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

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HYMN.

Soon we leave this house of clay,
Soon resign our ling'ring breath;
Dust, at the appointed day,
Mingles with the dust beneath;
All on earth is vanity!
But in peace the righteous die,
Yielding up their souls in faith
Unto him who rose from death.

Calm descend we then to dust,
'Tis appointed unto men;
But the bodies of the just
Rest in hope to rise again:
Soon the vict'ry shall be won,
Soon we shall be cloth'd upon
With our house from heav'n, bestow'd
By th' almighty hand of God.

Then a bright and cloudless day
Shall be open'd to our sight;
Welcome then eternity!
Welcome day without a night!
Then the Lamb his saints shall feed,
And to living fountains lead;
Glory shall succeed to grief,
Death be swallow'd up in life. R. T.

EDWARD BEECHER.

Oh, what is man, Great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear,—
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Makest him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

EDWARD BEECHER is a close thinker, a cogent reasoner, an impassioned speaker. His sermons are not elegant essays, got up for the entertainment of his hearers. They are not blank verse wire-drawn into very blank prose: not pearls and diamonds and precious stones, all stolen except the string that ties them together. They are true-blue, orthodox sermons, full of Beecher, truth, spirit, and scripture. They are living, breathing, talking sermons—famous for great thoughts and simple words.

Mr. Beecher is a fluent and forcible speaker, and makes use of the simplest (not always the purest) Saxon in his discourses. In his happiest mood his voice is often raised to a high pitch, and he soars with untiring wing higher, and higher still, and still higher, until his head is among the stars, and his face—like the countenance of Moses on the mountain—reflects the radiance of inspiration. He not unfrequently produces a thrilling effect by reiterated strokes, and by presenting epithet after epithet, figure after figure, fact after fact, argument after argument, appeal after appeal, which flow on like the waves of the sea, exciting the alarm of the unconverted who have spread their sail upon the waters of life, without provisions or pilot, and exciting the admiration of those who have, and those who hope they have fair prospects for reaching the haven of rest.

Mr. Beecher has studied mental philosophy, and is well versed in theology; has considerable knowledge of the ways of the world, for, unlike many of his cloth, he does not deem it a duty to shut himself up in his study continually, for fear of rendering himself "too common" to excite the wonder of the people on the Sabbath. You will see him in the streets, and at the exchange, in the reading-rooms, in the police court, at the public meetings in Faneuil Hall, and Tremont Temple. He is a sociable, accessible, generous man. It is because he mingles with the people that he is in advance of many of his clerical brethren.

But Edward Beecher, like the rest of us poor mortals, has faults. He often seems to attempt to work up his feelings to a pitch of intense excitement. Under such circumstan-

ces there will be noise without eloquence, extreme gesture without extreme unctious.

Edward Beecher is in the zenith of his manhood. He has used his brains more than he has his teeth, consequently his head looks older than his face. His hair is now turning grey; his forehead is broad and high, and indicates extraordinary intellectual power; his eyes are large and expressive, and burn like meteors, when he hides himself behind the cross and pleads earnestly for the welfare of men and the glory of God. He is one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*, a religious journal of great merit. He is also pastor of the church in Salem street. At one period of his life, he was President of one of the Western colleges. He is a man of unimpeachable purity, has a highly cultivated and strong mind, and is esteemed and honored in the walks of private and public life. Go and hear him, and he will prove, beyond doubt, that whatever is lovely in innocence, pure in virtue, good in morality, thrilling in eloquence, sublime in poetry, or holy in truth, may be found in the Bible.

We copy the following from the *Christian Guardian*, and think the importance of the subject just at this time, when the whole world is looking suspiciously upon the Nephew of the GREAT NAPOLEON, will be a sufficient apology for our occupying our first page this week with it:

Interview between the French President and the Protestant Pastors.

South of France, Oct. 9, 1852.

The almost triumphal journey of the Prince President of the French Republic through the southern provinces of France, would interest your readers in a slight degree, were it not connected with matters of a deeply important and interesting character—I refer to the question of religious liberty, and the cause of Protestantism.

It is known that the departments of the South contain the largest proportion of the French Protestant population. The churches of the department of the Gard, for instance, contain more than eighty Pastors, and near 400,000 members.

The majority of the population here have, unhappily, imbibed extreme political opinions, and are generally considered as Red Republicans of the deepest die.

It can easily be imagined how the enemies of Protestantism will have adroitly profited by this unfortunate circumstance, to inspire the government with feelings of distrust, and of dislike towards the Protestant cause.

It has often been thought that they had well nigh succeeded, and that famous decree of the 25th of March, for instance, which virtually places Protestant Nonconformist meetings on a level with prohibited revolutionary clubs, was the natural result of the influences just alluded to.

Others thought not. They doubted whether the Prince President intended such a construction to be put on his decree, and demurred to the opinion that in this, as in other arbitrary measures, unhappily but too frequent among us, Louis Napoleon should be made responsible for the intolerant and Popish acts of his subordinates.

His late visit to the South has shown, to all appearances at least, the truth of this latter opinion. The Prince himself has had more than one opportunity of speaking out his mind on the question, and he has done so in such a manner as to re-assure the most timid friends of our Protestant liberties, and, at the same time, to cause vexation and almost dismay to enter the camp of Priests and

Jesuits. Of this your readers will best judge by the following well-authenticated facts.

On the arrival of the Prince President at Nimes, on Thursday, 30th September,—and after, of course, the usual visit to the Cathedral,—his first business was to receive the several deputations, civil, judicial, ecclesiastical and military.

