

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Religious and General Intelligence.

REV. I. E. BILL,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 7.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 18, 1854.

NO. 31.

The late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, wrote the following poem, under circumstances peculiarly touching. She was at the Missionary Station in Maulmain at the time,—her husband was absent from her on his last voyage—in search of health. She had not seen him for several long, dreary months, and probably had no hope that she would ever behold his face again in time. The sainted man had been slumbering in the Ocean's depths for four months, at the time, though she knew it not, but she anticipated what his fate would be, and overwhelmed with the agony which such an anticipation would produce, she sought relief for her burthened spirit in these utterances of genuine poetry to an absent Mother. If she had spent a life time in preparing these lines, and had done nothing else, she had not lived in vain. As you read you feel as if every sentence had proceeded from a heart wrung with intense agony, and at the same time baptized in the grace which is powerful to sustain. Read it, and you will say that it is just the outgushing of a soul severed from all the endearing ties of earth, and clinging with strong and undying attachment to the Cross of Christ.—[Ed.]

SWEET MOTHER.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With broad, gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven
'Twas only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
It feels the driving rain—Ah me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round,
Since love upon it smiled,
And everything on earth has frowned
On thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—O, God!
How had I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since in tears, we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day—
The very, very same.

Then mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name:
But Oh! he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me,
And whispered, "He is dead!"—Mother!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn, and weak—
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him,
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
To join that grizzly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!

It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

O, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms,
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

With weary foot, and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on heaven—her heart
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to do
To work at heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.
Maulmain, August 7th, 1850.

Firmness of Religious Principles.

Frank Edwards, a young married man, employed as a workman in an English manufactory, was converted. His conversion was deep and genuine; it reached both heart and life. The change was complete, and from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless, he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence.—Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another house in England more pleasant than that of the young, pious mechanic.

But piety is not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports, gloriously supports, the sufferer; but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through "much tribulation." As in nature, the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon while the sun shines with splendor in the heavens; so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that the events are in preparation which will hurl him down to the veil of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation.

It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble. One day a lucrative order came, and all hands were set to execute it with all haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. On Saturday evening the overseer entered and said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him, under all circumstances to refrain from

labor on the Lord's day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."
"I know it, but our order must be executed."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Lord's day?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? you know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration."

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough to induce me to offend my Maker."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I cannot hesitate a moment, sir; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep His commandments."

"Then Mr. Edwards, step into the counting-room, and I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave the establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial would be to deny his humanity; but faith came to his help. Casting himself on God, he gathered up his tools and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly while handing him his wages:—"Mr. Edwards, had you not better re-consider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, and it is not often we require you to labor on Sundays."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed. I will not work on Sundays if I have to starve."

"Very well, sir," was the cool answer of the overseer, who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind, that possibly he might soon lose his home comforts. But that sigh was momentary. He remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged."

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? Oh, what will become of us? Tell me why you are discharged?"

"Be calm, Mary! God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the Lord's day. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far. But although she said nothing, Frank read her thought, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet; and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit than when he sunk to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severer test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his church said they thought he had gone beyond the requirements of duty. "It was well," they said, "to honor the Lord's day; but

then a man like Frank Edwards ought to look to the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the workhouse."

This was dastardly language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irresolute sight-walking disciples. Frank met them on all sides, and felt himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with a spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other companies refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face. Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture, went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one small garret held the little afflicted family, and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God?—No! he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him.—Light would break out of darkness. All would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him! that Martyr-mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope, Frank looked towards this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of the Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival saw him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlor, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud. Surely he shall not be moved forever."

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for labor on the Lord's day was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, Mr. Edwards, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir; I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards. You must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on Sunday. I will not do it here."

Monday came, and the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman inquired for him. "I