

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 23, 1869.

Death of Rev. Samuel Richardson.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of this esteemed servant of God. This afflictive event occurred at his residence in Carleton, St. John, on Saturday night last. For some years he suffered with throat disease, occasioning such difficulty in public speaking that he felt himself compelled some years ago to suspend his ministerial functions until his voice should be restored. Accordingly he resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Westport, removed his family to St. John, and accepted a situation offered him by John Armstrong, Esq., merchant of this city, by which he could provide for the necessities of his family. During the last winter he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which, however, under the skillful treatment of Dr. J. R. Fitch, he soon recovered. As spring came on, his throat difficulty so far subsided, that he fondly cherished the hope that he would soon be able to re-engage in the work of the ministry, and he contemplated a visit to the United States in reference to this matter, but expected illness in his family rendered it necessary that he should postpone his visit for a few weeks. While thus waiting, he was attacked with hemorrhage from the head, and of such a severe type as to rapidly diminish his bodily strength. Several physicians were called in, but the bleeding continued until body and mind were both prostrate, and all hope of restoration disappeared. The last few days of his life he was for the most part unconscious, but his sufferings were not severe. He continued gradually to sink until about 12 o'clock last Saturday night, when the lamp of life ceased to burn.

We were frequently at his bedside during his illness, and endeavored as best we could to cheer and console him with the precious promises of redeeming love. So far as we could ascertain, he staggered not through unbelief, but was strong in the faith which overcomes the fear of death. His whole reliance seemed to be in the finished work of the Redeemer. He has left a deeply afflicted widow and eight dependent children to deplore their sad bereavement. From our heart of hearts we commend them to the sympathy and prayers of the ministers and churches of our denomination, not only in New Brunswick, but in Nova Scotia especially, where our departed brother was much better known than in this Province. May the God of all grace be their unfailing support in this trying hour!

On Monday afternoon his remains were borne to their final resting place in the Carleton Cemetery. All the Baptist ministers of the city, and the Rev. Mr. Heustis, Wesleyan minister, were in attendance. Reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Carey, address by Rev. E. B. Phillips, prayer by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, benediction by Rev. Mr. Cady, and prayer at the grave by Rev. Mr. Harley.

We have no space for an extended sketch of the life and labours of the departed in our present issue; but we may remark that Samuel was the son of Rev. George Richardson, of Sydney, Cape Breton. He was one of the first students of the Baptist Seminary at Wolfville. He graduated with much credit to himself at Acadia College, after which he pursued a course of Theological training in Newton, Mass. While prosecuting his studies at Wolfville, he was hopefully converted to God, and resolved to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. Having completed his course of study at Newton, he became pastor of a church in the State of Massachusetts, and was highly esteemed by his people as an able and successful exponent of the word of God. At the opening of the late war he returned with his family to Nova Scotia, and accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Clements. From Clements he was called to the pastorate of the church at Westport, where he continued, as stated above, until failing health compelled his retirement.

We have only space to add that our lamented brother was a clever scholar, a clear thinker, an able writer, and a thoroughly evangelical minister of the Lord Jesus. But comparatively early he has finished his work on earth, and has gone up, we trust, to the heavenly sanctuary where the sublime truths of Christianity which he delighted to proclaim while here will constitute the great theme of his rejoicing throughout eternal ages.

"Servant of God, we thank thee; Rest from thy loved employ; The battle fought, the victory won, Enter thy Master's joy."

The following correspondence will appear in the Minutes of the late Association at Jemseg, and also in the Royal Gazette of the Province; but in addition to this, we feel very great pleasure in giving it an early place in the organ of the body. The inspired law-book directs us to "honor those to whom honor is due." It sometimes happens that unworthy men are elevated to honorable positions in the social compact; but when Judge Wilnot was constitutionally summoned by the voice of his country to lay aside his ermine for the purpose of assuming the Governorship of his native Province, we felt that the honor attached to a position so elevated was wisely bestowed, just for the reason that it was richly deserved. In this case, talents of a very high order, moulded by a religious power, have for many years been sacredly consecrated to the highest and purest interests of his country: it was only right, therefore, that he should be thus elevated.

