

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 21, 1865.

## Death no Separation.

Henry Ward Beecher gives us a beautiful idea on this subject. He says—

The thought of death is frequently better from anxiety on account of those that are to be left behind; and many say: "We could go, but what will become of our children, and those that are dear to us?" What has taken care of you all the days of your life, but the providence of God? and what have you to do with your children and your friends, but to commit them to that Providence that has taken care not only of you, but of them? Having taken care of both you and them, he certainly can take care of them all without the cumberance of you. Is there such a thing as God? Is there a government among men? Is there a thought of tenderness, watching, heed and care, on the part of our Father in heaven? Are our hairs numbered? Is it promised that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without the notice of God? Then why do we fear to commit those who are most precious to us into his hands for guidance and protection? Leave your children with that same God who made you what you are, and he will be as faithful to them as he has been to you.

Besides all that, are you sure that you leave them? Are not the angels ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that are to be heirs of salvation? And if God chooses ministers, who are better ministers, often, than those that love most, and have borne the burden of love most? For, in heaven, the stature is measured by love, and not by what men call genius, or skill, or wit, or fancy; and therefore those that love most and grieve most, give themselves to the care of God, not only, but, mayhap, are sent back by him, from their higher condition, still to guard those who are to be heirs of salvation. And these revelations of Christianity take away that fear of death which arises from the anxiety that men feel in behalf of those who are to be left behind them.

## The True Source of Consolation.

Where is it? Not in the glitter of wealth. Not in the dissipation of the world. Not in the honors of the great, not in the poor vale of poverty. Not in the halls of luxury. Where then? In the abiding conviction that every thing which we experience in this life is under the guidance of an omniscient and an omnipresent Father. Thus the lamented Dr. Wayland in a letter addressed to his friend, Dr. Hoby, of England, says:—

"I have had some sad, very sad, hours and days; there was no refuge but God. A train of thought like this has given me consolation: God is Omnipotent! He knows everything about us, and is able to do everything for us. He is all-wise—such love that he gave his son for us. He is as faithful to his promises as he is full of love and power. I know that nothing can happen to us that has not been appointed by the perfect will of a God of love. And more than this, He has promised that he will receive as his children every one who comes to Christ. Have I then come? Do I now take him for my Saviour? Do I long for holiness more than for anything else? Are the marks of a child of God upon me? I try myself—I must believe that Christ has given me new life, and that I am a child of God. All the promises are mine, and our God has never through eternity been unfaithful to his word. He will do all, and more than all, that he has promised. All things will therefore work together for my good—pains as much as pleasures, sickness as well as health. On these things I try to gaze, Lord increase my faith."

## A Baptismal Scene in Germany.

We are indebted to a correspondent of the *Christian Times* for the following graphic description of the persecutions inflicted upon our brethren in Germany, and of their undaunted adherence to the convictions of their own conscience amid the scold and reproaches of their enemies.

It is the custom among our German Baptist brethren to hold, with the most of conscientious, a week of prayer at the beginning of each year. These meetings, especially in country places, naturally attract some attention, as in the State church the idea seems to prevail that a clergyman's title and gown are among the first requisites to public Christian prayer. Many come to see how the people manage like themselves, their companions and fellow-workers, open their mouths in public in the name of him whom they call their Saviour. Such a series of meetings was held at Oranienburg, a town of some five thousand inhabitants, and celebrated for being the place where the well-known German hymn was composed, "Jesus mein Zuversicht." Jesus my Refuge, which is sung at burial services throughout Germany. The village is some thirteen miles from Berlin, Prussia. At the meetings here many were interested in matters pertaining to the eternal kingdom, and manifested a desire to join those who have learned of Christ that "he believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Last Saturday evening there was a covenant meeting, at which one of the brethren told how, having seen the light shining upon the narrow way, he would walk therein. He was accepted for baptism on confession of his faith. The place appointed for baptism was a small lake in the vicinity of the town, whither the good people proceeded to gaze. Arrived at the door, they found a large crowd waiting, all of whom, according to the law of the land, must be Christians, and whose names are doubtless upon the church book. What would they think? Congratulate the man who would try to lead a better life, and in process of time be about to be buried with his Lord in baptism? Are they standing there with tears of joy in their eyes—with warm hearts and tender, loving Christian hands to greet their brother and to rejoice that it has pleased the common Lord to lead still another into marvellous light? They seem very earnest. Their hands are full and ready—dipped with palms? American Christians, No! There are baskets filled with stones beside them, clubs in their hands, and through the swaying, excited crowd roll bitter curses, and the words, "Run them through—they are not worthy to live." What now? Our brethren have learned by trials, or, by persecutions, old that the weapons of our faith are not those of flesh and blood. The mob is determined that there shall be no baptism.

