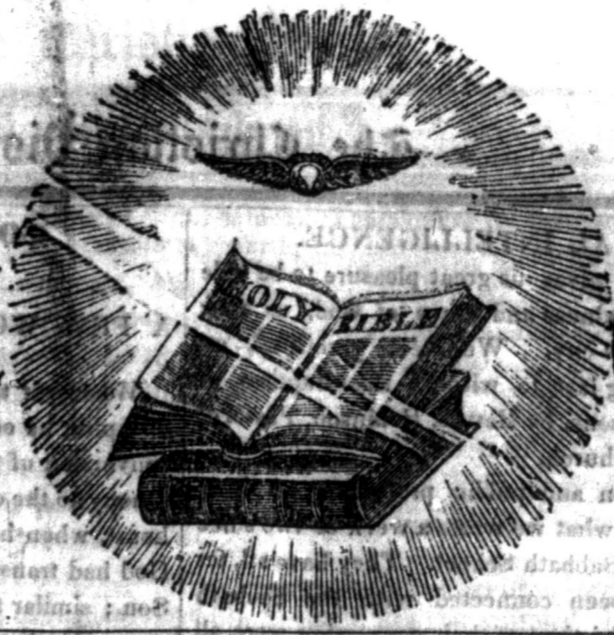


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“BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED.”—ST. PAUL.

Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor.

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THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to comfort, and defend,—
Of all we ever had, the chief!
A friend who, watching from above,
Whene'er in Error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, the secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust;
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need, his hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend, is God!

From the Christian Watchman.

Letter from Mount Carmel.

PHENICIA, ITS ARTS AND COMMERCE.

Carmel is eminently a sacred spot, near the gates of heaven. The foot of Jacob's ladder may well be presumed to rest on its summit, and the angels of God ascend and descend upon it in their ministrations of judgment or mercy. If one is an infidel at home, he reads his Bible when here; if an atheist in Europe, he prays to God when on Mount Carmel. Nor is this superstition, but it is an honest conviction of historical truth.

Phoenicia spreads itself out under my eye.—The origin of its name, the extent of its territory and the ancestry of its inhabitants, involve points of controversy among antiquarians. The biography of Cadmus is much enveloped in fable. I cannot attempt to adjust theories or even state arguments. As I look off to the North, I can imagine that Phoenicia was the sea-border, hemmed in between the Mediterranean and Mount Lebanon, with Taurus on the North and Carmel on the South; or, in the days of its commercial prosperity, I can imagine that it leaped over these natural boundaries, and embraced the rich valleys, Bekaa, Esdralon and Sharon. The Phoenicians were descendants of Ham, like the other tribes of Canaan, or they were possibly emigrants from Egypt of the race of Mizraim.—When Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, about nineteen centuries before the Christian era, came into this vicinity, he drove his herds and flocks much at his own discretion, wherever he was best accommodated with pasture and fountains of water. When his descendants came to take possession of the land about four and a half centuries after, they found it full of people, villages, and walled cities.

The Phoenicians acquired reputation in literature, commerce and the arts. They were not destitute of poetry and music; but excelled in Arithmetic and Astronomy. They understood the use of the metals, both for coin and for implements of art and war. They manufactured glass. They were skilful in hewing wood and stone. Their language was a kindred dialect with the Hebrew, and was read from the right to the left. Their religion was idolatry. Asherah or Astarte was the goddess of the Sidonians. Whether the Egyptians, who were nearly contemporary, derived their knowledge from the Phoenicians, does not appear. "Moses learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds." By Co-

lonization or otherwise, the Carthaginians, the early Greeks, and the Romans, by general consent, derived their knowledge of literature and the arts from Phoenicia.

The extent of their commerce will admit of little doubt. About seven and a half centuries before the Christian era, Isaiah calls Tyre "the daughter of great Sidon, the strong city, the crowning city, the mart of nations, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." They traded inland with Persia, Arabia, and distant India; and on the sea-border, by the aid of the Mediterranean, they traded with Northern Africa, Southern Europe and the British Isles. They enriched themselves at home and established colonies abroad. They assisted Solomon in his voyages to Ophir by the way of the Red Sea. And, as some believe, they circumnavigated the continent of Africa, sailing out of the Red Sea, and returning by the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Gibraltar, those Pillars of Hercules, after an absence of three years.

The government of Phoenicia was originally patriarchal, then regal, each city independent, or confederate. The chief cities were Berytus, Tyre and Sidon.

Where now is thy commerce, ancient Phoenicia! I gaze from the heights of Carmel, hour by hour, and see no sail whiten the surface, and no galley with oars skin along the border.

TRAVELLER.

The Ten Persecutions.

