

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.

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GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
For yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year;
It lends the day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer or peasant born,
An everlasting rose.
A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay;
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.
As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins;
As springs an arch across the time,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes the seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.
What may this seraph be,
With power unheard before—
This charm—this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That women homeward bring;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

The Husband's Sorrow.

The present year, 1847, will long be held in painful remembrance throughout Ireland, on account of the fearful ravages of pestilence. "The Irish Boy's Story" contains a true picture of the famine, fever, bereavement, and desolation witnessed and endured by millions of the Irish people. The scenes so graphically described in the story of the poor orphan boy, are not overdrawn. The hand of death has severed the bond between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister; and the survivor of a family has, on recovering from fever, found his hearth cold, his home forsaken, and himself shunned and avoided by every one he met. The following circumstance, as illustrative of these events may not be out of place here:—

In a populous town in the north of Ireland, a tradesman and his wife lived together happy and contented. They knew no care but to promote the welfare and comfort of each other. But the prevailing epidemic made its appearance in their neighbourhood, and they became seriously alarmed lest the contagion should seize them. They had seen the court in which they lived nearly depopulated; the fever-cars were plying in all directions; their acquaintances, who had recovered, were going about with shaven heads and pallid looks; and the carts with two or three coffins, were constantly going to the parish burying ground, the bodies being unlamented, and, perhaps, unknown. The dreaded moment arrived; the husband returned home from his employment one evening, and found his wife much indisposed. The pain in the head and in the back, with the hot skin, told too truly that the pestilence had overtaken her and marked her for its victim. She continued worse during the night. The next morning she was visited by the district Medical Inspector, who at once pronounced the disease fever, and sent her to the work house hospital. After she had been removed there, the sorrowing husband went to visit her; but, by a wise regulation of the

"board of health," no person was allowed to go into the hospital for such a purpose, and he was consequently, repulsed. He returned next day to make inquiry, and try to gain admittance: the latter he could not effect: the official in attendance at the gate merely looked in a book, and read the morning's report, that such a person was "much worse and in great danger." The husband then tried to force an entrance, but the door was closed in his face and he was left standing alone. He looked up at the windows of the hospital wards, and wondered which of them was above his wife's bed. In that place lay the individual to whom his life was devoted she was attended by the unfeeling hands of strangers; no kind word of sympathy consoled her suffering; no friend was there to administer to her wants; and if her thoughts reverted to her husband, she, ignorant of the regulations of the establishment might be reflecting on his unkindness in not visiting her. With a sorrowing heart he bent his steps homeward. The painful agony of suspense for the fate of his partner in life which harrowed his peace, it is only possible to conceive.

After a night of sorrow the morning came, but with it no joy. A loud knocking at his door aroused him at an early hour. In a short time a message from the hospital, that his wife had died the preceding night, and that if he wished to have her interred in his own burying ground, he would be required to have it done immediately otherwise the corpse would be removed to the cemetery of the poor that evening.

We can only imagine his anguish when he presented himself again at the hospital and craved as a small request, that he might be allowed to take one last farewell look upon the remains of her whom he had loved and cherished, and was refused.

He immediately informed his kindred of his loss, and made preparations for the funeral that evening. A respectable coffin was provided, having his wife's name and age engraved on the lid; and at an appointed hour it was conveyed to the hospital in a hearse, attended by the afflicted husband and relatives in jaunting cars. On their arrival at the workhouse the application was renewed on behalf of the husband to see the corpse of his wife; but one of the medical gentlemen said, his orders in this respect were so strict that he could not comply. The coffin was then taken in by the servants of the establishment, and in a few minutes returned, securely nailed with the dead body.

The mournful procession again moved to the place of interment, a burying-ground about six miles distant, where the corpse was committed to its resting place till the last day, amidst the tears of the sorrowing husband.

But the most poignant grief for departed relatives is not felt at the time they are snatched from our sight. Then the consequent confusion, and sympathy tendered by friends, keep the mind in operation. But when these have ceased, when friends are gone, the heart experiences the breach that has been made, the soul looks in vain for something to fill the vacuum, and earthly affection has no ground on which to rest,—then do we know our loss.

The sorrowing husband felt this. One evening, on his returning to his house, he put his finger on the latch, but the door opened not: then he remembered her who had been wont to stand on that spot at the hour looking for his return, her eye beaming with gladness when he drew near. When he entered the house, there was no fire blazing on the hearth, no evening

repat provided, no "Family Visitor" to read lying on the table, no loving wife to make him happy. He looked around,—everything was in order; the clothes worn by the partner of his bosom were still in the place she put them with her own hands. Everything tended to remind him of his loss, and call his lamented spouse to his remembrance. Lonely and desolate he sunk into a seat, covered his face with his hands, and gave himself up to his misery. While in this position his door opened, and a foot approached: he lifted up his eyes, and his wife stood before him. He gazed intensely on what he believed an apparition; but his strength forsook him, and he fell off his seat. In a few minutes, however, he recovered, and beheld his wife leaning over him. "What ails you, dear?" said she; "sure you're not vexed to see me come home to you restored to health?" "They told me you were dead," said he; "and did not I bury you more than a week ago?" "No, thank heaven," she replied: "I am still living. The woman who lay in the same bed with me died, and a mistake was made about the name, though I was not then sensible of it, owing to my weakness."

