

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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## Poetry.

Written for the Christian Visitor.

### The Captive's Lament.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,"  
By the still Babylonian rivers  
Reclining in sadness and woe,  
Where the willow-bough trembles and quivers—  
We gazed on the flood in its flow  
And the willow that bubbled below.  
But our souls they were heavy with sadness  
And our tears they were burning eyes crept,  
For ah! in captivity's sadness,  
We thought upon Zion and wept!

We gazed for awhile on the willow  
That sparkled the bushes among,  
We gazed on the flood in its flow  
And the willow that bubbled below.  
The mute harp of Judah we hung—  
No longer its harmony rung.  
Gone was its musical power—  
Hushed, its melodious strain!  
And there in that desolate hour  
We wept upon Babylon's plain!

Croakily mocking our sorrow  
"Sing," cried the conqueror, "sing!"  
"With dancing and mirth you can borrow  
Delight from the quivering string.  
Strike the melodious string!"  
"Ah no! while surrounded by danger  
The heart of the captive is crushed;  
And oh! in the land of the stranger,  
The glad song of Zion is hushed!"

Alas for the woes that descended  
In wrath from the hand of the Lord!  
Alas for the joys that were ended  
By Roman whom Zion abhorred!  
Alas for the city of gladness!  
Low in the dust it is laid—  
While we in captivity's sadness  
Weep upon Babylon's plain!

Jerusalem! when I forget thee  
Or let thy remembrance depart—  
Jerusalem! Oh when I let thee  
Be torn from the love of my heart—  
Or lose the chief place in my heart—  
Then let diseases attack me  
And doom me to pitiless pain  
Let torment and misery rack me  
Here upon Babylon's plain!

### Jerusalem.

The following is an extract from one of Professor Upham's delightful letters from the East in the Congregationalist:

"At some distance from Mount Zion, a little outside of the line of the ancient wall, which antiquarians profess to be able still to trace, but within the limits of the modern city, on the rocky height, surmounted by the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the Saviour was crucified.

"I am aware of the fact, that some Biblical antiquarians have doubted whether the tradition took place on the site of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I will not undertake to reconcile and measure the probabilities of question which a life's labors would not be sufficient to exhaust. But seated as I am on the summit of the mount of Olives, with Jerusalem and the objects around it for miles in extent fully in view, I think I can say without impropriety, even if there is a foundation for the doubt, or who I have referred, that my eyes have rested, beyond a question, upon the place where this great transaction actually occurred. Whether it was within or without the walls of the present Jerusalem, it was certainly within the field of vision, as I looked outward and around from this overshadowing height, situated as I now am, and looking upon the general aspect of things without always being aware of particulars, it is not necessary, in order to see the Son of God led to execution, to confine myself to the traditional limits of the Via Dolorosa. I can behold the cross erected, whether it was within or without the measurements of a Holy Sepulchre. My mind, without accepting or rejecting the glass of tradition, avails itself of the aid which its lofty height affords me, to see by the light of its own intuitions, and to adjust its own localities; and seeing with the heart also, as well as with the outward sight, everything becomes a reality. The Divine victim is before me. His gushing blood flows down. His dying voice exclaims, IT IS FINISHED! I hear the rending of the veil of the Temple, see the quaking and the rending of the rocks. The death of Christ was also the death of a great and venerated system—a system which had its season and its uses, but which always proclaimed itself to be only the precursor of another state of things, less striking in form, but more efficacious in the spirit, and which should be better suited to the advancing intelligence of the human race. And that event, witnessed in the very place which mine eyes now behold, while it swept away the priest, the altar, and the temple, was at the same time the building up of the inward temple and the inauguration of the reign of the Holy Ghost.

"In the passing away of the old system, punishment found the fitting occasion to vindicate its claims and adjust itself to crime—and a great nation, which had shed the blood of the innocent, was smitten by the hand of tribulation; and the name of its greatness and power forever passed away.

