

# CHRISTIAN



# VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence.

REV. E. D. VERY,

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

EDITOR.

Volume III.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1850.

Number 28.

The following ingenious hymn comes to us from a young lady in this city. We believe it is a copy from some English publication. We do not remember, however, ever to have seen it in print. It will perhaps gratify many of our Readers.—*Puritan Recorder.*

### THE FIRM BANK.

I have a never failing Bank  
A more than golden store;  
No earthly bank is half so rich,  
How can I then be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,  
And I without a groat,  
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,  
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker, smiling says,  
Why don't you oftner come?  
And when you draw a little note  
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor?  
Your bank contains a plenty;  
Why come and take a one pound note,  
When you may have a twenty?

Yes, twenty thousands, ten times told,  
Is but a trifling sum  
To what your father has laid up,  
Secure in God, His Son.

Since then my banker is so rich  
I have no cause to borrow;  
I'll live upon my cash to-day,  
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before  
And never was rejected;  
Sometimes my banker gave me more  
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,  
I've managed things so clever;  
But ah! before the day was out,  
I've felt as poor as ever.

I know my bank will never break;  
No! it can never fail;  
The firm—three persons in one God,  
Jehovah—Lord of all.

Should all the Banks of Britain break,  
Their notes prove worthless trash;  
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,  
You'll surely get your cash.

And if you have but one small note  
Fear not to bring it in;  
Come boldly to this bank of Grace,  
The banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,  
Man's merit's are rejected,  
There's not a single note will pass  
That God has not accepted.

'Tis only those, below'd of God,  
Redeem'd by precious blood,  
That ever had a note to bring;  
These are the gifts of God.

Though thousand ransomed souls may say  
They have no notes at all,  
Because they feel the plague of sin,  
So ruined by the fall;

This bank is full of precious notes,  
All signed, and sealed, and free,  
Though many doubting souls may say,  
There's not a note for me.

Blind unbelief may lead the child  
To say what is not true;

I tell the soul that feels self-lost,  
The notes are free for you.

The Leper had a little note,  
"Lord, if thou wilt thou can;"  
The banker cashed the little note,  
And healed the sickly man.

We read of one young man, indeed,  
Whose riches did abound,  
But in the banker's book of grace  
His name was never found.

But see the wretched, dying thief,  
Hung by the banker's side;  
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me,"  
He got his suit and died.

### A VISIT TO THE ARCTIC SHIPS.

A very strong and even affecting sympathy has been manifested by the British public in the efforts made to ascertain the fate of our brave countrymen who have disappeared from human ken in the

"Thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,"

surrounding that mysterious North Pole, which has such powerful attractions for the imagination. It may therefore not be uninteresting to those who 'dwell at home at ease,' to hear something of the preparations and precautions used on board the ships now recently departed for the purpose of seeking their lost sisters. A few days ago we visited the *Resolute*—the 'head lady,' as Costard would say, of the expedition. The external appearance of the vessel struck us as well adapted to harmonise with the scenery amid which she is to be a prominent object. She is painted black, with a narrow red stripe running round the upper portion of the side; and this coloring, and the absence of ports (or windows, as landsmen would call them) give her a solemn, determined appearance, suitable to a ship going on no holiday task, but one of solemn earnestness. Her figure-head is a snowy polar bear.

We were very courteously received on board by the officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Brown, had been in the *Enterprise*, and who has lately favored the public with a Panorama of the Arctic Regions, and an exquisite volume of engravings of the same scenes. The vessel is a double ship—that is to say, she is lined with extra beams of ash and oak, which add at once to her strength and warmth; the bow, which of course will come into the fiercest contact with the ice, is eight feet six inches thick, and sheathed outside this mass of timber with iron. The officers' cabins are lighted with sky lights only; the captain's of course occupies the stern of the ship: it is warmed by pipes of hot air running round it, and by a copper stove and funnel, and will be constantly kept up to a temperature of sixty degrees; a narrow passage and the companion-ladder separate it from the gun room, or apartment appropriated to the other officers, round which are some of their berths or bedrooms. These, though very small, are extremely neat and comfortable; the hot-air pipe, covered only by a sort of 'letting-in' work of iron, with a very pretty open tracery on it, runs along the side of the ship, and is consequently in the bed-place itself. We proceeded from these cabins to examine the stove from whence the air-pipes issue. It is in the hold, nearly in the middle of the vessel, and is of considerable size, there is a funnel for the escape of the smoke, and the air is warmed by coming in contact with the heated metal, two huge tubes of which proceed from the stove; and on reaching the main-deck, are divided on each side into two smaller branches, which run round the officers' cabins, and towards the fore-castle, thus completely warming the habitable deck. Outside the cabins is an apparatus for washing

and cooking all in one. It resembles in shape an old-fashioned plate-warmer, being, however very much higher. There is a huge grate underneath: the upper part has ranges of shelves for baking; it slips off, and the top of the oven reversed fixes into its place, and becomes a copper for washing or boiling. Close to it is a Downton's pump for pumping the ship, and near the fore-castle another for pumping up either fresh or salt water. These pumps are on the hydraulic principle. They look like huge copper or brass vases; and the tubes or funnels running up from them on deck, in order to prevent the water within from freezing, are covered closely and carefully with the coarse sort of flannel of which our snow-boots are made. Two stand together, divided by a brass plate of a circular form, with large, round, flat pieces surrounding it. There is a movable centre-piece of the same metal, which, fixed on one or other of the rounds sends up either fresh or salt water, as you choose, by its pressure; or—as in the case of the pump further aft—pumps out the ship; thus saving the sailors the terrible and depressing labor they used to have when such exertion became necessary in the days of yore.

