

New Brunswick Baptist,

AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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

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

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Poetry.

The Battle and the Siege.

On rushed the Irish with a shout,
That rang through all the ranks around;
The foemen wheeled their halberds about,
And formed upon the rising ground.
Loud burst was heard the cannon's roar,
The cannon's salient thunder rose,
The muskets launched their leaden ball,
Red lightning leapt amidst the foe.
Bright swords and polished bayonets shone,
Sharp spears gleamed out and hid again,
And crash and curse, and stab and groan,
Mixed in one roar of rage and pain.
Long lines, straight as sun-bams, tipped
With ruddy points, jerked through the crowd;
Bright axes rose awhile, and tipped,
And answering shrieks came high and loud.
But the red sun set, and the battle fell;
Declined as length as the gloom fell in;
For the gunner's aim was no longer true,
And the pikeman scarce their foesmen knew.
A sudden crash—
A sudden stroke—
A hush—a flash!
And the echoes woke
Through the circling hills as the cannon spoke!
The flag floats and a clink of steel, and a hard
And hurried breath!
And an under-growth of triumph, and a heavy groan
Of death.
Will the darkness fall, and the fearless few
Will the brave and host, in the gloom withdraw?
But all night long from the blood-stained vale
Came the challenge stern, and the fatal wail,
And a busy hum on the eastern gale.
Hour after hour,
The iron shower
Rained on the tower
That groaned and rumbled—
Ball after ball
As they fell the wall
Till the turret tottered, elipped, and tumbled!
Soon loud shall burst the battle note—
I've seen them feed each leveled gun,
Crowd round the place awhile, and run
The ball into the iron throat.
To arms, good friends, without delay—
Hark, see that vivid blinding flash!
Hark, hear that roar—the sudden crash!
And hear again their loud hurra!
Haste, soldiers, each unto his post—
I wish you triumph, glory, fame,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
The train is laid to the powder store,
The fire crops on—in a moment more
The flame leaps forth with a hoarse dull roar,
Dazzling the eye with a widening light,
That makes the noon sky
Look black as night!
The flash is past, a smoky pall
Hides for a time the wreck around,
While fragments of the broken wall
And high-ru'd stones, returning, fall
On the trembling ground—
With a heavy crash;
I blow out its potent name,
With a noisy plash.
The once green bank
With the wreck is cumbered;
With ocean and plank
Is the blue tide lumbered.
The dust drifts by, the smoke clouds sever,
But hoarse still now
Showers his laughing brow.
Dunby is swept from the earth for ever!

furious opposition, but they had few of those means and appliances to help them with which we have become so familiar. We must think of the thinness of the population, which had not then reached one-fourth of its present extent. We must think of the difficulty in getting from place to place, when the best roads were furrowed with deep ruts, and so ill-defined that it was dangerous to travel upon them in the night-time lest you should lose your way. And we must think of the expensiveness of printing, when newspapers and magazines hardly existed, and books were in so little request that the library of a baronet would be more scantily supplied than those we now often see in "the servants' hall or in the back parlour of a small shopkeeper." In spite of such difficulties as these, which we are hardly capable of appreciating, these devoted men preached and printed with such energy and success that the seven churches of 1646 had multiplied fourteen fold in 1662!

We might dwell upon this fact, and magnify it to the dimensions of a mystery; but we prefer to point out the solution, for this is yet more instructive than the fact is wonderful. And the solution lies, we believe, wholly in the absorbed devotion, the hearty concentration of soul, with which our fathers engaged in their work. All their powers were employed in its prosecution; they laboured night and day, and with incessant perseverance from year to year; and God rewarded them with such success, as, considering the difficulties, the world has seldom seen before or since. It was not merely diligence or zeal; of these qualities we may have much, and yet, for lack of concentration, effect but little. These men had devoted themselves to one work, and for it they both lived and died. Take any of them you choose—Bunyan or Canne, Jessy or Denne or Keach—it is still the same work you shall find him doing; with pen or by tongue he expounds the Bible, and proclaims to saint and sinner, "Thus saith the Lord!"

