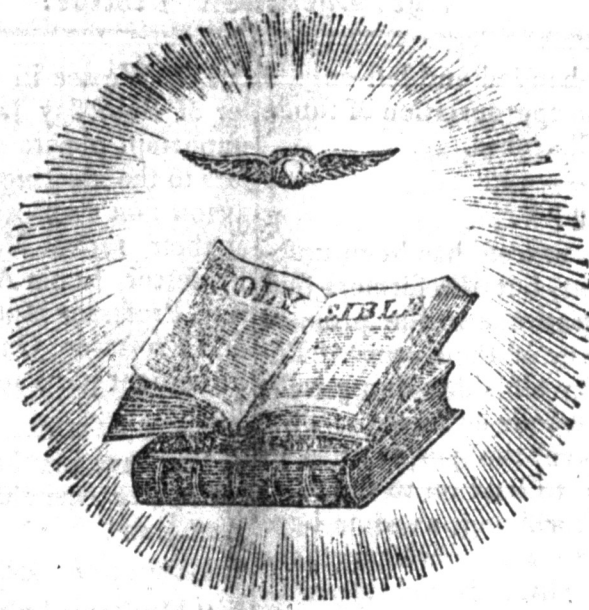


# CHRISTIAN



# VISITOR.

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"BY PURE FAITH, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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## THE DOOMED MAN.

[The following lines, now published for the first time, are from the pen of one who occupies a high station in the North, and whose talents and attainments have long since placed him in a rank with the most distinguished scholars of this nation. Without his consent, or even his knowledge, we insert this fine production—believing that the solemn warning it conveys may be blessed to the good of souls. In doing this we fear lest we may offend against the sensitive and retiring modesty of the author.—*N. O. Presb.*

There is a time we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limits is to die,  
To die as if by stealth;  
It does not quench the beaming eye,  
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,  
The spirits light and gay;  
That which is pleasing still may please,  
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,  
Indelibly, a mark,  
Unseen by man, for man as yet  
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doom'd man's path below,  
Like Eden, may have bloomed;  
He did not, does not, will not know  
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,  
And every fear is calmed;  
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,  
Not only doomed, but dammed.

O! where is this mysterious bourne,  
By which our path is crossed;  
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,  
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end? and where begin  
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:  
"Ye that from God depart!  
While it is called to-day, Repent!  
And harden not your heart."

## Memorable Places.

Sixteen years ago, some English voyagers were standing on a flat beach within the Arctic Seas. From the excitement of their looks, the avidity with which they gazed into the ground, and the enthusiasm with which they look around them, it was evident that they deemed it a spot of signal interest,—but any thing outwardly less interesting you could hardly imagine. On one side the coast retreated in low and wintry ridges, and on the other a pale ocean bore its icy freight beneath a watery sky, whilst under the travellers' feet lay neither bars of gold nor a gravel of gems, but blocks of unsightly lime stone. Yet, it was the centre of one of nature's greatest mysteries. It was the reward of years of adventure and hardship, it was the answer to long aspirations and efforts of science; it was the Magnetic Pole. The travellers grudged that a place so important should appear so

tame. They would have liked that it had been marked by some natural monument, a lofty peak or a singular rock. They were almost disappointed at not finding an iron needle as high as Cleopatra's own, or a loadstone as big as Mont Blanc.

One day, two summers since, sailing up the Rhine on a dull and windy afternoon, with little to look at but the sedge banks and the storks exploring for reptiles among them—the vessel halted over against an old German town. We were looking languidly at its slated spires and its decaying streets, and carelessly asked some one what town it was? "Worms." Worms! The battle field of the Reformation; the little Armageddon, where light and darkness, truth and error, liberty and despotism, the Son of God and Satan fought not so long ago! We immediately looked out for Luther, and half expected to see on the house-tops something else than tiles; but though it was the very spot where Protestantism gained its decisive victory, the spot where modern Europe threw off the ceremonies of the middle age and emerged to life, enterprise and freedom, there was no outward sign to tell it, a dreary German town on a swampy plain—that was all.

And so of most memorable places. There is nothing external to arrest the vulgar eye; no gigantic landmark nor natural sign to serve for a *siste viator*; and the more refined and reflective do not grudge this. They feel, that morally there is nothing so sublime as simplicity, and that is God's way to work great wonders, not only by means of things which are despised but in despicable places. Man is a materialist, and he tries to give a material magnitude to memorable places: but God chooses any common spot for the cradle of a mighty incident, or the home of a mighty spirit. Elbowing through Broad street amid trucks and drays and Cheapside tumult, who would fancy that here was the bower where the bard of Paradise was born; or looking up to that grim window of the Canon Gate, who would guess that from these narrow precincts the spirits which new created Scotland passed away? Or, sailing along the deep, what is there to tell you that this rock is the cage of the captured eagle, the basaltic prison where he chafed and pined and died; and yon, the willow tree, under which he quietly sleeps, the Magor-Missibib of modern history? Or, coasting on the soft Egean, and looking up to the marble cliffs, where the aconite grows and the halcyon slumbers in the sun, what trace is there to tell that Heaven's windows once opened here; that here the last thrill of inspiration was felt, and here the last glimpse of a glorified Redeemer vouchsafed? To the passing glance or the uninstructed eye, they are mean and inconspicuous places—so mean, that ascertaining the wonders connected with them, the vulgar world declares them unworthy of such distinction till otherwise distinguished, and exclaims, "Let us build a monument, a mausoleum, or a church." But to minds truly great every place is great which mind or moral glory has aggrandized. Patmos could not be improved though it were expanded into a continent; nor the house where John Knox died, though it were enshrined beneath a national monument.

