

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." MR. JAMES DEMILL, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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Poetry.

The Day after the Battle.

BY REV. E. BARNHAM.
Yes a sombre night is a battle field
To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,
When the carnage is heard no more
And the thick dim smoke has rolled away
And the victor comes for a last survey
Of the well fought field of yesterday!

God, the Life of History.

There is a living spirit in history, which
The creature in the wheels of Ezekiel's
wheel. He who does not discern this, will
perceive in the records of the church or the
chronicles of time, only a lifeless succession
of isolated and meaningless events—the dis-
jointed members of the ages, or the anarchy of
atoms in the confusion of a complicated
chaos work. And what can this life-spirit be,
but he whose presence fills all time and
space, giving motion, and order, and beauty,
to the material world, and whose evolving
purpose in the final historic development will
bring a higher beauty and harmony to the
material world.

Communications.

The First Christians.

Written for the Visitor.
What sort of christians were they? Are we like them? Do we breathe their spirit, and imitate their conduct? Can we claim spiritual kindred to them? Let us see.
1. They were very loving Christians. They had great love to Christ. To them He was precious, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. And they had great love to one another, because of their union to Christ. They had received the baptism of the Spirit of love. Hence love dwelt in every heart, love breathed in every word, love sparkled in every eye, love walked in every step, love was seen in every salutation. There were no divisions, or evil surmises, or dark suspicions among them. No root of bitterness troubled them. The distinctions of the world were not suffered to intrude into the Church to freeze their christian sympathies and keep them at a cold distance from one another. They looked upon each other only as sinners saved by grace. They regarded one another as redeemed by the same precious blood; regenerated by the same Holy Spirit, partakers of the same heavenly blessings; expectants of the same promised glory; members of the same divine family; hence as brothers they loved one another with a pure heart fervently.

Usefulness of Christians in Humble Life.

"It is not not in my power to do any good; I am but a poor woman, and have no influence." Such was a remark I heard but yesterday; but to speak with all frankness, I did not believe a word of it; and indeed doubt whether the good woman who uttered the remark would like for any one of her friends to tell her it was true. However humble in station, every Christian has a degree of influence over others, and he who has but one talent is under as much obligation to improve it for the glory of God as he who has ten.
"Well, Mary," I once heard the excellent Joseph Ivimey, of London, say to a female servant who had called to take her leave of him; because she was going from the city to reside in a country town, "well, Mary, you know you must try to do good. The Baptist Church at— is in a very sad state; yet you had better go there, and pray and labour for its revival. I will," he added, "give you a few hundred tracts for distribution, and make the best use of them you can."
I have never seen that lively young Christian since; but I have heard of her. Some year or two after the interview I have described, I dined with Ivimey again; when he said, "Where not you here when a young servant girl called on me before she went to—?" "Yes," I replied, "and what did she ever do?" "Why she went down there, and in a meeting-house that seats five hundred, she found about a dozen Antinomian professors, who had neither Sunday school nor prayer-meeting. She distributed her tracts, opened her Sabbath school, collected a few pious people together, made the place too hot for the old drunken pastor, got him away, and a lively young man was placed in the pulpit. The house is repaired, a new Church is organized, having about a hundred members, a crowded congregation, a grand Sunday school, and large prayer-meetings two or three times a week. Hallelujah, my brother! Who says a poor servant girl can do nothing?" "Who, indeed! The very thought is libellous against the God we serve, and the instrument for good—his own word—which he has placed in our hands."
The scrupulous Samuel Pearce was asked to preach at the dedication of a meeting-house, about twenty miles from his residence, where pulpits have often occupied. When he arrived there, he witnessed a Church very few in number, and its members almost poverty personified. Several brethren of other denominations expressed their fears that the cause could not be sustained, and the neighboring Baptist Churches kept aloof from it as altogether hopeless.
Pearce, however, was seldom discouraged, and when he entered the pulpit delivered to them a most encouraging sermon on "Great events from small beginnings." He most cordially congratulated them on the fewness of their number and the poverty of their condition, and declared his heartfelt persuasion that God was about to do great things at B—. Coming, then, to the consideration of their duties, he told them that to crowd the house, few as they were at present, was one of the easiest things in the world. Every one, he maintained, had some influence; and that how they must exert it. No one could pretend to be unable to bring one person to the house of prayer, who would double the congregation the very first Sabbath, and persevered in, would soon fill the house. The idea, as he presented it, seemed a new one, and easy to be carried out. They tried it, and found it entirely successful.
Away, Christian reader, with all those proud excuses of yours, cherishing our own indolence while thousands around us are going down to perdition. Be it remembered that our churches are not parlours, in which we are to loiter at ease, but vineyards, in which we are to labour; we are not called to enjoy ourselves in inglorious ease; but to be laborers together with God in the advancement of his glory. Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion."—*Anglo American.*
"Can't I use tobacco, Sir, if I please?" "O yes, my friend, you can be a chewing, smoking, snuffing, spitting, disgusting mortal, if you please. So can your little son. Stand up, my little boy, I want to pass." "Don't just refuse to call me a little boy, Sir, I have smoked and chewed these two years."

