

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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REV. I. E. BILL,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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General Intelligence.

Four Days Later from Europe.

WAR FIGHTING AT SILISTRIA—SUCCESS OF THE TURKS!

The steamship *Atlantic* arrived at New York on Sunday, with Liverpool dates to the 4th inst.

Desperate fighting continued at Silistria. In the 7th, the Turks made a *sotie* and destroyed the Russian siege works. A Russian report says that Mussa Pacha, commander of Silistria, was killed.

It was thought the Turks would hold out until the arrival of the Anglo-French reinforcements.

Admiral Napier's fleet was off Sweaborg on the 7th. The Russian fleet remained under the protection of the shore batteries.

It is reported that the Czar refuses the last Austrian note, and that he threatens to invade Transylvania.

Secret negotiations between Austria and Prussia still continue.

MARKETS.—At Liverpool, the market for Breadstuffs was dull, and no change in prices. Western Canal Flour 39s. 6d. to 40s. 6d. —40s. to 40s. 6d. Provisions were

The Monster.

Read the following graphic description of the Liquor Traffic, taken from the "London Atlas. The picture is admirably drawn, and is true to the life.—[Ed.]

"Instead of beating about for objections to the legal suppression of the liquor traffic, every patriotic citizen should inquire, what shall be done with this dire, this dreadful cause of evil? Suppose some monster had appeared in these lands, and in one place, he seized a man's hand and made him cut his throat; in another, he made one throw himself out of a window; in another, he instigated a woman to murder her husband; then he subjected a man to so much bodily and mental torture that he drove him out of his mind; then he entered a happy family, and induced the parents to half starve the children, and to make their home most desolate; then he got on the sea, set ships on fire, run others ashore, made the captain treat the men most barbarously, and committed all kinds of cruelties and excesses; and suppose he carried on his depredations on so extensive a scale, that the victims whose death he occasioned, or whose character and circumstances he ruined amounted to thousands in the course of a single year; while at the same time he cost the British nation, to prevent, detect, and punish the crimes he either attempted or effected, several millions of pounds annually; and suppose he had carried on these depredations for a series of years until he had brought myriads to disease, poverty, and death:—what a sensation it would produce in the nation! We should hear of nothing but this monster. Every newspaper in the kingdom; every railway and electric telegraph; every judge, magistrate, policeman, and constable, would be laid under tribute to catch, convict and punish such a wholesale criminal. Whenever the British Parliament met, the first question, the all-absorbing topic, would be—The Monster! Who is he? Has he been captured? Where is he to be found? Yes, and in the destruction of such a murderer of her Majesty's subjects, such a ruiner-general, it would not be thought too much to employ both the army and navy.

"And suppose this monster was detected? and not the slightest doubt remained as to his criminality, what a thrill of joy would run through the whole nation! And if the judg-

ment of the whole nation were taken as to what should be his doom, who would plead for his life? Would not every one who presumed to urge lenient measures in a case of such complex and aggravated guilt, be suspected of being a criminal accomplice? Every voice, excepting the voice of his aiders and abettors, would demand, 'death! death! utter destruction! no punishment can equal the monster's crimes!'

"Such a monster has appeared in these lands. His depredations have been as numerous, and far more horrifying than we have described. They have been continued for centuries. We have found him out. His guilt has been proved beyond a doubt. He was tried before a Parliamentary Committee, and not a ghost of a question remained as to his criminality. Members of Parliament, judges, lawyers, magistrates, policemen, naval and military officers, clerics, and even his own mercenary dependents, have all borne swift witness against him. What will you do with him? Will you say, 'spare him for he is a good creature of God? Just cramp his energies a little, and fetter his operations? Keep him in due bounds and he will do no one any harm?' What, has he not had a fair trial? Has he not often been placed under various restrictions, and broke through all? Has he not bidden defiance to every restraint, and trampled under foot every law of God and man? Has he not deafened his ear against the pleadings of the senator and the preacher; against the admonitions of the judge, and the threats of the executioner; the appeals of honour, and the entreaties of love? Has he not trampled beneath his remorseless foot, authority, example, influence, and driven rough-shod over the best interests of society? Applying the infallible test, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' is it not as clear as sunshine, that alcohol is the most cursed of all stuffs that the art of man ever extracted from the bounties of Heaven, with which to blast the happiness, and ruin the bodies and souls of his fellow men?

"Then in the name of justice and mercy, religion and virtue, the blessings of the life that now is, and the hopes and joys of the life to come, we demand that

"This mighty slayer of his thousands shall be slain."

"Never more harbour him in your cellars, nor allow him to defile your decanters, nor disgrace your side-boards, or your daily repasts. Never again take within your lips that filthy, blood-stained monster, called Alcohol. Hold no more intercourse with that violator of every law, the perpetrator of every crime that can possibly stain the history of fallen man.

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HUMAN SYMPATHY.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D. D., LEAMINGTON.

The human heart expands to the looks, and words, and actions of human kindness and sympathy, just as the rose and delicate flower, nurtured in our gardens, opens to the light and warmth of the morning's sun. There is sympathy in a look—there is sympathy in a word—there is sympathy in the offer of a flower—there is sympathy in a visit of kindness—there is sympathy in a note of inquiry—there is sympathy in a card—there is sympathy in poetry—there is sympathy in music—there is a silent expression of sympathy—there is sympathy in a thousand delicate and nameless forms, which kindles an electric spark in the human heart, and which sends a tide of happiness circulating and thrilling through the whole soul. The true disciple of Christ—like the beloved John who leaned on the bosom of Jesus, and felt and imbibed the

throbbings and the warmth of its gentleness, tenderness, and love—will ever desire to exhibit the loving, sympathizing, forgiving spirit of his Lord and Master, from whose lips no words of harshness ever breathed.

