

Christian

Visitor.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to

Religion and General Intelligence.



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

{ Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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SCRIPTURAL SENTIMENTS IN POETRY.

At one of the anniversaries in New York, Dr. Tyng recited a short poem from the pen of the late Charlotte Elizabeth, every line of which he regarded as containing a sentiment sustained by some passage of the bible. He has appended to each line a scripture in which its sentiment is taught.

When from scattered lands afar Matt. 24: 6, 8
 Spreads the voice of rumored war Luke 21: 25
 Nations in tumultuous pride Haggai 2: 7
 Heaved like ocean's rolling tide Heb. 12: 26, 29
 When the solar splendors fail Matt. 24: 29
 When the crescent waxeth pale Rev. 16: 12
 And the powers that starlike reign Matt. 24: 29
 Sunk dishonored to the plain Joel 11: 10, 31
 World do thou the signal dread Luke 21: 26, 35
 We exalt the drooping head Luke 21: 37, 38
 We uplift the expectant eye Eph. 1: 14
 Our redemption draweth nigh Rom. 8: 9, 23
 When the fig-tree shoots appear Matt. 24: 22, 23
 Men behold their summer near Luke 21: 29, 31
 When the hearts of rebels fail Isaiah 59: 18, 19
 We the coming conqueror hail Rev. 19: 11, 16
 Bridegroom of the weeping spouse Rev. 19: 7, 9
 Listen to our longing vows Rev. 6: 10
 Listen to her widowed moan Luke 18: 3, 7, 8
 Listen to Creation's groan Rom. 8: 22, 23
 Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound 1 Thess. 4: 16
 Gather Thine elect around Matt. 24: 31
 Gird with saints Thy flaming car Jude 14
 Summon them from clime afar Isaiah 24: 13, 15
 Call them from life's cheerless gloom Mat. 24: 40, 41
 Call them from the marble tomb Rev. 20: 4, 6
 From the grass-grown village grave Luke 14: 14
 From the deep, dissolving wave Psalm 49: 14, 15
 From the whirlwind and the flame 1 Thess. 4: 17
 Mighty Head, thy members claim Col. 1: 15
 Where are they whose proud disdain Luke 19: 12, 27
 Scorned to brook Messiah's reign! Matt. 14: 41, 42
 Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire Luke 17: 27, 30
 Now they taste His tardy ire Rev. 19: 20, 21
 Fettered till the appointed day Rev. 18: 3, 5, 9
 When the world shall pass away 2 Peter 2: 9
 Quelled are all Thy foes, O Lord Rev. 1: 5, 21
 Sheathe again the dreadful sword Psalm 110: 5, 7
 Where the cross of anguish stood Isaiah 23: 3, 5, 12
 Where Thy life distilled its blood Mark 15: 27
 Where they mocked Thy dying groan Mark 15: 29
 King of Nations! plant thy throne Isaiah 24: 23
 Bend Thy faw from Zion forth Zach. 8: 3
 Speeding o'er the willing earth Daniel 2: 35, 44
 Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise Isaiah 40: 1, 9
 Crowned with more than Paradise Psalm 67: 6
 Sacred be the impending veil! 1 Cor. 13: 12
 Mortal sense and thought must fail 1 John 3: 2
 Yet the awful hour is nigh Luke 21: 31
 We shall see Thee, eye to eye Rev. 1: 7
 Be our souls in peace possessed 2 Thess. 3: 5
 While we seek Thy promised rest Heb. 4: 9
 And from every heart and home 2 Tim. 4: 8
 Breathe the prayer 'O, Jesus come!' Rev. 22: 20
 Haste to set the captive free Isaiah 49: 9
 All Creation groans for Thee. Rom. 8: 19

the cloud, in the day of prosperity and adversity, in health and in sickness, let us seek after them at home. If we are desirous of observing some of the finest mental and moral qualities developed, some of the loveliest features of the Christian character expressed, let us mark them in a peaceful, retired, virtuous, and happy home, where domestic affection is prized, and domestic happiness is realized.

