

# Christian

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

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## POETRY.

### THE SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The world below hath not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight,  
As a gallant ship, on a rippling sea,  
In a clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high, as I fix my eye  
On her dark and sweeping hull,  
Laying its breast, on the billowy nest,  
Like the tired sleeping gull.

The masts spring up all tall and bold,  
With their heads among the stars;  
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam,  
Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll  
A flag that bears no stain;  
Proud ship! that need'st no other scroll,  
To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy standing in the shrouds  
Chants out his fitful song,  
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds  
That melts as it floats along.

Oh! what is there on the sluggard land  
That I love so well to mark,  
In the hollow'd light of the still midnight,  
As I do a dancing bark!

The ivied tower looks well in that hour,  
And so does an old church spire,  
When the gilded vane and Gothic pane  
Seems tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,  
The love-bower gathers a charm,  
And beautiful is the chequering play  
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me  
Such a fair and glorious sight,  
As a brave ship floating on the sea,  
In the clear and full moonlight.

### Length of Human Life.

One of the New York papers contains a brief report of a lecture delivered recently in that city by Prof. Mason, on the economy of individual life, from which we are able to select some interesting facts in relation to the average extent of human life. This of course has varied at different periods of the world, and still varies in different countries under the influence of education, morals, food and other circumstances.—As an instance of the variation alluded to, we may remark that in the sixteenth century, the average extent of life in Geneva, Switzerland, was so remarkably low as nine years, which the Professor attributed to epidemical diseases, bad food, bad dwellings, and continued warfare. The learned men of that country, however, directed their attention to the causes of premature death; and under their care a system, so perfect has been established that the inhabitants of Geneva now live to a greater age than those of any other city on the globe. Since similar changes have taken place in Great Britain by means of the improvements in science, the average of human life has been elevated from 17 to 50 years. The Scripture gives three score years and ten as the limit of human existence, and Prof. Mason contends that whenever the medical jurisprudence of a country can, as in England and in this country, enlarge the average duration to 50 years, the remaining 20 of the scriptural limit are generally cut off by intemperance and hereditary disease. In Mexico, the average of human life is only 15 years, which circumstance alone is sufficient to show the vast difference existing between the moral and physical condition of that people and our own.

### The Widow,

AND HER SHIPWRECKED SON,

In the North of England, in a small inland village, a lieutenant of the British Navy, after serving his country for many years, took up his abode. He had a pious wife, and six or seven children. She sent them to the village Sabbath School; but the eldest, a boy of fourteen years, seemed determined to profit by neither maternal love, nor pious instructions at school. His father's rigid discipline alone, restrained him from rushing into excesses of wickedness and riot.—But that father died, and left his widow to combat the idleness of her boy alone. No, not alone; for she sought the help of her heavenly husband.

The father being dead, the son grew worse. He was ungovernable; and the afflicted widow wept, as with a broken heart, over her recreant child. Unable to restrain him, she adopted a very common mode in England of disposing of idle lads. She resolved to send him to sea. It was a painful alternative; but he could not grow worse there, she thought, and possibly the severe discipline of a ship might humble his proud spirit, and lead him to reflection.

A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began and was over. Unknown to the youth, the mother placed a Bible in his chest, with the secret hope that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep blue sea. Many were the prayers that mother offered for the son; many the counsels she gave him from the fulness of her heart. The day of separation came. O, it was a day of trial to all but to him who was the occasion of all the sadness of that family. Warm were the tears she shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him adieu, and commended his wayward heart to God.

Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead; and, what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul. Could she have been assured of his safety in the better world, her pained heart would have been at rest. But she wept over him as doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in mid-winter. The wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and deep darkness obscured the sky. The widow and her children sat beside the cheerful fire, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle, though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son, when a slight tap was heard at the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there wayworn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in the mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food.

When he had refreshed himself, she modestly questioned him of his condition. His tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home poor and penniless to his mother. He had been shipwrecked before. The widow asked him to tell the story of his sufferings.

He said that in a violent gale the ship ran ashore and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself and another were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but at last, revived—alas! but to die. "He was a sweet youth," the sailor observed; "once he had been the terror of the ship for his excessive devotion

to vice. But suddenly he had changed. He became a serious, praying man; as remarkable for piety now, as for vice before. "When he had revived a little on the beach," said the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rummaging his chest one day, he found a Bible; his first impressions were to throw it away; but chancing to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother; of her instructions and the instructions of his teacher; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees, beside his chest, and wept and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it; for he became a decided Christian. After telling me about this change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then falling back upon the sand, he expired with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with deep interest and feeling, inquired—

"Have you got that Bible my friend?"

"Yes, madam," said he; and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass. Carefully removing several envelopes, he at last produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into the hands of the lady.