Look on that strange crowd. There are women among them—some seem to be very earnest. She is that brother's wife. The door is hastily closed—a hurried consultation is held. The result: "As for us and our house we will serve the Lord." A place of meeting is determined upon in a distant forest, miles away, each one by lonely paths goes his way, some alone, some in pairs. With the energy of men determined upon their work and knowing that their Lord has never failed them yet, they hasten through the back of the house with their utmost speed away over gardens, and fences, and fields, thus fleeing their angry pursuers, who still anxiously await them in the excited street. One spy discovers their track, but bewildered by the numerous different ways, by the darkness and the forest, after a while he leaves his pursuit. The east down, but not discouraged, persecuted, but not forsaken, continue their solitary way for hours into the night, to the appointed place, and there at last, at one o'clock on the opening Sabbath, under the shelter of that distant forest, in the shadow of the dark night, the weary earnest Christian men thank God that there they can call upon his name and recall his suffering love. And they went down into the water, and were baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And I think the Father looked down and saw that band, and we know he said, "Well done, ye faithful!"

At four o'clock in the morning the worshippers return unnoticed. At daybreak their arrival is discovered, and the windows of the sleeping ones are broken in with stones and water. At last the brother was obliged to take refuge with the police, who, however, are not supposed to protect Baptists here. They promised to remove the stones, but did not still them, for the people finally became tired of

This is no fancy sketch, no leaf from some dusty book of the middle of earlier ages. This act, the simple story of which is here recorded, just happened a few years ago, only half an hour's ride from where I sit, scarce outside of the shadow of the walls of this great Berlin, the capital of the Prussian monarchy, the celebrated patron of literature, arts and science, and one of the so-called defenders of the faith.

Ye who from youth up have been taught, what "soul liberty" is, and that it is an individual right to every man, be he Jew or Gentile, read these words with what of indignation and righteous anger ye cannot restrain. The watchword of the brethren here who are thus persecuted is, "Action." Their forward cry is that which was caught by other ears long ago from the brow of Olivet, and in obedience thereto they "go forth into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature."

About thirty years ago seven souls gathered in Hamburg to read the word of God and pray. It pleased the Lord to lead them in the way of eternal life. In the face of difficulties compared with which that recorded above is but a trifle, they have gone on. Persecuted, chained, imprisoned, property confiscated, spurned and spit upon by the community, and called seditious and heretics by those who claim the name of Christ, they have not failed nor faltered. The seed took root and grew. The little one has become a thousand, and the seven souls have become twice seven thousand. If you would send the labors of those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, the way thither is through the treasury of our Board of Foreign Missions.

## Theological Instruction.

I beg to call the attention of our Brother, "A Governor of Acadia College," to the following facts:—

1. That the New Brunswick Baptist Education Society was formed in 1833, and that the Seminary at Fredericton under its auspices was opened for the reception of pupils, Jan. 1836. Whereas Acadia College, if I am correctly informed, was not founded until 1838.

2. The N. B. Baptist Education Society was avowedly formed "for the promotion of learning both general and theological." The theological school of New Brunswick was in operation therefore before Acadia College was established.

