

Christian



Visitor.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to

Religion 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 24, 1848.

NO. 27

THE LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

"The lament of the Widowed Inebriate," by Duganne, which I enclose for the gratification of the readers of your paper. They breathe the true spirit of poetry, and surpass in tenderness, beauty, pathos and delineation of heart-broken sorrow, anything I ever saw:—Longstaff says they are enough to immortalize any poet. Alas the poor inebriate! How just, how true the following lines! What a daguerrotypelike-ness of the inmost soul of the drunkard have we here:

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of your youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or—guile;
When thine arms were swined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And a loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
This night of grief and shame,
When with drunken rayings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came:—
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved!
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thy eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children play'd
Before our cottage door;—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I ne'er shall see them more;

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung—
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied, breathed by thee!

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

Interior of Missionary Life.

By the kindness of our friend, the Rev. M. G. Clarke, of Springfield, Mass., we were some weeks ago favored with a copy of some portions of the epistolary journal of Rev. N. Brown, Missionary to Asam, addressed to his wife, who is now temporarily in this country. This journal gives an interior view of missionary life, which has been to us exceedingly interesting. We have seemed to enter into its heart, and to appreciate with a more intimate and real sympathy, both its trials and its joys.

Mr. Brown had parted with his wife at Calcutta, she a voyager with her children to the Western world—he a laborer returning to his distant mission field in Asam.

Jelingshi River, Sept. 19, '46.

MY BELOVED WIFE—Another Saturday evening is drawing on, and yet I have not commenced my journal for you as you requested. I have had no heart to begin; but, besides this, I have not felt able. It was but a day or two after you left that I began to feel a fever upon me, caused by that dreadful Calcutta atmosphere in which I had been running about the fortnight previous. My little boat is very comfortable. I wish I could know that you and the darling children were equally comfortable. Sometimes the thought that I shall never see my dear little prattlers again is quite insupportable. The first time I thought of little Willie being gone where I could see him no more, I could not help weeping like a child. But I think we shall never regret the sacrifice we have made for the good of the dear children. What is there in this country to live for, unless it is as a missionary! For me let my children inherit the home of their fathers. I could never die easy, to leave a child to settle down in this Sodom.

Oct. 10.—The weather is now so cool as to be quite comfortable on the Brahmaputra. I have now so far recovered from the fever as to be able to resume my studies, and hope by the time I get home to have what remains of the New Testament translated; that is, the first draft. I hope, if the Lord spares your life to reach home, you will do your best to get some missionaries out for Asam. Your words will have an influence—you must do your work and mine too. In your visits to the Theological institutions, I hope you will find some good brother that will come and join me in preaching and translating, and making books. The Old Testament I will never be able to get through with alone, especially if I have so many other things to do. And now, they are calling upon me to make a grammar, a dictionary—print some lectures on Hinduism, &c., and—farewell. The Lord watch over you and bless you.

Jorhath Ghaut, Dec. 31.

I sit down to spend a few moments in writing to you before the expiring year has closed. I have been thinking much of you, as I know you have been thinking much of me, if you have been spared till this time, and wish I could know where you are to-night; but wherever you are, I trust the Saviour is with you. I have felt a slight gloom and melancholy through the day, when thinking on the departing year; but, on the whole, I feel happy, and can only rejoice in the goodness of God to me during the year that is passed. I would here raise my Ebenezer, and say, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I did not expect, at the commencement of the year, to witness or hear of the baptism of twenty hopeful converts in Asam before its close—but so it is! It is the Lord's doings, and is wonderful in our eyes. But it is drawing on towards the midnight hour—the boatmen are all asleep—the Tom-toms have ceased at the Jorhath Ghaut, opposite to which we are stopping, and I must lie down on my little couch, to wake, if God pleases, upon another and I hope a better year than any I have yet spent; so farewell to you—and my sweet babes. I feel an unspeakable comfort in

commending you to the mercy of our kind Preserver, and I cannot but feel a confidence that you are all spared, are comfortable and happy. May these lives which he has so graciously lengthened out, be all given to him—and may he grant us his blessing in all that we do, and with that everything will prosper with us.

Sibzagar, Jan. 9, 1847.

It is just a week since I arrived home. I left the boat at the mouth of the Dekho, and walked up. I feel more happy to get back to the old lonely house than anywhere else, but everything reminds me of my darlings that are gone, and I often feel very sad. The native Christians are coming in for worship this evening—so adieu.

May 6.—What a flood of tender emotions does this day bring to your fond husband, who has so often celebrated this day with his beloved, but now has to celebrate it alone. I have yet heard nothing from you except the overland note you wrote on arriving at St. Helena. I cannot even know where my darlings are, whether in the old homestead, or tossing on the deep, or perhaps yet pent up on that lonely rock in the midst of the ocean. And what adds to the mournfulness of the day, is to be laid upon my bed and no one too look after me, or get me what I want. It is now eight months since you left Calcutta, and I hope ere this you are enjoying the fine breezes of your native land. A happy land is America, if she did but know her privileges.