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through this life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."
What a life was Bunyan's, for example! How much of Bedfordshire owes its first possession of a pure Gospel to his zealous preaching! There is probably not a village in that country but has heard the music of Bunyan's voice again and again; and if three thousand people could be collected in London at one day's notice to hear him, we may be sure he had not laboured, but little or unsuccessfully in his own district first of all. To the rustics of the midland counties the form of the "inspired tinker" was as familiar as that of a friend; and after nightfall, tired with their labours in the field, or in the frosty morning twilight before their labours began, they would flock to the zealous preacher who was never wearied with "lifting up his voice like a trumpet" amongst them.

And whether in gaol, or in the happier retirement of his own homely cot, Bunyan was as laborious with pen as with speech. Some sixty treatises extant still bear testimony to his untiring zeal; and not one of them but has the Gospel for its theme. There was no popular lecturing, no literary dilettantism; in those days, to eat up the energy and devour the time of the godly labourers in Christ's vineyard; and the powers which God had bestowed, and which His grace had concentrated, were conscientiously devoted to His glory.

So was it with John Canne, who, not content with enduring much for the Saviour, was also "abundant in labours" above many. In Amsterdam he pleaded for entire separation from a Church which was corrupt in its ministers, its worship, its discipline, and its very constitution. It would shake the nerves, and perhaps shame the timidity, of some modern Baptists, to read this outspoken treatise, which always calls a spade a spade. Some fifteen other works upon Canne as their author, besides that which formed, next to his ministry, the chief object of his life, his annotated Bible, "the best," says Mr. Stovel, "that had then then ever been prepared for English readers, a work of immense labour, and clearly exhibiting 'the author's earnest desire to save his country from those religious corruptions on which the English hierarchy was based.'" Here was work enough for a life—a laborious, sedentary life like Southey's, for instance, a life which no one could call idle or ill-spent. But John Canne had a tongue as well as a pen, and he must use it. Both in Amsterdam and in England he used it with powerful effect. It was by his aid that the Broadmead church at Bristol was formed, and at one time we find him preaching

in London, at another in the north. And everywhere he was Christ's. He had espoused himself to Christ, and his entire faculty of body, soul, and spirit, was held in fealty to his Lord.

So was it also with the self-denying Henry Denne. Labouring mostly amongst rude and uncultivated people, this educated man took incredible pains to make the Gospel known through the towns and villages of the East Anglian counties. How many of the churches in Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, and Lincolnshire, owe their origin to his ministry, we know not, and perhaps it may never be known, but it is certain that his life was spent in evangelising all this extensive district. He preached in every village, and consecrated all the streams by using them for holy baptism. In company with some humble Baptist brother, he would set off from the church in Caxton Pastures, and after an absence of a week or a fortnight, would return to tell the brethren of his labours, and how the Lord had prospered him; and whether proclaiming the riches of God's grace to the unconverted, or giving counsel for purer doctrine in the Church, or publicly debating baptism with Dr. Gunning in the church of St. Clement Danes, it may be confidently affirmed that this man of God kept a single eye to the glory of Him whose service he accounted dearer than his life.

And so was it, to go no further, with good Benjamin Keach, pastor of the church in Horsedown, who, not content with ministering regularly to about a thousand people, some of whom occasioned him no little trouble by their vexatious whims, found time also to write eighteen works of practical or doctrinal divinity, sixteen others of a controversial kind, and eight or ten more of poetry; in all of which he breathes a spirit of fervent piety, and keeps before him with a resolute fixity of purpose the glory of the Redeemer, and the advancement of His cause.

