities and cruelties were inflicted upon him; but he remained steadfast. He was finally sentenced to be burned. A few days after the persecuting Bishop sent for him and promised him distinguished honors in the church on condition of recanting. He only replied: "My lord, I thank you for your great offer, but if you can not enforce my recantation from Scripture, I can not, in my conscience, turn from God for the love of the world, for I count all things but dross for the love of Christ." When brought to the stake he embraced a faggot in token of his readiness to receive martyrdom. When the fire was kindled, he said: "I fear neither torture nor death. Lord Jesus receive my departing spirit." Thus died this youthful Christian hero. Being dead he yet speaketh. Let his voice be heard.—*Boston Recorder.*

For the Christian Visitor.

From our English Correspondent.

MANCHESTER, July 1854.

MR. EDITOR—Having spent all the time I could spare in Liverpool and its environs, I repaired to the Railway station at 11 1/2 A. M., and took the cars for Manchester. Railway travelling in England forms a striking contrast with that of America. The cars, of which there are three classes, are wretched boxes, and except the first, entirely destitute of comfort or attraction. The second and third class cars have no cushions, and in other respects are not superior to the baggage cars on our E. & N. A. Railway. In the first class cars the fare is so high that nobody but nobility, gentry, and pick-pockets can afford to ride in them. I mean no disrespect to the former by placing them in company with the latter class of individuals, for pick-pockets prefer the society of the gentry merely as a matter of business, and with them it often turns out that the end justifies the means. The recent murder on the North Western Railway, which has thrown the whole country into a state of intense excitement, and the frequent daring robberies committed in first class cars, are leading many to prefer the second and third class cars as a means of safety or protection from the hands of the assassin or the pilferer.

Railway travelling is much higher in England than in America, for, as a general thing, first class fare in the latter country is lower than third class here. But the worst feature in the arrangement is, that between the cars there is positive no means of communication. Each car forms a separate compartment, capable of accommodating from eight to twenty persons, according to the number of seats it contains. Into this gloom box you are placed, and actually locked up, and there you must remain until you reach the next station, be it one mile or an hundred miles. You may be alone, or there may be from one to a dozen with you. You know not who they are, who they are, or how they may conduct themselves. They may be the successors of St. Peter, or the descendants of Kidd, or Nena Saib; they may be sober as judges, or as drunk as lords; they may treat you with civility, or with wanton rudeness they may regale you with delightful conversation or smother you with cigar smoke; they may offer you a draught from their bombon flask, or they may rob you of your watch or your money. By this state of things is attained such a pitch, as the outrages committed on passengers to frequent

that a cry is being raised all-over the country for a change, and it is at least probable that these gloomy and antiquated dungeon boxes will shortly give place to neat, well ventilated cars of modern construction, and more in keeping with the constant march of improvement in the present day.

But to return. On leaving the station at Liverpool, the train passes through a long, dismal tunnel, dark as Egypt, and cold as Greenland. It is six thousand six hundred and ninety feet long, seventy five feet wide, and fifty one feet high. It passes directly under the city, while over it rise churches, halls, statues, monuments, cemeteries, and places of trade and industry. Emerging from the tunnel, we are whirled off at increasingly rapid speed through a country, though not the best in England, yet well cultivated, all in bloom, and delightfully picturesque. Harried onward by the iron horse, we pass by village churches, their lofty spires towering above surrounding objects, as if conscious of their importance and beauty, the proud old mansions of aristocratic landholders, embosomed in rich foliage, and the humbler cottages of farmers and tenants. On either side were fields of waving grain, and gardens sending forth the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Cattle and sheep in great numbers were seen grazing on the hill-side, or ruminating beneath the shadow of magnificent groves. Save in the manufacturing towns, blackened by the smoke of a thousand generations, and where noxious vapors and gases rise in clouds to darken and pollute the atmosphere, the country through which we passed presented the appearance of much richness and beauty. Soon, however, we arrive in

MANCHESTER.

