

CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Religious and General Intelligence.

REV'DS. I. E. BILL & R. THOMSON, A. M.,

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

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 7.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 20, 1854.

NO. 1.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Have ye heard; have ye heard of that sun-bright clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the heart is fire, and the eye is flame?
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water gushing there,
And beings of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are fix'd in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms array'd in white,
Beings of beauty clothed in light;
And they dwell in their own immortal bowers.
Mid the countless hues of ten thousand flowers
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

And there is the city, whose name is Light,
And the diamond's ray, and ruby bright,
And ensigns are waving, and unfurl
O'er walls of brass and gates of pearl
That are found in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard; eye hath not seen
Its songs of joy, or its radiant sheen;
For its lamps of light and its harp of gold,
And crowns of glory never wax old,
Nor fade in that sun-bright clime.

But far away in that sinless clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time;
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
Where the radiant Lord of Glory dwells,
Where, amid all things bright there is given
The home of the Just, and its name is Heaven—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

[From the Evangelical Christendom.

GERMANY.

Lubeck—Religious Comparison of North and South Germany—Annual Exhibition of Relics at Aix-la-Chapelle—Repulse of the Jesuit Mission in Posen.

Lubeck, October, 1853.

My expectation of making personal acquaintance with the Westphalian religious world, and especially with the excellent Overbeck, was painfully disappointed, soon after the despatch of my last communication. My temporary abode is now in this ancient, renowned, and once so powerful seat of the Hansæ. Here, more perhaps than in any other large city of Germany, the inhabitants have retained the social virtues for which their forefathers were distinguished; and German industry, plain dealing, simplicity of manners, friendliness and religion, still rule, as of yore, in very many of the quaint old homes, with their gables turned towards the street, which are, I regret to say, now a great rarity in the German father-land. But one of the chief charms of Lubeck to me is, the privilege of uniting in worship with the Reformed church, under the pastoral care of a most zealous and truly devoted minister of the Word, whose labours, I have every reason to believe, are eminently and increasingly blessed by his Divine Master.

It is not the first time that the name of the Rev. Mr. Deiss has appeared in the pages of "Evangelical Christendom;" as an account of his ordination (in conjunction with that of the Rev. James Smith, to the oversight of the English Reformed church in Hamburg), was given in one of its early volumes, though my memory does not serve me as to which. From that time to this, both pastors have held on their way, with faithfulness to their God, and affection to their people; and neither has been left without the encouraging testimony to their ministrations of having "souls given them for their hire."

RELIGIOUS COMPARISON OF NORTH AND SOUTH GERMANY.

But, though the effects of a believed Gospel are much the same in all times and places, and although Christian decision, and a fearless profession of the truth as it is in Jesus, are by no means of rare occurrence in this northern region, I have still been much

struck with the comparative coldness of the general public, in religious matters, compared with the southern warmth I witnessed in Westphalia. It seems almost as if the climate exercised a refrigerating effect on the people's feelings; for one looked in vain, hereabouts, for those crowded country churches that cheered me in the south; just as (and it may be for that very reason) one vainly listens for those fervid appeals, both to the consciences and the hearts of their hearers, with which the Westphalian pastors are wont to electrify their auditors.

All is too correctly systematic; too much *selon les regles*; too calmly, even when staunchly orthodox, in the pulpit ministrations of this district; and to what I cannot help attributing, in part at least, the routine devotion of many of the church-going population, and the little conscience which a large proportion make of occasional "forsakings of their assembling together," on very trivial pretences. But from the censure of unimpassioned discourses, Pastor Deiss is wholly free; and his congregation, if any of them absent themselves causelessly from the house of prayer, must "bear their own burthen." Himself a native of southern Germany, his conception, his phraseology, and his delivery are all of a rapid and soul rousing character. No one can slumber, either literally or metaphorically, under his preaching; and as he is eagerly desirous to keep himself "clear from the blood of all men," by a fearless proclamation of the "whole counsel of God," the result is, that he is either cordially loved, or very heartily disliked.

