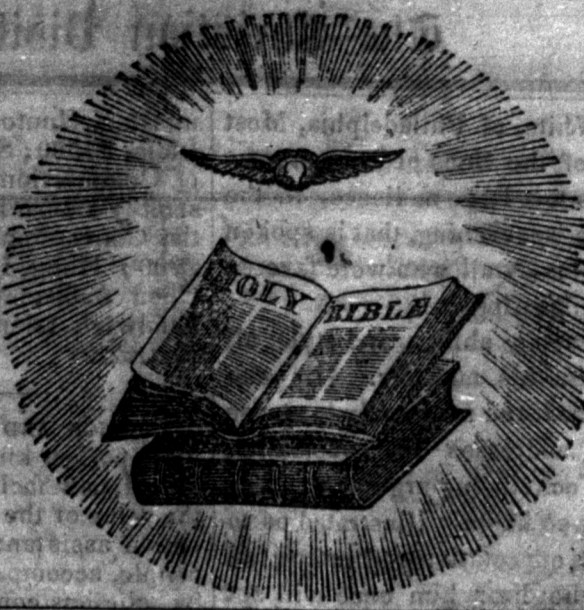


Christian

Visitor.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to

Religious and General Intelligence.



BAILEY & DAY, Proprietors.

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

{ Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor.

VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1848.

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From the London People's Journal. THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Winter—A Street outside an Alehouse—A Working Man, his Wife, and Child.

O, don't go in to-night, John—
Now husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know—
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
The cold comes down the snow;
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember—
And, John, I can't forget—
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
Know quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John and you:
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go!—John, John I mind,
When you were courting, few
Had arm as strong or step as firm.
Or cheek as red as you;
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in!—Think on the day
That made me, John your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume;
But weekly some new comfort bring,
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And we as little thought,
That ever John, to rage like these
By drink we should be brought:
You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay;—
You know John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.
You will not spend the shilling, John!
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

Excursion to the Dead Sea.

Nor can we leave Jerusalem without an excursion to the Dead Sea, to Jericho, and to the passage of the Jordan, where rise in full view Nebo, Pisgah, and other mountains of Moab. Our friends will never excuse us, if we allow our courage to fail when we are so near. But if you expect to be on the saddle twelve hours, to find little refreshment in the form of dinner or supper, and to pass a sleepless night at poor Jericho, keep cool and be patient. Take an Arab shiek with his armed band to protect you from thieves, as you go down to Jericho. Start early, as it is the only way to shorten a long journey. Cross the valley of Jehosaphat, ascend the southern slope of Olivet, pass through Bethany, and leave Abbourdis on a distant hill at the right. Near Bethany are finely cultivated lands with mulberry and olive orchards. Follow down the valley of the Kidron. The country fast deteriorates in aspect and vegetation. In two hours you come to a fountain and a deserted khan. In this vicinity culture is left behind. Here our men have a frolic in the chase of a fox, which finally escapes in a ledge of rocks. The hills, strange in shape, like mounds and fortifications, begin to assume a most dreary

aspect. Vegetation is literally extinct. You look in vain for bush, or weed, or spire of grass. Weary, thirsty, and sunburnt, you urge on your way towards the Dead Sea, which seems to recede in distance as you advance. In this desolate tract you come to a deserted edifice, once very sacred, and enclosed with a wall, ignorantly named Neby Mousa,—tomb of the prophet Moses. No volume, perhaps, records its history. A dervise, now absent, is said to dwell here, and the Bedouin shepherds resort to him for his benediction.

The last hill is surmounted, and you look down on the Lake, 70 miles long and 20 wide, and across to the peaks and ridges of Moab on the opposite shore, more bold and regular, but not less naked than the hills on this side. No human voice is heard, no cottage is seen, no tree relieves the dreariness. You go down to the sandy margin of the sea. No boat of any description floats on this surface. You hate to taste the water, it is so intensely bitter. You would as soon submit to bathe in brine or tar water. Salt forms in crust around the border; and this is the only salt found in the market in this part of Syria. You are surprised to see drift wood. Where did it grow?—on the upper Jordan, or on the banks of some rivers which flow into the sea from the East? Here it is, in sufficient quantity to supply poor Jerusalem with fuel for a half year. It is a further solace to see an eagle soar in the air and a flock of black ducks swim on the lake. It is a still further relief to walk out on a little peninsula formed by the outlet of the Jordan and a counter current of the lake. Trace with the eye the little promontories which project down both on the east side and on the way from the Dead Sea. Has it a subterranean outlet, or is its water lost by evaporation? Did it ever flow down the valley into the Red Sea? Does the vicinity exhibit infallible proofs of volcanic and sulphuric agency in some past century?