This city, styled the industrial metropolis of England, and situated near the South-eastern extremity of Lancashire, comprises the boroughs of Manchester and Salford, the former returning two members, and the latter only one to Parliament. The two boroughs are governed under separate corporations, but why, it is difficult to conceive, as they really form one great city, being divided only by the Irewell—a shallow little stream, "navigable for barges or small flats." Their joint population amounts to about four hundred and fifty thousand. "It is the centre of

inhabited, and the King's subjects well set to work in the making of cloths, as well of linen as of woollen; that the said inhabitants have obtained and come into riches and wealthy livings; that by reason of the great occupation and good character of the manufacturers, many strangers, as well of Irish as of other places within this realm, have resorted to the said town with linen, yarn, wools, and other necessary wares, for making cloths, to be sold there," &c. &c.

As the industry and wealth of the town increased, provision was made for the education of the youth. In 1515 the Free Grammar School was built, and endowed by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, for the good mind which he did bear to the County of Lancaster, where the children had pregnant wits, but had been mostly brought up rudely and idly, and not in virtue, cunning, education, literature, and in good manners. Manchester has long been supplied with schools of a high order, and from them have gone forth men to bless the world. Here men who may be called highly educated are the exception, yet John Dalton spent most of his long life here, and "found amongst them fitting companions." Dr. Dalton is known all over the world as the discoverer of the Atomic Theory, and his contributions to science will preserve his memory to latest posterity. Its Free Libraries, which I visited with much satisfaction, deserve to be noticed. The one at Chetham's Hospital, founded by Humphrey Chetham, in 1655 "enables Manchester to claim the distinction of possessing the most ancient Free Library in the Kingdom." The building dates from the time of Henry VI. "The number of volumes is 2,000, including 130 vols. of MS. The books, arranged in wall-cases, extend the whole length of the two divisions of the long room in which they are placed, and in fifteen recesses, each having its window, and a lattice gate." It is open daily, and is "absolutely and entirely free, the only formality necessary being that of writing the name of the visitor, and the title of the work required, in a book provided for the purpose." The Manchester Free Library, situated near the end of Deansgate, was established in 1851, by public subscription. On entering, I observed a large number of men, chiefly of the working classes, sitting in their arm chairs, and reading with apparent attention. The Librarian is a foreigner, and of course exceedingly polite, and took "great pleasure" in affording me any information I required respecting the establishment. The Library contains 65,000 volumes, is open daily from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M., and is perfectly free to all. The Free Library in Peel Park, Salford, was established in 1850, it contains 25,000 volumes. It is also free to all, and open daily. The Royal Museum, in the same building, contains an extensive collection of objects of interest, besides a large number of finely executed paintings. The Park itself is exceedingly beautiful, and situated on the banks of the Irewell, commands a delightful view of the country around. It is tastefully laid out, and ornamented with trees, flower-beds, and gravel walks.

Near the entrance to the Library is a fine bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, on one side of which is the following quotation from his last speech on the repeal of the Corn Law, which I copied on the spot—"It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice." There is also a beautiful

church are built in order to the acceptable offerings of its members as a holy priesthood. In connection with this, he adds the very text quote from Isaiah. The declaration of Christ, on which your church lay so much claim and stress, may however, be regarded in another point of view, and here we consider that the foundation to which Jesus Christ referred was not Peter, but the pointed out by him when he declared the dignity of Christ by saying, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." We have now arrived to the great question IS THERE IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH IN THE NEW COVENANT, OR LAST TESTAMENT, CHAIN OF PRIMACY OR SUPERINTENDENCY? This is the logical and cardinal question. On this single point rest all the fortunes of your system in an enlightened country. I wish all my Protestant and Roman church friends in New Brunswick, and others not here mentioned, to perceive this, and I will by God's help, present it in different forms. The first question I would as your lordship is: Has Jesus Christ appointed the