The outshinings of a noble patriotism in the reply of his Excellency administrator a righteous rebuke to that sickly sentimentalism and depreciative trickery so prominent in certain sections of the Provincial press. God has given us a magnificent heritage; instead, therefore, of indulging in a spirit of ungrateful fault-finding, we shall all do well to heed the wholesome advice of our excellent Governor. Thank the Great Giver of all good with our whole hearts, and in the spirit of Christian manliness cultivate the gifts so profusely bestowed, and thus march on in the race of intellectual and religious culture, and agricultural and commercial development, until our country, so abundant in all the resources of social happiness and of national greatness, shall shine forth as one of the most brilliant gems in Britain's illustrious Crown.

ADDRESS TO THE HON. L. A. WILNOT, D. C., LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Presented on the 15th July, by Rev. C. Spurgeon, D. D., and Rev. E. B. Phillips, Esq., who were appointed a deputation for that purpose.

The ministers and members of the New Brunswick Baptist Association, desire to tender to your Excellency their sincere congratulations upon your appointment to the office of Lieutenant Governor of this your native Province.

Although they are not associated with you by the ties of denominational relationship, they rejoice in the thought that they are united with you in the far higher and more sacred bonds of allegiance to the same Lord, and of consecration to the same service of faith and holiness; and they recall with pleasure the fact that for many years your honored father, long a member of their body, was ready to co-operate with them in every good work.

that result was secured; and before the generation, which can remember that struggle, passes away, they rejoice in the opportunity of placing upon record their feelings of gratitude to you for the share you took in bringing about the existing state of things.

They also desire to express their appreciation of the changes effected in the Provincial University, the system of which is evincing the highest degree of prosperity which that Institution has of late enjoyed. They trust that your Excellency will be encouraged in the prosecution of the same liberal and enlightened course of procedure during your tenure of the high office with which you have been invested, and their fervent prayer will ever be that yourself and Mrs. Wilnot may, through life, enjoy the blessing of the Most High, and in the world to come inherit everlasting glory.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Association. W. A. COBBE, Moderator. J. M. CURRY, Clerk.

Jemseg, 9th July, 1869.

To which the Lieutenant-Governor was pleased to make the following REPLY.

GENTLEMEN—It is especially gratifying to me to receive the truly fraternal congratulations of your "Association," and I thank you for them. My heart responds to your claim of a higher relationship than that which is merely denominational. Divisional lines and marks may serve the purpose of a material strength in the hour of conflict. Glorious have been the victories won by your church in the various parts of the world, but they were won by you as a part of "the militant embodied Host," not by might nor by power, but by the aid of the Holy Spirit.

I have some very agreeable memories of happy seasons, when in my early youth I attended with my honored father the ministrations of Harding, and Harris, and Dunbar, in the old Baptist church of this city; and from that time to the present I have numbered among my most sincere friends many members of your communion.

We all have reason to be thankful for our civil and religious liberty. It was not without a struggle that the present state of religious equality was established in this Province, and I thank you for your very favorable notice of the part which I bore in assisting to bring about the present state of things; but we are as much indebted for the result to our invaluable Representative Institutions as to the personal efforts of any individual, and when constitutional government was once inaugurated our victory was complete.

Without an improper departure from the spirit of the occasion, may I not express to you my opinion that we, worthy of the greatest efforts of the British American mind. Shall we by loyalty to our country, and a wise administration of our government lay the foundation of a future Empire, exalted by righteousness, inflexible in its justice, strong in the affections of the people, and living in all good neighborhood with our friends beside us, only emulous to excel each other in the amenities and courtesies of national intercourse, and in the cultivation of all that can exalt and refine the national character, sedulously developing our boundless resources of wealth, and opening our ocean to ocean another highway for commerce and civilization, or shall we prove to be laggards, and so lost to every feeling of national pride and self-reliance as to be unfaithful to our great trust, and allow our birth-right to pass into other hands? Let us one and all resolve to be true to our country.