The First Christians.

all animated by a spirit of burning self-consuming zeal did what they could in promoting the spiritual welfare of each other, the conversion of Sinners and the glory of Christ.
6. They were very self-denying christians. They counted all things but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, their Lord. "They were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions, and partly whilst they became the companions of them that were so used." "They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." "Reproach, affliction, imprisonment, suffering, banishment, imprisonment—none of these things moved them, neither counted they their lives dear unto themselves so that they might finish their course with joy." They denied themselves, took up their cross and followed Christ.
Such were the first christians. They were very loving, very united, very prayerful, very liberal, very active, and very self-denying. Is it any wonder then, that they were very happy christians, eating their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, and praising God? They had no doubt of fours as to their acceptance in the beloved, and their hopes of a glorious immortality.
"They could read their title clear To mansions in the skies."
Is it any wonder, moreover, that they were very useful christians? That the first sermon one of them preached should be instrumental in the conversion of three thousand souls; that by their united efforts five thousand more should have been speedily converted to the truth; that a great multitude of the priests and honorable women not a few, should then become obedient to the faith; that magicians should have burned the books of their wicked art which had cost them fifty thousand pieces of silver; and that thus the word of the Lord should have so mightily prevailed.
Do we resemble those first Christians? Doubtless, if we are christians in sincerity we resemble them, at least, a little. We have a little of their faith, their love, their harmony, their prayerfulness, their liberality, their activity, their self denial, and therefore we have a little of their happiness and usefulness. But have we much of their spirit, and much of their success? What is wanted in the present day, but a return to primitive piety, to enjoy the blessing, and manifest the zeal, and do the work, and meet with the success of the primitive christians? Spirit of the living God! descend as on the day of Pentecost and baptize thy church with the baptism of fire—the fire of divine love—that fire that will burn up the dross of sin, and that will leave upon the altar of the heart a pure and glowing flame of love to God and man that will never go out, and never diminish aught of its burning brightness and beauty and blessing! Oh! for the possession of the same spirit of faith, and love, and unity, and prayerfulness, and liberality, and activity, and self-denial which so eminently characterized and distinguished the first christians! For the honour of God, the glory of Christ, the good of the church, and the conversion of the world, let all who read these lines, labour to become in all respects like the first christians. AMICUS.

European Correspondence.

MARSEILLES, DEC. 2, 1854.
MR. EDITOR,—Having seen everything in Paris worthy of note, I left on the 23rd, of last month on my way to Italy.
When a person is in a strange City he becomes fond of the society of those with whom he associates; and it was consequently with reluctance that I bade adieu to those acquaintances who had contributed to make my stay in Paris so pleasant, and had so often in various ways befriended me. I was however pleased to hear from Bufont that he intended proceeding to Rome in a few weeks, for the purpose of studying art, so that I shall most probably see him again in that City. As I was in no hurry I concluded to go to Lyons by a rather circuitous route, so as to see the scenery of Auvergne, said to be the finest in France. I left Paris early in the morning and proceeded by Railroad to Pont-tainebleau. This is a town of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, situated about thirteen leagues from Paris, in the midst of the celebrated forest from which it derives its name. It is chiefly remarkable for its Chateau Royal. This Palace is not at all imposing in its design, consisting of many quadrangles irregularly united. Under the ancient monarchs it has a place of great importance, but it has since endured the effects of time, neglect and the horrors of revolutionary anarchy so that at present it possesses but little of its former splendor. There is still enough, however, to render it well worthy of a place where the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed by Louis XIV. in 1685; where Pope Pius VII. was confined a prisoner; and where afterwards Napoleon signed his Abdication of the throne of France and Italy.
After I had examined everything in the Palace and "diligence" for Orleans. This I left in a large clumsy concern—a cast-iron carriage, drawn by a New Brunswick horse, his from two to eight horses, and generally travels at the rate of six miles an hour. A ride of six or seven hours brought me to Orleans; and refreshed with a nap and a good breakfast, I started by the first train in the morning for Bourges, where I arrived in four hours more. This is a town of