"I turned my eye away from the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I looked in a little different direction. I saw on the north side of the city, a little beyond the upper valley of the Kedron, and rising above the road which leads to Shechem and Samaria, a gentle ascending, but lofty height of land, which called the hill of Scopus. It was on that spot, according to Josephus, that Titus, who had marched into Palestine the fierce legions which his father Vespasian had left in Alexandria, cast his proud eye for the first time on the City of Jerusalem. This was that Titus under whose triumphal arch he stood the emblem of his victory. Seated sternly on his war-horse, like the sculptured Aurelius in the Roman Campidoglio, he is worthy of our attention—and more, that he at once seized and fixed our attention—because he holds forth in his lofty form, and his uplifted arm, the merits of the man of providential destiny.

## Communications.

### European Correspondence.

LONDON, January 5th, 1855.

MR. EDITOR.—New Year's day passed off agreeably in London. The sad state of affairs was for a time forgotten, and although everything is doubtful, if not absolutely gloomy in the future, still all care seemed laid aside by a strong effort, and a determination to cheer up was generally evinced. By everything which one can hear from the seat of war, an assault must take place pretty soon, and I, in common with many others, am anxiously awaiting the next arrival from the Black Sea, in hope of hearing of another terrible battle, more entirely successful than either that of Inkermann or Alma. I could not help contrasting this New Year's day with the last one: there is such a difference between the two.—In 1854 there was nothing but prosperity.—Now, it is directly the opposite. But who may say, that as the last year terminated in a state of things so different from those which existed at its commencement, so this year's affairs may speedily change, and cause us, at the end of it, to be in a state of unexampled prosperity?

The gaieties of the metropolis are not so highly relished this season as on the last.—Almack's is not so crowded, nor will it be.—The Queen's drawing rooms are not so brilliantly attended. Alas! it is fitting that gaiety for a time should cease. Too many brave fellows lie low on Crimean plains, and too many groans arise from the agonized wounded in Scutari, for Englishmen at home to engage with light hearts in hollow festivity. It is mournful to read and much more to see around me here the awful tokens of the ravages of war. A month ago, I was a constant visitor at the house of a lady whose brother was an officer in the army abroad.—Never was there a happier home than hers. But it was struck by the rude hand of war, and in a moment, all her happiness was over. Her brother fell at Inkermann, and now the bereaved family seek, in the north of England, to forget their sorrow by flying from their home. My old char-woman who had attended my room regularly every morning for two months, was absent a few days since. For several days she stayed away. At last she returned. Poor thing! she seemed oppressed by some heavy sorrow, for occasionally she would pause, and with a heavy sigh and a convulsive struggle seek to keep down some emotion. I found out from the landlady that her husband was a private in the Crimea, that he had gone unharmed through the strife at Alma and at Inkermann, but had been killed in a small skirmish during the night of the 7th December.

I received a letter from a young surgical friend a few days since. We used to be quite intimate while he was at the medical school here, and when he departed to the East as Assistant Surgeon, he promised to write—he did—and such a letter!

He says that he had long since become too well accustomed to scenes of horror.—The most horrible mangling of the human form, the most excruciating torments which man can suffer, and the most appalling agony which can oppress the human frame are daily witnessed by him. "Oh!" he breaks forth, at the end of his letter—"Oh! if I could only get away from this den of horror! But I can't—and I would not. It isn't the paltry salary that keeps me, but a terrible fascination about these scenes of suffering, and a kind of feeling that has got hold of me. For by George! if I can't serve my country by fighting, I'll do it by trying to help the brave fellows that do. I needn't enlarge upon this subject, however, I warrant that your readers hear enough about it.