Next to the cause of Christianity, which must ever stand foremost as the noblest which can occupy the mind, and employ the talents of man, is that of Education. We want intellectual culture and moral refinement—the education which combines greatness and goodness. It was truly said by one of the old English divines that "Many that are well learned are ill-taught, have a good head and a bad heart. Learning and virtue are excellent company, but they do not always meet." As the public mind of this Province is now being directed towards the question of popular education, most sincerely and earnestly do I ask the aid of your influential body in the good cause, and may it soon be said of our Province that "there is a school for every child, and that every child fit to be taught is at school."

We cannot afford to be indifferent on this great question; and in order to the future supply of our higher institutions of learning we must complete and keep in successful operation a thorough system of preparatory schools.

It is my good fortune to be associated with constitutional advisers who are of one mind on this great subject, and who are well inclined to do all they can for the education of the youth of the country.

Be assured that the principles which have directed me in the past shall be my guide for the future. And it will be a source of consolation to me during the short time of the present life which remains to me, to know that my public efforts to advance the interests of my native Province have merited the commendation of those whose good opinions I most highly value. I thank you for your prayers on behalf of Mrs. Wilnot and myself; and in the spirit of fraternal love, most sincerely do I pray that the great head of the church may abundantly bless and prosper you in all your efforts for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Death of Rev. Dr. Caldwell.

The Canadian Baptist of the 10th inst., comes to us wrapped in mourning on account of the sudden decease of this servant of God at his residence, in Toronto, suddenly, on Friday the 9th inst.

We learn from our contemporary that the deceased had been somewhat indisposed for the last six months, but on the morning of his death he expressed himself as feeling unusually well. He had been out making some calls; shortly after his return the servants of the house heard a groan in his room; they hastened in and found him bleeding at the mouth. He called for salt and water, but ere it could be brought, his ransomed spirit took its flight to his heavenly home. The post-mortem examination revealed that the immediate cause of his death was the rupture of the Aorta, the large blood vessel leading from the heart to the lungs.

His funeral took place on the following Sabbath in the Bond St. house of prayer. Dr. Fyfe and brethren King and Loyd conducted the service. The house was draped in mourning, and his bereaved church and congregation were in tears. A very large concourse was in attendance. The hearse, drawn by four coal black steeds, draped and led by four attendants, was preceded by carriages containing the officiating ministers and physicians, and the most profound respect for departed worth was shown by the people generally.

The Watchman and Reflector in noting his death, says: "Dr. Caldwell, after first coming from England to this country, was settled in Lockport, N. Y., but in 1840, or thereabout, became pastor of the First Baptist church in Roxbury, serving them, with marked fidelity and success, for some seven or eight years, when he became actively identified for a season as the Secretary of the Northern Baptist Education Society, giving his whole energies to the cause of our rising empire. Subsequently he was pastor in Chatham, and in Baldwinsville, where he was settled at Williamsburg, N. Y., and for nine years or so past, has been an honored, influential pastor in Toronto. Few men were better known, and few more truly loved, for his large heart and generous nature drew to him a host of friends. He will be greatly missed and mourned."

A personal acquaintance with this departed brother impressed us deeply with the idea that he was a whole-hearted Christian and an able and successful minister of the Lord Jesus. For him, we believe, sudden death was sudden glory. He is succeeded in the pastorate of Bond Street Church by Rev. William Stewart, who for some time prior to the death of Dr. Caldwell, officiated with him as associate pastor.