The contrast between the south and the north was particularly impressed on me, when coming "with a straight course" from the Vale of the Werra, we settled down, for some weeks, at a lovely sea-bathing village on the shore of the Baltic; the population of which, even independent of visitors, might well have filled the *one church*, which serves, moreover, for the surrounding parish, which comprises more than one considerable village. But, alas! here, too, pulpit deficiencies may well bear a large share of the blame of bad attendance! The only Gospel sermon which emanates from that pulpit is preached by the curate, at seven in the morning! And it will be conceded, that not only a strong desire for public worship, but many concomitant circumstances must unite, to enable heads of families to be thus early at church. To invalids, or the attendants on invalids; to mothers, with young children; and to many others, who cannot wholly dispose of their own time, the hour offers insuperable obstacles; hence, few indeed were those whose chilling array, scattered here and there along the mostly empty benches, met the young Gospel preacher, who must have felt it a most trying duty, Sabbath after Sabbath, thus to waste his strength almost for nought. The rector, whose rationalistic views are but too well known, has the chief service at eleven; and it is, perhaps, ground for congratulation, that his hearers are equally few; but, as he seeks not them but theirs, the empty pews do not, probably, greatly distress him, who after "*doing duty*" can hasten to join the careless absentees, or equally careless attenders on his ministrations, in whatever scheme of Sunday pleasure may be going forward. Alas! for blind leader and blind followers! Both, we are divinely assured, "shall fall into the ditch!"

The inhabitants of Lubeck generally, have been long so noted for their benevolence, that the opinion has been freely expressed, by several well-instructed political economists, that the number of public institutions to which its poor citizens can establish a *right*, is a premium on idleness in youth, by ensuring an indisputable asylum in old age. The Christian public has here, as everywhere throughout the

world, its own peculiar and independent sphere; and it may truly be averred, that nowhere is the duty of doing good, and communicating to all, while special reference is paid to the household of faith, more conscientiously attended to than in the good old city of Lubeck.

But while commenting on northern coolness compared with the southern warmth, in the expression of religious feeling, we must be just enough to allow the northerners the praise of being, likewise, more impervious to the impressions of superstition than their more mercurial brethren. Nor, indeed, do I deem it possible to induce a North-German, of any rank, to attend, for any other purpose than that of ridicule, on an exhibition, such as I had in my mind's eye, when, at the conclusion of my last communication, I regretted the want of space prevented my contrasting the examples of Protestant piety I had recorded, with some recent displays of Popish imposition.

The scene to which I alluded, and whose locality was Aix-la-Chapelle, occurred on the 9th of last July, and is thus depicted in a public journal of that city.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF RELICS AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

"To-day was the first of the fourteen days devoted to the exhibition of those most holy relics, which have, since the days of Charlemagne, been carefully treasured in our Minister, and are annually brought forth, for the veneration of the people.

"The sole untolling of the *Mother of God's* bell, from the tower of the Minister, announced, with awe-inspiring sound, to a wide circle, that the holy service of uncovering the relics was about to commence. The officials appointed for this important service came together at two o'clock, and soon after the great gates of the Minister were thrown open, to admit the immense multitude which had been for hours assembled before them. Happy were those who could make their way good to the sacristy, where the reliquary was being opened; and when the sacred lid was raised, under the observance of all the punctilios prescribed in the previously published protocol, all the bells, not only of the Minister, but of the other seventeen churches of our city, rang out their loudest peal; while the thunders of artillery increased, at intervals, the sublime interest of the event.

"The four great relics, viz:—the swaddling band of the infant Jesus; the cloth which had wrapped the dying Saviour's loins; the white robe of the *most holy* Virgin Mary, and the cloth of St. John the Baptist, having been severally removed in the sacristy, from the costly and richly jewelled reliquary, were thence borne, in solemn procession, to the choir, and deposited on a table placed for the purpose, in front of the high altar.

