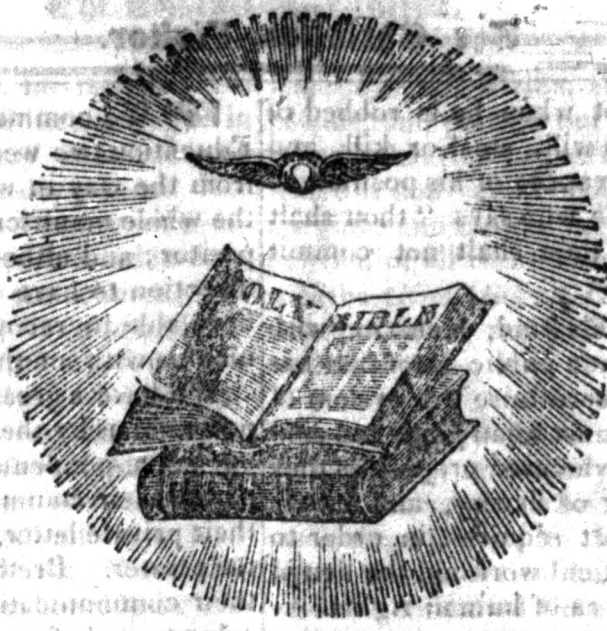


CHRISTIAN



VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence

REV. E. D. VERY,

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

EDITOR.

Volume IV.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1851.

Number 43.

A RHYME FOR THE CLOSE OF "THE GREAT EXHIBITION."

Glory to the God of heaven,—
Peace on earth, tow'rd men goodwill!
Now shall honours due be given
To the best of human skill;
Always will we deal with others
As we would they dealt with us,
And rejoice as men and brothers,
To befriend each other thus!

Nobly hast thou fruited, Labour!
Brightly hast thou flowered, Art!
Well has England hail'd as neighbour,
Every nation to her heart!
Yes,—for all on earth are brothers,
High and low, and far and near,
And the more we see of others,
All the more we hold them dear!

For it is a glorious teaching,
Albert, thou hast taught mankind,—
Greatly to perfection reaching,
And enlarging heart and mind;
Stirring us and stirring others
Thus to do the best we can,
And with all the zeal of brothers
Help the Family of Man!

God be thank'd that thus united
All the world for once has been,
Crowding welcome and delighted
Round the throne of England's Queen;
God be thank'd that we and others,
England with the world around,
Thus have sought to love as brothers,
And the good we sought, have found!
MARTIN F. TUPPER.

RIVERS OF THE BIBLE.

This book takes us over ground made familiar by studies in the Scriptures, and by the results of modern investigation; and yet, like almost every new work on like subjects, it has an air of novelty that sufficiently excites the curiosity, and secures a deep interest to the end. All the poetry connected with the sacred streams, as well as the sober facts running through the numerous and varied epochs of their history, have been often presented in language appropriate and attractive; still, in every last writer, if he possess ordinary intelligence, and glow with the spirit of the Divine Word, there is ever something to strike us as it never struck us before, something to make us think that we have never read, or at least have not quite comprehended or appreciated, such and such things as now present themselves to us. In the volume before us, however, we find much that is superior to a great deal that has preceded it. The author enters more religiously into the spirit of what he describes than many who have attempted to pass through the self-same scenes. The judgment with which he has selected his illustrations—as the animal and vegetable life, the valleys and hills, the imposing and simple in social and architectural grouping, the picturesque and the beautiful, that characterise the sacred rivers—is apparent to the reader at once. He has evidently studied the Bible descriptions with thoughtful and pious aspirations. And with the modern, especially with the most recent deductions of science, as bearing upon the most glorious subjects he sketches, he seems wholly familiar. His manner of interweaving fact and homily is such as to infuse a spiritual vitality throughout.—With this view of the author, having read his book, not merely with a profound interest, but

with critical closeness, we do not hesitate to commend it as an excellent substitute for many of the books that find their way into the religious, as well as into the family, circle. The editor, Dr. Cheever, well says, that there is no little theology, as well as history, abiding by the sacred rivers, and that whoever will trace them with care may be a very learned man; and he who will drink of them, wherever he can, will be a man of life, as well as learning. "The first river," he says, "went out of Eden; it was the river of Paradise, lost now, and as untraceable as the entrance to the garden. The last river brings us to God, and the New Jerusalem; it is the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. But the first river, like the first man, was of the earth, earthy; the last river, like the second man, is the Lord from heaven." We make one extract, which is exceedingly beautiful and comprehensive.