In a kind of desire to lay the blame of delay upon some one's shoulders, the people are beginning to look with an evil eye upon Lord Raglan, and also upon that old son-dog Charlie. I was astonished, however, to read an article in the Times, not long since, in which the writer did what a Boston friend of mine calls—"pitching into Lord Raglan in great style." He does not think him fit to be Commander-in-Chief. Whether this be the case or not, I cannot say, nor will I, but I fear that unless he is speedily favored by Providence, he will feel all the bitterness of a fall from popular favour. All his honors, and praise, and fame, and his field-marshal's baton, will not suffice to keep him up, when once the "fickle multitude" are determined to put him down. I hope better things for him, however. But the street-corner philosophers, and the coffee-house politicians, and those people who are continually telling their admirers what they would do if they were at the head of the army,—all these are now in that transition state which occurs between two extremes of opinion.

I hope I may be able to write more favorably in my next.  
Meantime believe me, etc.,  
W. N. B.

ROME, Dec. 20, 1855.

MR. EDITOR.—Having spent several days in Florence, very agreeably, I pecked my trunk on a fine morning, made my adieu, paid Signore Piccinini's very long bill, and went by railroad to Leghorn. Here in company with a young Englishman, who is, to use his own words, quite used up, and whom I mentioned I believe in my last letter, I embarked in the steamer for Civita Vecchia, at which place we arrived the next morning.

After a strict examination of my passport and baggage, and a long consultation as to the propriety of admitting several of my

books, I was permitted to land, and in the midst of another demonstration of affection from the *fauchini*, I escaped to a hotel, and took a place in the Poste Diligence which would leave the next morning for Rome. Civita Vecchia is a small and very dull town, the principle support in the dominions of His Holiness. The only things it contains worthy of note, are its port, called 'Trajan's Port' and the prisons. These latter are very extensive, capable of containing twelve hundred prisoners. They are now filled; principally, I believe, with those who on account of their religious or political opinions, have incurred the displeasure of the Pope. I should imagine death itself would be a light punishment compared with imprisonment in these loathsome dungeons. Here Gasperoni, the notorious brigand was confined, for eighteen years, with twenty of his companions. During his trial he confessed that he had committed thirty murders, and had paid monthly in bribes to the Police, 100 Scudi (about £20), besides a much greater sum to the Clergy for absolution—a striking unfolding of the corruption of the servants of the Papal government and religion. Gasperoni has now been dead eight years.

Early the next morning we left Civita Vecchia, and after a ride of eight or nine hours through a dismal tract of country, we arrived in sight of Rome. In the distance loomed up the lofty dome of St. Peter's. What a throng of thrilling emotions crowded upon me! This was the ancient city of the Caesars, from which had so often been decided the destinies of the world—the capital of the Popes—the seat of Antichrist—that Babylon seated upon seven hills whose doom has been so woefully pronounced in Scripture! The same enthusiasm possessed us all, and a little Frenchman who sat on my right, who had been glancing around and nervously twitching his thumbs for hours, sprang to his feet, and clutching my shoulder with a truly diabolical grip, cried out hoarsely "Voilà la ville éternelle!" We entered by a beautiful gate, and immediately proceeded to a hotel in the Piazza di Spagna—a square near the Pincian hill.

As I intend staying in Rome some time I have since engaged lodgings in the via Condotti and am so very busily occupied with seeing the wonders of this wonderful city, that my used up friend stares in astonishment, and languidly wonders if I don't find it a wretched bore; and I can answer indignantly and with truth, that it is anything else but a bore.

Modern Rome is the most interesting city in the world. It has not the wealth and population of London, nor the gaiety and beauty of Paris, yet the grandeur and magnificence of its buildings and the historical associations connected with every spot, render it peculiarly attractive. But little remains to attest its former magnificence. Its temples and palaces are ruins; its very position is changed, and the seven hills upon which Rome once stood are now desolate.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire, Have dealt upon the seven hill'd city's pride: She saw her glories one by one expire And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride Where the car climbed the capital; far and wide Temple and tower went down nor left a trace— Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void, O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light Or say 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night!"

