

Christian

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

Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE.

BY MRS. TINSLEY.

[In some of the fishing villages on the coast of Norway when the men go out with the boats, the females assemble on the beach chanting a wild song—a prayer, not for the success of the fishers, but for their safe return; and they do not quit the shore until the boats arrive.]

'Tis a weary, weary sight,
The sky and the ocean lone,
And the distance, that solemn mystery,
Veiling our loved, our own,
As we cry, upon their track—
Brothers and sire come home!
Husband and lover and son come back
Over the surge and foam!
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are
drear,
Till we see the light of your smiles draw near.

Hardy and gallant and true
The hearts that for us toil;
Right and cheerfully every peril brave,
From the seas to take their spoil;
Well know they where we stand,
Waiting their glad return,
And their guiding light is the star of love,
Whose beams around them burn;
Ah! what were the hearts or the homes
they left,
Of the crowning grace of that love bereft?

Husband and lover and son,
Brother and sire come home!
The breeze has strengthened, the sun goes
down
Over the beaten foam!
Sorrow and joy are ours,
Beyond what most may share;
Sorrow in every morn's farewell,
And joy above compare
When at eve, all doubting and danger o'er,
The gallant boats touch the strand once more.

By the shores of another sea
We shall stand ere time be past,
We shall watch the bark that may no return
Sweep over its waves at last!
Father, or brother, or son,
Husband or lover there—
Earth's perils over, its labour done—
May he the first those depths to dare,
To pass away from the mortal beach,
Beyond regret's or affection's reach.

And we—we shall cry no more,
Brother and sire come home!
We shall look with a higher hope and trust
Over that dark sea's foam;
And our pining souls shall say—
"O, we're weary to depart!"
To put all thought of the life away
For whose cares we have no heart;
To flee from darkness, and doubt, and pain,
And to be with the loved and lost again!"

USEFUL INFORMATION.—The English bushel of wheat weighs 70 pounds; 8 bushels equal to 560 pounds, being a quarter of a ton weight. 9½ bushels American wheat, of 60 pounds to the bushel, equal to the English quarter. The English sack of flour weighs 280 pounds, and 7 sacks 1960 pounds, equal to 10 American barrels. The bushel of fine Liverpool salt weighs 56 pounds; the sack contains 4 bushels, 224 pounds. Ten sacks make a ton weight, 2240 pounds; the bushel of ground alum salt weighs 64 pounds, the sack contains 24 bushels, equal to 224 pounds—ten sacks make a ton. To bring English sterling money to dollars and cents, double the pence, the answer is cents.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.—Aqua fortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen, and sugar, and spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion or burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found of the same materials.—*Scientific American.*

Parting Scenes.

BY REV. W. F. STEWART.

On earth our associations, however pleasant they may be, are transitory and uncertain. I may form an acquaintance with an individual in the crowded stage coach. Similar tastes, and views, and sympathies, attract our affections toward each other. We spend a few hours in pleasant society; and when we arrive at the end of the journey, we press each other's hand in token of the friendship we have formed, and drop a tear expressive of the pain of parting.

Neighbors live near together for many years. They are acquainted with each other's temperaments, and joys, and prospects. Their children attend the same school, visit the same church, and circulate in the same society, until they have become as kindred. One of the families conclude to emigrate to a new country, where they may increase the size of their farm, and extend their industrial operations. The little homestead, with its stock and implements of husbandry, are sold. The few household goods to be moved are packed and loaded, and the time for starting has come. The neighbour family are there to give them an expression of their kind wishes for their prosperity, and hearty sorrow for their removal. The eyes of the aged parents of the families discover no tears, but a heavy cloud hangs upon their furrowed brows. The younger persons embrace each other with affection, and give full vent to the sighs and tears which are waking up for assurance; the children catch the contagion, and without knowing why, their tears flow as freely as those of the others.

But now we shall view a sadder scene: it is the separation of children from their paternal home.—The daughter has enjoyed the kind attention of affectionate parents from childhood. When advanced to the interesting age of fifteen, she is sent to the boarding school; and three years pass away in the rapid acquisition of the necessary and ornamental branches of a liberal education. She returns to her home, the pride of her parents, and the admired of her youthful associates. Her parents now see her happily joined in the sacred bands of wedlock to one of the most gifted, and polished, and pious young men of the country. The festivities of the occasion present a scene of felicity most exquisite. Soon the youthful husband's pious heart is impressed with the thought that his heavenly Master has set him apart to labour in his vineyard—to do a special work—to carry the Gospel to the benighted heathen. When he thinks of his family associations, and his delightful home, the flesh falters; but while slumbering in his bed, in the stillness and darkness of midnight's hour, the destitution and misery of the heathen world is painted before his vision. He stands upon the banks of the Nile, and sees the deluded mother snatch her smiling babe from her breast, imprint kisses upon its infant face, and then throw it to the monster of the deep. He stands upon the Hindoo plain, and beholds the car of Juggernaut crushing the prostrate bodies of its devoted worshippers. He stands by the funeral pile in India, while the dead husband and the living wife are consumed together. And as his heart bleeds at beholding such scenes, a voice breaks upon his ear, "Go, take the tidings of a Saviour's death." Waking, he finds it but a dream. But the touching scenes and solemn commission of the night haunt him by day, and visit him again in the visions of the night succeeding. His language now becomes, "Wee is me if I carry them not the Gospel." He opens his heart to his youthful companion. A momentary tremor passes over her delicate frame, a silent tear drops from her eye, and she falls upon her knees by his side. Long and fervently does she pray for wisdom to direct and grace to support. And while she remains in audience with the Deity, the wretchedness of the Pagan world passes in review before her, and the greatness and importance, and blessedness of the work is