The numerous friends of Rev. Peter M. McLeod will be glad to learn that he is now settled as pastor of the Sun Prairie Baptist Church, Wisconsin. In a letter from him, dated Sun Prairie, July 12th, he speaks of the church as flourishing, and occupying their elegant new house of worship. He says: "My health is pretty good—much better than this time last year." It finds the climate of that country far better for him than his native Province. He urges persons conversatively inclined to leave New Brunswick and go West. E. C. CURRY.

Broken Down Ministers.

Such is the caption of an editorial in the New York Methodist. It refers to those who have been cut off by death in the prime of their ministry, or who have been laid aside from active service by premature disease. The writer says:

"We know the vital statistics tell us that the members of the clerical profession have a longer average of life than those of other callings; but when we look around and see so many ministers broken down in the prime of life and laid aside from effective service for years, we begin sometimes to doubt if ministers have as long an average of working years as some other men. Whatever the results of such a comparison might be, we are satisfied that there are causes at work to shorten the lives of preachers which it may be well for us to consider."

These remarks intended to apply to the ministry of the United States, are equally applicable to the ministers of these Provinces. In fact, we seriously question if there can be found a spot on this continent where there has been greater destruction of ministers in proportion to their number, either by death or by permanent disease, say during the last twenty years, than in New Brunswick. The number of the slain in our own denomination is frightful to contemplate. Of course, there must be some cause for this waste of the ministry. The writer in question, accounts for it in this way:—

"1. The fact that many preachers have not a measure and pinched support cannot but have an unfavorable effect on their health. True, the average of ministerial salary is higher now than formerly, but in many cases there is still great room for improvement. We have known of instances in which pastors of churches were actually receiving less pay than a hod-carrier! Had they appeared in the streets in the coarse garments of a hod-carrier, their own congregations would have been the first to cry "Shame!" The voice of conscience crying, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," prevents the faithful minister from seeking any other employment as long as he can actually keep from starvation; but the efforts required to eke out a scanty support often produce cares and anxieties which result in premature breaking down of health.

2. The health of ministers is often ruined by the faulty construction and mismanagement of church buildings. To save a few dollars' expense, trustees and building committees often dig a deep hole in the ground and finish off the cellar as a suitable place for the Sunday-school and for the prayer-meetings and class-meetings. These "basements," as they are called, are uniformly spoken of by their apologists as "dry," when the fact is they are just as uniformly damp, especially in the summer time when there is no fire. One cannot enter them at such times from the warm, living out-door air without feeling a chill that goes to the very marrow. In the winter they are usually heated to suffocation, though the floor remains cold. The minister labors in such a miserable hole night after night, with cold feet and fevered brain, and by and by breaks down. In the audience-room there is too often an absence of necessary ventilation; so that between the dampness of the basement and the dead air of the upper room, the minister stands but a poor chance of life. He is more liable than the congregation to suffer from these causes. He is more constant in his attendance than they, and because while there he is constantly exercising brain and lungs.

3. But there are causes at work, we believe, among ministers themselves, which greatly tend to shorten life. Many preachers are exceedingly careless about their health, violating its laws with a recklessness that gives rise to the thought that they imagine their sacred calling a proof against all attacks of disease. Every minister ought to feel it his duty to understand the laws of his own being, material as well as moral. He should know what to eat and what to refrain from; and if he have not sufficient moral courage to deny himself the use of food, he knows to be injurious, how can he with any show of consistency preach self-denial to others?

4. The use of tobacco has a great deal to do, we have no doubt, with the breaking down of the health of ministers. Some men of strong bodily development may be proof against the poison, but surely the feeble are not. The testimony of the wisest of our physicians is all against the use of this powerful drug, especially by brain-workers. We do not think we hazard much in expressing the opinion that there are ministers now broken down and others in their graves, who might still be doing effective service in the ministry had they let tobacco alone. The thought is sad and humiliating.

In that good time coming—and may it not be long in coming—when the churches shall not permit their pastors to suffer for want of support, nor allow them to be killed by the damps of cellars or by the poison of foul air; when ministers shall all conscientiously take care of their bodies and refrain from every sinful indulgence of appetite, we may look for more work from the ministry, greater health and longevity, and more glorious results.