Tremblingly and hastily she seized it. She turned to the blank page, when lo! her child's name, in her own writing. A death-like paleness overspread her usually pale cheek, as she made the discovery, and exclaimed, "'Tis his! 'tis his!—My son! my son!"

### Meeting of Mr. Abbott and the Karen Preachers.

Mr. Beecher writes for the Macedonian from Sandoway, Feb. 19:—

For nearly three years had the Karen disciples of Aracan been without the watch-care of a missionary when brother Abbott, myself and companion reached Ong Kyoung, in the closing week of 1847.

Appointments had twice been made by missionaries from other stations who were anxious to see the native preachers, who failed to meet them through some misunderstanding of the time. Weeks and months after these missionaries had returned to their homes, reports were heard that the preachers had assembled at the place appointed too late, and learning that the teachers had gone, they retraced their weary way, disappointed, sad, and doubting more and more whether their own loved teacher would ever return, or whether another would ever come in his stead. Fondly had they hoped to receive aid and instruction from the teachers, and perhaps hear a word of encouragement respecting the return of him who was far away toward the setting sun. But now they must return without seeing the faces of those who had thus raised their hopes. To some, the difficulty of paying the exorbitant taxes which the Burman rulers had demanded of them appeared doubly great; they had questions of doctrine and discipline, and difficult passages of Scripture for the teachers to solve, and objections to the religion of Christ, which had been raised by Buddhists and Romanists, were unexplained and unanswered, and they must meet their people without good news and with heavy hearts.

Well might missionaries and the friends of missions be anxious lest disciples thus scattered, without a shepherd, and thus exposed to all the corrupting influences of the heathenism from which they had just emerged, and who were, too, so unstable in everything else, should be unstable in their faith in Christ. Bearing in mind these facts, the reader can imagine what thoughts filled our minds as we as-

cended the creek and came near the village of Ong Kyoung. During the three weeks which intervened after our arrival at Sandoway, the news of teacher Abbott's return and of the arrival of the new teacher and mamma had been circulated through the jungles of Aracan and over the mountains into Burmah Proper, and an appointment made for all the native preachers to meet us at this village. Twelve of those living near had already assembled, and more were daily expected.

No sooner had our boat touched the bank than it was surrounded by these men, accompanied by many of the villagers, all eager to assist and welcome us to their jungle homes. On the bank stood a group of neatly dressed young women, with sparkling eyes and joy beaming countenances, who had come to greet and accompany the mamma. All in turn eagerly grasped our hands; but the same expressions fell from the lips of each, "The teachers and mamma have come, and we rejoice greatly—the teachers and mamma have come, and we rejoice greatly." Surely, we thought, as we gazed upon this scene, whatever may be the character of the interest which this people now feel in the religion of Christ, they lack no interest in his ministers.

Brother Abbott, arrived an hour sooner than we, had in the meantime walked to the village, and accompanied by the two ordained preachers, met us a short distance from the boats. "This," said he, "is a happy day to me. For three years have I been wandering. Here is the end of my journey and the end of my anxieties. I have seen the assistants, and am ready to say, now let thy servant depart in peace."

Never shall I forget that walk to the village—the kind, gentle attention of those ordained assistants toward us, especially toward my companion, their inquiries respecting our health and our voyage, and their simple expressions of joy, how soon they won our affections, and caused us to forget the anxiety and fatigue we had experienced in sailing for six days along a rocky and dangerous coast. Soon we were seated in the chapel. Such a neat, well constructed and spacious house for worship I had not expected to find in the Karen jungle.

Here, secure from persecution, had they assembled from Sabbath to Sabbath, to listen to the instructions of their faithful pastor, and to pour out their hearts in prayer for themselves, their brethren in affliction and in bondage to superstition, but most fervently had they prayed for their absent teacher. Now, in answer to their simple but earnest petitions, he stood in their midst. Here did we all rejoice together, and return heartfelt thanks to the Great Head of the church, for his preserving and guiding care.

Christians of America, look on this scene and rejoice with us. But think not that with regard to these Karens and their teacher, you have now only to rejoice. By sending back brother Abbott, and with him an associate, you have assumed new responsibilities, and placed yourselves under increased obligations to pray and to contribute for the success of this mission.

In addition to the 3,000 that were numbered as belonging to this station when brother Abbott left, eleven hundred and fifty have been baptized during his absence, and twelve hundred are now waiting for baptism! Sixteen new assistants, who have gathered around them interesting churches, have come forward, and need immediate attention to fit them for their stations. In order to begin to meet in any adequate degree the wants of this people, we need at least another missionary family at this station. Contribute and pray then that more laborers may be sent to this field so ripe for the harvest.

On our way down the coast, at each of the villages which he visited, we enjoyed meetings similar to that at Ong Kyoung, only the interest was less intense. At each of the villages there were candidates for baptism, and promising boys who were anxious to attend school.

There were seventy-six baptized during our whole tour, besides many others who requested baptism, but were left for the native pastors to examine and receive.