3. The original design of the Institution was never annulled, changed, or even lost sight of, as the following extracts from the letters of the Secretary, Mr. John T. Smith, addressed to Dr. Davis then in Canada, and to Rev. W. Grosver of London, will prove. This correspondence was entered into for the purpose of obtaining either from Canada or England a Principal for the Seminary, and issued in my acceptance of the office.

In a letter to Dr. Davis, which was transmitted to Rev. W. Grosver, Secretary of the Baptist Colonial Society in England, under date of 25th of May, 1842, Mr. Smith writes: "The Institution might be rendered somewhat useful with a layman at its head, but one of the main objects which induced the Denomination to make large sacrifices for its establishment, viz., the education of pious young men for the Christian Ministry, must be abandoned, unless a Minister, duly qualified to manage it, can be secured." "We want a Baptist Minister, (here follow the qualifications)—to instruct such pious young men as may attend in reference to the Ministry, and to teach etc." A letter similar to the above was also sent direct to Mr. Grosver, but it is needless to multiply quotations, for the above idea pervades the whole correspondence.

4. Knowing, as I did, the wishes of the Denomination, I have always endeavored to impart special instruction to ministerial students; but my efforts in this direction have hitherto been much circumscribed by the numerous claims of the Institution in other respects. Now however that I have assistance in the higher branches of instruction, I can give more attention to students for the ministry, and in addition to requiring outlines of sermons, and the study of Bible Hand Book &c., I have, since Mr. Hopper came given "Divinity Lessons" on the doctrines of Christianity every week.

5. I intend to continue these Lessons as long as I preside over the Seminary, and further I have it in contemplation to form a class in Hebrew, which I trust will be in operation not many months from this date.

6. These things I shall do, and everything else I devise, not as a hindrance to deter any one from entering Acadia College; nor "as a breach of faith," nor "as at variance with the contract between the Baptists of the three Provinces;" but as an attempt to carry out one of the objects contemplated by the founders and friends of the Institution; as fulfilling the well understood wishes of the New Brunswick Baptist Ministers; and as an act of justice to the pious young men who wish to preach the Gospel, who are spending valuable time here, and may never have an opportunity of entering any other School of learning.

I may add, that I do not know of a single word, either spoken or written, at the time of the union of the three Provinces in Acadia College, or since, that was designed on the part of the New Brunswick Baptist Ministers and Delegates, to annul, change, or in any way modify the object aimed at by the N. B. Baptist Education Society as stated above.

December, 14, 1865.

C. SPURDEN.

## The Prayer of Faith.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." DEAR BRO. BILL—I cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish a few thoughts for your readers on the all-absorbing subject of the "Prayer of Faith." I shall not follow any set method; and I pray earnestly, and I trust in faith, that I may not be trying to see how well I can write on the subject, but that I may aim from my whole heart to glorify our adorable Redeemer, and aid his people.

Within the last two years, I have not only met with many incidents in my own history illustrating the fact that God is still the "living God," and the bearer and answerer of prayer, as he always has been, but also many cases in the experience of others, have been related to me, illustrative of the same fact. For instance, a brother told me that he always prayed about his temporal affairs. When he wanted employment, he prayed for it, and prayed for it when he needed money; and he had continual occasion to praise as well as pray, because his prayers are so strikingly answered. "And," said he, "I will give you one instance. I had a note in the bank that must be taken up on the very day it was due. Money was due to me, but all my efforts to obtain the needed sum were unavailing until the very day came. In the morning I had no money: so I looked up to the Lord, and waited for him. And in the course of the day, a man living at a distance, who had owed me for a long time—a poor man, whom I could not think of distressing, and so had given up the debt, and had forgotten all about it—called upon me, and paid me the identical sum I needed. And what impressed me more deeply on my mind was, that the sum consisted of an odd number of pounds and of shillings and of pence; and the exact sum I needed to a penny was paid me by the man."

