# Messenger and Visitor.

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—We fear our last issue did not reach many of the subscribers in season. The reason was, there was too much work, and too little time. We hope to have our mailing list sifted by next issue, and all things going right.

—Our paper which was shipped from Montreal some time since, has not reached us yet. So we have to use paper of a darker tint than we desire. Bear with us for a week or two, and we hope to get all things running in an orderly way.

—To the Agents and Friends of the Messenger and Visitor.—Take notice that all subscriptions paid within three months will be considered in advance. Press the canvass vigorously. Let our aim be to have the Messenger and Visitor in every Baptist family of the Maritime Provinces.

Please be careful in sending lists to indicate who are the new subscribers, and give the full address of all.

Always remit by registered letter or P. O. order.

—To those who Decline our Specimen Copies.

First, Don't decline them if you can help it.

Second, If you must, send address as well as name, on the paper returned.

—Our Serial. We are sorry the serials of the old papers could not have been continued. But this was impossible, as half the readers of the Messenger and Visitor would not have read the beginning of either.

The serial we begin to-day is of a high order. It is vivacious and earnest, and grows in interest as it proceeds. It must do good to its readers.

—Those who find it more convenient can pay for the Messenger and Visitor at the Baptist Book Room, Halifax.

—The price of the Messenger and Visitor.—It is but little more than half a cent a day. It is as cheap as any denominational paper of its size, in the Maritime Provinces. It is larger than either the Wesleyan or Witness.

We wish we could publish it for less. This may be possible after a time, if the friends will be patient, and allow us to see where we stand. We shall do our best, to make our paper as great a good as possible to as many as we can.

—Bro. Selden and Dr. Saunders, think the publication of their pledge, "not to injure the Messenger and Visitor in the collection of the back debts of the old papers" will encourage people to withhold payment. We cannot see how this can possibly be. Of course all are in honor bound to pay up their old debts to the Messenger, and to do it as soon as they can.

—The Messenger and Visitor is receiving nothing but commendation from our pastors who have written us. We hope it may commend itself still more, as we have time to make it more nearly what we believe it should be. Its stand on the union and educational questions is especially commended.

—There was an error in the stock list as published last week, Geo. H. Stone, Digby, should have read Geo. F. Stone.

To Postmasters.—The late proprietor of the Christian Messenger respectfully requests that Postmasters will please return all copies of the Messenger left in their offices, especially those of the last number—No. 53—as early as possible to the Messenger office, Halifax.

An exchange gives this sound advice to a minister visiting churches: "Let him guard sacredly the name and position of the pastor. He can easily strengthen the pastor, or he can easily weaken or wound him. Pleasant things spoken of a pastor by an outsider often go a long way with a church."

## RICHMOND AND ITS BATTLE FIELDS.

SIBAS ALWARD, L. L. D.

Of the thirty-eight States of the Union not one possesses such attractions as does the "Old Dominion," happily styled the Mother of States and Presidents. Its sacred soil shrines the dust of the great Washington, the father of his country. It can boast of a Mason, who penned the Declaration of Rights; a Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; a Patrick Henry, who voiced the aspiration of a people for Liberty. Here, too, were born Presidents Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Harrison and the great Chief Justice Marshall. In Virginia the eloquent Henry Clay and John Randolph first saw the light of Heaven. Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee are no unworthy sons of the "Old Dominion." What other country, during the first two hundred and seventy-eight years of its existence, can beast of such a list of great names? On the soil of Virginia was first sounded the tocsin of Revolution, and here was fought the last battle in its behalf, for the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown virtually ended the contest and gave assurance of a Republic on American soil. On its fair fields, also, were fought many of the most sanguinary battles of the late civil war. For nine months Richmond, its capital, withstood the fiercest seige history records. A country that can boast of the voice of a Henry, the pen of a Jefferson, the sword of a Washington or Lee, and such great historic battle fields, has well founded claims to primacy among the sisterhood of States. No wonder her sons regard with almost sacred veneration the memory of her great statesmen, jurists, orators and soldiers, and no wonder they made the unparalleled struggle they did in the fierce war through which they have so recently passed.