Near the fore-castle is a machine for dissolving ice or snow for use. A sort of iron shoot receives the snow on deck, when shovelled in by the men, and it descends through this passage into a huge iron reservoir, beneath which is a furnace. Here it is melted, and runs through a pipe into the tubs or buckets placed to receive it. Mr. Brown told us that ice would be first melted in it, as it would be some time ere they saw snow. We were then shown the ice-saws, by means of which a passage of miles has been cut through the ice.—They are of huge dimensions, with tremendous teeth. The method of using them is by fixing a triangle, to the apex of a block which is hung; a strong rope runs through it, to one end of which the handle of the saw is attached; the other end has a number of smaller ropes proceeding from it, by means of which the sailors work the saw through the solid ice, and are thus enabled to open (as we have said) a passage of some length. Such are some of the mechanical facilities that science has afforded for encountering the terrible north.—Indeed we came to the conclusion that a residence on board, in cabins kept up to such a temperature, could not be very uncomfortable; but we were reminded of the necessity of going on deck, and into the air, and this of course led to an explanation of the means used to prevent the effects to be apprehended from such a sudden change of atmosphere. Her Majesty provides the members of the expedition with boots which reach higher than the knee, of the very thickest flannel, with soles of cork two inches thick; the inner dress is of flannel, next to that chamois leather, which, preventing evaporations, retains the heat; then, if they choose, another garment lined with fur, or a great coat lined with sables, one of which we saw: a sort of helmet is to be worn on the head, to which is attached a mask of knitted wool, wadded and linked with silk, and doubly thick over the nose, leaving only an aperture for the eyes. These masks are of different colours; and the whole attire, especially when the hands disappear in the huge fur gauntlets which complete it, is almost ludicrous.

The stores laid in are necessarily abundant; a transport follows them, to be transferred to the vessels when they reach a certain latitude. The officers' private stores are, however, on board the separate ships to which they belong. Amongst them some very large tin cases of preserved potatoes, looking like a quantity of rough course powder or meal, but which when mixed with boiling water, makes in a few mi-

minutes an excellent dish of mashed potatoes.—In answer to our inquiries as to whether there was any difficulty in getting the ships manned, we learned that the sailors were very anxious to enter, and that three or four times the number of the crew might have been obtained, but that great care was necessary in the selection of the men with regard to health and strength, an *old scar* even rendered them unfit for the climate they were to endure. The officers appeared in great spirits, and declared that if their lost comrades are still living, it is impossible to miss finding them, the search is so well planned. Heaven grant it! and that their own voyage may be achieved in safety. They have a brave and experienced commander, a most humane and courteous gentleman, who will doubtless render their life on ship-board as pleasant as one of great fatigue and privation can be, for they have to anticipate a winter of solemn gloom, and many an unforeseen peril, ere they look upon merry England again. They bear with them the best wishes of the public, and as it is not a mere mania for (practically) useless discovery which sends them forth, we do not deem it quite as much a matter of regret as usual that England should peril so many of her best and bravest on the enterprise.

We left the Arctic ships highly gratified by our visit, everything but the balloons being then on board. Government has done much to alleviate their discomforts and dangers; but we trust that *one* source of comfort has not been overlooked—that is, a good supply of entertaining and instructive books for all. Not a common ship's library, but one meet to beguile the tedium of a Polar winter, and render it a period of mental improvement to many. There are now numerous publications admirably suited for such a purpose, and the generosity of the public could not be better exercised than in bestowing them on these or other vessels destined for the Arctic seas.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

### Domestic Life of the Cubans.

The daily life of a Cuban lady is monotonous in the extreme. It is utterly devoid of intelligent exercise of the mind or body, and as a natural consequence both deteriorate sadly. A host of nervous diseases attest the truth of this. Early rising is a virtue common to all ranks; but the manner in which they contrive to kill time without reading, household occupations, or in fact, any employment except, perhaps, a little embroidery, is indeed a mystery. Shopping which is generally confined to the morning, is, to be sure, a great resource; hours are consumed in passing from one shop to another bargaining for goods, and chatting with the very polite, but extremely familiar shop keepers, quite elegant looking men; who do not hesitate to address ladies by their Christian name, and to pay them the most elaborate compliments upon their beauty and grace. Still, I can scarce find fault with this, there is so much amiability of manner, such an entire absence of intention to offend, so much cheerful alacrity in complying with every whim of a lady, and above all, such an exhaustless, untiring patience in running back and forth from the volante to the counter, that one finds it quite natural to smile at the flattery, and return at parting the salutation "*a los pies de usted, senora*" "*an adios*," with gracious good humor. Many a foreign lady has been deluded by this exquisite politeness into the belief that she has made a very great bargain; and one which "none but so charming an American as herself could have made," in a fan at fifty dollars, which a Habanera would have passed an hour in reducing to half the price. Eating fruit and the routine of the bath while away many a morning and afternoon.