

folds, all is well. I am fully satisfied that many of those opposed to the principles we advocate will say or do any thing the laws of the land will permit them, to add to their numbers, and to prejudice their followers and others.

But to the Meeting Houses. Brother Howard informs us that there are houses in Rawdon, Falmouth, Upper Cornwallis, Nictaux, and Bridgetown, which were built by subscription. The paper circulated stated that the house should be free for all preachers of good character, when not occupied by others. The house is built—a majority take the key, and lock the house against a minority who have as much right to it as they have. Yes, I have preached, myself, in a brother's dwelling house, and the Baptist Meeting House shut up on the opposite side of the road—a house too, built on the land belonging to the brother in whose house I held meeting.

Brother Howard has given a particular account of these transactions, with the names of several highly respectable men appended to it, which will yet be made public if he and the brethren in Cornwallis deem it necessary.

One good reason we would urge why the brethren had better be defrauded of their property rather than seek redress is, that none of these houses are fit for a congregation of primitive disciples. Boxes called pews may be suited for theatres and play-houses, but they are not fit for those who meet to remember that Jesus died and rose again for their salvation, and to unite as one family in the worship of God and the Lamb.

The disciples ought to sit together in the house of God; but it is impossible to prevent a distinction being kept up in a worshipping assembly, in a house where persons are "stalled up" like refractory horses in a stable. The rich must have the uppermost seats, and the poor pious disciple must sit behind the door!

The disciples, in order to attend to the order of the house of God as they should, ought to have a chapel in which to meet steadily every Lord's day. This they cannot expect in any of those meeting houses in which they own but a small part.

EDITOR.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN.]

HEAVEN.

"It hath not entered into the heart of man."—ST. PAUL.

Who can paint the perfect vision
Of that man who loves the Lord,
When the last great day's decision
Shall assign his bright reward?

Oh! what heart, with rapture glowing,
Can describe that blest abode!
Where the stream of blessing flowing,
Cheers the city of our God!

Angels! can your anthems, rising
While you strike your harps of gold,
Tell in strains of joy surpising,
What by man was never told!

Saint John, N. B. November, 1839.

The word of life from heaven descending,
Has not told what glories shine
Where those forms of brightness bending,
Strike anew their harps divine!

I cannot know till life is ended
What those scenes and glories are,
When to heaven, with joy ascended,
I have learned these glories there.

Death alone the scene revealing,
Tells the raptures of the blest!
O'er my heart the impulse stealing,
Hushes all my woes to rest!

—K—