As you turn north from the Dead Sea to pass up the valley of the Jordan, raise your eyes to the eastern mountains, which resemble artificial pyramids and platforms. Which is Nebo, or which is Pisgah? Could Moses, if his eye were not dim with age, look over on the wide extent of Canaan west of Jordan, and see the goodly Lebanon and the top of Carmel? Yes, without a miracle, as you survey a similar extent of country from Mount Washington or a peak of the Alleghany. Mark the course of the Jordan, flowing down this bad valley, apparently twelve to twenty miles across, with the willows and oleanders which line its banks. Taste the salt which whitens the ground like a dust of flour under the action of the sun. How deep horses sink at every step, as into a marsh. Sur, this surface has been recently overflowed. Al yet you will see the dust curling into eddies and smoke, and mounting to the clouds.

In two hours you approach the Jordan near the fording place of the Israelites, over against Jericho. How steep are the banks, how deep the channel, how rapid the current, how turbid the water. Cease to the passage itself. The bottom here is gravel, the descent on both sides gentle, the water more clear, the current swift, and the width of channel apparently thirty yards. Drink and be content—pick up a stone or cut down a staff to commemorate your visit.

But night comes on, and you are yet two hours distant from your point of destination. Set your face towards Jericho. The plain is nearly level, a floor. Vegetation is perceptible wherever fresh water of the river has more power. Jericho the most impoverished and pitiful village that have yet seen. You lie down in a hovel hard for goats, where the stars look in upon you, and hyenas growl, and the foxes bark without. attempt to sleep is fruitless. The weary horse discontent with their poor fare and accommoda-

tion in the early twilight let us move on. What are the joys of the morning? Who, that could sleep, would waste such an hour? See the ugly hyena skulk away like a dog ashamed. See the gazelles, large as your deer almost, sweetly tinted and swift of foot, proudly, yet timidly, traverse the plain. How little can this poor people protect from wild animals the small spots of surface which they labor to cultivate. The wheat field is eaten down, the garden is rooted up.

Visit the prophet's fountain, or Ein el Sultan, near the foot of the western hills, whence flows a most pure stream of sweet water to this day, six inches deep and eight feet wide. Is it miraculous or ordinary, natural or artificial? I could not doubt that it was the orifice of an old aqueduct, or possibly a subterranean channel, bringing the water from some fountain among the hills.

See the tombs or hermit cells, cut into the side of the mountain, like the doors or windows of a house, often scores or hundreds of feet from the summit or the base. How did they gain access to them,—by ropes above or ladders beneath? or has the former surface been washed away?

Survey with profound thought the relics of other ages. Here are the remains of towns, arches, bridges and aqueducts, and especially, of a vast amphitheatre for public shows. Where are the joyous thousands, who cultivated this valley and participated in these sports?

As we ascend the hills let us look back on the Jordan. This is the principal river in old Canaan. It rises in the Anti-Lebanon ridge, flows south through Lake Merom, and empties into the Dead Sea. It overflows after heavy rains and when the snow melts on the mountains. I made a careful calculation, how possible it is to exhaust the waters of the Jordan in the irrigation of this valley, if it were converted into a garden. So extensive is the valley, so great is the quantity of water absorbed in the ground by daily irrigation, and so rapid is the process of evaporation in this climate, that, if my estimate is not fallacious, a drop of the Jordan stream might never reach the Dead Sea, if this valley were cultivated in millions of gardens. To see channels of rivers dry, and mountain streams lost before they can pour into any ocean, does not surprise me now.

TRAVELLER.

A Chinese Assistant's Request.

