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[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

CREATIVE WISDOM.

The human mind, immortal thing,
 Guided by it, we mourn or sing;
 E'en now it soars above the skies,
 Anon in doubt and darkness lies.—
 Wondrous machine, the body, too,
 And marks Creative Wisdom through
 Each vessel intricate and small,
 Each cell and tissue forming all;
 Each joint and muscle bound by cords,
 Some mark of God's design affords;
 The socket neat with oil supplied,
 The shapely joint by sinew tied,
 The whole for strength and use designed,
 And yet with beauty well combined.
 A thousand threads the muscles form;
 Some move a leg, some move an arm,
 Some gently give the eye-lids play,
 And bless us with the light of day,
 While others by contraction strong,
 Propel the stream of life along.
 A thought across the mind is flung,
 A muscle moves the ready tongue,
 A thousand modulations sweet,
 With varied tones our hearing greet.
 The nerves that seem connecting links,
 'Tween that which acts and that which
 Are ever ready to convey [thinks,
 An image to the brain, away,
 And hence by process e'er unknown,
 The mind perceives the picture drawn.
 Then stop we here, nor further go,
 Nor dare to think the whole we know;
 Enough is known to prove His skill,
 Whose works are bounded by his will.
 Well might the admiring Psalmist cry,
 How wonderful, O Lord, art thou!
 Queen's. C. F.

SPEECHES

DELIVERED AT THE PEACE CONGRESS IN LONDON.

We gave an account of this Congress in our last paper, and cannot resist laying before our readers the following abstract of some of the Speeches, and would call particular attention to their excellent sentiments and the many important statements and statistics which they afford.

From the opening Address of Sir DAVID BREWSTER.

I have received from France an olive-branch, the symbol of peace, with a request that I should wear it on this occasion. It is lost, unfortunately, its perishable verdure is an indication, I trust, of its perennial existence. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support, and in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace. In leading for a cause in which every rank of citizens has a greater or a less interest, I could fain bespeak the support of a class who have the deepest stake in the prosperity of the country, and in the permanence of its institutions. The holders of the nation's wealth, whether it is invested in trade or in land, have a peculiar interest in the question of peace. Upon them war makes its first and heaviest demand, and upon them, too, war and its reverses makes its first appropriating inroad. In our insular stronghold we have ever been secure from foreign aggression; but when our armists are raising the cry of insecurity on our shores, they proclaim the insecurity of property by their very arrangements to defend it. In the reign of peace, wealth will flow into new channels, and science will guide the plough in its fructifying path; and having nothing to fear from foreign invasion, or internal discontent, we shall sit under our vine and our fig-trees, to use the gift and enjoy the

life which Providence has given—to discharge the duties which these blessings impose, and prepare for that higher life to which duty discharged is the safest passport. But it is not merely to property that our principles will bring security and melioration. With war, will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. The talent and skill which have been squandered on the works and on the instruments of destruction will be directed into nobler channels. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister, who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crumbs which fall from the niggardly board, will then open the nation's purse to advance the nation's glory; and the decorations which now justly shine on the breast of the warrior, and those which hide themselves for shame under the drapery of the party adherent, will fall to the lot of the sage who enlightens, and that of the patriot who serves, his country. Science will no longer bend a suppliant at the foot of power, and the intriguer will no longer dare to approach it. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed Master. If we have not yet reached this epoch of peace and happiness, we are doubtless rapidly nearing it; and among the surest harbingers of its approach is the Exhibition of the World's Industry, and the reunion of the world's genius, which now adorn and honour our Metropolis. As one of its daily visitors since it was first opened by our beloved Queen, I may be permitted to call your especial attention to it as the first Temple of Peace that modern hands have reared. You have, doubtless, all seen its magnificent exterior and its internal splendour—its lofty transept raising its glittering roof to the skies—its lengthy nave vanishing in distance and misty perspective—its countless avenues and aisles—its iron corridors—its crystal labyrinths. On the outline of its walls, and from its balconies within, wave the banners of nations—those bloody symbols of war under which our fathers, and even our brothers, have fought and bled. They are now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by the hands of Industry, they hang in unruffled unity, untorn by violence and unstained with blood, the emblems, indeed, of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life. The trophies of such conquests, and the triumphs of such arts are displayed within. Who can describe them without "thoughts that breathe and words that burn?" There are the materials gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products of primeval creation, or annual growth—the gift of God to man; the elements of civilization, from which his genius is to elaborate these combinations of science and of art, which administer to the comforts of life and the grandeur of nations. There are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinitely great, to measure space and time—to charm, to cure, and to kill. These mechanisms, which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting, and twisting, and tearing, and moulding its hardest as well as its tenderest elements; which break and pulverize the dust of the earth; which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata; which span its rivers and its valleys; which light up our rugged shores; which transport the riches of our commerce across the deep; and which hurry us as on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight,

