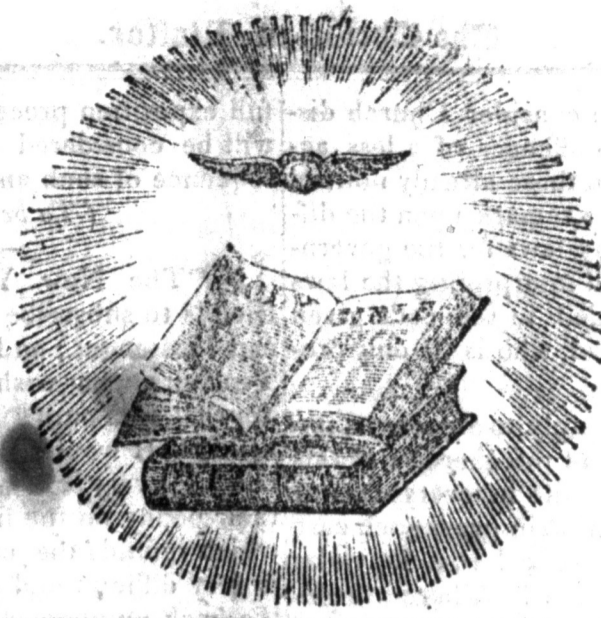


# CHRISTIAN



# VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence.

REV. E. D. VERY,

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

EDITOR.

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## TIME.

Job 25, 26.

Time speeds away—away—away :  
Another hour—another day—  
Another month—another year—  
Drop from us like the leaflets sere ;  
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts ;  
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,  
The tresses from the temples fall,  
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :  
Like torrent in a stormy day,  
He undermines the stately tower,  
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower :  
And sweeps from our distracted breast  
The friends that loved—the friends that bless'd :  
And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away :  
No eagle through the skies of day,  
No wind along the hills can flee  
So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage  
He bears us on—from youth to age ;  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fathomless Eternity.

## A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand,  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look I fondly cast ;  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me !  
The wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod—the sandy shore  
Of time—and be to me no more ;  
Of me—my day—the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands,  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part hath wrought—  
Of all this thinking soul hath thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

From the English Corres. of Watchman and Reflector.

## A VISIT TO OLNEY AND WESTON.

Among our purest and most elevating pleasures, may be reckoned visits to the scenes consecrated by genius, virtue, and piety, and there is a remarkable concentration of such scenes at the above mentioned places. Olney is a quiet, picturesque and venerable country town, which one might almost imagine had fallen asleep half a century ago, and was not yet awaked by the noise and stir which are found in much smaller towns nearer the railroad routes. The broad, clean street is bordered by houses of various sizes, forms and ages, mingled in picturesque confusion ; here a thatched cottage, with its casement windows, and next door a large substantial house. It consists chiefly of two streets meeting at an obtuse angle, and thus forming by their junction a spacious opening, in the centre of which is a fine tree, and a few yards from it, on the right hand as you advance toward the end of the town, stands the mansion which once was Cowper's. It is a large brick house of three stories, adorned by numerous windows, and

must, in the days of the poet, have been the aristocratic dwelling of the place. It now forms two respectable houses, but has no other external division than the entrances. The occupier of the part containing Cowper's sitting and bedroom, courteously admitted us, to indulge our reminiscences in these his domestic haunts. In the parlor, a corner was pointed out to us where he sat one morning and read amidst much laughter, John Gilpin, as an old servant lately dead, used to relate. In that same room which has undergone no change, save that of being newly papered, one could imagine the "sofa wheeled round," the "hissing urn," and all the accompaniments of the poet's winter evening. Over it was his bedroom, on the mantel-piece of which we observed a small engraving of his friend, John Newton, an appropriate association. A door led from the sitting-room by a few steps into the kitchen behind, and thence we passed through a small yard into the garden. There we saw a flourishing apple tree, planted by the hands of the poet. This was, however, only a part of the garden which he occupied, and we made a circuit of several houses in order to enter the most interesting and largest part, where still remains his venerable summer-house, though it is fast verging towards decay. It is a small building of about six feet square, and would now be taken for a tool house, and probably nothing but the sanctity of the humble shrine preserves it from this desecration. The walls and ceiling of the interior, attest the number of pilgrims by whom it has been visited. The whole is so completely covered with names and tributes in prose and verse, that it is certainly impossible to find an atom of space for another, and we therefore did not attempt to leave our memorial. If we had had leisure enough to decipher them, we should doubtless have found many whose names will live on a more enduring page. One of these was pointed out to us by the kind friend who was our guide and had been hers, the late Miss Jane Taylor. Appended to her name were these lines—