June.—Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving your long looked for letter, written on board the "Rambler," and after you had reached home, up to the 19th of March. A cheering and welcome packet, I assure you, and I may say the first regular letter I have got from you since we parted. What cause have we to be thankful for that kind Providence which has watched over you, and the darlings, and brought you all so safely and speedily to our dear native land. I hope that you are now comfortable and happy among our friends, and that you will find good homes for the children, where they will be brought up in the fear of the Lord. I feel a pleasure in committing you all to the care of our kind Heavenly Father. By the time this reaches you, you will perhaps be looking for a passage to your own home on the Sibzagar Jenk. Everything here looks pleasant as it used to, but lonely. The trees and bushes in front of the house never looked so pretty, and they are filled with birds that sing all day long. The willows that I have planted for you and the children, grow astonishingly fast, and are indeed "willows by the water courses."

July.—Yesterday I had the happiness to receive the long looked for Journal from St. Helena, and a treat it was indeed.—We have great cause for gratitude to God for what he has done for us. It is a great satisfaction to me that you got through your troubles on board, as well as you did. I do not wonder that under the pressure of sea sickness, you felt to query whether we ought to have separated, but your mind appears to have been set at rest on it, and consoled by those considerations which I too have found so much comfort in—our duties to Christ and his cause. For myself, I do not know that I have ever once had a doubt cross my mind whether we had taken the right course in regard to our children, as I never have in regard to our coming out as missionaries. These great questions that we have once decided with the wisdom which God has given us, I have never felt any trouble about afterwards.—After the step was once taken, I look back upon it as a thing done, and settled, and laid over to be reviewed only at the judgment day. I felt a good deal distressed to hear that my mother was disappointed at my not coming home with you. I should have been delighted to visit my beloved parents, brothers and sisters once more, but to me it seemed a plain case that duty

called me to remain. In regard to stirring up people at home, and spending a year hunting up missionaries to help us, I do not consider that this is any part of the business for which I came out. It is our business to do the work we are sent upon, and it is the business of the churches to sustain us, and all the stirring up that is talked of so much, beyond what their own sense of duty prompts them to do, is in my opinion perfectly useless. It is not money and excitement, and thrilling appeals, or what might be more properly termed a desperate system of begging, that is necessary to carry on the work of the Lord; he could open the bowels of the earth, if it were necessary, and fill our houses with gold and silver; but it is principle that is wanting—a sense of duty, and then there would be no need for such distressing complaints as missionaries are sending home. I hope whatever you say will be on the ground of principle and duty, and if you can succeed in making any of our brethren and sisters feel the importance of these, you will do more for the cause of missions than if you could exhort them with all the eloquence in the world. I feel indeed distressed to hear that there is such a want of interest in the Asam Mission. You ask me to write an appeal on the subject, but I cannot think that would do any good. The spasmodic efforts that people have to be dragged into, are good for nothing. If the fact of our having commenced a mission in Asam—of there being a wide door open, as there is not in China and Burmah, is not sufficient argument in the minds of Christians to sustain what they have begun, I do not know of any stronger motive that can be brought forward. Perhaps it is because Asam is comparatively a small field, that it is so neglected. But the wisdom of God is not like the wisdom of this world. We see that often those missions are most blessed, that are commenced among the humblest, poorest and most despised people. Look at the Karens. The Burmese excited all the interest and the Karens were scarcely thought worthy of attention; but how have missionary labors been blest, while even to this day the door is closed to the Burmans. There is, no doubt, an awful criminality somewhere, in regard to the Asam Mission being suffered to languish on.

13th.—My last letter to you I sent off on the second instant, and the same day I was taken with Cholera. How much I have missed you in this time of distress. Sabbath, the 3d inst., brother and sister Cutter came up and spent the night with me, thinking it was probably for the last time. But God has in great mercy spared me, and what reason have I to bless his holy name. Eleven died the same day I was so sick. It seems to have been the most fatal day, and those who died were generally carried off in about 12 hours after they were taken.

26th.—After two months anxious suspense, I got your letter from Athens, Ohio, yesterday. I find it hard to trace your track, you seem to go back and forward so many times between Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Detroit and Medina—and where in the world Grand Rapids are, I have never yet been able to ascertain!

27th.—I sit down this morning to close my letter previous to starting for Nowgong and Gowahatti. The birds are singing around most delightfully among the Babul and Willow trees, but whether I shall ever come back to hear them again, and especially whether we shall ever meet here together, is known only to Him who controls all things. I feel almost discouraged. My health and constitution are miserable, and I find this attack of cholera has nearly destroyed what little strength and resolution I had. Farewell. May the Lord bless you is the constant prayer of

YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND,

—N. Y. Recorder.

Trust not your peace of mind in any frail bark that is liable to be upset by the first wind that blows.