This incident is a capital illustration of the subject. My excellent brother—he is an Episcopalian—clearly distinguishes between trusting God and tempting him. For a poor man to neglect his work, or for any man to neglect a single duty, and ask the Lord to supply him in sloth or dishonesty, and expect to be fed by miracle, or in answer to prayer, would be the latter. To use diligently all the means marked out by God, and then, especially when they all fail, to call on God for help, believing that nothing is impossible with him—that he can help by means or without means—and confidently to expect his aid—this is trust—this is faith.

And, in passing, taking a poor brother by the throat, and saying, "Pay me what thou owest," and taking away his only cow, his last pig, or his bed from under him, is not one of the means for obtaining money which the Lord will approve. No; see them at the court of heaven. Pray that your brother may have the means and the heart to bring you your money, and pray in faith. This is infinitely the best plan.

## CASE NUMBER TWO.

Devoted sisters in Christ, I am acquainted with two dressmakers and milliners, under whose hospitable roof you yourself, as well as I, have passed some pleasant hours, and in whose house you and I together spent a memorable night of prayer. Conversing with them the other day on the subject of praying in faith, and praying for temporal blessings, they assured me it was a subject to which they in their experience were not strangers. Many and many a time had they called upon Him in trouble, and He had delivered them. And said one of them, "We will just mention one case. Our quarter's rent was due, and the landlord was very precise and somewhat stern, and would not be easily put off without his money, as soon as it was due." Plenty of money was due to them, but their applications had failed. So sister M— was just saying to her co-partner, "What will we do if he calls?" when she raised her eyes, and he was passing the window. He rang the bell, and was ushered into the room. But as he entered, she passed him, and went out into the entry. She walked back and forth, and lifted up her heart earnestly to God for help. Instantly a ring at the shop door brought her into the shop. Alady in passing had just stepped in to pay her bill. With a joyful and grateful heart, she took the money, carried it in to the landlord, saying, "Here it is, I have just this moment received it." "Blessed be all those who trust in Him."

## CASE NUMBER THREE.

A farmer with whom I am well acquainted—a grandchild of dear old grandmother Skinner, your wife's own cousin—had set fire to his brush in the summer, and had taken every precaution to prevent the fire from running and destroying the adjoining woods and fields. The day was fine, the weather dry, and all went on swimmingly for awhile. But by-and-by the fire broke through a strip of green woods that had been left to protect it on one quarter, and had caught the dry and rotten stumps in the adjoining field. The wind was blowing briskly and the fire, leaping from stump to stump, was stretching with speed to the adjoining woods. Nothing could be done by human arm to arrest its progress; ashower of rain alone could stop it, and that must come at once, or an immense amount of damage would be done. Down on his knees dropped the paying man, and lifted up his heart to God for help. He prayed earnestly, as Elijah did, for rain; and lo! down came the rain. He who hears the ravens and the young lions, and without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who never yet was known to disappoint those who trust in him, and who call on him out of a pure heart, surely, could not disappoint this his child. To a poor man it is of vast importance that his own property should not be consumed, and of more importance still that he should burn up that of his neighbors.

## CASE NUMBER FOUR.

And with this I close the present paper. I was conversing, a few evenings since, with a worthy brother, a sea captain, who thought he had got some new light on the subject of prayer. He had discovered that wind and rain and weather, like the tides, are all governed by fixed laws. God has established those laws, and of course will not alter them nor suspend them to accommodate us. My friend did not deny in so many words the benefit of prayer, but he would not descend to details in his petition. He would not ask the Lord to change the wind, or instance, however much might seem to depend upon the wind's shifting. I replied, "You are not like me of the Yarmouth captains of whom a story was lately told me. His vessel was driving furiously upon a lee shore. All the anchors were let go, and she was dragging them, with her freight of life and property, into the boiling surges, a few cables' length ahead. But could not God help? Are not the laws of nature, as they are pompously and heathenishly styled in his hand, as well as the winds and waves? Where did we learn that God Almighty is obliged to violate or suspend a single law even to work a miracle; and surely shifting the wind is no miracle. Our pious captain believed that the Lord meant what he said, when he told us to call on him in the day of trouble, and he would deliver us. Down to his cabin he went, and down on his knees, and poured out his supplications for aid. And it came. And said he, 'I know it would come.' The wind shifted immediately, the anchors were raised, the sails hoisted, and they were safe. I gave the fact for an argument. My friend listened to my story. 'Well,' said he, 'I confess I was once coming up Halifax harbor, and was in a place where I could neither "wear" nor "stay," and unless the wind shifted at least one point, we must be inevitably dashed on the rocks. And I did pray. I did not leave the wheel. I did not kneel. But I did in my heart call earnestly upon God for help, that the wind might shift at least a point; and it kept shifting, shifting, as we needed the rocks, and we were carried safely by." Bless God for that, said I. Away with your abominable philosophy, your usurper theories! The very instincts of your soul are nearer the truth.

