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## THE DYING YEAR.

I strayed out where the leaves were stirring  
 Their changing eddies in the breeze;  
 I heard a hollow voice proclaiming,  
 In a moaning accent 'mid the trees—  
 Adieu, ye green and glowing fields,  
 Ye flowery vales farewell;  
 My passport hath at length been sealed,  
 And I must to the mandate yield,  
 In other climes to tell  
 Of faded flowers, and leaflets sere,  
 Sad emblems of the dying year.

The little brooklet still goes singing  
 Along its brown and dusky shore,  
 But in its song a note is ringing  
 That summer days and flowers are o'er.  
 Ah! those were bright and joyous hours  
 That unto life belong,  
 When sunshine lay upon the flowers,  
 And gladness filled this world of ours,  
 And earth was full of song:  
 When o'er the sky a thousand wings  
 Turn southward in their wanderings,  
 I fain would beckon them away,  
 And bid them chant to me their lay.

Upon the sky dark lines of sadness  
 Are pencilled by the fading year;  
 The moaning sigh, the hush of gladness,  
 Proclaim the messenger is here;  
 His footprints lie on every leaf  
 That stirreth in the wood;  
 Upon the hill-side, o'er the heath,  
 The faded verdure lies beneath  
 Where once it proudly stood;  
 The chill, cold winds that greet us here  
 Are voices of the dying year.

The old man on his staff was leaning,  
 His mortal journey well nigh through,  
 A tear within his eye was gleaming,  
 And on his lip hung the 'Adieu,'  
 My spring and summer now are o'er,  
 The flowers of life are dead,  
 That pleasant song is heard no more  
 Upon the verge of life's bleak shore,  
 Which all are doomed to tread.  
 But in the morning of that spring,  
 How sweet those dulcet notes will ring  
 That calls the flowers from their tomb  
 To shine with an unfading bloom.  
 O, may my eyes behold that scene,  
 The fapeless flowers, the living green.

Morning Star.

## THE FRENCH AND THEIR REVOLUTIONS.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

I know,—I sigh when I think of it,—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of Nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable—and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races—this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our Governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, to pray for us.

Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battle-field to battle-field, making conquests and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious

thought if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven—our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most—at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying—and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, ascended and descended in their political life of popularity in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their fellow-citizens—always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died, confiding to God the liberty of the people, and his own soul!

Strafford, who died for the constitution of his country, wrote to Charles I., to entreat him to consent to his execution, in order to prevent political troubles: after this consent was obtained, he wrote, "Put not your confidence in Princes, nor your trust in the sons of men, for salvation cometh not from them, but from on high." In his way to the scaffold he stopped under the window of his friend, the Bishop of London; he raised his head towards him, and asked his prayers for him in the terrible moment that awaited him. The aged prelate burst into tears, and giving him his trembling benediction, fell senseless into the arms of those who surrounded him. Strafford went on his way, strengthened by the Divine influence, invoked by the venerable man, and spoke with calmness to the people assembled to see him die. "I only fear one thing," said he, "it is, that this is an unhappy presage for my country—this effusion of innocent blood. I am now at the end—one stroke will make a widow of my wife and orphans of my children, will deprive my servants of an affectionate master, will separate me from my dear brother and my friends. May God replace all to them." He undressed, and laying his head on the block, he said, "I thank my heavenly Master for enabling me to await this blow without fear, and for not permitting me to be dismayed by an instant of terror. I lay down my head on this block with as much composure as I have ever laid it down to sleep."

Behold faith in union with patriotism. Look at Charles I. in his turn, that model of the death of kings. At the moment of receiving the stroke of the axe, whose edge he examined, he raised his head, and said to the minister who attended him, "Remember!" That is, remember to tell my sons never to avenge the death of their father.

Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his gaoler: "I rejoice that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on high to whom all life is due."

The Republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith,—their reign a prayer,—their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she re-

counts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God: the tribunes and victors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death—"Crown me with flowers," said he; intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music"—not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher! he desired only a sensualism, a last voluptuousness to his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance towards heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet. The only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulin to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "You will show my head to the people, it is worth the trouble!"

