

# 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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## THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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But with these profaner ruins were mixed holy ashes: the thought of this came to his mind. The burial places of the martyrs are hard by those of Roman generals and conquerors. Christian Rome and her trials had more power over the heart of the Saxon monk, than Pagan Rome with all her glory. In this very place arrived that epistle wherein Paul wrote, 'the just shall live by faith.' He is not far from the forum of Appius and the Three Taverns. In that spot was the house of Narcissus; here stood the palace of Caesar, where the Lord delivered the Apostle from the jaws of the lion. O how did these recollections strengthen the heart of the monk of Wittenberg!

Rome then presented a widely different aspect. The warlike Julius II. filled the pontifical chair, and not Leo X., as some distinguished historians of Germany have said, doubtless for want of attention. Luther often related an incident of this Pope's life. When the news was brought him that his army had been defeated by the French before Ravenna, he was reading his prayers; he threw the book on the floor, exclaiming, with a dreadful oath, 'Well, now thou art become a Frenchman. Is it thus thou guardest thy church?' Then, turning himself in the direction of the country to whose arms he thought to have recourse, he uttered these words, 'Holy Swiss! pray for us.' Ignorance, levity, and dissolute morals, a profane contempt of every thing sacred, and a shameful traffic in divine things; such was the spectacle presented by this wretched city. Yet the pious monk continued for a while in his illusions.

Having arrived about the period of the festival of St. John, he heard the Romans repeating around him a proverb current among the people. 'Blessed is that mother,' said they, 'whose son says mass on St. John's eve.' O, thought Luther, how gladly would I make my mother blessed. The pious son of Margaret made some attempts to say mass on that day, but he could not, the crowd was too great. Warm in his feeling, and confiding in his disposition, he visited all the churches and chapels, gave credit to all the marvellous stories there told him, went through with devotion the observances required, and was pleased at being able to perform so many pious acts, from which his friends at home were debarred. 'How do I regret,' thought the pious monk, 'that my father and mother are still living; how happy should I be to deliver them from the fire of purgatory by my masses, my prayers, and other admirable works.' He had found the light, but the darkness was far from being wholly chased from his mind; he had the faith and love of the gospel, but not the knowledge of it. It was no easy matter to emerge from that deep gloom that had for so many ages overspread the earth.

Luther said mass several times at Rome. He went through it with all the unction and dignity that such an act seemed to him to require. But how was the heart of the Saxon monk distressed, when he saw the profane and heartless formality with which the Roman clergy celebrated this Sacrament! The priests, on their part, laughed at his simplicity. One day, when he was officiating, he found that at the altar they had read seven masses while he was reading one. 'Quick! quick!' said one of the priests, 'send Our Lady her Son back speedily;'—thus impiously alluding to the transubstantiation of the bread into the body and blood of Christ. Another time Luther had only got as far as the Gospel, when the priest who was at his side had already finished the mass; 'Make haste, make haste!' whispered the latter, 'do have done with it.'

His astonishment was still greater, when he found, in the dignitaries of the church, the same corruption he had observed in the inferior clergy. He had hoped better things of them. It was the fashion at the papal court to attack Christianity; and a person was not counted a man of sense, if he did not hold some eccentric and heretical opinion in relation to the dogmas of the church. Some would have convinced Erasmus, by certain passages from Pliny, that there was no difference between the souls of men and of beasts; and there were young courtiers of the Pope, who affirmed that the orthodox faith was the growth of the cunning invention of the saints.

Luther's office of envoy from the Augustines of Germany, procured him invitations to several meetings of distinguished ecclesiastics. One day, in particular, he was at table with several prelates: the latter exhibited openly their buffoonery in manners and impious conversation; and did not scruple to give utterance before him to many indecent jokes, doubtless thinking him one like themselves. They related amongst other things, laughing, and priding themselves upon it, how when saying mass at the altar, instead of the sacramental words which were to transform the elements into the body and blood of the Saviour, they pronounced over the bread and wine these sarcastic words: 'Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain—*Panis es et panis manebis; vinum es et vinum manebis.*' 'Then,' continued they, 'we elevate the pyx and all the people worship.' Luther could scarcely believe his ears. His mind, gifted with much vivacity, and even gaiety, in the society of his friends, was remarkable for gravity when treating of serious things. These Romish mockeries shocked him. 'I,' says he, 'was a serious and pious young monk; such language deeply grieved me. If at Rome they speak thus openly at table, thought I, what if their actions should correspond with their words, and popes, cardinals, and courtiers should thus say mass. And I who have so often heard them recite it so devoutly, how, in that case, must I have been deceived.'

### M. GUIZOT.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston Courier, gives the following description of M. Guizot, the great scholar and statesman of France:

A few evenings after my arrival in Paris, I was at a party given by the American Minister, on the occasion of the marriage of a young lady of Albany—Miss Cook—with a French nobleman. I was wandering through the saloons, when my attention was arrested by a little, pale, meagre man in black, decorated only with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Pale, and meagre, and small as he was, however, he had about him an air of command, and seemed to receive the universal respect which his bearing challenged. I certainly did not at the moment think of his being a very great man. His forehead, though high, seemed too retreating for a very profound thinker, and in the deep lines about the darkened eyelids, and in the fallow look of his entire features, I supposed that I saw the tokens of such disease or weakness as is inconsistent with the idea of the great exertions of a great man. But still, I confess, that I was much pleased with the man; for, through the lines of care or suffering, there seemed to be beaming on his countenance an excellent spirit of good nature; and to his benevolent look he added such charms of conversation, and made himself so much the happy spirit of the party

which surrounded him, that I could not help being insensibly engaged in his favor. 'That small man conversing with Count Portalis,' said Mr. King, stopping to speak with me for a moment, 'is Guizot.' Guizot, thought I. How little does his appearance betoken the man who at this moment exerts a greater influence on the politics of Europe than almost any other living person, and who, in France, is almost as much a King as Louis Phillippe.