"Where Cowper wrote no meaner hand may try,  
Yet to his dear remains we breathe a sigh."  
In front of the summer house is the gravel path remaining, on which we could still tread in his foot-steps. The boundary of the garden parallel with this walk, is formed by the wall of some cottages, in which are two windows, opening toward the garden. Our friend related a touching tradition respecting the cottagers who dwelt in them in the poet's time. They were lace-makers, then the general occupation of the females of the neighborhood. Accustomed to observe the poet as he paced up and down in various moods, when they saw him very pensive, they would sing in chorus one of his own fine devotional hymns, and we can scarcely doubt that this delicate homage and sympathy from his poor neighbors, sometimes chased away the cloud from that thoughtful brow, and touched with a ray of joy that too sensitive mind.

A few minutes' walk beyond the poet's house, is the church where his venerated friend Newton then preached the pure gospel. Looking in afterwards upon the Baptist chapel where a church was first formed by a Non-conformist minister in the days of Charles II., we had a proof that Cowper was no sectarian bigot. An aged member of the church recollected seeing him, when any distinguished stranger preached, seated in a pew pointed out to us, just behind one of the gallery pillars. It is worth observing that the former pastor of this church was Sutcliff, the coadjutor of Carey and Ryland, in establishing the Baptist Missionary Society ; and the present pastor, Mr. Simmons, is a man of superior abilities. We then proceeded towards the village of

Weston, Cowper's later residence. Ascending a hill, we looked down on our left upon the broad rich valley where

"The Ouse dividing the well watered land,  
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires."  
It is a small river, meandering in a very devious course, so that the pathway through the meadows on its banks leads over one or two rustic bridges. The first of these was pointed out to us as the spot where the beautiful incident of the "Dog and the Water Lily," occurred. Lilies still embroider the bosom of the stream, and imagination can supply the gentle poet and his faithful companion, when the latter "dropped the treasure" at his master's feet.

Soon after, we began to skirt the grounds of Weston House, occupied in Cowper's time by his friend Courtenay. On the right, a rustic stile admits you into the "shrubbery," which the poet has commemorated in his own plaintive strains. Desolation is sweeping over it. The paths are neglected, the "Moss House" is no more, but a yew tree still remains planted by his hands, and it will soon become the only memorial of the place.

A short distance beyond this is the spot where once stood Weston House, but the sole relics of its ancient splendour are the lotty iron gates, the former entrance to the verdant court in front, which separated it from the road to the village. Immediately opposite, across this road, is the park with its noble trees, called in the Task the "Grove." Here the poet's descriptive walk, in the opening of the Task, concludes.

We began ours at the same point, and entered the "Wilderness," which is separated from the Grove, by a slight paling. This calm retreat is essentially the same as when Cowper's pen celebrated its charms, though we cannot speak now of "well rolled walks." Grass is springing up between the gravel, and shrubs call for the gardener's care ; yet still the paths

"With curvature of slow and easy sweep,  
Deception innocent—give ample space  
To narrow bounds."

