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

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OUR HOPES.

What spirit quails—what brow has blanch'd?
 Not one of all our crew;
 The ship, without one timber wrench'd,
 Still cuts the billows through:
 Our hope, like some revolving light,
 Now turns its fairest side;
 And soon will be our beacon bright,
 As quenchless o'er the tide.

How dark, how hideous were our lot,
 If, waiting for the roar
 And foam of breakers, we had not
 Discern'd the muffled oar!
 The silent, steady march of death,
 With the intent denied,
 By those who never keep their faith,
 Either plighted or implied.

Be firm and watchful;—smooth or harsh
 Be rumites' smile or frown,
 Still shun the meteor of the marsh,
 Even though the sun go down;
 And pearls of freedom we will string,
 Each brighter than the last;
 The green and juicy blade will spring
 Where'er the seed be cast.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The great Duke has departed, and in respectful grief a grateful nation bends over his bier. England remembers that to his penetrating sagacity, and his dauntless courage, she has been indebted under God for preservation from her enemies, and for the blessings of a lengthened peace. No wonder, therefore, that all ranks should unite in doing honour to the memory of one so illustrious as a soldier and a patriot, or that amidst the solemn pomp of a public funeral, and before the eyes of assembled thousands, his remains should be carried to their last resting-place, and be laid side by side with the ashes of the great naval hero of his country.

The Duke of Wellington adopted the profession of arms at the early age of eighteen years. He accompanied the army of the Duke of York to the Netherlands, and amidst general defeat and disasters distinguished himself by the successful evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. He afterwards went to India, and rising step by step to the rank of General, he won a series of victories which widely extended the British dominions in India. When Bonaparte was overrunning Europe, scattering the most powerful armies, making ancient dynasties tremble, and apparently passing on to universal dominion, it was resolved by the British Cabinet to resist his progress. An army under Sir Arthur Wellesley was sent to Spain and Portugal, which had become the theatre of Napoleon's operations. The passage of the Douro, the victories of Vimiera, Talavera, Fuentes de Onoro, Salamanca, Busaco, and Vittoria, the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, and the final expulsion of the French from the peninsula, are familiar to every reader. And when Bonaparte, who had been vanquished by the allied forces of Europe, escaped from Elba and once more took the field, history records how Wellington utterly overthrew him, by the crowning victory of Waterloo.

Surely it becomes us to remember, that it was the Great Governor of nations who raised up this wonderful man, and bestowed on him such success. Our danger is, when a great captain fights and conquers, to give the glory to "an arm of flesh." But now that God has been pleased to take from us that "mighty captain (as a great orator has described him) who never advanced but to cover his arms with glory—the mighty captain who never ad-

vanced but to be victorious—the mightier captain who never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance—performing the yet harder task of unwearied patience—of indomitable fortitude—of exhaustless resources—of transcendent skill," let us realize the great truth that the Duke of Wellington was the appointed instrument and agent of Him who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." It was God who bestowed the cool courage, the clear foresight, the comprehensiveness of mental grasp, the sound judgment and prompt decision, by which such great benefits have been achieved for the nation. And so, if England has been preserved from danger, if our national privileges have been largely secured to us through the military genius of one man, let us not fail to remember that the glory is to be ascribed to God alone. As a Sovereign who "giveth not account of any of his matters," he bestows on men the talents needed for the advancement of his plans and the development of his purposes. And if triumphs have been achieved by which great blessings have been secured to the nation, it becomes us to say in holy adoration, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power, thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy."

The Duke of Wellington was distinguished by characteristics which are eminently instructive. One of these was his *unwavering regard as an officer and a subject to the claims of duty*. It was said of him that the word *glory* never appeared in his despatches, but *duty* often. So, spiritually, let it be with every reader in relation to God. The Redeemer, when once he "dwelt among us," said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." And does he not say now to us, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom he hath sent?" Are you commanded to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," to repent and to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," to "live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world," and whether you "eat or drink, or whatsoever you do," to "do all to the glory of God;" and yet does conscience bear witness that a sense of duty to God has never been the guiding principle of your life; that you have been "disobedient, and to every good work reprobate?" If so, you have good reason to be alarmed as to your spiritual state and prospects. Come then as a sinner to God through Christ, and seek his pardoning mercy for your past enmity of heart and rebellion of life. Pray earnestly that the "love of God" may be "shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost given unto you;" and thus made "a new creature in Christ Jesus," you will find that "his commandments are not grievous," and that "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Another remarkable feature in the late Duke was his *decision of character*. And so decision on the Lord's side is essential to moral greatness. Indecision is the cause of religious inconsistency, and has led multitudes to everlasting destruction. Inquire, dear reader, how is it in your case? Are you on the "Lord's side?" Have you "counted the cost?" Have you said with holy firmness, when sorely allured and tempted, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Or, are you "carried about with every wind of doctrine?" Are you the "reed shaken by the wind," and not the sturdy oak? Are you the creature of circumstances, the slave of impulse and passion, the willing victim of every fresh temptation, and "taken captive by the devil at his will?" How useless and wretched is the man to whom it must be said, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!" And happy and useful are those alone who "follow the Lord fully."