For this was the grand secret of these men's lives, and of their great success. They had but one end in view, and they never swerved from it. Their meat and their drink was to do the will of their Father in heaven. This imparted a holy conviction and savour to their lives, and gave victorious power to their manifold works of faith and labours of love. Their word, when spoken, rang with a logic that shook, and often broke, the most iron hearts; while it glowed with a heavenly fervour that melted and subdued to tears, or carried the rapt soul to the third heavens in transports of devotion. And in their written works we perceive the same lofty qualities. They often do not excel in the embellishments of art; their aim is to convince and convert, and they seldom pause to please; they know not the cunning of more polished writers to charm the ear by winding their sentences with a "linked sweetness long drawn out"; their periods have not the majestic march of Gibbon's, or the flashing arrowy swiftness of Macaulay's, or the soul-stirring trumpet music of Milton's; perhaps it was not altogether that such graces of art were beyond them, but one who thinks fairly of the greatness of their theme can well understand that, like Paul the Apostle, they could not stay for such adornments. They felt, as holy Herbert sings—

"When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention.
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell.
Curling with metaphors a plain intention;
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell."
As flames do work and wind when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense;
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, "How wide is all this long pretence?"
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd—
Copy out only that, and save expense!"

This heavenly Friend was ever beside our fathers, whispering His counsel, and breathing into them His love. This was the mighty gift that armed them with such Apostolic power, a gift far transcending those of genius—the Divine gift of love—love to the Saviour and love to the souls of men. And, therefore, not a few of their written works, notwithstanding a certain uncothness and ruggedness which repel a fastidious taste, still hold a sovereign empire over all simple hearts, and are amongst the number which certainly the world will not willingly let die. They are instinct with spiritual life; they utter in plain words the deep convictions of the writer's soul, and thus readily reach our souls. There was a reality in all that those

men said which is rare add hard to come at in such tranquil days as ours. The Divine truths which they proclaimed had come upon them in convictions that wrung their souls with agony; they had not avoided or shirked their convictions as things painful to meddle with, or that might be safely dismissed till "a more convenient season;" they had laid fast hold of them, grappled and wrestled with them, as the natural man will when quite sincere, and when they were fairly mastered in the struggle, their convictions ruled them ever after, and they gave loyal heed to their softest whisperings. Hence, perhaps, they were less charitable than we, but then they had each one resolutely fought their way to the high citadel of conviction.

May we not find here for ourselves some instructive lessons? These men lived upon the platform of the higher life. They could not rest till they had found assurance of their own acceptance, and then they preached as living truths the things which, in a spiritual sense, "their eyes had seen and their hands had handled of the Word of Life." But do not we take these things too much for granted, both in our churches and our colleges? Not that we admit for one moment that ours is a "man-made ministry" as some contemptuously affirm. We believe our ministers to be, all and without exception, spiritual men, earnest and faithful for the truth; but is care enough taken that they should be chiefly and pre-eminently "mighty in the Scriptures," and "full of the Holy Ghost?" The graces of a rhetorical style, and the accurate rendering of a Greek word, and the ornaments of a literary culture, may, perhaps, be too dearly bought. Our popular orator may bring down the plaudits of Exeter Hall, or even be offered fifty pounds a night by some keen speculator for his elegant declamations, without being highly gifted with spiritual life, or being in the winning of souls; and then his finest gold is bartered for tinsel, and before God his angelic tongue is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Where now are the men who labour all day in preaching, and yet far into the night will wield the pen as another weapon with which to wound the Prince of Darkness? Or where the men who devote themselves exclusively, like our venerated fathers, to the study of the Bible, making "The Bible, and the Bible alone!" the motto of their lives, and their watchword for battle? What a marvellous knowledge had those men of the sacred page! Truly and emphatically were they "men of one book." Their study of it was so close, and their knowledge so exact, that their daily speech became the language of Canaan. They thought only in Bible words. But hence their divine wisdom in all spiritual lore. And by this we are constrained, even now, to appeal to their writings as the best standards, on the whole, of the orthodox faith. What a tribute is this to the profound wisdom that lies hid in such "simplicity of faith!" But may we not emulate their virtues? Can we not restore their triumphs, and obtain for our own age like mercies of success? Visit our cotches of repose, ye spirits of Bunyan and Keach, and Denne, and Canne, and bid us blush that we have not entered into your labours except to profit by your pains, or that when we permit ourselves to toil it is so often for the airy gerdion of applause rather than the solid recompense of the Eternal Crown! Teach us the secret of that moral courage which placed your names on every book you wrote, in spite of pillory and bonds, seeking no anonymous protection from the sneers or frowns of a vain world! And show us the pathway to that holy life and converse that made your example more potent than even your heaven-born words to mould and fashion the wills and the hearts of men! Oh, that we may drink at the same Fountain, be inspired with the same soul-absorbing and exalting spirit, and march with such energy of purpose to achievements as great and glorious as your own!