For the Christian Visitor. Systematic Benevolence.

I referred in my last communication to a Society formed nine years ago in England with the above designation. Its objects are: "To awaken the members of the churches of Christ to their responsibilities in regard to property; to rouse their pastors to the duty of more fully recognizing and enforcing the economical teachings of Holy Scripture, and thereby filling up the treasury of the Lord with the willing and devout offerings of his people." It is my intention to unfold those economical teachings of Scripture. But before doing so, it will not be amiss to ascertain what acts ought to be classed as acts of benevolence; for some things which, strictly speaking, are just and honest, are erroneously reckoned benevolent.

1. The support of the minister by the church to whom he ministers is erroneously classed among acts of benevolence, to the detriment of both pastor and people. This confusion of ideas is unfortunately kept up year by year in the public documents of the denomination; for the churches are invited to state to the Association how much they have raised for benevolent objects, and at the head of the list is the pastor's stipend.

No wonder, therefore, that the spiritual teacher is looked upon as a recipient of the benevolent doles of the people, instead of being regarded what he is in truth—a spiritual workman, whose right to a return for his labour is as valid as that of any other workman. "Let him that is taught in the word communicate to him that teacheth in all good things," is the command of Paul, and let him do this in obedience to the express appointment of God; for as the ministers under the law lived on the things offered in the temple, "even so hath the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." This interchange is both reasonable and just, for "if we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"

Our Lord recognized the true principles of justice in this matter, when he sent his servants forth to proclaim his advent without money, or wallet to carry food, or extra clothing, he added, "for the workman is worthy of his meat." He has commanded his assistance; let those who demand his help to be for him is the Lord's workman. He has no need to beg from those to whom he preaches the gospel. His obligation is mutual; he binds himself to feed the flock, to feed the lambs and tend the sheep; they bind themselves to sustain him, not in opulence and splendor, but in comfort and homely competence above all needless anxiety about worldly things; not as an act of benevolence towards him, but as an act of simple justice and honesty on his part.

The nature of man is three-fold: physical, intellectual, spiritual; and each requires aliment suited to its nature: meat is required for the body, education for the mind, the bread of heaven for the spirit. When a man pays for a barrel of flour to feed his family, or discharges the school bill for the instruction of his children, he never imagines that he is doing a benevolent action to the tradesman or teacher; but strangely enough the minister, who brings out of his treasury things new and old wherewith, under God, to enrich the soul of a man for eternity, is looked on by some as almost an object of charity, and the supply of his temporal wants is spoken of as a gift which may be withheld without injustice. It is true that the proportion of charge which each agrees to bear, is a matter of willing service, because the pastor is to take the oversight of the flock, "not by constraint, but willingly," and he must not be actuated by a desire for filthy lucre. But this elevated position above a hireling or mercenary money-grubber, the more imperatively demands the recognition of his just claims, and forbids any one to degrade him to the position of a pauper, living upon the alms of the benevolent.

2. The same remarks will apply to the maintenance or building of a place of worship for a man's own convenience, and that of his family.

3. And still further, they apply to the expenses of the Sabbath School in which a man's own children receive instruction.

Excluding, therefore, from benevolent actions those which duty to his family binds a man to perform, or which, being neglected, would involve him in the heavy charge of having denied the faith, and being worse than an infidel, there lies, beyond the sphere of home and family, a wide circle of services, to which the epithet benevolent properly applies, and which the Lord graciously regards, when they spring from unselfish motives, as done to Himself. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick, relieve the fatherless, &c.; to diffuse the Bible and instructive literature; to send the messenger of gospel truth to the ignorant at home and the heathen abroad, &c.; these, in all their thousand ramifications, afford scope for the most ample liberality. Each one is at perfect liberty to choose his own sphere of duty; the Systematic Benevolence Society interferes with no one's free action; it simply inculcates the law of the Lord, which is equally applicable to all.