Another trait in Wellington's character was great *self-denial*. Throughout all his campaigns he was distinguished by the simplicity and temperance of his habits, and his cheerful submission to hardships in common with the humblest soldier. And down to the close of his long life, his fare was plain, his couch was hard, his hours for sleep were few. To self-indulgence he was little addicted, while he had at his command all the means and appliances of luxury. If you would aspire to true greatness, you must exercise holy self-denial. This, united with courageous resolution, in reliance on Divine aid, is essential to all spiritual success and excellence.

On the terrible day of Waterloo, when nearly six hundred officers had perished around him, and ten thousand troops lay weltering in their blood, the question was put to the Duke by one of his staff—"In the event of your grace being struck, what is your plan?" He immediately replied, with great simplicity—"I have no plan but to die here." It was necessary, in his view, to fight—it was not necessary to live; and if fighting implied death, no matter—that was not his concern. "I have no plan," said he, "but to die here." This is just what every Christian soldier should say: "I have no plan but to die here—at my post of duty. I dare not, I will not retreat. Here I will stand, here I will fight, here I will fall. Duty places me here. My Commander bids me here play the man. Here is his standard planted, and I will never desert it. No; let man hate me, let the world scorn me, let doubts and fears assail me, let sinful pleasures allure me, let Satan cast his fiery darts at me, and let all the powers of darkness incessantly charge down upon me—by the grace of God here I will stand! I will fight the good fight of faith; and if faithful unto death, I shall receive the crown of life."

The Duke of Wellington, although a soldier by profession, was deeply convinced of the *dreadful evils and miseries of war*. At a public meeting held on behalf of the London Orphan Asylum some years ago, at which he presided, the eyes of the veteran warrior were observed to be filled with tears; with deep emotion he said, "I ought to feel, for I have been the innocent cause of many children being orphans." With what earnestness should every Christian pray and labour for the advent of the predicted period when the "Prince of Peace" shall reign, and when the nations, united in holy brotherhood by the love of a common Saviour, shall "learn war no more."

And now the great Duke is gone whose life was safe amidst the perils of so many battle-fields. He lived to "a good old age," and yet even of him it must be written that the conqueror has been conquered, and that "he died." And hark to the funeral knell, and the booming guns which fill the ear and sadden the heart as he is "carried to his burial," while the monarch and the nation make "lamentation over him."

The funeral obsequies of the hero and the statesman are about to be celebrated. "But what," (to use the words of Robert Hall,) "if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? Or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what token of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness—to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, where the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry

too piercing, to express the magnitude or extent of such a catastrophe?" Oh, how urgent the necessity, then, of being ready for death! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now, is the day of salvation." For "Blessed (and blessed only they) "are the dead which die in the Lord."

The multitudinous throng of spectators passes away, "every man to his own home. But ere long, one by one, each must go to "his long home," and for him "the mourners" shall "go about the streets." Let the prayer of every heart now be, "LORD, MAKE ME TO KNOW MINE END, AND THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS, WHAT IT IS; THAT I MAY KNOW HOW FRAIL I AM." "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We have much pleasure in transcribing from a new work just published at Montreal, called "The Life Boat," (a juvenile Temperance Magazine,) a paper highly creditable to our fellow citizens.

ST. JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Our little craft has at length made a happy voyage to this well-known Temperance Harbour. Thanks to our excellent Agent, we are acquiring a circulation there somewhat commensurate with the deep-rooted and widespread principles of our noble cause in that confessedly leading Temperance city. We have no hesitation in saying that St. John, N. B., is, without controversy, the metropolis of Temperance in British North America; and we don't think we are very wide of the mark when we say, there is no place of equal maritime importance on the continent so thoroughly leavened with our truly saving and elevating principles. That this is a proud eminence, no right minded man will doubt or deny. St. John claims to have established the first Total Abstinence Society in the world, and is ready, we believe, to make good its pretensions. And then, St. John boasts to be the chief city of the first British Province whose action in regard to a prohibitory liquor law has passed into a formal enactment. All honor to the brave men of New-Brunswick! But it is not hard to predict the success of a moral enterprise, when such men as the Hon. L. A. Wilmot, N. S. Demill, Asa Coy, S. L. Tilley, and a host of others we might name, are pledged to the issue. We know a thing or two about St. John; and knowing them, we would stake our reputation upon the accomplishment of anything in the Temperance line which the folks there may undertake. We have never heard such speaking as at St. John. Talk of full houses and interesting meetings,—if you wish to understand what these things mean, go to St. John. It may be you will hear Boyd, or Lawrence, or Needham, either of whom will say their say in words of power, of eloquence or wit, worthy the high position their city has attained. And perhaps you will make acquaintance with men who seldom speak, but who always work: of this class, commend us to the Ansleys, the Thompsons, the Reeds, the Fishers, the Salters, &c., &c. Then, if you want to find a clergy all-but unanimous in their strenuous adherences to the cause, go to the Incumbent of Portland parish, (a part of the city,) and, unless things have very much changed, to all the Scotch, Wesleyan, and Baptist Parsonages and Mission Houses, and a more loyal set of men you will not easily find. If you wish to see a Division of the Sons "as is" a Division, go to Gurney or Victoria, and you will there understand what the Hon. P. S. White meant, when he said he had not seen anything comparable in all the States, save once. And as to funds! why, they cleared £70 at a Tea Meet-