Religious Items.

Too Late.—A minister of the gospel, in the neighborhood of London, was sent for one tempestuous winter evening, to visit a poor woman supposed to be near death. The man of God, anxious to be the means of imparting comfort at such an awful time, heeded not the cold or the storm, but went forward on the errand of mercy, and having with some difficulty found the woman's abode, he entered her miserable dwelling. The rain beat through the broken roof and unglazed window, no fire was in the grate, and scarcely any furniture in the room; and on a bed of straw, and covered only

with rags, pale and panting for breath, lay the object of his visit.

"My friend," said the good man, "you seem to be in miserable poverty. In your weak and diseased condition, you must suffer much for the want of the common necessities of life." "Oh sir!" said the poor creature, raising herself up, and fixing on him her dying eyes, "my miserable abode, these rags, my poverty, my want of all comfort, are all nothing. I count them all as nothing, because I feel the wants of my soul! O sir! my soul! my soul! I have neglected my soul! My life is nearly gone; nothing in this world, if I could have all that its riches and honor could procure, would be of any use to me; the only thing which appears of any value now, is my never-dying soul. O that my time might but come again! I would attend to the wants of my soul." But her time had not to come over again, and she died! Reader shall the day come when you will have to say, "My soul! my soul! I have neglected my soul!"

HUMAN LIFE.—The scriptural limit of human life is seventy years, while the average of human endurance is not over half of that, probably because the wicked do not live out half their days. A virtuous life—by which we mean a life according to the laws of nature, which is the highest physical virtue—would probably give the average of three score years and ten. There is no class of men who do so much for the individual development and preservation as the British nobility. They stand at the head of the human race in mental cultivation and in physical strength, in the means and the security of the means of happiness, and also in the length of days. In 1860, the deaths of British peers numbered twenty-four; their united ages were sixteen hundred and eighty, and the average exactly seventy years. This is a remarkable fact. The oldest on the list was Viscount Guillemene, eighty-seven, and the youngest, Earl of Longford, forty-two. There were but two under sixty.

THE SIGHT OF THE DYING.—The late Abner L. Pentland, of Pittsburgh, remarked when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance." Doubtless, this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith, to a calm dying bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in his mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him; with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father, and as he dwells with rapture on those envying sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him, and like Elisha's servant at the gates of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills, in the chariot of the Lord of Hosts.

Miscellaneous.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Opinions of the Press.
Under this heading we propose to give, from time to time, the opinions of the Colonial press on this very important question. First, we take from the Halifax Presbyterian Witness the following editorial:—"The reply of the British Government to the joint application of the three Provinces for aid to finish this great undertaking is not all that was expected, or desired. The request of the Provinces was that the British Government should build and own a portion of the road, and give its guarantee for the money required to be borrowed to build the remainder of the Road. The British Government offer to give the Provinces its guarantee for raising the necessary money—£3,000,000, we suppose—and at the rate of 3 or 3 1/2 per cent, instead of 6 per cent as would be paid for it if borrowed without that guarantee. Now after all this is no small boon. We are not sure but that it will be more satisfactory in the long run than the whole road should be owned in British America. The burden to be assumed under the terms of the present offer will be about £100,000, perhaps only £90,000,—if the money can be raised at 3 per cent. Nova Scotia's share of this amount would probably be £20,000, or £25,000 at the utmost. But if we should be required to assume over £30,000, in order to secure the accomplishment of this truly great undertaking, we should be willing to do it. It is the only way now open to us for making our provincial railways profitable. To shrink from this amount of responsibility in present circumstances would be a miserable policy. A "penny wise and pound