C. SPURGEON.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA.—The July No., Vol. xxvi. of this valuable Theological Quarterly, has come to hand, containing, as usual, articles of standard worth from the ablest pens in the domain of sacred studies. The contents of the present No. are: I. The Natural Theology of Sacred Science; II. The Philosophy of Science; or, Hamilton and Maurel on Religious Thought; III. Date of the Apocalypse from Internal Evidence; IV. The English version of the New Testament, and the Marginal Readings; V. Mount Lebanon; VI. Literary Intelligence; VII. Notes on Egyptology; VIII. Notices of recent Publications. The articles promised by Professor Park for the pages of this year's issue of Bib. Sac., on the Different Methods of Preaching, are, from unforseen circumstances, necessarily deferred until next year. Dr. Park, and his like, in thinking and writing, never go into print with their productions until they have elaborated to the last degree—Nonum proutur in annum—and consequently we have from such sources the sterling and enduring results of thought on whatever subject they handle. We anxiously await the promised articles on Preaching from the pen of that distinguished Theologian, Teacher and Preacher. The writers in the July No. now in hand, are: Professor Bascom, in Williams College; Dr. Herrick, of the Bangor Theological Seminary; Dr. Macdonald, of Princeton, N. J.; Dr. Schaffer, Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Philadelphia; D. Laurie, formerly a Missionary at Mt. Lebanon. The article on the "Date of the Apocalypse," is worth the subscription for the year. The October No. will close the twenty-sixth volume of this standard Quarterly, making in itself a large library, containing discussions of questions in the circle of sacred literature such as can be found nowhere else.

The Plymouth Pulpit

For July 10th comes to us all radiant and sparkling with the consecrated genius of its gifted author. We do not endorse all the utterances of the Plymouth Pulpit as harmonizing with Bible christianity. The trumpet occasionally gives forth an uncertain sound, but its deadly thrusts at impiety in all its unfoldings, the fertility of its illustrations, the originality of its thoughts, and above all the spirit of genuine devotion which pervades the whole, challenge our admiration, and make us feel that it is one of the most precious gems to be found in the wide range of the christian literature of the church.

The issue now before us has for its theme Christ as "the door." This central thought the author illustrates in the following beautifully graphic style:—

1. If there is a sound in the household sweeter than the opening and closing of the door of the house where love reigns, I do not know what it is. Much as we may be educated to music, if you will recall your own experience, you will know that the sweetest sounds that you hear are not musical sounds. If in the night you wake from a troubled dream, child as you are, affrighted and trembling, the sweetest of all Beethoven's music would not be so comforting as to hear your father clear his voice—A—M—in the room adjoining. You turn over, and feel that you are at home. And so, a walk in the entry, or even a cough in the grandmother's room, is so surrounded with sweet associations of home, that no formulated musical sounds are half so sweet as are these incidental and very homely sounds. And the opening and shutting of the door at the right hour is one of the musical sounds of home.

All day long the father strives in the office, in the store, in the shop, in the street, along the wharves, wherever his labor calls him; and the whole day has been full of care and wrangling. The head is hot, and the hand is weary, and the pulse is feverish; and as the day draws on, the busy man prepares at last for home.

If he is wise, he will leave his care behind him. Let the dead bury their dead. Leave your calculations at the desk. Leave your anxieties in your store. Never take them into the street, nor bring them home. The man draws near his dwelling. The door opens to his knock. The children hear it. The elder ones greet the young prattler, mother-borne, glad to hear their voices. Every wrinkle is rubbed out. He looks around with a sense of grateful rest, and thanks God that the sound of that shutting door was the last echo of the thunder of care and trouble. That is outside, and he is at home, with her that he loves best, and with those that are dearest to him. That door opened to let him in to love and peace and joy; it shut to keep out the influences of the quarrelsome world, and the influence of grinding business.