My first walk was to the tower of the Capitol. Here is suspended a large bell which is only rung at the death of a Pope. It was last tolled when Pius the Ninth fled from the city in 1848 at the proclamation of the Roman Republic. From the summit a magnificent view is had of the city and surrounding country.—On one side are the seven hills of the ancient city, on the other the modern city with its innumerable domes, pinnacles, and spires, and all around the vast Campagna, deserted and forlorn as Rome itself, bounded on one side by the Appenines, on the other by the Pontine Marshes, and watered by that muddy yet immortal stream, the 'Yellow Tiber.' On one side of the Capitoline Hill, is the Tarpeian Rock whence traitors were formerly thrown. The bottom of the precipice has been partly filled up, and the top cut away, so that its height is not more than seventy feet. At the foot of the hill are the Manerine Prisons, the most ancient in Rome, having been built in the time of Numa Pompilius. In them, Jugurtha, King of Numidia was starved to death, and according to tradition, Peter and Paul the Apostle, were here confined. Having by their conversation convinced the Jailor of the truth of Christianity, these Apostles, it is said were in doubt how to obtain water with which to baptize their convert, when lo! a stream of water miraculously gushed from the floor, the jailor was baptized, and went away rejoicing. On the strength of this belief the Priests have erected a chapel over the spot, and now derive a considerable revenue, by showing this miraculous spring to the faithful.

The Roman Forum is situated between the Capitoline and Palatine hills, and was once covered with the most magnificent edifices of Ancient Rome. What a spectacle it must have presented! At one end rose the Capitoline Hill, crowned with marble temples, and on one side, the immense Palace of the Caesars, while the Forum itself was covered with temples, columns, and triumphal arches, all of marble. Now how changed! Of all this splendor, nothing remains but a few broken columns, and the crumbling foundations of temples whose very names are disputed. Capitals of columns and broken statues strew the ground, and the spot which once echoed with the burning eloquence of Cicero, and the shouts of citizens of Rome is now desolate.

(To be concluded.)

### Dr. Judson's Conversion.

Judson had imbibed infidel sentiments during his college course, chiefly through association with a confirmed deist, by the name of E—. After taking his degree, he made a journey into the State of New York, spending some time in the city, where he became attached to a theatrical company; not intending to go upon the stage, but having the design of gathering knowledge upon such matters, which he might turn to some account. After seeing what he wished of New York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his journey westward. His uncle, the Rev. Ephraim Judson, was absent, and a very pious young man occupied his place. His conversation was characterized by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart, and Judson went away deeply impressed. The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no such feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber—sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of the night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E—, what would he say to such unchristian boyishness? But still his thoughts would revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? Or was he shuddering on the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a "free-thinker," educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a young man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself on the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which poured into his chamber dispelled all his "superstitious illusions." As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead?" "Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would not probably survive the night!" "Do you know who he was?" "Oh yes; he was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E—." Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, Dead! Dead! Lost! Lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head toward Plymouth.

THE RIGHT KIND OF PREACHING.—It was a beautiful criticism made by Longinus upon the effect of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes. He says, the people would go from one of Cicero's orations, exclaiming, "What a beautiful speaker; what a rich fine voice! what an eloquent man Cicero is!" They talked of Cicero; but when they left Demosthenes, they said: "Let us fight Philip!" Losing sight of the speaker, they were all absorbed in the subject; they thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country. So, my brethren, let us endeavour to send away from our ministrations the Christian, with his mouth full of the praises—not of "our preacher," but of God; and the sinner—not descending upon the beautiful figures and well-turned periods of the discourse, but inquiring, with the brokenness of a penitent heart, "What shall I do to be saved?" So shall we be blessed in our work; and when called to leave the watch-towers of our spiritual Jerusalem, through the vast serene, like the deep melody of an angel song, Heaven's approving voice shall be heard:

"Servant of God, well done!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE.—Newton wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the Book of Revelation, in one of which he said that, in order to fulfill certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1,260 years, there would be a mode of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased, that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this, and said: "Now look at that mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?