written upon her heart. She arises from her knees with a calm and quiet spirit, and the first words which break from her lips are, "I am now ready to go." Soon a mission field is assigned them, and the morning of embarkation has come. A crowd of spectators have assembled, and the parents of the youthful missionaries are there. They not having felt those solemn impressions, and not alive to the greatness and sublimity of the work, look only at the dangers and difficulties to which they will be exposed. Sea storms and shipwrecks on the journey, or epidemics, cannibals, and martyrdom, in the mission field, pass gloomy before the fevered imagination of the afflicted parents. But the missionary spirit has taken full possession of the youthful pair. They listen attentively to all the exhortations of parents and friends; but answer, with firmness and tearful affection, "None of these things move us, neither count we our lives dear unto us." The parting hymn is sung—the parting prayer is offered up—the parting farewell is uttered—and as the parting benediction follows the mission-ship, she has weighed anchor, her sails are spread, and she is bounding over the deep. The missionaries are on their way, and their friends are weeping at home.

There is another parting scene which is sadder still than these; it is the sinner's separation from the things of earth. He is a man of pleasure. He has succeeded in the accumulation of wealth, and has gathered around him a numerous train of courtiers and admirers. His family is inducted into the most desirable circles of fashionable society. They are clad in gold, and pearls, and costly array, and their sumptuous fare embraces every delicious viand of the earth. Their days are spent in searching out new channels of pleasure, and their nights in trifling revelings. But, amid their midnight mirth, the king of terrors makes his entrance, and presents a summons for the governor of the house. Gripping pains and cramping agonies get hold upon him.—The dance ceases—the prattle of voices becomes still—the physician frankly tells the agonized millionaire that his earthly history is nearly closed.—And now, for the first time in all his life, does the unhappy man have a true sense of the soul's vast importance, and the world's comparative worldliness. His utter want of preparation for eternity flashes upon his troubled heart. The richly gilded but long-neglected bible is called for, and the Minister of the Gospel is, for the first time, invited to the gorgeous palace. But, alas! though he brings the consolations of the Gospel, they are brought too late; for, as the disease of the body is now beyond the reach of the doctor's art, so the callous soul is beyond the provisions of conditional mercy. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and the doom of the man of pleasure is now inevitable. If his memory runs back upon the past, it only calls up a continued scene of ingratitude and crime; or, if his mind cast into the future, the dark grave, the inflexible judgment, and vast eternity, all spread out before him. All in the future is dark, dreadful, and desperate. The eventual moment has come—cordials are presented in vain—the body is convulsed—the heart-strings break, and the deathless spirit launches into eternity. The family weep bitterly. They now feel their dependence upon Jehovah, and make to him some solemn vows. They attend a pompous funeral, and are clad in the weeds of mourning for a season. But soon their promises are violated and forgotten, and they dance onward down to hell.

There are parting scenes which are not so sad; but I must not detain you long to paint them now. See the afflicted penitent pressing to the altar of prayer. The world laughs, but the contrite soul cries, "Lord save, or I perish." The Lord hears, and the burden is removed. Now the regenerated soul shakes hands with sin, and sheds no tear at parting. See again that soul, after many years of labor in the vineyard of the Lord. He has passed

through deep waters, and fiery trials. His race is near run—the last dark wave is breaking against his tottering bark. He has weighed anchor for the port of peace, and, without a parting pang, exclaims, "Farewell, vain world, I'm going home; My Saviour smiles, and bids me come; And all is well! all is well!"

The Interior of the Earth.

A fact of the great interest, says Professor Silliman, has been proved by the borings for artesian wells in the suburbs of Paris, namely, that as we go towards the centre of the earth, the temperature increases at the rate of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great part of it, is an igneous portion of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruptions have been ascertained and placed beyond dispute. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory prelated some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and it is entirely abandoned. All coals in the world would never afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in the earth. We know that when certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is involved; and a light is produced superior even in effulgence to the splendor of the sun. Now if a small arrangement produces such results, what may we not expect from the combinations of these immense beds of metal to be found in the earth? Here we have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration on a small scale may be seen in the thermoelectric battery made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony packed in a box and varnished. In this, heat is evolved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very case of the volcano—in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snows.

Power of A Good Man's Life

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and affective persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and well ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness, speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept command, entreaty or warning.—Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*