and mimicking the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage and glitter in the palace—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty, and which play a part in the pomp of kings—the cup of clay which the husbandman dips into the crystal well, and the goblet of silver and of gold from which the more favoured of our race quaff the nectar of the gods. And, finally, as if to chide the vanity of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravagance that lives but for the present, we see commingled with the bubbles of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the rust corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze the deeds of heroism that time has spared, the glorious names which the past has transmitted to the future, the forms divine of the sage that has instructed and the patriot that has saved his country. Amid these proud efforts of living genius, these brilliant fabrics, these wondrous mechanisms, we meet the sage, the artist of every clime and of every faith, studying the productions of each other's country, admiring each other's genius, and learning the lessons of love and charity which a community of race and of destiny cannot fail to teach. The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment,—“Dissociata in locis concordia Pace ligavi.” (What space has separated I have united in harmonious peace.) This is to be our motto, and to realise it is to be our work. It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labours, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. The annual meetings of the scientific men of all nations have already taught us that personal communication and the interchange of social kindness revive our better feelings and soften the asperities of rival and conflicting interests. Nations are composed of individuals, and that kindness and humility which adorn the single heart, cannot be real, if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchanges of professional knowledge, will recognise any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men that have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on mere inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national honour to the arbitrament of the sword. If in the material works the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened and even tamed down when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe,—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith, that men severed by national and personal enmities—who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end—who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home,—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or to throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war? [This masterly address was listened to with the profoundest attention, and was concluded amidst the cordial cheers of the assembly.]

SPEECH OF REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

The Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, having in a handsome manner referred to the Chairman, as one of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, he proceeded to say, that science was not hostile to humanity or to religion; but that both were exquisitely harmonised. He rejoiced that among the means presented in the resolution, the pulpit bore the first place. The book spoke to only one mind at a time, but the pulpit to hundreds or thousands. The author spoke to one heart, the minister to hundreds; and had the pulpit done its duty, he believed this Congress would not now have been needed. (Cheers.) Had the teachers of Christianity done their duty in publishing our Saviour's sublime doctrines in his own peace-making spirit, war would have existed only as a foul blot on the face of Christendom; and hence the vast importance of making the pulpit the channel of advancing their great object. (Cheers.) To see the warrior's coat thrown over the minister's gown, was to him one of the most affecting spectacles in the world. (Hear, hear.) It was not Christianity which sanctioned it,—she stood weeping at the sight. It was true, that such ministers acted conscientiously; but that did not make their opinions correct. But where could be found any sanction in the Bible for these proceedings? It was not in the jubilee song which was chaunted at the birth of the Redeemer. (Cheers.) War was hostile to the spirit of Christianity, as well as to its doctrines and its precepts. Tell him not of the bloody deeds that had been perpetrated in the name of Christianity. That was not the point; the question was, what had been done that accorded with her principles and precepts. But a brighter era was dawning upon us. He might be told, that while there were millions of soldiers, there was little expectancy of Government referring their disputes to arbitration. It might be so, but many a thunder-cloud had ushered in a bright and beautiful morning. (Cheers.) The day he rejoiced to say was breaking, and here in this Congress he saw it. (Loud cheers.) He rejoiced to observe so many ministers of religion mingling with philosophers and statesmen to declare the principle—that there should be war no more. (Cheers.) What were they there for, but to roll away the reproach that had come over them, and through them over the face of religion. He could almost ask the ministers of religion to rise up and pledge themselves to this great work. [A large number of ministers here rose, amid a burst of cheering from all parts of the very crowded assembly.] He thanked them, and felt sure that in his appeal to them he should not be mistaken. He relied on the pulpit; let them go on and they would behold that day so beautifully described by the Chairman, when nations should bring their spears and swords to the anvil of revelation, and should learn war no more. (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF MR. MCGREGOR, M. P.

He had endeavoured to make himself well acquainted with the facts of history concerning the evils which war had inflicted upon the country. A standing army was a great calamity. History testified that the existence of such an institution was inimical to the civil and religious liberty of men. In consequence of the family compact, a war arose in 1763,—a year when the National Debt amounted to £20,000,000, exclusive of our taxes of very nearly the same amount. (Hear, hear.) In consequence of that war, the destroyers instead of the benefactors of mankind were rewarded. In order to reward the Duke of Marlborough, they built him Blenheim—(hear, hear)—and they had done simi-