It was in one of the most beautiful parts of a fertile district of England that we were acquainted, many years ago, with one of these virtuous and tranquil homes. It was always refreshing and delightful to repair to it, and it was never left without regret. Memory, after the lapse of more than twenty years, loves to recur to its scenes, its engagements, and its pleasures; and when recollection is awakened, associations are inspired which are peaceful, ennobling and happy.

The home to which we allude was situated in a lovely valley, forming the bed of a small and meandering river, in its course from a neighbouring hill. The meadows which bordered this river were most verdant, and in early summer their richness was most attractive.

The house to which we were accustomed to repair was one of a cottage like style, simple and chaste in its construction and all its embellishments. A beautiful flower garden extended some distance in front, and an ample garden and orchard stretched behind. Over some elegant trellis work in front "sweet Jessamine" gracefully and luxuriantly crept, while small roses and honeysuckles blended their charms and diffused their fragrance. In the early part of June, when this lovely scene was visited, it was like repairing to a little Eden in the desert.

The inmates of this peaceful and sunny house were six in number—the parents and four affectionate and devoted children; and what rendered it the more delightful was this circumstance, that they were all under the influence of the love of God, and consecrated to his service. Indeed, it was the hallowing influence and abiding presence of religion in the family which sweetened all, sanctified all, endeared all, and rendered this favoured abode so enviable and so happy.

The heads of the family were nearly fifty years of age—intelligent, amiable, pious persons under the influence of the kindest dispositions, and devotedly attached to each other. The father was a man of gentlemanly appearance, and prepossessing demeanour. He was thoughtful and devout, and delighted in the rural and lovely scenery by which he was surrounded. The mother was a woman of quiet and retiring habits, exceedingly ingenious and affectionate in her disposition, and one who lived near to God. There were two sons—one about five and twenty, and the other about twenty one years of age. There was a marked contrast in their minds as well as in their persons; still they were both alike in one respect—in their love to the Saviour and their desire to advance his glory in their own circle and the neighbourhood around.

The eldest son possessed a vigorous mind, well informed and disciplined, and he was continually adding to its stores. The youngest was modest and unassuming in his habits, and somewhat pensive in his thoughts and demeanour; still he was accustomed to indulge in excursive reflections, and inquiries, and was much addicted to the study of the works of God.

Jane, the eldest daughter, was a tall, elegant girl devotedly attached to her parents and brothers.—She regularly aided her beloved mother in attention to domestic duties; but she daily performed the benevolent engagement of visiting the poor and the sick in her neighbourhood, and administering all the kind and Christian offices which she could possibly fulfil.

Ellen, the youngest of the family, was one of smiles and happiness. She possessed a lively and superior imagination. She looked at everything on

the bright side. She seemed to live continually in the sunshine, and, what was the best of all, she lived encircled by that which is communicated by the hope of immortality.

This was the happy family with which we were acquainted; and the remembrance of whose kind spirit, and affectionate manners, benevolent, virtuous and devotional habits, we can never recur to, after the lapse of so long a period, without being sensibly affected. Many and many an evening have we spent with the inmates of the peaceful abode to which we take our readers. They were all fond of reading; and conversations were held on the books perused, and enquiries elicited which proved invigorating to the mind, and beneficial to the heart. Often and often have we had an elevation given to our thoughts, and a quickening impulse communicated to the best emotions of our nature.

This was the home of virtue, religion, and love, where we have spent some of our sweetest and happiest hours—hours which will always be associated with the sunniest period of our existence. But, what changes! what revolutions occur among families and acquaintances in three and twenty years! This beloved family is broken up. This home of love is the same no longer. The domestic hearth is desolate.

The parents are both gone to their rest above, dying peacefully and happily in the Lord. The two daughters were delicate, and a fever removed one while a cold, too long neglected, was the means of taking the other to a brighter world. One of the sons died, when he was five and thirty, and the other, by a singular vicissitude of circumstances, located himself in one of our colonies. So that the walls of this domestic sanctuary are broken down; the fire which used to glow on the altar is extinguished. The peaceful, intelligent, and happy evenings of this engaging family are no longer. The flowers are no longer tended by the same hands, gazed at with the same admiring eyes. The poor in the neighborhood have another visitor, the sick around another comforter, the children another teacher. What changes! what ravages!—how numerous! how sad! how entire! are occasioned by death, the ruthless destroyer, in five and twenty years!