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me!" S. T. RAY.

From our South Carolina Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, S. C., December 7th, 1865. MR. EDITOR—One sees evident marks of improvement in this city since July. Buildings are being fitted up, papers are starting. When I left a few months ago, there was only one published, now there are five. Then but few churches were open, now many. Schools and colleges are in operation, and various marks of improvement are to be seen on every hand. In my opinion, however, there will be a reaction in business. The market is overstocked, and many goods are now sold at auction at less than cost in New York. Others are shipping goods again to New York. I was told a few days since that business houses had no confidence in each other; that there is scarcely a reliable firm in the city. There are two lines of steamers running each week to New York and one to Baltimore. There are eighteen steamers running to Savannah.

The temper of the people is not improving with the appearance of the city. There is very little love for the Government. When the Rev. Dr. Bowman returned to the city a few weeks since, his very first act was to purchase a most excellent bow-knife, remarking as he did so, "there, I'll shatter that in the body of the first blue-jacket that dares insult me." This gentleman has been always considered one of the most spiritually minded divines in the city. I am boarding with the Missionary of the Northern Methodist to the colored people. It is not considered safe by members of his family for him to answer the ring of his door-bell in person at night, an apprehension of assassination existing in their minds. Any man who sympathizes with the colored man is ostracized. People who help him, hate him, would assassinate him if they dared. Recently a paper has been started by the colored people. White printers could not be induced to work upon it, though they were suffering from nakedness and feeding on Government rations, yet they could not work on a "nigger" paper. The proprietor sent to New York for men.

## RELIGION.

among the whites does not seem to flourish. There are no Sabbath-evening meetings of any denomination, and only one or two weekly prayer-meetings. I am informed on good authority that at least two of the Baptist pastors here were in the habit of drinking—one so intemperate as to be unfit to officiate on the Sabbath. There seems to be no effort among the whites to establish mission Sabbath-schools or to evangelize the city. Even the ties which bind heart to heart in ordinary times are disregarded, and it is now the boast of some Christians here that "it is a part of their religion to hate the Yankees." A Christian friend of mine told me that even in the Masonic Lodge he is shunned because he is a "Yankee." "I have extended my hand at times, and they have refused to take it. I am confident that nine out of ten of the masons of this city would hang me if they dared." Even the men from the North who come here for business purposes are obliged to pander to the wishes of the natives, otherwise their influence and their customers are lost.

## THE COLORED CHURCHES.

are flourishing. Last Sabbath evening the Baptist and Methodist churches were literally packed with throngs of eager worshippers. About one hundred and fifty came forward for prayers. At the Morris street Baptist colored church, twenty-nine were baptized, and about one hundred received the hand of fellowship during the day. The candidates here in the city, and the administrators, are dressed in white with white turbans on their heads. I never have witnessed more solemn and impressive scenes than these baptismal and communion seasons. I find that these sacraments are administered with as much solemnity and propriety by colored pastors as by white men. Since coming to this field about six weeks ago, more than one hundred and fifty have been added to the churches under my superintendence, and several Sabbath-schools have been established. VIATOR.

For the Christian Visitor.