"There, in the presence of the breathless crowd, the several cases, containing the most holy things, were carefully examined, and their seals having been found intact, each was successively withdrawn from its covering, and held up aloft for the veneration of the eager and devout multitude. Over the solemnly impressive scene, the beautiful painted window, a gift from the King, and which is probably unique, both in regard of size and splendour, shed its many coloured rays with truly glorious effect." So far the Roman Catholic reporter!

Now Aix-la-Chapelle being situated in the Prussian Rhenish Provinces, "the King" here mentioned is no other than Frederick William IV.; and, by consequence, the Protestant monarch's present added refulgence to a popish mumery.

I almost wonder "the most holy relics" submitted to be illumined through such an unholy medium. But, probably, printed glass like money, "answereth all things!" Or,

peradventure, the royal gift was subjected, before admission into the Minister, to some Roman exorcism, whereby the evil influence of the heretic giver (aggravated, perhaps, by that of a heretic painter!) was happily neutralised. And, on mature consideration, this last idea must, I think, afford the true solution of a problem which has often puzzled me, viz:—how it came to pass that Protestant aid, of every sort, is so unscrupulously accepted by Papists, who yet regard the donors as the sworn allies of the prince of darkness.

REPULSE OF THE JESUIT MISSION IN POSEN.

But while the Romanist party is rampant in the southern provinces of Prussia, it has met with no inconsiderable check in the northern; and the vigorous charge lately made by twelve Jesuit Fathers—eight Poles and four Germans, (the latter being the *Paters* Medlem, Anderledy, Ketterer, and Benisch)—on the Grand Duchy of Posen, met an unexpected but most successful repulse from the Protestant executive. Nor was another, and nearly simultaneous attempt, more fortunate. An extensive, but long unoccupied monastery in the vicinity of the small town of Olobok, on the Polish frontiers, seemed to offer a kind of neutral territory, where Jesuitism might nestle on the confines of Protestant rule. It was accordingly taken possession of, *sans ceremonie*, by a detachment of twenty Jesuit Fathers as the *avant garde* of a cohort of the disciples of Loyola, when lo! all of a sudden—when they, good easy men, deemed the camp secure—a Government veto was put in to the occupation, and the discomfited Fathers compelled not only to vacate these premises, but to quit the Duchy of Posen altogether. A new bone of contention between the Catholic and Protestant party of Prussia, which are both pretty much on the *qui vive* at present, the former giving "note of preparation" for taking the initiative, more decidedly than would have been ventured on, a few years back. Indeed, all "the signs of the times" indicate a determined, and not distant struggle on the subject of religious profession throughout Germany; and that sadly misnamed but most real misery, "a religious war," seems to many to be "nigh, even at the door." Our comfort is, "the Lord reigneth!"

T. B. K.

The History of a Distillery.

I have stood at Regensburg, on the Danube and at Avignon, in what were once the torture chambers and dungeons of Atheistic Popes. I have seen the instruments of torture, and handled their racks,—with what emotion, judge you? But when I have looked on distilleries, on grogeries, and on rum-shops, I have asked who did the most harm; the racks and gibbets and stretchers in Regensburg, the flaming fire at Avignon, or these modern torture-chambers, kept by men who yet did not wish to inflict the ruin they knew they wrought. I have remembered, too, that a few years ago, the city government of Boston (I suppose it was in irony) asked the chief marshal to give such information, as in his opinion, was best calculated to check the progress of crime and intemperance, when there were 1500 torture-chambers in Boston; 979 in full work every Christian Sabbath-day.

What if all the history of a distillery could be written out,—so much rum for medicine, of real value; so much for the arts of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then so much sold to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean; and so much used at home. Then if the tale of every drop could be written out,—so much pain; so much redness of eyes; so much diminution of productive power in man; so