25,000 inhabitants about 146 miles from Paris. It is a dirty place; the streets are narrow and crooked, and the town has a gazing appearance. The only buildings worthy of note, are the Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral, and the Roman Tower. The Cathedral is a majestic Gothic edifice, of a rather peculiar design.—There is no transept, but it has two aisles on each side of the nave, which makes five aisles in all, and greatly adds to the imposing effect of the building. The windows are very beautiful in design and well painted. The Hotel de Ville is a fine Gothic building, originally the property of Jacques Coeur, a wealthy merchant of the town, who after lending vast sums of money to one of the French Kings, was by the royal order torn from his house and basely murdered. The Roman Tower forms part of the town wall and is built of huge blocks of stone joined together without any kind of cement whatever.
The next day I left Bourges by an early train and proceeded through Moulins to St. Germain-des-Posses where the railroad at present terminates. This line will in a short time be open to Clermont, whence two others will be built—one to Bordeaux and another to Lyons. These form part of a vast system of railroads now building throughout France.—At St. Germain I found a diligence waiting, into which I entered, and after a very disagreeable ride arrived at Clermont late in the evening. Clermont is the capital of the Department of Puy-de-Dome and contains 30,000 inhabitants. It has rather a gloomy appearance, with steep streets, and four public squares, in one of which is a statue of General Desaix who was born in the neighbourhood. The Cathedral is one of the finest in France, though in an unfinished state. During my stay I visited a great natural curiosity in the vicinity—the Petrifying Fountain. This spring is strongly impregnated with lime, which it deposits on everything it touches.—In the course of ages the water has formed by these calcareous deposits a vast mass of limestone 240 feet long, 16 wide and about 12 in height. There is a person at the spring who shows the visitor impressions of coins and medals, obtained by dipping them in the fountain. Besides this there are many other curiosities near the town, and to the geologist few places possess greater attractions than Clermont.

After staying there nearly two days, I left in the Maille Poste for Lyons. The scenery was of the most magnificent description, and well repaid me for the trouble I had endured in travelling by this route. The road ran through a wild mountainous country, over the summits, and round the bases of high hills, and through valleys. It was highly romantic—now, we would pass through some dark glen where mountains rose far on high, their summits hidden in the clouds, and their huge forms seemingly opposing our progress, but only to recede at our approach; while on the side of the road some mountain stream would now and then be seen hurrying itself down a precipice, forming numberless cascades, and enlivening the scene with its ceaseless murmurings—and then we would emerge into a lovely valley, where the stream growing gradually calm, would finally finish its existence in the embrace of an enchanting lake. Thus the Christian, after living in sorrow and disappointment all his days, finishes his life, ends his labor, and enters upon the enjoyment of that happiness which endures for ever.

I arrived at Lyons filled with fatigue and weariness, which was only driven away by a good night's rest in the Hotel de l'Univers. The next day I went out to see "the lions." The town is situated at the junction of the Soane with the Rhone, and next to Paris, is the wealthiest and most populous City in France, having, including its suburbs nearly 300,000 inhabitants. It is celebrated chiefly for its Silk Manufactures of which there are, I believe, nearly seven thousand Establishments. The general appearance of the town is very fine; excepting in the older parts, where it is exceedingly disagreeable, with tall dingy houses, and narrow crooked streets, into which few visitors have the inclination or the courage to venture. Among its squares, the Place Bellecour, is worthy of mention. It is one of the finest of the kind in Europe, adorned with beautiful lime trees, and an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The Cathedral is a fine building, with a clock tower similar to the one at St. Ours; but now out of repair. There are many other fine buildings, among which I have only room to mention the Palais Beaux Arts, where are many Rom. Antiquities, some very fine paintings of the best masters, a museum of natural history, and a library of 100,000 volumes. On the right bank of the Soane is a suburb of Fionniers, built on the side of a high hill, to the summit of which I ascended. Here, had it not been very foggy, I could have obtained a very fine view of Lyons and the surrounding country, and far in the distance the Alps, with Mont Blanc rising high above them all.
The next morning I left Lyons, and embarked on the Rhone for Avignon. The country immediately below the town was uninteresting, but after sailing ten or fifteen miles; it gradually grew more beautiful. The scenery on this River is said by many to be equal to that on the Rhine; of this however I am not prepared to judge, as I have not yet been on the latter River. It certainly surpassed any thing in the way of River scenery I had previously seen. Mountains rose on either side covered with vines to their very summits, while the ruins of some old Castle or Tower which crowned every inaccessible cliff, threw greater romance upon the scene. I stopped all night at Valence, a pretty town of some 13,000 inhabitants, and the next