## Thirty Years Ago.

Doubtless there are hundreds reading the *Visitor* from week to week, who can remember things that took place thirty years ago. But how different would be the recital of events, could we hear them all on one day.

Some no doubt would tell of many scenes of peace and pleasure; of events joyous rather than grievous. Yet many, oh many, would tell of days and months of grief, of changes sad and trying, when their light was turned to darkness, and joy to sorrow deep.

Not many things do I distinctly remember that transpired thirty years ago; yet there was one event occurred in the home of my childhood, that time will never erase from my memory. It was the death of my Mother, the dearest, dearest friend. Yes, thirty years to-day, my mother passed from her happy earthly home, to a happier one in heaven. Little did I realize then how great was the loss I sustained; little did I realize what it was to die; how hard it was for a mother to bid farewell to friends and kindred near and dear.

As I left the paternal roof a pleasant home was provided for me, kind friends were given me to supply my every want. But as years passed on I often felt how sweet would it be to hear a mother's voice, a voice to cheer and bless, a voice to counsel and advise me in maturer years.

Time passed on, and I soon learned to love the Sabbath as a most loved and trusted friend. Then as eternal things were presented to my view, I could see and understand how my mother's spirit was sustained through long and weary months of sickness; how she could calmly resign all the blessings, all the treasures God had given her here below, and was able, willingly to drink the cup her Father's hand filled, without a murmur or a sigh.

Is it not well for us all to look back, and dwell upon events that will lead us to stop and think; to view the hand of God in his dealings with us?

If our way has been joyous, then let us bless God, and move cheerfully on. If clouds and darkness have been round about us, let us ever remember that God hath dealt with us in wisdom and in love. "The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all."

St. John, Dec. 12th, 1865.

For the Christian Visitor.

MR. EDITOR—Last week I advocated the obtaining for Acadia College of an annual grant from the Legislature of this Province, and seeing a letter from "A Governor of Acadia College," in your last paper, has caused me take up my pen again. The "Governor" is a little too greedy. If Theological instruction is not given to young men who attend our Institution at Fredericton, studying for the Ministry, many will have to go without, as they will not take a thorough course at Acadia, and as for sending them there as "Partial Course" students is all a mistake. They can do equally as well at the Seminary. At Acadia there is one Professor of Theology—the same at Fredericton. "Partial Course" men would receive no more lectures during their stay at one place than at the other.

The Seminary should be regarded as a feeder to Acadia College, (not Horton Academy) and young men ought in all cases to be encouraged and assisted to take a thorough course at Acadia and that only. It seems to me that by pursuing any other system in this Province, is only robbing our Institution, and cheating the College out of those who would otherwise be prepared to matriculate, and take the whole course; and what is still worse, deprive New Brunswick of a class of thoroughly educated men. Let Nova Scotia give those of her young men who wish it the "Partial Course," but let us have our "Partial Course" only at Fredericton.

"A Governor of Acadia College" speaks of it as a "breach of faith" to set up a Theological establishment in either of the three Provinces. As far as this Province is concerned it would not. When the Baptist Seminary was founded in 1836 (before Acadia College was in existence), I believe, was the main object the founders had in view. And when Dr. Spurgeon came to this country in 1841 or 1842, he came out to teach Hebrew and Theology. If there is any "contract" setting aside the teaching of Theology in Fredericton, will the "Governor" produce it? He cannot.

As a friend of the "child of Providence," I consider the publication of the letter a very unwise affair, and Mr. Cadz's endorsement of it, in my estimation, shows a lack of judgment. If he knew what he was writing about he never could have approved the letter.

The last clause of the sixth paragraph—"Whether (the teaching of Theology in the Seminary) it is not in fact the first step towards separation"—caused me more sorrow than anything else in the letter. Was the "Governor" not angry when he wrote it? "Separation" should never have been hinted. I would advise this Nova Scotia gentleman to keep cool. Many of the best friends of Acadia College in this Province would say sever the connection at once if he be the means of putting our Institution on such a low ground as only a place to obtain "the rudiments of an education," and among them would be

December 12th, 1865.