What a scene of human blood has been shed by the enemies of the cross! How many bodies of the blessed martyrs have been crushed to ignominious deaths, first by the great red dragon of Paganism, and afterward by the devouring beast of Romanism. Horror chills one's blood at the recollection of the early brethren, though centuries have intervened since those torrents of human gore flowed.

In the short space of three hundred and thirty years from Christ, there were ten great persecutions of the christians by the Roman Emperors, reckoned as follows:—First, under Nero in the year of our Lord 65—Second, was under Domitian in the year 90—Third, was commenced under Trajan in the year 100—Fourth, under Adrian in 126, and continued under Antoninus Pius till 140—Fifth, under Marcus Aurelius in the year 162—Sixth, under Severus in 203—Seventh, in 236 under Maximian—Eighth, under Decius in 251—Ninth, in 253 under Valerian—Tenth, under Diocletian in 303. So rapidly did these great and bloody persecutions follow upon the footsteps of one another.

When the number of christians put to death in each of these persecutions is considered, the only wonder is, that there were any left, either to suffer for the gospel, or to publish it abroad throughout the world. Some idea of the number slain may be learned from the nature of those persecutions. In the "tenth" under Diocletian in 303, that Emperor in his edict commanded all the churches to be demolished, and the christians to be deprived of their sacred writings, and of all civil privileges; another edict commanded the imprisonment of all bishops and ministers of the gospel; a third, that the most exquisite tortures should be employed to constrain them to apostatize; a fourth enjoined that the magistrates use the severest tortures on all christians without regard to sex or age, for the purpose of forcing them to renounce religion.—Tertullian says that 20,000 christians were burnt by Diocletian's orders on one Christmas day; and yet these bloody edicts extended over all the Roman Empire, except Gaul, and were

executed with such zeal that pillars were erected in honor of this bloody emperor, for having "everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ." Vain boast! Everywhere abolished christianity! And yet in twenty-five years from this time, when Constantine, the first christian Emperor, embraced the gospel, Tytler says the christians were numerous, both at Rome and in the provinces. So true is it, that the "blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church" or as Tertullian in his Apology says, "The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise; the christian blood you spill, is like the seed you sow; it springs from the earth again, and fructifies the more."

How true it is, that our whole inheritance of liberty and blessings is the price of blood. Not alone our national independence, and our rich civil privileges; but our rights of conscience, all our religious privileges, from the Saviour's crucifixion down till the present, have been the price of blood. What a boon of blessings have our predecessors bequeathed unto us. A review of their sufferings should impress us with gratitude for the more auspicious times on which our lot is fallen, and awaken in us a quenchless desire to make the best possible improvement of our patrimony.—Morning Star.

Live not to Yourself.

By the Rev. John Todd.

On a frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask it why it hangs there; "hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotions in his eye, to show him the hand of his God who pencilled every leaf and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lonely mountain side, with the bare possibility that he threw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

Beside yon highway stands an aged tree solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," says the tree. "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns I have nurtured from year to year, have been carried far and near, and groves of forest oak can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top; for the humming bird, that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has formed a home within the folds of my bark—and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man and I will go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing. "I was born," says the brook, "high up the mountain,—but there I could do no good; and so, I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the

great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the great ocean to rise again in vapour and perhaps come back again in the clouds, to my own native mountain and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, "None of us liveth to himself."

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there? Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries—I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sung together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy, at the creation of the earth—Ay, I was there—

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath;
And the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.

Here among the morning stars, I hold my place and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings, on my bosom; and when I have done this I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm, and fixes his eye on me, and finds his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars, who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one lives or shines for herself.

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the raindrop which swells the mighty river, upon the dewdrop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun, which warms, and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all hath He written, "None of us liveth to himself."

And if you will read this lesson in characters still more distinct and striking, you will go to the Garden of Gethsemane, and hear the Redeemer in prayer, while the Angel of God strengthens him. You will read it on the hill of Calvary, where a voice, that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God, proclaims that the highest, noblest deed which the infinite can do, is to do good to others—to live not to himself!

Interesting Dutch Colony.

The Holland immigrants, recently settled in Iowa, have named their new settlement "Pella," from Pella beyond Jordan, to which the early Christians fled upon the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. It is two or three months old, and numbers 800 inhabitants. Large numbers are to join them in the Spring, when their Pella will suddenly become a populous prairie town. It is a strange sight, says a correspondent of the Ch. Intelligencer, the velvet jacket and wooden shoes of these Puritans of the New Purchase, that stretch from the Des Moines to the Chearue, in Central Iowa. They are living in camps covered with tent-cloth, or grass and bushes,—the sides barricaded with all sorts of odd looking boxes and chests from the Netherlands. These people are respectable and intelligent. When they took the oath of allegiance to the United States, a few weeks ago, but two made their marks. Many of the leading men possessed unusual refinement and education.