morning proceeded down the River. On the way, we came to the Pont St. Esprit, the largest Stone Bridge in the world. It was built by the Monks of St. Saturnin, and 45 years were occupied in the work.
The Bridge is not straight, but forms an angle against the stream, and is upwards of 2717 feet in length.
Late in the evening I arrived at Avignon. This town, was at one time the residence of the Popes, and then contained a population of nearly 100,000, now fallen to 35,000. The principal object of curiosity is the ancient Palace of the Popes. This is an immense edifice with towers 150 feet in height. Within its walls Rienzi was a prisoner and Petrarch was a guest. Here too the Inquisition once sat in all its power, and some of the instruments of torture used, can still be seen.—There is a fine museum in the town containing a great many antique remains dug up in the neighbourhood, and one of the most perfect collections of ancient glass-ware in the world. I left Avignon in the morning and proceeded to Marseilles, stopping on the way at Arles. Arles is alike celebrated for its beautiful women, and for its Roman remains, which, out of Italy are the greatest in Europe. The principal is a huge amphitheatre in a tolerable state of preservation. It is a stupendous structure measuring 450 feet by 338 and has 43 rows of seats, which once held 25,000 spectators comfortably. It consists of two stories, each of 60 arches, and built of huge blocks of stone, held together merely by their own weight. Twenty years ago it was entirely choked up with rubbish, but during the reign of Louis Philippe, he caused it to be thoroughly cleared out and repaired, so that the visitor can now examine every portion of the building, and wonder at the power of a people who could raise such a structure.
Leaving Arles, a ride of two hours brought me to Marseilles where I now am. This is a very ancient town. It was founded six hundred years before Christ, by a colony of Phoenicians, and during the reign of Augustus, was one of the most important cities in the Roman Empire. It is beautifully situated, and is the first commercial port in France, with a population of about 200,000. It consists of the old and new towns, the latter of which is elegantly built, with broad streets lined with trees, and with very fine houses.—The town appears to be very busy, and is at present swarming with thousands of soldiers on their way to the Crimea, the braying and rattle of whose trumpets and drums are ringing in my ears as I write. I shall leave Marseilles for Leghorn by the first boat and soon hope to stand on the Capitol and muse on the glories and ancient magnificence of mighty Rome, where once, so often

"victorious pomp
Wound down the sacred way
And through the bellowing Forum
And round the Suppliant's grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."
Yours truly,
OUANGONDY.

LONDON, DEC. 7, 1854.
MR. EDITOR,—Unless the continual occurrence of the worn out theme of news from the Crimea, has entirely annihilated your readers' patience, they are probably anxious to know something of the state of affairs in that quarter. There is very little to tell about it. The last news from the Seat of War was almost entirely barren of interest, and the various Daily Papers for several days, have been severely pressed for material wherewith to feed the insatiable appetite for news, with which the people are possessed. And indeed I might as well say that it would be better if there were no news at all. While every mail brings tidings of only fresh disasters, and still keeps off the wished for news of the fall of Sebastopol; the public mind grows sick with suspense; energy and enterprise die away; and people converse about the war with melancholy faces. Still hope does not die out. If possible the determination to conquer is now stronger than ever. Every delay in the assault, every failure of great success on the part of the Allies, seems but to exasperate the people more, and make them more eagerly desirous for victory. "Delenda est Carthago" Sebastopol must fall, such is the resolution of the Allied nations, and they will succeed, even though the task would demand the expenditure of the last dollar in the Treasury of both countries.
Such is the state of feeling here. I merely touch upon this, because I suppose that the copies of the many English papers which you see can give you more minute and circumstantial accounts of Foreign events, than could be crowded into the confined space of a letter.
The news of the loss of those ships in the Block Sea was sad blow to many. It was a blow of the heaviest kind, and many exclaimed in their reproachful sorrow, "what will become of us when even the elements are against us?" Some go far as to consider the cold and tempest which afflict the army assent by Heaven for punishment. They forget that these are the consequences of the season. But the news of the sufferings of the army has roused a kindly and compassionate feeling throughout the country. Some wealthy men have sent out supplies of clothing privately, which will be distributed among the Soldiers. One nobleman, the Earl of Eglar, even loaded a yacht with warm garments as a free-will offering to the gallant army, and it is rumored that Prince Albert has lately made presents of Fur Coats to a great number of officers.
These little incidents serve to show the warm and generous sympathy felt in England