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THE FRIENDLY DEFIANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart,
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

Thou may'st deny the arm of strength,
And leave my seam'd and bare,
Deprive mine eyes of passion's light,
And scatter silver o'er my hair.

But never while a book remains,
And breathes a woman or a child,
Shalt thou deprive me, whilst I live,
Of feelings fresh and undefiled.

No, never while the Earth is fair,
And reason keeps its dial bright,
Whate'er thy robberies, O Time,
Shall I be bankrupt of delight.

Whate'er thy victories on my fame,
Thou can'st not cheat me of this truth—
That though the limbs may faint and fall,
The spirit can renew its youth.

So thievish Time, I fear thee not;—
Thou'rt powerlers on this heart of mine;
My jewels shall belong to me;
'Tis but the settings that are thine.

A VISIT TO THE SCENES OF LUTHER'S CHILDHOOD.

I have just arrived here with a friend after a four weeks' ramble on foot through the famous Hartz mountains, and the scenes of Martin Luther's early life; which will account for my long silence. We have been as completely cut off from all the leading journals and from the means of following the course of events, though never two days' journey from Cologne, Berlin, or Hamburg, as if our journey was in the wild woods of our great West. Being thus deprived of usual topics, I hope some account of my visit to the scenes of the great Reformer's birth and early life may prove acceptable. For my own part, the few days spent in Mansfeld, Eisleben, Erfurt and Eisenach, proved the most interesting which I have spent in Europe.

From the days of my childhood, when I used to pore over the pages of Robertson's "Charles V.," hardly able to understand his full, flowing diction, Luther has been to me the most interesting character in Modern History; not more from his extraordinary learning, or that he was the instrument under Providence of the greatest revolution in the affairs of mankind, than from the personal traits which distinguished him. As the poor student, begging bread in God's name, as the unhappy monk almost dying in the agony of his conflicts with sin and the powers of darkness, as the fearless preacher of righteousness regardless of all human power and authority, as the champion in the mighty conflict with the Pope, the Emperor and the Catholic Church, and as the kind husband and father seeking his happiness in the bosom of his family, or as the son and friend, forgetting at times that he is the great apostle and reformer, and journeying humbly to the home of his childhood to visit old friends and acquaintances, and pay his duty to his old father and mother; in every situation in which he was placed, his life has always had a peculiar charm for me. That he attained to that fulness of light which his labors have enabled others since to reach, is not to be asserted; but how few since the world began have, from such depths of darkness, attained to such marvelous light!

We had finished our contemplated tour in the Hartz, with a day in the old mining town of Clausthal, and had intended to proceed onward to Gottingen, and so on to Frankfurt. But we were within sixty miles of Luther's birth-place, and could not resist our desire to visit it. A walk of two days brought us to a little village within a few hours of Mansfeld, where, when the future Boanerges was but six months old, his parents took up their abode, and where the child passed his early years. We left this village, and hardly had deposited our things in the "Stadt Keller" inn at Mansfeld, before we began our inquiries as to the mementos of Luther still remaining. The house in which his father lived has long been gone, but an open space between two houses marks the place. The school-house, where he received "fifteen blows of a cane in one forenoon,"—not "flogged fifteen times in one day," as the translator of Merle D'Aubigne has given it—was but a door or two off. Taking us to the door, the host pointed out the latter still standing, and in its lower story, excepting that a bas-relief and an inscription over the door was added some two centuries since, precisely as when Luther was a pupil nearly 360 years ago. It was along this very street that John Luther, the father, and Nicholas Oemler, afterward the brother-in-law, used to carry the little boy of five years, in their arms, to and from the school.

The school-house is of two stories, and built of stone. You enter through a large arched door into a broad passage, flagged with stone, from which a flight of stairs leads up into the apartments of the family, and two doors, one on each side, lead into the two school-rooms. A school, called the "Luther School," is still taught there, supported in part by the public, and in part from the proceeds of a fund left by a Dr. Iken, of Bremen, in 1841. Our host kindly made us acquainted with the teacher, Dr. Otte, who received us with much kindness. People from all parts of Europe visit Mansfeld, but we were the first Americans, who had even troubled him with a call. We found him almost an enthusiast in relation to the great reformer. He asked us in to see his school of boys. We found the room furnished with benches of the rudest construction, apparently as old as the building itself, from which some twenty boys, from eight to twelve or fourteen years of age, rose to receive us, as curious no doubt to look upon two *born* Americans as we were to look upon a school in the room where Luther learned "the heads of the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, some hymns, some forms of prayer," etc.

The school-room is small, and can scarcely accommodate more than 25 or 30 scholars. A poor picture of Luther and a portrait of the last King of Prussia adorn the walls. The other school-room we did not see. The rooms above have been made more modern in their appearance; but the house as a whole, with its solid walls, can easily be believed, even though we had no good proof of the fact, to be a relic of the times preceding the Reformation, and seems likely to stand as much longer—a sort of Mecca for the admirers of Luther.