For the Christian Visitor.

DEAR BROTHER BILL—I did not start by the morning train as I intended, and there was a providence in this, as I was enabled to preach twice in the Valley, to attentive audiences. An impression was produced, I trust, by the Spirit of God. Next Lord's day, I preach in Shediac, and will hold a number of meetings with the consent of the people. On the 31st, I will be here again; January 7th, I will be in Shediac; 14th, Sussex; 15th, in St. John, to give my Lecture at the Institute. I will preach at intermediate places between Shediac and the Valley, as I may be requested. I trust that the Holy Spirit may accompany my preaching. We require as ministers the kindlings of soul fired by the Holy Ghost to do good; the denomination, ministers and people require more faith, more prayer, more holiness of heart and life. If the Lord has a work for us to do, He will sustain us, if we are not hindering preaching for filthy lucre. The young man who preached at Sussex had produced a good impression. It might have been right for him to go to Fredericton. I may send my first article on *Painful Life* by the next issue of the *Visitor*.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

WM. HALL.

Sussex Vale, December 18, 1865.

For the Christian Visitor.

## Female Education.

MR. EDITOR—Dr. Spurgeon, in your last issue, expresses his willingness, "even in reply to an anonymous writer in the *Christian Visitor*, to state facts upon any subject, on which there appears to exist a deficiency of accurate information; because" (he continues) "I regard knowledge of a subject as one of the essential elements in arriving at a just conclusion respecting any matter, and forming a sound judgment upon it, and perhaps no one besides myself can furnish the requisite information."

If I can be shown to have stated anything wrong in my communications upon Female Education, I think Dr. Spurgeon should point it out. Where is the statement of a growing desire on the part of the denomination to have a Female Institution? Any one who has read the number of writers in the *Visitor* for the past few months, must be convinced that such is the case, and I as firmly as ever believe that the obtaining of a Preceptress for the Seminary is not impracticable, and will be brought about.

My knowledge of the subject appears to be doubtful. This I am satisfied to know, that there are many young women who desire to get an education, and parents would grant their daughters this great boon, if within their reach. Thank God, that day is passing away when young girls are to grow up uneducated. My judgment tells me that if knowledge is good for the boys, it is equally so for the girls.

The Doctor appears to be in possession of information that no one besides himself can furnish. Well; why not let us have the use of it? I think that the denomination have a right to it. Now is the time to give it, when the subject is before the Baptist people of this Province, and might help them "in arriving at a just conclusion." Is not knowledge "one of the essential elements?"

My brother cannot "make suggestions of an important nature" without "the request is signed by the name of the writer," that he may know whom he is addressing, and "be able to judge how far he is entitled to speak as the representative of a large number of the Baptist parents of this Province." To me this appears unreasonable. My communications I intend for the benefit of all, and are addressed to the Editor of the *Visitor*. This holds equally good in the Doctor's case. Nothing has been written by me at which offence could be taken. Some years ago I for a time was a student at the Seminary, and from this fact I hold Dr. S. in the highest estimation—as an instructor, a gentleman, and a Christian. At the time of receiving instruction from him, I thought he was doing the work of two men. I did rejoice when I heard of the action of our Associations in giving him an Associate, and I regarded it as a token that the denomination had become aroused to their duty, and intended to build up the Institution.

What does it matter if I were a backwoodsman, a hod-carrier, or a city merchant? If what I have written is common sense, is not that sufficient? I think so. I can assure my old respected instructor that I am a very humble individual—the nabobs of the land do not raise their hats when I pass by.

One short paragraph more, Mr. Editor, and I close my last communication. The statement is made that the new desks are on hand. From what I have heard of Mr. Hopper (who was appointed to obtain them), I believe he will take such measures to secure the "needful" as will end in complete success.

Yours, &amp;c.,

December 16, 1865.

## On the Death of Mrs. T. McHenry.

BY A LADY IN NEW YORK.