Richmond is situate on the James river at the head of navigation, one hundred and twenty four miles from its mouth, and midway between the sea and the Blue Ridge. It was founded in 1609, two years after the settlement of Jamestown and eleven years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Seated, like Rome, on seven hills, it commands a fine view of the surrounding country. This group of hills encircles a bend in the James extending from Hollywood cemetery in the west to Libby Hill in the east. Between these two points, distant from each other three or four miles, its seventy five thousand people have their homes. Opposite the apex of the bend in the river is a stately square ornamented with a fine growth of trees, in the centre of which is the Capitol. In this building, erected one hundred years ago, assembled the Virginian Statesmen in the earlier years of its history as a state, and here for four years the representatives of the thirteen confederated states held their deliberations during the exciting times of the civil war. The view from the summit of the Capitol, is superbly grand. Away in the far distance may be descried the faint outline of the wilderness, the scene of Grant's terrible butchery, where the genius of Lee forced him to forego his expected capture of Richmond and seek shelter for his baffled legions beyond the Appomattox to avoid the fate that overtook McLellan two years before. Much nearer is a forest of pines, not far from Mechanicsville, where rested the right wing of McLellan's army, when in 1862 he moved up the peninsula in his advance on Richmond. Here commenced the seven days battles which resulted in the wreck of the Grand Army of the Potomoc and the retreat to Harrison's landing. Beyond Mechanicsville is Game's Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill, the line of battle during this disastrous retreat.

Presidents' Hill, in Hollywood Cemetery, commands an almost equally good view of the city. At its base flows the James, where gathering volume it rushes over the ledges at the falls. It is interspersed with several islands, among which is the famous Belle Isle, where Union prisoners were kept in tents during the war. In Hollywood, 12,000 Confederate soldiers were buried. A huge pyramid, ninety feet in height, commemorates their heroism. J. E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry officer, has here a fine monument erected to his memory. A flat stone, with the single inscription, A. P. Hill, marks the spot of repose of that brilliant corps commander, who was last in the thoughts of both Jackson and Lee. At the east end of the city is Oakwood Cemetery, where sleep 16,000 soldiers of the Confederacy, the most of whose graves are marked unknown. Not less than 35,000 soldiers, both union and confederate, lie buried within a radius of three miles from the Capitol square. This is but a small part of the fearful holocaust offered up by a suffering people during this terrible internecine struggle. There are seventy-nine National Cemeteries in the land, containing 318,176; of these 146,874 or forty-six per cent of the whole are marked unknown.

No visit to Richmond would be complete without a sight of one of the many battle-fields in the immediate vicinity. One of the most interesting is that of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, seven miles from the city by the Williamsburg road.

Leaving Capitol Square and passing down to Main Street you see on the right Saint Paul's Church, in which President Davis was worshiping, on that historic Sunday of April the second, 1865, when a telegram was handed him from Lee, stating that the lines at Petersburg had been abandoned and Richmond must needs be evacuated. Then was there hot haste. Then ensued the harrowing sights of the evacuation and the burning of the city by its own people, a ghastly scene that beggars description. Passing along Main Street you notice on the left a small stone building, ancient in style and dilapidated in appearance. This house, built in 1737, is the oldest in the city and was for a time the head-quarters of Washington, during his Virginian campaign. Not far beyond, on Church Hill, is the oldest church in Richmond, having been erected in 1740. It is a plain, wooden structure, in the form of a cross, apparently without architectural design or beauty. The sexton points out the pew in which Washington and his family worshiped. In this church met the Virginia Convention, on the 20th of March, 1775, to deliberate upon the course to be adopted in consequence of England's passing the Stamp Act. Here in the pew near the altar where Patrick Henry stood, when he electrified his audience by that immortal speech, closing with the memorable words—"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" In the cemetery attached are many graves, whose head-stones bear strange, nay laughable, inscriptions. The Williamsburg road leads through Rocketts, where tradition points out the grave of the noted Indian Chief Powhatan, the father of the no less noted Pocahontas.