Among the items of intelligence which our excellent friend, the Rev. William Dean, has communicated to us, we have found the following curious correspondence, which we are quite certain will minister to the entertainment of our readers:—

A LETTER FROM A CHINESE ASSISTANT.

Your servant, a sinful man, having felt the great mercy of Jesus in the pardon of sin, and having learned a little of the true doctrine, is truly thankful to God the Father, whose benevolence is exhaustless. Therefore, within the last few years I have formed the fixed purpose to serve Jesus till my dying day, and with a sincere heart assist in publishing the true doctrine. In removing to this station in the central kingdom, I have not the wish or the hope to become a rich man; but my first object is to assist in publishing the truth to my countrymen, trusting to the assistance of Jesus, and sitting at the sacred Apostle's feet. As a secondary object, I desire to find and marry a wife, with the hope that she may aid me, and together with me obtain the endless glory of Christ; and that I may also have some one to wait on your servant when he becomes old in years. At present, I receive from the sacred society each month ten dollars. Now it is not that your servant is not satisfied or well pleased; but coming to this place, he has not clothing for the approaching cold season, and should the sacred teacher become the agent of God's favor, and so think of the words of the humble disciple as to bestow upon him

an increase of three dollars each month, to enable him to procure clothing for the approaching cold season, and each month to lay aside a little by which to procure a wife,* the favor would be great.

Presented before the sacred teacher Dean,
By the humble disciple—, bowing.

* Wives in China cost money.

REPLY.

In reply to your letter of yesterday, permit me to state, that the disciples of Jesus residing in my native country, both male and female, old and young, joyfully contribute their money. This money may be employed to publish the doctrine, but may not be used for buying wives or the support of parents. We do not expect our salary yearly increased: why then should the teacher expect his increased?—Should the teacher be destitute of clothing, we have a little money received from parents which may be employed to buy clothes for the teacher; but we could not dare to use the money of the sacred society for that purpose. But we think that by economy ten dollars for each month is sufficient for the teacher. We know that other societies may give more. While we receive one dollar, the teachers from the honored English nation receive two or three dollars; why then should not we also be envious and desire more? Some say that the Chinese join the church only to get money, and we desire them to have practical proof that the Chinese converts can deny themselves, and with a true heart serve God. The teacher has to pay no house rent, no boat hire, and no travelling expenses, and the monthly expense for the teacher it may be two dollars, and one dollar more may be required to cook his food and wash his clothes. After this there remains seven dollars which may be used to buy tea, or tobacco, or a young wife! To the teacher great man—, from his friend
DEAN.—N. Y. Recorder.

AN IMAGE OF OUR LORD—CANONIZATION.—Sir C. E. Smith states that about two years ago, on entering Rome, one of the first carriages he saw was that of the infant Saviour, an image of whom was drawn in this carriage by horses, and paid visits to the sick. For a fee of five scudi, or about five dollars, the image was placed by the bed of a sick person in order to recover. The celebrated cardinal Gonzalvi had the image placed by his dying bed by the command of his housekeeper. It was a fact, also, that the king of Naples paid ten thousand pounds to the pope for the purpose of canonizing a female. This same amount of English money was equal to fifty thousand crowns, which was the canonization fee fixed many years ago by pope Benedict.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM NAPLES.—Naples, March 14.—For some days past well dressed mobs have collected before the Jesuits' College, hooting, hissing, and threatening to burn the building down. On Friday last a sort of deputation from the concourse had an interview with the director of the community, and declared that its leaving was essential to the peace of the city. After much reluctance the director promised to do so on the next morning. From this time the 1st battalion of National Guards took possession of the college, an inventory was made of everything, and every portion of the building searched.

At four o'clock next day fifteen carriages issued from the gates of the college, bearing in them the fathers. On the box of each carriage was a national guard. Two more on horseback rode on each side, and round each carriage was a hedge of bayonets. Behind followed a battalion of the national guard, a regiment of the Swiss, and a squadron of cavalry. The procession descended by Monte Olive to the Santa-Medina, until they at length arrived at the steamer Yavvie, where the crowd had gathered to see them. The crowd here was so great that the steamer could not land.