Gone home! gone home! She lingers here no longer, A restless pilgrim, walking painfully, With home-sick longing, daily growing stronger, And yearning vision of the joys to be.

Gone home! gone home! Her earnest, active spirit, Her very playfulness, her heart of love, The heavenly mansion near the door she entered, Which Christ made ready ere she went above.

Gone home! gone home! The door through which she vanished, Closed with a jar, and left us here alone!

We stand without, in tears, forlorn and banished, Longing to follow where the Lord's gone.

Gone home! gone home! Oh! shall we ever reach her, See her again, and know her for our own; Will she conduct us to the Heavenly Teacher, And bow beside us, low before His throne?

Gone home! gone home! Oh! human-hearted Saviour! Give us a balm to soothe our heavy woe; And if thou wilt, in tender, pitying favour, Hasten the time when we may rise and go.

New York, December 4, 1865.

M.C.

## An Important Movement.

The Board of the Missionary Union meets in New York this week to consider the question of assuming the charge of the Swedish Mission. Our readers know that mission has been conducted by the Publication Society. It has been one of the brightest missionary spots on the globe, and has been very highly blessed of God. From a single spark has been kindled a great conflagration which has swept on consuming the sins and prejudices of the North. There is no greener spot in all the history of American missions than Sweden presents. The conversion and baptism of Mr. Wieberg, the revival of religion in that spiritually dead land are very remarkable.

But Sweden is a foreign field. The mission is a foreign mission, and belongs to the Missionary Union. The Publication Society has a great work of another kind, and proposes to give up this field to those who can manage it to better advantage. There can be no doubt as to the action of the Board. They will accept the Swedish Mission as a sacred trust, and doubtless make it more efficient than it has ever been. The subject of reopening the African Missions will also be laid before the Board. God in his providence is throwing doors wide open, and the church must enter. We think, however, that African Missions are less likely to realize expectations than missions in some other quarters of the globe. We look upon European Missions as peculiarly interesting, and we as a denomination have not done enough for countries cursed by a demoralized papacy, or a dead, lifeless Protestantism. With our increased wealth we should be doing more to fill the earth with the knowledge of the Lord, &c.

Revival Intelligence.

An extensive revival of religion is in progress in Liberty, Virginia. As the result of special religious services, 140 persons have recently professed conversions, over one hundred of whom have been baptized and added to the Baptist Churches of the places.

FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges, remarks the *Free Press*, writing from New York, says of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting: "This morning's gathering of those who love to pray, has been held without interruption since September 1857. To-day the large room was filled, the services solemn and impressive, and doubtless many of us could say that it was good to be there. This assembly of praying people was made up of the aged and the young—strangers and citizens. From the marts of trade, the counting room and the shop, men hasten to this consecrated place, mingle their prayers before the mercy-seat, speak of the love of Jesus, and go their way rejoicing. The leader, a devoted young man, who had just left his banking-house to spend an hour with God and his people, read the Scriptures, named the hymn, and offered an earnest prayer. Then verbal and written communications were made, requesting an interest in the prayers to be offered. Some of these requests were very touching and urgent, showing that many hearts were burdened with anxiety for the souls of kindred and friends. The fervent prayers which followed, indicated that much sympathy was existing in behalf of these objects of special supplication. Some time was profitably spent in communicating religious intelligence and relating Christian experience. A venerable minister, recently from Chester Co., Pennsylvania, told of a gracious and powerful revival in progress. At Oxford, some forty miles from Philadelphia, on the Sabbath evening previous, seventy awakened souls acquired what they must do to be saved. In another congregation about hundred and twenty-six had been added to the church. Progress meetings were in progress and the good work advancing. An old sailor, now a city missionary, greatly moved our hearts. God had from the beginning of his religious life, done two things for him, graciously pardoned his sins, and given him a heart to hate sin, and try to do good to the souls of the perishing around him."

The *Religious Herald*, recently raised from the dead in Richmond, Virginia, is rich in revival intelligence. The four years rebellion, it appears, has not closed up the heart of everlasting love. The *Herald* says:—