I cannot say the drive beyond is particulary interesting, apart from the historic incidents of the war. The country still bears traces of the fearful devastation wrought by it. The fences, in many places, are prostrate; the fields fallow or but poorly cultivated; the houses, formerly old Virginian mansions, stately and grand even in dilapidation, quite innocent of paint. A worn-out appearance generally obtains. Clearings, interspersed with a stunted growth of pines and oaks, diversify the scenery. Negroes, peering out of their canvas covered vehicles, crowd the road on their way to market, for it is Saturday. After a drive of seven miles appearing through a grove of pines may be seen a flag floating over the National Cemetery, marking the spot of the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks. In the cemetery is a lodge neatly kept, a perfect museum of trophies and relics from the battle-field. Over the mantle of the principal room are printed copies of Linbolu's speech at Gettysburg; extracts from Col. Ingersoll's address to the veteran soldiers at Indianapolis; and Stedman's lines on Gen. Phil. Kearney's charge. It was called the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks from the fact, seven pines stood in a cluster on the left of Casey's division, and a clump of Oaks on the right of General Heintzelman's corps. In the two days battle, which occurred here, on the 31st of May and the 1st of June, 1862, between the left wing of General McLellan's army, which had been thrown across the Chickihominy, and the Confederates led by Johnston, supported by Hill and Longstreet, over 10,000 fell amid the waving grain and under the shadow of the solemn pines. A spot is pointed out, twenty feet square, on which fifty-seven dead were counted.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

For the Messenger and Visitor.

### A Thought or Two.

I take the New York Examiner. I may not be right in doing so, for I am not rich, and therefore ought not to indulge in luxuries—the Examiner is a luxury. Besides this, I ought to stand by our own paper. The "Messenger and Visitor" needs, and should have, my individual interest and support. These "hard times" instead of indulging myself in the use of Foreign newspapers—a direct violation of the National Policy—I ought, it may be, subscribe for an extra copy of the Messenger and Visitor, and send it to some poor family. Well, whether I ought to take the money that I spend for the Examiner for such a purpose, I can' hardly decide this morning; but this I can decide now, I can make a better and wiser use of my "spare change" I have, than in sending Christmas cards, to those who have heaps of them already. To send a religious paper to a family that "can't afford it themselves" must certainly be more acceptable in the eyes of Him whose I am, than to send any amount of Christmas cards, to those who can buy for themselves "as many as they need."

But, I am not saying what I intended to say, when I began; for I was about to tell what I saw in the Examiner, this week.

There is a sermon there by C. H. Spurgeon, from the singular text "If I may." [Published in the Messenger and Visitor last week, Ed.] I read the sermon through. I can't help reading Spurgeon's sermons. There is nothing "odd" about this sermon, but the text. It is a plain gospel sermon,—so plain that anybody, everybody, can understand it. Any good, common sense christian might have preached it.

A sermon so simple, so artless like—that, I think it quite doubtful whether many theological students, or Dr's. of Divinity would dare to go before a city congregation with no better.

After reading it, I thought awhile, and after this wise. Here is a strange man, this Spurgeon. He has been preaching a long while to the same church, there in London, and yet here is a sermon such as a man might have preached in a place where he had but one opportunity to tell the gospel story. There is pleading with men on behalf of their souls, in this sermon, such as you might expect from a man who knew that he was preaching for the last time. Most pastors, as it strikes me, at least, seem to think that only an Evangelist, or a stranger can tell their people, "the old, old story" in some new, and interesting, and effective way. They seem afraid that this "story" has grown stale—so often rehearsed. But this man dwells upon it, in his own pulpit, before the same people who have listened to the same thing for twenty years, as if he could say nothing else.

Is it not strange that it doesn't occur to Spurgeon, that people may begin to say, that he don't know anything else; he has his song; he can sing the one tune; he knows no other? For it is marvellous how close he keeps, in all his preaching, to one theme—"Jesus and His salvation." None of the "great questions" of the day tempt him away from this.

Now, what does all this, and much more that I might say concerning it, matter, mean? Without waiting to say what it don't mean, as preachers sometimes do, I'll say at once, what I think it does mean:—this: that here is a man who believes with all his heart, in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His gospel. Spurgeon believes the gospel, to be "the power of God unto salvation." He believes the gospel to be the great cure, ordained of God for all the evils that afflict the word. He would as soon think of attempting some other means of saving men, making them better, happier, as Moses would have thought of applying leaches to the wounds of an Israelite bitten of a "fiery flying serpent," to save life, after the Lord had commanded the setting up of the brazen serpent. Hence Spurgeon stands forth and in the face of all risks, preaches Jesus Christ, and Him only. Whether his hearers are pleased or displeased, whether they grow better or worse, whether they are saved or lost, whether he gains or loses, on he goes, declaring the same truth; preaching the same thing, urging men, in nearly the same words, to "come to Jesus." Strange man!