"And parted thus they rest who play'd
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
 Around one parent knee."
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheer'd with song the hearth;
 Alas! for Love, if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond, O earth!"
 Lon. Evangel. Mag.

Mexico described by Cassius M. Clay.

Cassius M. Clay, in his reception speech at Richmond, Ky., gave the following graphic description of the country:—

Mexico extends from about latitude 16 North to 42 deg. from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific; and was in extent, before the loss of Texas about as large as the United States. It embraces all the climates of the world, and rises in temperature, from the tropical plains of Vera Cruz and Acapulco to the regions of perpetual snow. The Rocky Mountains which separated us from Oregon extend through all Mexico and her whole surface is composed of table-lands and mountains, which rise in steps from the Gulf and the Rio Grande to the highest level, and then descend in regular graduation once more to the Pacific. She has no navigable streams, and the mountains and arid plains compose, I shall imagine, seven-eighths of the whole territory. It is now three hundred years since the Spanish Conquest, and her population has long since reached that barrier where Nature imposes eternal obsta-

cles to further progress, where the whole products of the earth are economically consumed by the people. No doubt, better modes of agriculture would increase her population, but at present to use the language of Malthus, she has reached the point of subsistence. It is true that the remote provinces of California and New Mexico, and those bordering on the Rio Grande, and subject to Indian invasion, contain some uncultivated lands; but the propositions as above stated applies to the mass of Mexico. For in the greater portion of the whole Republic, women and children may be seen picking up grains of corn in the highways, and the rinds of fruit thrown in the streets are immediately seized and consumed.

So soon as you cross the Rio Grande, you feel yourselves in a foreign land. Mexico has no forests. It is true that along the streams and on mountain tops there are trees, but you are struck with this great characteristic, that the land is bare of trees.—The numerous varieties of the Cactus of all sizes, intermixed with the Palmetto, stunted or long grass, cover the whole land. You are among a people of a novel colour, and a strange language. The very birds, and beasts, and dogs, seem different. The partridge, the lark, the crow, the black bird, differ in size and plumage, and sing differently from ours. The buildings are of Moorish and Spanish style.—The goat and the sheep feed together. The bricks are of clay and straw, sun dried. The women go with earthen vessels to the well, just as Rachel was sent of old in the time of the Patriarchs of Judea. The roofs of the houses are flat and places of recreation, and the people wear sandals as in the East, in olden times. Wheat, Indian Corn, and herds of cattle, sheep and goats, the banana and red pepper, and garlic and onions, are the principal sources.—The products of the mines are the principal articles of foreign exchange, added to woods, tallow, and cochineal. The extreme dryness of Mexico makes irrigation necessary in most parts of the country, and the scarcity of water and the habits of the people collect the inhabitants into cities or villages. The land itself is owned by a few large proprietors, not the least of whom are the priests. The great mass of the people are serfs, with but few more rights than American slaves. It is true that the children of serfs are not of necessity also serfs, but debt brings slavery, and the wages allowed by law almost always perpetuate it. Here, then, is the secret of the success of our arms. I conversed freely with the tenantry and soldiers in all Mexico, and where they are not filled with religious enthusiasm against us, they care not who rules them, American or Mexican masters. If all the Mexican soldiers were freemen and freemen, not one of all the American army could escape from her borders. The soldiers are caught up in the haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force confined in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed, and then sent on to the regular army. Such men avow their resolution to desert or run on the first occasion. Of near one thousand soldiers sent from Toluca, to the aid of Santa Anna at Mexico, not one hundred stood the battle.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions, and of these about two millions are white and mixed bloods, the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the Capital, saw a single white man at work.—Wherever there is slavery, there is labour dishonorable—it is more creditable to rob than to work!—Yet Mexico surpasses the Slave States of America in manufactures. As Rome was overrun by the Barbarians, so is Mexico by the Americans; the slaves will not fight, the masters are too few to defend the country. Bigotry in religion has debased the mind—the corruptions of the Church have destroyed the morals of the people; the oppressions of the masters have exhausted the lands. Mexico