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REV'DS. L. E. BILL & R. THOMSON,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITORS.

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THE COMMUNION.

There was a pause, and the stillness of death pervaded the house, when a lone slave woman, bent and bowed in the summer of her life—a childless widow—tottered down the aisle from her lowly seat by the door, and knelt to receive the holy emblems. She was evidently the only slave member of the church present, and it was a melting sight to see her all alone at the Saviour's table; but it was a thrilling thought that she was, perhaps, more dear to him than all who had preceded her.—*Letters from Virginia, Watchman and Reflector, April 29th.*

O, weary slave, this is no hour of weeping!
Thy Saviour meets thee here;
Is not thine all entrusted to his keeping?
Hence be thy grief, thy fear.
Thine heartfelt vow is witnessing in heaven,
Thy worship welcome there;
And He from whom our pledge of grace is given,
Calls thee that grace to share.
Amid thy pining woes there's One that heedeth;
He marks thy sojourn brief,
Thy soul mid pastures green and fair he leadeth,
To calm thine inward grief.
Lone captive, with the spirit worn to breaking,
Receive thy Saviour King;—
Where spreads thy lonely roof-tree is he seeking,
Homeward his own to bring.

He calls—the Almighty and the Ever-living—
"Come home, thou tempest-tost!"
From his overflowing fullness freely giving
More love than thou hast lost.
For thee spring up these fountains of healing waters,
O thou who needst must mourn;
Sad, childless mother, never sons or daughters
Such love for thee have borne!

An Address by ASABEL BILL, delivered on one of the Anniversaries of Acadia College, at the age of 19 years. In a little more than a year from the time of its delivery, the youthful author closed his eyes peacefully in death, in the joyful anticipation of a glorious inheritance in Heaven.

THE FALL OF PETRA.

Weep not city of the seven hills—immortal Rome. The sword of misfortune has pierced thy greatness. The eagle of thy majesty no longer vies with the sun in sublimity. Thy towers are overthrown—thy altars are polluted. But weep not as if a solitary instance of fallen power. Thy grandeur lies not alone in the dust. Thy glory is not eclipsed without a companion. A blacker midnight cloud broods o'er Rabbath-Ammon. Deeper mourning shrouds this thy sister in magnificence. A more fearful destruction has swept through her halls—the life-blood of her heart has been more profusely spilt. In Petra began the reign of science. The learned Ammonite plied here his midnight lamp. Here stand the monuments of a mighty nation—towers, palaces, sepulchres hewn from the solid rock. Here is a city imperishable—its name, a rock. But here too are the fearful marks of wrath Divine. Listen to the decree of Heaven!—"I will make thee small among the heathen. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee and the pride of thine heart. O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock; that holdst the height of the hills! Though thou shouldst make thy nest high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from hence!" Heaven

published the decree—Heaven fulfilled it. Terrible are thy judgments, arm of Omnipotence! Awful art thou in power. Vengeance awoke—it slept not till satisfied. It fell upon Petra and bereft it—of what? Of any of her grandeur or magnificence? No. Did it lay her in the dust like the mighty Babylon? No. Did any convulsion of nature split the solid rock that not a vestige of a city remained? No. It robbed her of man: man, by whose ingenuity she was cut from the rock—man the mightiest, man the meanest. Upon this great city, so noted for its terribleness that none dared to molest her, that presented palaces of princes and nobles, glittering with the vastest profusion of wealth, that prosperity had made the centre of commerce, and the nursery of the arts, fell the uplifted sword. Universal desolation accompanied the stroke. The inhabitants were so cut off that not one remained. Those superb structures, the glory of princes, have become nestlings for the fowls of the air. Dragons and venomous reptiles hold undisturbed possession. The wandering Arab sometimes pitches his tent in the vicinity, but upon him too are the marks of wrath. His mind is as uncultivated as the desert he traverses, and superstition has degraded his understanding to a level with the brutes. How terrible the contrast between the present and the past, between Petra the mighty and Petra the lowly. Wrapped in the gloom of this imperishable city of the dead, imagination revives departed scenes. All is again alive. Hark! the tumult of war rises on the ear—the war chariot "rattles o'er the stony street." The clangour of the trumpet is heard, and glittering hosts rush to Petra's gates. The battle is won by the Ammonite, and now again the tramp of armies returning to the stronghold mingles with the deafening shouts of applauding thousands, and echoes and reverberates around the rocky walls of this city of fortresses. The scene has changed. Night throws her pall o'er Petra. Deep shades sink into the bosom of the rocks, bold turrets springing from the midst drink the moonlight, and deep in many an abyss glittering torches are seen to move. Forth comes a mighty throng to fill Baals lordly temples with praise and music of varied strains—now soft, now loud, pours through Petra's streets melodious song. The vision is past. I awake from my dream, and again those solemn, tentacles, and yet unruined palaces, mock every image of life and the heart aches for a human sound. And can it ever have been otherwise? Turn to the prophetic announcement concerning Edon, and there will be found the proofs of her power. But there also are recorded the denunciations against her. The prophet, under the influence of inspiration, foresaw the ruin and pronounced the irrevocable doom. Can anything arouse reflection? can anything arrest attention? It must be a picture like this. That man's sensibilities must be most sadly benumbed, whose soul is not stirred in view of such a prospect—the emotions of whose heart swell not at the contemplation. In an observing mind the inquiry naturally arises, why this fearful display of Heaven's vengeance? But the answer is at hand—"the pride of thine heart!" "For this will I make thee small among the heathen. For this shalt thou be greatly despised. For this will I consume thee by the heat of mine anger!" Terrible announcement! Awful fulfilment! Let us cast our eyes over the once great but now desolated cities of the earth. Where shall we find a more signal manifestation of the extreme anger of Omnipotence? Some indeed have been so utterly destroyed that even their site is a matter of conjecture; others, although brought low, are yet inhabited by a comparatively strong people. But here in this city of Petra all remains as when her streets were thronged with the busy mul-