His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity: behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister death itself recalls neither the threatenings nor the promises of God!

The Republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory! All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic.—When you terrify it, it bends: when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God nonexistent! So finish atheist revolutions!

## Sweden in 1850.

Within the past six months, the Kingdom of Sweden, which up to that period had remained comparatively quiet and unmoved in the midst of European revolutions, appears to have felt the outer circles of those waves of political agitation which run from the fiery centers of France and Germany. The position taken by Sweden with regard to the Danish question, manifesting the subservancy of her Government to the dictation of Russia, has of late attracted attention to her condition and the ground she will be likely to occupy when the two conflicting principles of European politics have closed for the final struggle. We find an interesting article on this subject in a late number of the "Ausland," a periodical published at Stuttgart by Cotta, the main points of which we translate for the readers of The Tribune.

On the death of Charles XIV., (Bernadotte,) who during his lifetime cautiously opposed every plan for the revision of the Constitution, all eyes were turned on Oscar I.—The general demand for Reform was so pressing that the King finally conceded so far as to promulgate a project which, while it abolished the old system of representation regognizing four classes of society, establishing so strict a property qualification for the Right of Suffrage, that one sixteenth, only, of the poor-

er class, was entitled to vote. An immediate opposition to this measure arose among the friends of Reform, who three years ago began to organize societies in all parts of the country, holding Annual Conventions at Cerebro to confer together and regulate their movements. At the Convention of 1849 it was determined to draft a new plan which should modify the projected Law of Representation.

There is at present a division in the Reform party, with regard to the best means of attaining their end. One party desires the rejection of the King's project, as opposed to natural Right and the true principles of Progress; the other is in favor of accepting it, for the reason that it abolishes the distinction of classes, thereby in all probability giving the Reformists a majority in the next Legislative Diet, and enabling them to carry a proposition for the revision of the Constitution according to their own plans. The design of the latter is favoured by the fact that six-sevenths of the population of Sweden belong to the Agricultural class, which is, in general, very favorably disposed towards the Reform measures. Another reason urged, is, that the rejection of the King's project would delay the revision of the Constitution till the assembling of another Diet, whereas upon its acceptance, the subject could be taken up without delay.

These views, made public in the journals devoted to Reform, have given considerable anxiety to the Conservative party. During the past year, a Moderate party has sprung up, which attempting to take middle course between black and white, has been facetiously styled: "The Grays." This gray party, which includes in its ranks many persons attached to the Government, finds itself very unexpectedly strengthened, at least as far as respects the acceptance of the King's project, by a large body of the Reformists; and because it cannot go counter to its own designs, is obliged to join issue with the latter, in spite of the certain prospect, that, after victory, its allies will push their plans much further than it desires. The opening of the Diet, according to the proclamation of the King issued on the 10th of July last, was to take place on the 15th of November. The election of delegates was going forward with great excitement, at the last accounts, and from the returns, as far as they have been made known, the important influence of the Reform Associations throughout the country, is plain to be seen.

In the mean time, the course of late events in Europe, especially with regard to the Danish question, has had a powerful effect on public opinion. The progress of reaction in Europe has had its influence with the Swedish Government, which cringes more than ever to the dictation of Russia. The notorious league between Denmark and Russia has opened the eyes of the Scandinavian enthusiasts, and that "Scandinavianism" which would support Denmark's claims on German soil at any price, has lost much of its popularity since its votaries begin to suspect that Sweden and Norway are to be made a catspaw for Russia. The fact that many Swedes have enlisted in the ranks of Schleswig-Holstein, plainly shows their hostility to their common enemy. The intimate relations, therefore, which the Government of Sweden now holds with Russia, brings it into direct and unexpected conflict with the Swedish people. The Government, however, itself made the proposition for a revision of the Constitution, and cannot now openly retract it. Should the Reformists decide on acceptance, the Government will thereby be placed in an embarrassing predicament.

With a revised Constitution, the Russian policy of Sweden would be no longer tenable.