"His dream of light
From morn till night
Is love—still love."

But precious as is human sympathy, and frequently as it is a medium of divine comfort to our hearts, we should yet remember, that because it is human it is therefore limited, and should not be pressed beyond its capacity. Becoming an object of idolatrous attachment, through our sinful nature it may prove a most hurtful snare.

This suggests another and a kindred reflection. There are occasions in life when God would have us to cultivate a proper independence of human sympathy. The value of this lesson—hard and difficult to learn though it may appear—is incalculable. Circumstances in our history will, yea, must occur, in which we shall be made to feel the entire failure of human sympathy in our case. Indeed, there will exist occasions when we can scarce expect, much less ask it. For example, you have conceived some bold enterprise of Christian benevolence; to your reflective mind it is important, clear, and practicable; you present it, expound it, press it, and lo! the cold look, the listless ear, the discouraging word, the ridicule, the sneer, too plainly testify that your plan has inspired no corresponding interest, and has awakened no responsive sympathy in the mind of others. Your friends look coldly at you, and think your scheme Utopian, and yourself an enthusiast. But what are you to do? Abandon your project? Relinquish your enterprise? By no means! You must now act independent of human sympathy. You must go forward as Columbus did, when, in the face of discouragement and scorn, he launched forth in search of a new hemisphere—as Howard did, when, surrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles, he resolutely started in his career of boundless philanthropy—as Carey did, when, covered with sarcasm and ridicule, he embarked on his sublime mission of converting India to Christ—as Lazard did, when, despite the lukewarmness of Government, he conceived and executed the splendid idea of untombing Nineveh. Had any one of these noble, daring, enterprising spirits tarried until a friend, an association, a government had been inspired with a like generous impulse with their own, would any of their brilliant conceptions have ever been realized? No! we must not wait for human sympathy in our plans for doing good; but, acting independently, go right on, strengthening our bands alone in God. Painful as it is, a nobler and a more dignified position there cannot be than a sublime independence of human sympathy. There are few positions in life more favourable to the formation and development of true greatness of character than this. It not only commands the respect and receives the confidence denied to a weak and importunate reliance upon others, but it places the individual himself in an attitude which calls forth the native powers of self-communion, of self-culture, and of self-government, with which God has endowed him, and brings him into a more direct and close intercourse with God himself. Severed from the human, he is more exclusively shut up to the Divine.

Few individuals ever arrive at high attainments in great force of character, originality of conception, or boldness of achievement, who do not act in a manly independence of human opinion, and sympathy, and co-operation of their fellows. If confident that our cause is just, our object good, and our hearts honest, we may safely forego all human aid, and in child-like faith cast ourselves upon God, all whose resources are infinite, boundless, inex-

haustible. Oh, it is a sublime spectacle, that of an individual passing meekly by the succour of a mortal like himself, and bearing his adversity, his perplexity, his want to God alone! The very act ennobles him; he stands peerless among his fellows; he has attached himself to Infinity, and he is great; he has honoured God, and God honours him.

"Man's wisdom is to seek his strength in God alone; And even an angel would be weak who trusted in his own."

I ask you not, my reader, to withdraw from man, but I do earnestly invite you to draw nearer to God. I would not that you would repel with coldness the least expression of human kindness, or treat with indifference the lowliest offering of human sympathy, or sunder with rashness the slightest tie—though slender as a gossamer thread—that connects you with a human friendship. But this I would urge, cultivate closer, more simple, confidential intercourse with God. Endeavour to feel that His presence is a reality. Realize Jesus to be your friend, your brother, your counsellor. What though all other love were to expire, and all other sympathy were to fail—Christ should be to you a brother.

A Story Only Too True.

She had a happy home,—her early life was watched over with all a mother's tenderness,—a father's love was fixed on her,—and all that human affection could do was done on her behalf. The Sabbath came, and she was found among the little ones surrounding the throne of the children's Friend,—she loved the school. Ah, she was happy then,—the future seemed gilded with hope,—nothing presented itself to mar her childish joy.

Years have rolled over. The child has become a woman, a wife. The future, once so bright, so full of hope, is now entered. Ah, young woman, well will it be if thou now rememberest the lessons of childhood,—if a father's advice, a mother's entreaties, are borne in mind. They have gone to their reward, but ere they took their departure they charged thee to remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. What shall be the result?

A miserable apartment in one of the most degraded parts of London is inhabited by S. and his wife. Wretchedness is stamped on its face. An old chair, a stool, a small table, and a bedstead, on which are laying a few dirty rags, is all the furniture it contains. It is a drunkard's home. A human being is laying there, the body filthy, scarcely covered by the few rags, and disease slowly doing its work. In that wretched form who would recognize our once happy child? but 'tis she; she forgot her God, neglected his house, and shunned the company of his people. Dissolute companions led her husband astray, and she followed them to do evil. "There is a way which seemeth right, but the end is death."

Listen! A missionary is in conversation with that poor, lost woman; he is urging her to flee from the wrath to come; in the name of his master he assures her that there is mercy even for such as she; that her sins, though like scarlet, may all be forgiven; but she has become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and though she answers, it is but to utter words of blasphemy. "Wherefore was I born?" "God ought not to have suffered me to sin." "Tis his fault." The "sure word" is quoted in reply:—"Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." Turn ye unto Him from whom ye have so grievously revolted. Oh, woman, wilt thou curse God and die?

Long-suffering mercy has again raised her from affliction; the voice of the Intercessor has been heard, and for a season she is spared. What shall be the end thereof? She has vowed to lead a new life, will she perform? Once the house of God is attended, there is yet hope; surely she will return. No! a companion of fools shall be destroyed, and she