### Selected for the Visitor, by AMERICANS.

#### A Lady.

The word 'lady' is an abbreviation of the Saxon *Laff-day*, which signifies *Bread-giver*. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed once a week, or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and the gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan rose up and called her blessed—the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises—all classes of the poor embraced her in their affections as the *Laff-day*—the giver of bread and dispenser of comfort—a sort of ministering angel in a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now? Is it she who spends her days in self-indulgence, and her nights in the dissipation of folly? Is it she who rivals the gaiety of the butterfly, but hates the industrious hum of "the busy bee"? Is it she who wastes, on gaudy finery, what would make many a widow's heart sing for joy, and who, when the rags of the orphan flutter before her in the wintry sighs for a place of refuge, as if a pestilence were in the breeze? This may be a woman of fashion—she may be an admired and admiring follower of the gay world; but, in the ancient and most just sense of the word, she is not—alas! she is not—a lady. She who is a lady indeed, excites no one's envy, and is admired, esteemed, and loved by many; she stands on the pedestal of personal excellence, and looks around on the men and women beneath her as her brethren and sisters, 'formed of one blood' in the great family of the Creator; she is 'kind,' she is 'pitiful,' she is 'courteous' to all; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor, who, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy; 'she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness;—this is the true *Laff-day*, whom hundreds or thousands view with one another, in raising to grandeur, distinction, and to far nobler celebrity, than was even won by mere rank, or wealth, or title; and if she have grace and wisdom to distribute among hungry souls 'the bread of life'—to tell the poor of the love of Christ—and to draw the hearts of the needy to the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, then she is an 'elect lady,'—one of those choicest of all women, who shall be ever distinguished, and held in everlasting remembrance.

#### A Husband.

The English term 'Husband,' is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hus* and *band*, which signify 'the bond of the house, and it was anciently spelt *house-bond*, and continued to be so spelt in some editions of the English Bible, after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband then, is a *house-bond*—the bond of a house,—that which engirdles a family into the union of strength and the oneness of love. Wife, and children, and 'stranger within the gates,—all their interests and all their happiness—are encircled in the *house-bond's* embrace, the objects of his protection, and of his special care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty, and a family's privilege! And what a beautiful emblem is this of the guardianship, and love, and unity, kindness exercised toward believing souls, and inquiring sinners, and 'the whole family in heaven and in earth,' by Him who says, "It shall be at that day that thou shalt call me Ishi, (that is, my husband); and I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgement, and in loving kindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in fruitfulness!"

#### A Man.

The Greek word answering to 'Man' is derived from a phrase, which means 'turning the face upward.' They who formed it had proud ideas of our species, and loved to think of them as 'lords of the creation.' Ovid, the Latin poet, beautifully paraphrases the word in a passage which is thus translated by Dryden.

"A creature of a more exalted kind,  
Was waited yet, and then was man designed:  
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,  
For Empire formed, and fit to rule the rest.  
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend  
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend;  
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes,  
Beholds his own hereditary skies."

Such notions would have been exquisite if man had never sinned. Heathens like infidels, forgot that man is thorn of his glory—that his dignity is abased—his gold become dim, and his most fine gold changed. Had the Greeks understood man's true condition, they would have described him rather by his present degradation than by his pristine greatness.—By his basely fixing his thoughts upon the earth, rather than by his nobly turning them towards the heavens. Christianity finds men in the attitude of brutes—it finds them feeding like Nebuchadnezzar, upon the grass of the field, or seeking a portion, like the wild boar of the wilderness, among the clods of the soil, and it calls upon them to stand erect, to turn their eyes toward heaven, to look to the Lamb in the midst of the throne. In the only worthy, the only true sense of 'turning the face upward,' no inhabitant of our world is a man, except he who believes in Jesus, and is renewed in the spirit of his mind. Who, but an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ Jesus, dares talk of the world of light, and peace, and holy love, as his 'hereditary skies'?

#### A Child.

What is a child? A child is a man in smaller letters; he is a new edition, in duodecimo of an old work in folio; he is the last