Now, is there any likeness in this to Christ Jesus? Is there any such success to Christ Jesus as may be compared to a man's experience when he repairs to his home, and opening the door, has the full sweet welcome, and shutting it, exiles all that disturbs and all that creates discord? "Behold, I am the door," says Christ; "if he will he may come in, and shall have life, and shall not be shut out." Shutting the door is covered with the greenness of mistletoe, no man will enter. Mistletoe is prettier than nothing at all. A man who lives in doubt is like a tree without any mistletoe, and is dead from top to root. Mistletoe is a good substitute for leaves; but it is a great deal better than dead wood. I have sometimes thought that a doubting mind will be compared to one lost in a blinding snow-storm. If any one of you has had experience on our Western prairie, you know that there is in this thickly settled and cultivated country a great many places where the storm that sweeps there in winter, on the open prairie, one starts upon his journey, every landmark clear, and the way familiar. Little by little, as the hours pass on, a haze creeps down the horizon. The sun is gone with a pale and watery farewell. Snow in scattered flakes begins to descend, and gradually increases. The trees are soon whitened and obscured. There are no fences, and nothing by which to guide. The man is now in a predicament, and he is bound to find his way out of it. He has no compass, and he is bound to find his way out of it. He has no compass, and he is bound to find his way out of it.

and bsted of men. What the home, with all its sweet affections is to the troubled heart, that the Saviour is to those who know how to make use of him—not the Saviour didactically taught or controversially preached, but the Saviour discerned by a living and personal faith. There is such intercourse and welcome behind him as there is behind the shutting door. There is that in him which shall make every man, in the midst of the most tried and bestoried life, rest upon his bosom. Oh! if men could but find the Door, if they could but know what peace there is in Christ Jesus for them, I am sure they would not go so frowardly, and harassed, and distressed.

Speak, ye that have proved it. Speak, mothers who have been sustained in the midst of trouble that rased the soul to the very quick; who have been upheld under trials that seemed likely to break down heart and body. Testify that nothing but Christ's presence kept you, and that that did keep you in perfect peace. Speak, fathers, who have gone through the burden and heat of the world, and been tried. Hundreds, thousands there are, that could bear witness, "If it had not been for the sacred evidence that I had of the truth of the Lord Jesus Christ, I never could have endured it." There are bereaved hearts and weeping eyes innumerable that need the refuge which Christ Jesus offers. There are those who are weary of Christ to rest, and find him a welcome Door; behind which was peace and joy; speak, and confirm these facts. Let them not rest upon my saying. Let them be a joyful testimony scattered up and down through society.

Oh! that a man could say to his neighbor, who is overborne, "My friend you are tried in your affairs; but if you had my Christ, how easy you could carry your burden!" Oh! that there were a natural and constant testimony of men to the help of the help of Christ. If, when a man in business is running after an indorser, another man in business says to him, "I have found an indorser for you," how quickly the man goes with his papers for endorsement! But there is One that never breaks, and never will break, who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Of all blessings that are unused, there is none greater than the personal presence of the Lord Jesus Christ to the weary soul. It is as good as to drop from the best of the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with a sick child, and so poor that, though it needs the most delicate food, she can only give it the coarsest and unwholesome food. She has no means to go to the next best, and from the best remedies to the poorest. She knows that the sea shore or the mountain would cure the child; but there is no bridge of gold that can carry the child's feet thither. She says, "If it was a rich man's child, it would live; but it is a poor man's child, and it must die." And then she thinks, "Oh! if I could but pick up the crumbs of that man's affluence, it would suffice." And though she can get beg, she can not stay at home to see her darling die. And, torn between self-interest and the solicitude with which one delicately reared, in the midst of abundance, but reduced, not by her own fault, to poverty—to more than poverty—to hardship—seeks aid that she may rescue from suffering and death her offspring? Imagine one who was an only child, brought up in affluence, and receiving whatever he needed, and knowing life, in the earlier parts of it, only by its roseate touches—imagine such a one, with