There is another remark which we may make regarding memorable places. They are usually more interesting to strangers than to regular residents. Had the Esquimaux seen Captain Ross and his party, they would have marvelled what brought a band of Englishmen from their comfortable home to that bleak and barren shore. And, far from sympathizing in their errand, they could hardly have been taught to understand it. Food, not information, being their chief motive for

exertion, they would gladly have sold the magnetic pole for a few pounds of blubber or a few pints of oil. It was interesting enough to British science to bring many at the peril of their lives; but to the poor benighted natives it never had occurred that there was anything more important in that particular spot than any other bend of their frozen beach. And so of historic scenes. You know more about Luther's bold appearance at the Imperial Diet, than do any of the people who now dwell at Worms. The spot where a great battle was fought, or where a hero breathed his last, is often interesting to its inhabitants only as a source of gain; and unless they be men of congenial taste and strong emotion, people will hurry daily past the places consecrated by departed greatness, without finding their steps detained or their spirits stirred. It is reserved for the traveller to stand still and wonder, where the incurious native trudges on, or only wonders what it is that the stranger is gazing at.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

## Russian Aggression and Austrian Vassalage.

We have more than once drawn the attention of our readers to the aggressive and treacherous character of this ambitious power, as well as to the checks in Circassia and elsewhere which they have recently received, and the spirit thus infused into all nations who fear or dislike unprincipled ambition. Let us hope these good symptoms are to continue.—It seems now to be certain that in order to attack the heroic people of Hungary with a fair chance of success, the Russian Despot must move a large portion of his force against that frontier of Hungary which is contiguous to Servia; and to effect this, a march across a portion of the Servian territory is necessary. Now, Servia is, properly speaking, a Turkish province. It has always been tributary to the Sultan since the Turkish power rose to its height, and in the choice of its Governors the Porte has always, more or less, interfered.—Of late years, like Moldavia and Wallachia, its peace has been disturbed by Russian emissaries and Russian intrigues, most of which however, have failed of the desired end—its subjection to Muscovite influence. Being, therefore, still *de facto* a province of the Turkish empire, it is requisite the Czar should obtain the Sultan's leave before his troops could cross the province towards the Hungarian frontier. M. Titoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has asked a formal permission. *It has been formally refused.* Irritated by this, the most violent and insolent threats have been resorted to by the Muscovite Envoy; but in vain. The Divan has sternly resisted both the prayers and threats of the Czar; and the affair is now in a position which renders a declaration of war on the part of Russia a matter of policy only to be decided by circumstances. Such is, or was the other day, the situation of these two Powers with regard to each other.

Whether the Sultan and his Ministers were supported in this determination by the French Ambassador does not appear. If there be such an ingredient as *common sense* in the composition of the present French Government (which we vehemently doubt) they would certainly support the Sultan in his policy; but who can predict anything either sensible or good of such a *hotch-potch* as are President Bonaparte and his Cabinet? As for England, debt and embarrassed finances have made her interference a standing joke over all Europe, not forgetting America. Be this as it may, however, the stern refusal of the Divan to open Servia to the troops of Nicholas proves *their* conviction that in the fate of Hungary their own is probably involved; and they see, that, like Ulysses in the cavern

of Polyphemus, they are only reserved for the final meal of the homicide that threatens them. That the grand feature of the compact between Nicholas and the besotted Austrian rulers in a *carte blanche*, or more than that, as to future designs on Turkey, is more than suspected. In truth, it is too evident that this once great and haughty empire is now a vassal of Russia and nothing better. Not only Russian troops, but Russian money must subdue Hungary, if Hungary be doomed to be subdued. Nothing can be more deplorable than the financial state of the Austrian Government at this moment. It is worse than that of France, if worse be possible. They attempted the other day a *forced loan* from their richer citizens and nobles, but this device it was found was utterly desparate. At present, they are getting on, from to day, by issues of paper money which is so discredited that it is at an enormous discount, though they have actually decreed the *penalties* of *high treason* against all who refuse to receive it in payment! The finances of France are travelling the same road. To fill up the huge existing deficiency, they are attempting to borrow on the most ruinous terms; whilst, in order to preserve themselves; more and more extravagance is daily required. It is upon this that we rely for the ultimate triumph of rational government and rational freedom.—*Standard of Freedom.*

## The Law of Progress.

From an Oration of Charles Summer, Esq., before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College, 'The Law of Human Progress,' just published by Ticknor & Co. From among other brilliant and hopeful passages, we select the following:

"A life filled by this thought (of progress) shall have comforts and consolations, which else were unknown. In the flush of youthful ambition, in the self-confidence of success, we may be indifferent to the calls of humanity; but history, reason, and religion, all speak in vain, if any selfish works—not helping the progress of mankind—although favoured by worldly smiles, can secure that happiness and content which all covet as the crown of life. Look at the last days of Prince Talleyrand, and learn the wretchedness of an old age, which was enlightened by no memory of generous toils, by no cheerful hope for his fellow-men. Then, when the imbecilities of existence rendered him no longer able to grasp power, or to hold the threads of intrigue, he surrendered himself to discouragement and despair. By the light of a lamp which he trimmed in his solitude, he traced these lines—the most melancholy lines ever written by an old man;—think of them, politician! 'Eighty-three years of life are now passed! filled with what anxieties! what agitations! what enmities! what troublous complexities! And all this with no other result than a great fatigue, physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and of disgust for the past.'—Poor old man! Poor indeed! In his loneliness, in his failing age, with death waiting at his palace gates, what to him were the pomps he had enjoyed! What were titles! What were offices! What was the lavish wealth in which he lived! More precious, far, at that moment, would have been the consolation, that he had laboured for his fellow men, and the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the progress of his race. "Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not forget the past. All ages have lived and laboured for us. From one has come art—from another jurisprudence—from another the compass—from another