foolish" policy with a vengeance. We trust that no public man in Nova Scotia, will be found to throw obstructions needlessly in the way of the speedy accomplishment of this work. Gentlemen—both of the Government, and Opposition,—let your patriotism and public spirit abound. Let party feuds cease while you give your cordial, united and vigorous support to the best measure that can be presented for securing the completion of this great highway of the nations, as it is certainly destined to be. A convention of leading men from the three Provinces ought to be called forthwith. Strike the iron while it is hot.—Take the Imperial Government promptly at its word. No better terms need be expected. Secure the money when it is easy. There may be a great change in the money market before many months pass over us. It will be a favorable time for the securing of labour too. Multitudes will come to this Province in quest of gold who will be disappointed, and will be glad enough to get employment on the Railway. Many of the unemployed of England and Scotland will seek employment in these Provinces; between the gold fields and the Intercolonial Railway, there will be ample and remunerative employment for the hundreds of thousands who will, in all likelihood, seek a home upon our shores."

The Toronto Leader, the acknowledged organ of the Canadian Government, has the following article, which is believed to embody the sentiments of the Canadian ministry:—"If the Imperial Government has not conceded all that was asked, nor in the form expected, it cannot be said that the mission of the delegates who visited England last autumn was a failure. On the contrary, they must be held to have measurably succeeded. The Duke of Newcastle is not willing to grant £600,000 a year out of the Imperial Exchequer, that England may at all times have railroad connection from Halifax to Canada; but he is willing to extend the Imperial guarantee to a loan to be contracted by the Provinces in aid of the work. This is very different from a refusal of assistance, and it is not a direct contribution, it is equivalent to a contribution in money. The Provinces, taken altogether, borrow at between five and six per cent. interest; England borrows at three. She extends her credit to a colonial loan she places it on the same level as an imperial loan. Her endorsement is as good as her bond. The value of the proffered Imperial guarantee lies in the reduction of interest it implies; and a reduction of interest is equivalent to a reduction of capital, to the extent of the capital it would cover. The amount of the reduction would be between two fifths and one half. The proposition of the Duke of Newcastle is therefore equivalent to a contribution of over two-fifths of the annual charge to be borne by the several Governments. What was asked was a direct contribution of one half. Though another mode of doing it has been chosen, the assistance tendered by the Imperial Government is not very far below what was asked. The real difference, as we have shown already, would be expressed by a sum of £30,000 a year, or £10,000 to each Province, over and above what we are now bound by an existing statute to pay.

"The Imperial Government has shown great faith in the financial standing of the Provinces, by preferring to adopt the entire loan in preference to making a proportionate contribution in the shape of an annual payment. Fortunately such a display of credit was not wanted to sustain the credit of Canada; and the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are perfectly good for a small amount at the Royal Exchange. A prudent man will make a direct loan or contribution in preference to endorsing doubtful paper; and Mr. Gladstone would probably have taken the same view as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had he financial standing of the Provinces been at all open to doubt.

"It will be impossible to evade the question whether the offer of the Imperial Government is such as to justify the Provinces in proceeding with the work. If we are correct in placing the additional charge on each Province at £10,000 a year it can hardly stand in the way of the construction of the road. The amount is not large enough, we should think, to frighten even the little Province of Nova Scotia. But, unless some such alternative proposition has been made, we are anticipated and provided against, an agreement upon the different Provinces upon the basis of an extension of their respective subventions would have to take place. But there could hardly be such difficulty in bringing this about. If Canada is to be called upon to spend something like a million of dollars a year for defensive purposes, she could hardly afford to neglect so important a means of security as this railroad would afford. If it came to that, it might be a question whether the difference of fifty thousand dollars between what we proposed as a contribution to this work, and what it would now be necessary to pay, might not advantageously deducted from the proposed militia expenditure.—In case of an invasion of Canada, it would be of the utmost importance that British troops could be dispatched from Halifax to Quebec by rail, in winter. Should the Lower Provinces therefore be willing to accept the conditions afforded by the Imperial Government, Canada could hardly hold back.

"No less than three companies, actual or in embryo, we believe, are, or have been nibbling at the project; each desirous to obtain the control of the expenditure, it may be presumed, and it would require caution and discrimination in determining which ought to be dealt with.

"We have now a chance of taking the first important step in the consolidation of British North America. At present, it is divided into several Provinces, each of which wraps itself up in its mantle of isolation and every one