Following one of these winding walks we reached a summer-house, called the Gothic Temple. It is a light and graceful building of the hexagon form, covered with a dome, enclosed on three sides, and open on the other three, to a circular lawn. This verdant spot, surrounded by thick shrubbery, and canopied by noble trees, shut in from almost every sight and sound, seems for "contemplation formed." One can imagine that Cowper had it in his eye when he wrote,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Near this spot, where several walks meet, is a bust of Homer, which was once in the poet's garden. Under it he wrote a Greek couplet, accompanied by the following translation by Hayley :

"The sculptor nameless, though once dear to fame,  
But this man bears an everlasting name."

We then proceeded through the noble avenue of limes.

"How airy and how light the graceful arch,  
Yet awful as the consecrated roof,  
Re-echoing pious anthems!"

We were only able to extend our walk to the "proud alcove," on an eminence a little beyond the termination of this avenue, and we were told that the remaining grounds were much changed, being now devoted to agriculture.

Retracing our steps to the grove, we proceeded to the village, and our time forbade our doing more than to take an exterior view of his former residence. It is a large, many windowed mansion, bearing every mark of ancient gentility. A small strip of flower gar-

den divides it from the street, but behind, there was once a considerable space laid out in ornamental grounds. In view, from the door, is a modest house associated with a name dear to the Christian, and well known to fame, that of Scott, the commentator, who resided there and was curate of the parish, when his important correspondence with Newton occurred.

Thus concluded our interesting pilgrimage, and re-entering our carriage at the village inn, bearing the name of the Yardley Oak, we quitted with regret scenes which have left a bright and enduring picture upon the tablet of memory. Yours, very truly,  
E.

Cambridge, England, Sept., 1850.

## Rock of Gibraltar.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

I have never seen any description of either the Rock or the town of Gibraltar, that gave me a definite and accurate idea of this wonderful spot. Imagine a large and beautiful bay stretching toward the north, eight miles long and five wide, bordered on the west and north by shores which consist partly of elevated and rocky mountains, and partly of intervening delightful valleys. Imagine that on the east there rises up a high ridge of rocks, some two miles and a half or three miles in length, from north to south, quite perpendicular on the northern end and eastern side, but sloping down to the west until it reaches the bay, and the south growing lower not so much by a slope, as great steps, as it were. Imagine farther, that north of this great mass of rock, which rises in its highest point to more than 1400 feet, a low, flat, sandy piece of ground, a mile and more in length from the north to the south, and not more than half a mile in width, unites the peninsula or Rock of Gibraltar to the continent. Apparently there will be no difficulty in cutting a canal across, and thus allow the ships to pass from the head of the bay directly into the Mediterranean, instead of making the tour around.

I think I have now given you in few words some notion of the celebrated Rock of Gibraltar. The southern point of it is a small plain, from 80 to 100 feet above the sea. This is called Europa Point. There stands the lighthouse, and there have been placed many heavy guns, and many more will be placed, although, as the rock is there pendicular, it would not be an easy thing for an enemy to land, even if there were no fortifications to defend it. Another bench or plain, called Windmill Plain, 200 feet and more above Europa Point, is strongly fortified. Whilst along the western side of the peninsula very many guns have been placed, not only on the lowest ledge or bench of the rock, but also higher up on the side. Whilst at the north, not only fortifications of immense strength have been built on the narrow strip of ground which lies between the rock and the bay, but several batteries stand high up on the rock. Not only so, but galleries have been cut in the rock, at different elevations, in which many cannons are placed, so that the perpendicular face of the rock on the north is perforated by port-holes for perhaps a hundred guns, of various calibre, which would carry destruction to any force which might attack from that quarter.

The ridge or comb of the rock is far from being even. There are in fact two considerable chasms in it, thus dividing it into three portions. The southern is the highest, and on it, at the extreme point, stands a signal-house in ruins, which bears the name of C'Hara's Folly. The present signal station is on the middle portion, where there are two or three pieces of cannon. Whilst on the northernmost part of the ridge, at the very extremity, are placed several guns. How these cannon were carried up to those heights, will seem a mys-