A wonderful man is this Guizot. His vast learning is equalled only by his great talents and his unconquerable spirit. With strong tendencies to despotism, and a personal ambition that sits enthroned in his soul as a supreme deity, he joins a confidence in himself so unwavering, that it sometimes seems like presumption and arrogance. He seems to believe others. He draws them to him and makes them his subjects by his apparent faith in them; but, all the while, he never doubts his own judgment or misgives in respect to the opinions he seems to have yielded. With the one object of his ambition before him, in the happy hour he presses forward with most astonishing force, crushing his opponents without mercy under his feet, and breaking down every obstacle in his way; or, with a prudence and caution which he knows equally well how to assume, he seems most humbly to submit to power, and waits until a more fortunate moment arrives. Changing with the circumstances, for every thing and against every thing, as his interests may require; sometimes storming the posts of the opposition with an eloquence as wonderfully successful as it is apparently rash; and sometimes bowing himself as if without strength, until the storm has passed over; prudent, but not cowardly; politic, but not supple; incapable of being bought, but every way capable of changing; he displays in the most eminent degree, that greatest qualification of a leader—he knows his time. He has been called a man without convictions. That view of him is not strictly just, though certainly he is no dogmatist, even if he was once regarded as a 'doctrinaire.' He is capable of yielding much to the opinions of others, in order to carry his own purposes; but, after all, at the point to which the entire progress of his administration is directed, will be found certain great, and, for the most part, just principles; and in the end, it will be seen that all his apparent concessions to others, from which a want of convictions is argued, have been so many movements for himself, and have really tended to the establishment of his own views. At present he rules in France, and revels in the conscious security of an hundred majority in the Chamber of Deputies. He will yield a little to the Jesuits on the education question, and gain every thing from them in return for the house of Orleans and against Henry V. He will occupy the military spirit of France with the tedious war in Algeria, while he strengthens the peaceable tendencies of the nation, by courting the alliance of England and the favor of all other powers. He will, in a word, throw a tub to every whale, but will take care, meantime, to occupy himself with no affairs not important to himself; and in the end, those who gained concessions from him will find that they have lost every thing.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR BIBLES.—The greatest and best men in the world must not think themselves above their Bibles. Daniel, though himself a great prophet, and one that was well acquainted with the visions of God, yet was a diligent student in the scriptures. He was a great politician, and prime minister of state to one of the greatest monarchs on earth, and yet could find both time and heart to converse with the word of God.

A poor and aged Christian, who had passed upwards of seventy years on earth, seeing her friends weeping around her death-bed, exclaimed—'Mourn not, I'm going home.'

"I'M GOING HOME."

BY THOMAS BAUGH.

I'm coming home, prepare the bridal wreath;  
My Saviour bids my happy spirit come;  
Damp not with tears the Christian's bed of death;  
Rejoice!—I'm going home!

"Earth hath its cares; for three-score years and ten,  
My lot has been 'midst thorny paths to roam;  
I would not track those desert scenes again—  
'Tis past!—I'm going home!"

"The dove hath found her nest—the storm-tossed,  
A place of rest beyond the dashing foam  
Of grief's wild billows: thither am I bound;  
Joy, joy!—I'm going home!"

"Earth's flowers all fade—there fadeless roses blow;  
Earth's sunniest light is shaded by the tomb;  
Earth's loves all slumber in the vault below—  
Death dwells not in that home."

"I see the city of the blest on high,  
With the freed spirit's ken, I come! I come!  
Ye calling voices, catch my heart's reply—  
Home! home!—I'm going home!"

### Luther's Visit to Rome.

The vivid and instructive account of Luther's first visit to Rome which follows, is taken from D'Aubigne's graphic history of the Reformation: At last, after a fatiguing journey under the burning sun of Italy, he approached the seven-hilled city. His heart was moved within him. His eyes longed to behold the queen of the earth and of the Church! As soon as he discovered from a distance the Eternal City,—the city of St. Peter and St. Paul, the metropolis of the Catholic World, he threw himself on the earth exclaiming, 'Holy Rome, I salute thee!' Luther was now in Rome; the professor of Wittenberg was in the midst of the eloquent ruins of the Rome of Consuls and of Emperors, the Rome of Confessors of Christ and of Martyrs. There had lived Plautus and Virgil, whose works he had carried with him into his cloister; and all those great men whose history had so often stirred his heart. He beheld their statues, and the ruined monuments which still attested their glory. But all this glory and power had passed away. He trod under foot the dust of them. He called to mind, at every step he took, the melancholy presentiments of Scipio, when, shedding tears over the ruins of Carthage, its palaces in flames, and its walls broken down, he exclaimed,—'It will one day be thus with Rome!' 'And truly,' said Luther, 'the Rome of Scipios and Caesars is but a corpse.' There are such heaps of ruin that the foundations of the houses rest at this hour where once their roofs were. 'There,' said he, turning a melancholy look on its ruins, 'there were once the riches and treasures of this world!' All these fragments of wreck which his foot encountered whispered to Luther, within Rome herself, that what is strongest in the sight of men may be destroyed by the breath of the Lord.