Not far from the hotel, in a small open place on the main street, stands the church where the family of Luther attended the Catholic service until the labors of Martin caused the introduction of a purer worship. It is not now precisely as in those days, for it has been repaired—as the inscription over the door has it, "Renovatum, 1620,"—a modest, plain building of stone, with a solid stone tower. Within also plain—the choir ornamented within an altar, surmounted with carved work and ancient paintings, and with the monuments of various Counts of Mansfeld. The front of the gallery is divided into pannels, each contain-

ing a picture illustrating some portion of Biblical history. Saturday afternoon we went up to the ruined castle of the old Counts of Mansfeld, once an almost impregnable stronghold. It stands upon the brow of the hill, and looks down upon the town. In the rear it was defended by a double wall of immense strength, and with two deep fosses or ditches. A portion of one of these ditches, excavated in the solid sandstone, is now the prison of a family of noble deer. Some idea of the extent may thus be formed, to which this portion of the defences was carried. We went down into the vaulted apartments, beneath the wall, where once the silver, produced by the mines of Mansfeld, was coined. We looked into the court where once the knights practised feats in arms, and passed over the bridge and through the thick, arched gateway into the inner court. Here, on the left, was the golden hall, now roofless, and that elegant balcony now in ruins, upon the corner of which was once the seat of the dame who distributed the prizes to successful knights, in the tournament. Here is the chapel still carefully preserved from the ravages of time, by the present owner, who has repaired and rendered habitable a portion of the edifice. What gave it the greatest interest in our eyes was the pulpit, constructed of small iron bars and rods, from which Luther, on his visits home, used to preach to the Count and his family.

Crossing the court, and passing by the chapel and inhabited part, we came through a gateway, out upon a broad platform, supported by a huge wall, at least 60 feet high, from whence we could look down directly into the town, and far away over hill and plain—the scenes of the Reformer's early life. Seen from above, the town appears of a triangular form. Though containing some 1500 inhabitants, its greatest extent cannot be much more than half a mile. The hills which rise beyond and around are now covered only with fields, and while we looked, groups of peasantry were engaged getting in the harvest. Men and women worked together in the field, and occasionally a woman, with a basket on her back, and bending beneath the load within, reminded me of the words of Luther, "My mother often carried the wood upon her back, that she might earn wherewithal to bring us children up."

On one of the staircase towers of the castle, which is no longer of use, for the apartments to which it led have long been desolate, still remains the figure of a knight, cut in stone, with an inscription in German, "Count Albert VII., born 1480, died 1560." I hardly know on what principle of association this should have called up the last sermon of Luther preached at Eisleben, on the Monday before he died. It was on the passage in Matthew, where the Saviour gives utterance to his thanks that "these things are hid from the wise and prudent."

A stranger in Mansfeld, in 1484, might naturally have imagined that for the young Count Albert VII., surrounded by all the magnificence of the castle, being reared in the court of one of the most powerful and important of the knightly houses, instructed in all the learning of the age, and looking forward, as the heir of all around him, to the time when he should mingle with the great and powerful, in war or in the halls of the Emperor,—that for this child Albert, a career might be open which should change the current of human affairs. Such a thing would have seemed possible. But point down to the low house then standing yonder in the poorest part of the town, and tell him that a few months since a poor miner, with his wife and one little infant, not yet a year old, came from the neighboring town of Eisleben, and took up their abode

in that mean and lowly dwelling. The father works in the forest or in the mine as he has opportunity, and so poor are they that the mother, like other peasants, works in the woods, and brings fuel into the town upon her back, to obtain the bare necessities of life.—That poor infant, born in want and nursed in poverty, is to change the face of the world, and the heir of this stately castle is to be known to future generations, not from his deeds in war, not from wisdom in peace, but as a friend and protector of that poor miner's son! How impossible would such a prophecy have appeared! But it was so. God hid his wisdom from the wise and prudent and revealed it unto babes. It was one of the noble traits in Luther, that when, in after years, the poor child of the cottager became the acquaintance and friend of the son of the lord of the castle, he never forgot nor learned to despise the poor class from which he rose. His letters and his table-talk alike show how superior to all pride and vanity was his noble mind.

It was delightful to see with what affectionate regard the memory of Luther is still cherished in Mansfeld. While Eisleben is overrun with visitors to see Luther's birth-place, few in comparison visit the place where he was reared. We found, therefore, here no professed guides, but were entertained and instructed by those who could do it from their love and veneration for the Reformer.

Gottingen, Sept. 10, 1850. A. W. T.

The Useful more Enduring than the Beautiful.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with its cedar, and gold, and ivory; and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself—are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence.—This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Anglo-Saxons.

Much is said and written of the character of the *Anglo Saxons*, of their wonderful enterprise, perseverance, success—of their wisdom and grasp of plan, and their indomitable vigor to accomplish. But all history will bear out the assertion that it is their *Protestantism*,