My House, Jan. 5. B.

### Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

This estimable woman, wife of the sweet hymn-writer, and sister of the ate Mary Lundie Duncan, whose memoir has been a blessing to many, died after a few days' illness, Dec. 3, at her home in Edinburgh. The London Christian contains the following account of her last days, written by her daughter, Mrs. M. L. Dodds. My dear mother was conscious throughout, and very much herself, full of interest in everything, and full of love to present and absent friends. But her heart was in heaven.

We had not told her she was dying for we could not believe it ourselves, but she did not need to be told. "Don't be frightened, L——," she said, "if I say, 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit.'" And again, "I feel as if I were just slipping away. I don't think I could feel different if I were going to die." And again, "Don't cry about me."

Near the beginning of her illness, she said to her husband, "Pray with me, for I am in sore trouble." But it was the only time that she seemed greatly distressed. Another time she said, "Am I trusting too much to my religious feelings? I am afraid I don't feel my sins enough." This was the nearest approach to anything like spiritual trouble, as if the very excess of her calm and confidence perplexed her for a moment. When reminded that it was Jesus in whom she was trusting, the shade passed.

Her son told her the text he had chosen for a little meeting: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." She fairly started with delight, and said, "How strange, that is the only text I have been able to fix in my mind all day!"

"Like Christ! Do you think I could ever be like Christ? How wonderful it will be!"

"He giveth me salvation! He giveth me—giveth me, salvation, salvation!" she repeated, lingering on each word as if the thought were too great to take in.

"I wonder whether Jesus will carry me all the way, or if He'll just come and meet me at the door. My precious Saviour, whom I have dishonored so often."

"There now, I have got relief. Do you think it was an angel that helped me?"

She did pray for recovery; and once she said, after a good sleep: "I think the Lord has taken me in hand Himself, and is healing me. How good He is." She was full of thankfulness every time she thought herself a little better, and yet just as thankful and cheerful when it was not so. Either way seemed good to her.

"L——has been reading me a nice praising Psalm, now read me another," she said one day, when suffering very much. There could be no gloom near her; she was so glad and contented, and so full of gratitude for everything done for her; When very weak, she asked me to repeat, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." And again, she asked for "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm." Many times she asked for singing. Among others, "Though troubles assail," "Peace, perfect peace," "There are angels hovering round," were sung. "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was sung to her very near the end, and even then she joined in a feeble alto.

"Drop it softly," she said, to a dear friend who was repeating holy words to her; say the prayer again, sister," she would say. "Then drops from heaven fall," she whispered two or three different times in such a satisfied voice, as if conscious of the peace being poured into her soul.

She asked for her little grandchildren, and kissed each, with "Be a good baby," or, "Be a good boy; love Jesus; good bye," as simply as if they had only been going out for the day.

After talking a good deal, she sank into a sort of stupor during the last few hours. Yet she could be roused when spoken to. "Do you know me?" was sometimes asked. "To be sure I do," she would say, as if surprised at the question. She seemed as if composing herself for a night's rest. "Be quiet—hush—good-night," she would say when anyone stirred. "*Very comfortable*," she said once, in answer to a question. Then the pulse died away, imperceptibly, and without ever seeing death, she saw her Saviour.

She was one who in former times had greatly feared the act of dying. "It is terrible to die, and be laid in the grave," she used to say, with a shudder. "The only thing that reconciles me to it is that Jesus lay there." Only a few weeks ago she said: "I think there must be something fearful in the rending asunder of soul and body." Yet when the hour came, she not only never passed through the faintest shadow of the struggle she had dreaded, but the very thought of it never crossed her mind. So the Lord keeps his word: "He that keepeth my saying shall never see death."

I cannot forbear quoting the remark made by one who knew my mother in earlier days, at Kelso—all who knew her will recognize it as so true: "There was one marked feature in her character which I very greatly admired," says this friend; "that was the sweet grace of charity; when some might be speaking of the faults or failings of others, if she could not bring a direct contradiction, she was ever ready with 'Let us hope it is not true,' or some such expression." "I never heard her speak ill of anybody," said another. And it was true.