THE MIGRATION OF ABRAM.

Let us in imagination transport ourselves to a winding valley in the midst of a wild and precipitous mountain region. Some of the loftiest peaks are covered with snow; and patches of white, speckling the mountain side, though the spring is far advanced, tell us that we are now in a country where the reign of winter is familiar. A stream of considerable size pours through the lower ground, now hemmed in by precipitous walls of rock, now dashing in a sheet of foam over a broken ledge, now brawling in its deep channel beneath, covered with fragments of ice and half-melted masses of mountain snow, and now spreading itself over a level tract in a broad and shallow pool.—We are again on the banks of the Euphrates, in its upper course, and the uneven country around us is the highland of Mesopotamia.

The water of the river is of a chilling coldness, yet the air, in the sheltered bottoms, is mild and balmy, and the rays of the sun, reflected from the mountain sides, pour down with great power upon the verdant banks.—The oak forests and groves of walnuts that stud the higher slopes are already in full leaf, and by the yellow-green hue of their newly expanded leaves, refresh the eye of the beholder. The southern declivities are cultivated; well-fenced fields, verdant with the springing wheat, are interspersed with vine-yards and olive-yards, and with orchards and gardens in which grow the fig, the mulberry, the pomegranate, the apple, the pear, the almond, and the apricot. These are for the most part richly covered with their sheets of beautiful blossom. The silvery pine, the tamarisk, and the poplar shoot out of the clefts of the rocks, and the spreading limbs of a gigantic plane-tree afford shadow to a cottage with its adjuncts.

The banks of the river, and the whole surface of the valley, are like a vast flower garden. Beds of poppies, scarlet and white; bugloss, borage, and larkspur of the richest azure; white and blushing cistuses; anemones, with white, scarlet and delicately pencilled petals; ranunculuses, campanulas, and a thousand other flowers with names unknown to us, display their beauties or diffuse their fragrance on every side. But chiefly the bulbous-rooted plants abound in this region; wild tulips, white, red, and blue, yellow daffodils and jonquils, gladioluses, hyacinths of many species, cyclamens with drooping, blushing blossoms, and lillies of every gay hue, scarlet, orange, yellow, white, purple, shoot up their sword-like leaves and expand their lordly corollas from the mossy turf, enamelling its surface like a gorgeous carpet.

But what is that moving mass slowly emerging from a dark gorge far up in the hills, and gradually extending itself in a long winding

line on the mountain-side? The shouts of men, softened by the distance, come distinctly upon the ear, mingled with the lowing of oxen, the bleating of calves and sheep, and other confused sounds that are too far off to be recognised. The tortuous train of living things still lengthens, and long before the last of the file has issued from the distant pass, the van has approached sufficiently near for us to perceive the nature and character of the procession. Its course is evidently towards yon level spot, where the Euphrates, spreading itself over the ground in a broad but shallow lake, may without much difficulty be forded.

In front, seated on a milk-white ass of great size and noble bearing, is one who is evidently the lord of the party. His fine features, though browned by habitual exposure, have the freshness which marks the native of an upland country. His erect carriage, the calm dignity of his countenance, and the compression of his finely formed lips, tell of one accustomed to command; though at present he seems to take little part in the active superintendence of the cavalcade, and the fire of his large dark eyes is tempered by a meekness that seems habitual to them. He is clothed in a long white robe, as are many of his companions, and the only large jewel that blazes in the front of his richly-colored turban, distinguishes his dress from theirs. The raven blackness of his hair begins to yield to the assault of years, yet the venerable man before us can scarcely yet be considered as beyond the prime of life.

By his side, mounted like himself on a white ass, a man apparently of the same rank in life, but considerably younger. His features are cast in the same mould, but are less pleasing in their expression; and his unquiet eye lacks the meekness of his more aged companion's. They converse together with unreserved freedom, and there is in their deportment toward each other an affectionate cordiality, which indicates that they are bound by the tie of friendship, if not of kindred.