Amongst others were representatives of the Protestant churches of the department of the Gard, of which Nimes is the chief town. This deputation consisted of no less than eighty-three Ministers, all in full canonicals, and having as their spokesman M. P. Tachard, the Pastor President of the Consistory of Nimes. Of course an address had been prepared for the occasion, and you may well imagine that the opportunity had been embraced of making a favourable impression on the mind of the *chef de l'etat*, in favour of the Protestant cause, and of openly expressing natural fears on the general aspect and tendency of religious matters.

Of this the Jesuit party were well aware, and by all means the address must not be read. Just then, as the Pastors were drawing near the Prince, it was whispered, by order of the Prefect to the Pastor-President:—"There is no time for an address; there must be no speaking; move on." Of course this was neither the time nor the place for discussion, and after a few hurried words of congratulation, pronounced by the spokesman, the deputation of pastors moved on. The Jesuit party was in high glee; the scheme had succeeded; the Protestants had not been heard; and no impression had been made unfavourable to their schemes. *But their triumph was of short duration, as the sequel will show.*

The Prince, seeing this long defile of Protestant Ministers, looked at first astonished, and then, as if by a sudden impulse, addressing one of the Ministers who was passing at that moment, he said:—"Sir, are you not from Montauban?" The question seemed to imply that the Prince had before him a gathering of all the Protestant forces of the South, rather than those of one single centre. So, doubtless, he had been untruthfully informed. The procession of course stood still, while the Pastor addressed replied, with admirable presence of mind:—"No, Prince, you see before you eighty-three Pastors of the department of the Gard, representing 400,000 PROTESTANTS. They would fain have assured your highness that their most fervent prayers and their best wishes were tendered to you, had they been favoured with an opportunity of so doing."—"And what was prevented?" inquired the Prince—"It has been intimated, Monseigneur, that you were desirous of not being detained, and our President has not had an opportunity of expressing our sentiments of christian loyalty."—"I never intimated any such thing. We shall meet again, gentlemen," said the Prince, addressing the deputation.

In the evening of the same day, a banquet was prepared at the Hotel de Ville, or Mansion-house, to which all principal functionaries were of course invited. It so happened that the Pastor-President of Nimes was seated on the opposite side of the table, but nearly opposite the Prince. Louis Napoleon was observed scanning over the guests with his piercing eye, till it met, at length, the Pastor. He was evidently the person whom the Prince was in search of.

After dinner, Louis Napoleon came to the Pastor, and drawing him towards a distant part of the room, there expressed his regret at the misunderstanding through which the Protestant Ministers had been prevented from expressing their sentiments and wishes. The Pastor replied:—"Fortunately, Monseigneur, the remedy is at hand: I have the address

with me, and if your highness feels so disposed, it would soon be perused." Suiting the action to the word, he handed the address. The Prince accepted it, and drawing nearer the window,—for the shades of evening had already appeared,—he read it over attentively. "Not one word did he omit," related the Pastor, who stood watching the passage of his eye from one line to another. On returning it, the Prince remarked:—"To such sentiments I cordially respond. *I love religious liberty, and shall maintain it.*"—"Since you have, Monseigneur, so condescendingly allowed me to speak thus much, might I further make bold to say that I have some confidential matters to communicate, and would esteem it a great favour to be honoured with an hour's interview in the morning."—"Ah! that is difficult," replied Louis Napoleon; "could you not state at present what you have to say?"—"Not easily, Monseigneur, we might be overheard; and besides, a prolonged conversation here might be misinterpreted."—"Well," said the Prince, "call to-morrow at eight."

Meanwhile, according to the official programme, the morning was to be fully taken up. Among other matters there was the laying of the foundation-stone of a new Catholic church. The Prefect was sent for. "The programme must be altered, *Monsieur le Prefect*," said the Prince, as this functionary approached, "I cannot spare time to be at the laying of the foundation stone of the church. . . . The fact is," he immediately added, "at that hour I expect here the Pastor-President of the Protestant Consistory of Nimes."

Judge of the consternation of the priest-ridden functionary. He remonstrated, besought, and finally, finding all to be in vain, retired to change the order of the day's proceedings, and appointing another hour for the laying of the foundation-stone.

At eight, the Pastor arrived at Louis Napoleon's apartment, and was received by the *aides-de-camp*, who gaily said:—"Monsieur le President, the Prince expects you." On the Pastor's entrance, Louis Napoleon advanced to meet him, and handing him a chair, sat down near him.

For nearly one hour the Prince and the Pastor were in close and intimate conversation. The details of all that passed between them will, probably, never transpire. The Pastor says: "None but ourselves and our Maker will ever fully know it."

It must have been a solemn interview; and it is to be hoped that the Minister of Christ faithfully expressed his fears and his hopes, and acted the part of a faithful witness for the truth. *Who knows what influence such an interview, brought about by a series of such providential circumstances, may have on the heart, the life, and the political career of our chief ruler!*

Only a few particulars, relating to the general questions spoken upon, have been told:—"The Protestants of the South," said the Pastor, "have always been the friends of the Emperor, your uncle, for he was the friend of religious liberty; and they will be your friends likewise, Monseigneur, if you also befriend their religious rights and liberties. They care for little beside; but to deprive them of that, is to rob them of what they esteem as their birth-right."

"Assure your friends, Monsieur le President," replied the Prince; "that from me they have nothing to fear in that respect. . . . And if ever you are disturbed or aggrieved in the exercise of your religious and just rights, let me know of it. You need not write to my Ministers, but address yourself to me directly."

"Now, is this mere policy, or the expression of real good will?" enquire your readers. I make no reply; but this much is evident, that