The happy couple, now re-united, embraced one another; and the glad husband said that if he had not felt the pleasure of knowing the pleasure of his wife's safe return.—*Chrs. Miscellany.*

Sickness of Mr. Wade.

The following extracts from a letter received a few days since from Mrs. Wade, wife of the Rev. J. Wade, missionary to the Karens, were forwarded to us by the lady to whom they were addressed, for publication in the Watchman.—The heavy afflictions and intense sufferings of these devoted missionaries will excite the sympathies of every reader.

MAULMAIN, Nov. 16, 1847.

MY BELOVED SISTER.—You will have heard from others of the failure of Mr. Wade's health, and sight, and the prospect of his being utterly blind. At the time, we concluded that it was duty to return to America, and try the last possible means to rescue him from the horrors of total blindness, his sight was failing so fearfully fast, that I had very little hope of his ever seeing the shores of our dear native country, but since that time his general health is considerably improved, and by wearing deep green glasses, and not using his eyes at all, they have not failed. He is now able to read two or three verses at a time of the coarsest, plainest print; but the doctor does not allow him to read, or write at all. He often says, "If my health was good, so that I could be carried into the jungles, I would not leave my dear Karen children," and I feel so, too. I would lead him about to tell the precious story of a Saviour's love, though he could not see at all. But, independent of his eyes, he is a dreadful sufferer, often says that he seldom knows an hour of freedom from pain, and frequently suffers such agonizing pain in his head and eyes, that he cannot lay his head upon the pillow for a whole night. And then, I, too am prohibited from going into the jungles, by our physician, who says it would be fatal to me.

So we are preparing to return again to our dear native land, and know not what is before us. We feel that we are cast out of our "Lord's vineyard," where we had hoped to finish our work, and die,—and all before us is dark,—but we wait to know the will of Him whose love is better than life, and I feel sweetly content to wait, and see what are his designs with regard to us. I fully believe they are *changeless and eternal love*—so I wait in peace. We left our dear Tavoy home, our bereft brethren and sis-

ters, and our weeping, sorrowing children, whom the Lord has given us in this dark land, on the 4th of this month, arrived here on the evening of the 6th, and are staying with our beloved brother Judson and his amiable and talented wife, whom we are beginning to love very much.—We have also had pleasant visits with the other dear missionaries. We hope to get a passage from this place without going to Calcutta; but all is yet uncertain.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and sympathy manifested to us since we have been in trouble. In Tavoy, the gentleman who acts in the capacity of Governor used to send us a carriage to take the air daily, besides inviting us to his house on the "hill," for a month, for a change of air, which was a great benefit to us both—for I was again threatened with severe illness.

But from the dear brothers and sisters in the mission comes the sweetest sympathy, and kindness most precious. How can we leave them toiling in this dark land! But, my dear sister, I have little time to write, having everything to do for my poor husband in the way of writing &c., and then I feel that I ought to devote all the time I can in reading to him, and to return as early as June next, if not earlier, but in our worn-out state is very uncertain whether we both live to see the shores of our native country.

With regard to the good work of the Lord in this dark land, you will hear all from others, and I have now no time to write these things, though they are so entwined around my heart. We suppose brother Brayton and the new missionaries are now on their way, which is a comfort to our hearts in view of leaving the field.—How singular, how unexpected is this providence which sends us to our native shores! A few months ago I well recollect that Mr. Wade and myself were saying, there is now nothing that will ever send us away from our beloved disciples, as we have resolved not to leave on account of sickness, but to die among them.—But we had not then anticipated meeting total blindness, and now we wait to see what the Lord will order for us.

From your own affectionate sister,
D. B. L. WADE.

SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into the water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a square of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.—Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic region, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles.

FRENCH ROYAL PRINTING OFFICE.—When Pope Pius the 7th visited the Royal Printing Office of Paris he was presented with the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifteen different languages. There are more than 150 hand presses in it and two power presses. In one room there are forty thousand forms packed away. The hands employed in it work ten hours, and good compositors earn from five to six francs per day, and pressmen about the same. After thirty years service in the establishment, a workman gets a pension of four hundred francs per annum. Authors can have works of real utility printed in it free of expense.