titude; when her palaces re-echoed to the sounds of mirth; when as the centre of commerce her prosperity knew no bounds, and when by the pride of her heart she called down the judgments of Heaven. But man having deserted her—his place being filled with loathsome reptiles and beasts of the desert—and still all her sublimity defying the destructive hand of Time, she seems to be a peculiar instance of Divine wrath. We need not the pen of the historian to relate the fact of her former greatness; to tell us that she was amongst the most powerful of the earth; for it is written on every rock. She is a full and perfect witness for herself. And while she challenges the world to produce a more noble display of grandeur and magnificence, she declares to all the fearful effects of pride and vain glory. Her towers and monuments never to decay, proclaim in language more forcible than the most eloquent writer could employ, that there is a Being who will not allow his authority to be despised or his dignity insulted. While of all the cities around her nothing remain but "broken walls and heaps of stones," she alone is a striking exception; she alone has escaped destruction, as if for the express purpose of a solemn and awful warning. "That man must be a bold believer," who will dare to affirm that it is only the result of chance, that chance has worked out the wide-spread destruction around, and left her unscathed. Must not all feel in their breasts that the unalterable decree of Heaven has brought it about? that this remarkable exception to promiscuous ruin might be a fearful warning to after ages? Cities of the earth listen and tremble: harken and be wise. Indulge no longer in pride and vain glory. Dream not of increased rank, power and splendour. Flatter not yourselves with the hope of eternal duration. It belongs not to you. Prosperity may now be urging you onward in peace and felicity, but adversity with all its terrors may soon rush upon you and dispel your bright anticipations. That same Being who said to Petra, "thy terribleness hath deceived thee and the pride of thine heart, therefore I will bring thee down," is the same now as ever. His authority can be trampled on with no less danger. Look well to yourselves. Let not your present splendour dazzle your minds. Hazard not the conviction that you never can be brought low. An awful change may soon dissolve the fatal delusion. The judgments of Omnipotence may now be wavering on high. Provoke them not, lest they fall with fearful weight on your devoted heads. REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE FATE OF PETRA!

What a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited, they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life. In youth, passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other, as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows on more calmly, but more profound; its serenity is the proof of the might and terror of its course, were winds to blow and the storm to rise. A young man's ambition is but vanity, it has no definite aim, it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest.

SOCIETY.

Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general market, like beggars they are too poor to stay at home.

How to Dress.

A friend of ours, says the *Portland Transcript*, who had long been absent, returned recently, and called upon two beautiful young ladies of his acquaintance. One came quickly to greet him in the neat, yet not precise attire, in which she was performing her household duties. The other, after the lapse of half an hour, made her stately entrance, in all the pride and primness of starch of ribbons, with which, on the announcement of his entrance, she had hastened to bedeck herself. Our friend, who had long been hesitating in his choice between the two, now hesitated no longer. The cordiality with which the first hastened to greet him, and the charming carelessness of her attire, entirely won his heart. She is now his wife.

Young ladies, take warning from the above, and never refuse to see a friend because you may have on a wash-gown. Be assured the true gentleman will not think less of you because he finds you in the performance of your duties, and not ashamed to let it be known. Besides, there may positively be a grace, a witching wildness, about an everyday dress; that adds to every charm of form and feature. Old Herrick expresses this "delight in disorder" far better than we can;—

"A sweet disorder in the dress,
[A happy kind of carelessness;]
A lawn about the shoulders thrown,
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Entrals the crimson stomacher,
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands that flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than where art
Is too precise in every part."

MATERNITY.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheeks fill with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watching eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and to portray which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies the lovely picture; it lies in his sympathies, it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on earth. Maternity—ecstatic sound! so twined around our heart that it must cease to throb ere we forget! "Tis our first love! 'Tis part of our religion! Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding upon its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and grateful eye, is no man but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking "of such is the kingdom of heaven," or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.—*Washington Irving.*

That man is of a base and ignoble spirit that only lives for himself, and not for his friends; for we were not born for ourselves only, but for the public good. Noble spirited men are forward to all works advantageous to the commonwealth.