The procession is evidently that of a wealthy pastoral emir, migrating with his numerous household and retainers, and with his flocks and herds, from one country to another. The long, curved, ungainly necks of hundreds of camels rise above the general level, and their hunched backs are loaded with tents, poles, the larger articles of furniture, and various packages of baggage, so as often to project far on each side. On the very summit of some of these, seated on the immense piles of lighter luggage, at an elevation which makes us tremble for the security of their position, we see women, old men, and even children, who gaze about with an indifference or a curiosity which shows us that the apparent danger of their position is not at all occupying their thoughts. These are the slaves and inferior domestics of the household.

The baggage camels follow one another in single file, each being led by a halter fastened to the harness of the one that precedes it; the foremost of the number is guided by an experienced servant, who either leads it by the halter, or rides upon its hunch. Around are many saddled and bridled dromedaries, camels of a lighter or more elegant form, differing not in species, but only in breed, from their more clumsy and ungainly fellows, just as a riding-horse differs from a cart-horse. These bear the officers of the establishment,—the stewards, the chief herdsmen and shepherds, and the superintendents of the various classes of menials which belong to so extensive a household, together with their wives and elder children. They are not strung together like the drudging baggage camels, but each rider governs his own beast.

Asses are prominent in the cavalcade. Not the poor, ragged, spirit-broken drudges of modern times, with which we in the west are familiar, but sleek, well-formed, high-mettled animals, little inferior to horses in size, figure, or speed. Most of these are led; though a few are saddled, and bear some of the most confidential of the domestic servants, immediately behind the emir and his young companion.—The she-asses are accompanied by their prancing foals.

Herds of lowing oxen and kine, some with long, pendent horns, and a prominent lump on the shoulders; flocks of sheep of a beautiful breed, with tall, twisted horns, and goats with long hanging ears, bring up the rear, making the rocks around vocal with the echoes of their pertinacious cries. These are specially valuable not only for their flesh, but also for their milk, which, with the butter and cheese produced from it, constitutes an important part of the food of the household.

The whole motley line is under the guidance and supervision of the young and middle-aged servants. Vigorous and active youths, with garments tucked up, and girded loins, run hither and thither, accompanied by their useful, and somewhat despised assistants, the "dogs of the flock." They find full employment in repressing those animals that are too exuberant, driving in those that wander from the line of march, urging on the lagging, encouraging by voice and caresses such as are becoming weary, taking care of those that are hurt, and guarding against the thousand mishaps and accidents that are constantly liable to occur in such a journey. They carry a rod or staff in their hands, but those whose special business it is to mind the flocks, substitute the well-known shepherd's crook. In general, however, the voice is sufficient to guide the flock, for the sheep know the shepherd's voice. Many of the men are seen carrying the young and weakly lambs in their arms, or in the folds of their loose garments; and much care is exercised towards those which from age or pregnancy, or any other cause, are incapable of great fatigue. Hence the progress of the caravan is slow, and often interrupted; and its strength is occasionally recruited by a lengthened rest, where good pasture is met with.

The interesting scene before us is a signal exhibition of faith, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—The venerable man at the head of the troop, is Abram, the Hebrew, and his companion is Lot, his brother's son. This godly array of flocks and herds is their worldly substance, and the men, women, and children, are their families and dependents. They are turning their backs on their native country, at the command of God, and they go forth, not knowing whither they go, but content to be guided by the goodness and wisdom of their Almighty Friend.

A Scene in Seville.

Passing through the fruit market, we could not resist the temptation to stop and refresh ourselves with a few of the luscious oranges, which in huge piles and numberless baskets, were sparkling like gold in the warm sunshine. We purchased as many as we wished at the rate of eight for a half-penny, and while we were talking of the cheapness, a poor fellow in rags hobbled up to us and begged of us a penny, for which he offered full twenty beautiful oranges! We were touched, and forthwith gave the wretched creature double what he had demanded, though we refused to take any fruit in return. But the reader will not be disposed to give us much credit for charity when I tell him that our pockets were already full to overflowing.

* Sacred Streams; or the Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible. By Philip Henry Gosse. Edited by George B. Cheever, D. D. Embellished with fifty illustrations from original designs. New York: Stricker & Townsend.