

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Published every THURSDAY, by
BARNES & Co.,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.
One Copy, for one year, \$1.00
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1.50
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Again the New Year smiles upon the earth,
Robed to receive her in all festal mirth;
The old year steals in faded garb away,
Yet turning, smiles back on this gala day.

Oh, much within its closely clasped hand,
This smiling year holds tidings of bliss or ban;
Its pages blank to our dim-seeing eyes
Are written close with varied destinies.

How many hearts would thrill and cheeks would glow,
If we aside the shading veil could throw,
That hides these mystic lines from human ken—
Which Fate has written with the future's pen!

But neither seer nor poet's eye can see
The hidden hand of guiding destiny;
No passing glimpse rewards our earnest gaze,
Save where the Past some guiding mark displays.

For a brief hour, then, let us calmly look
Over the pages of that now closed book—
The old year's annals; happily thus a clue
Be found to guide our footsteps in the new.

And first we turn the brightest, dearest page,
Brightest and dearest through each passing age—
The page on which is written ENGLAND'S name
In golden letters of undying fame!

Oh, Mother land! to thee our fond eyes turn,
With love for thee our ardent hearts still burn;
Our loud acclaims float by on every breeze—
Hail, fair Britannia, mistress of the seas!

Oh, land on which the sun's rays never set,
May thousand years of glory wait thee yet,
While million hearts rise up to bless thy name,
Thou home of Truth, of Freedom, and of Fame!

And thou, fair ruler o'er this happy land—
Our gracious Lady—from whose gentle hand
So many and so precious favors flow,
Blessing, with equal love, the great the low—

Whose rule so gentle and so wise hath been,
A Nation's blessing on thee, O, our Queen!
A blessing on the heart which prized above
A crown, a grateful people's love!

And thee, fair flower of Denmark, which last year
Hath twined in England's crown; how fondly dear
Our proud love holds her, our earnest prayer
Is that benignant Heaven her life shall spare!

Her life to bless us, and from every ill,
And grief to guard and save her still;
O, could our efforts shield from sorrow's darts,
We'd pave her pathway with our faithful hearts!

On Continental Europe much of change appears,
Greece once more rises from her grave of years;
Poland still quails before the Russian lance,
And still Eugenie's hauntings ruin France!

Our neighbors on this side the Atlantic surge
Still forward their unceasing warfare urge;
Oh, sad the land that civil war embroils,
But sadder still where SLAVERY winds its coils!

Slavery, envenomed serpent! mate for Ghouls!
Whose fester for ages hath been human souls!
Strike, sister land, constant and fearless blows,
To blot forever out this worst of sins and woes!

Follow the steps our mother land hath trod;
Enchain no more the handiwork of God;
Say to the bound, "Be free! Be free!" O States,
And break the fetters every Briton hates!

To our own Province with glad hearts we come,
And view the blessings of our own dear home;
Her wide-spread rivers, and her dimpling hills,
The cattle feeding on her verdant hills!

Her forests lifting up against the sky
Their strong wide arms and leafy canopy;
Her freedom from invasion's rude alarms,
Her smiling villages; her happy farms!

Where robust health sits jocund at the board
With autumn's bounty richly, amply stored;
With tales of the year's toil his time beguiles,
And o'er his well-paid labor genial smiles.

While rustic beauty, busy at her loom,
With fragments of some quaint song fills the room,
And at the chimney-side, the old granddame
Sits dozing o'er the blazing winter fire.

Nearer we come, to where our city stands,
Aiding our commerce with her busy hands;
And from her hills with pleased eyes, far away,
Watches the ships go sailing down her bay.

The ships, deep laden, outward-bound which glide
From her safe harbour o'er the tossing tide;
And those from distant lands which, flying fleet,
Deposit their rich burden at her feet.

The year hath blessed our city: Plenty stands
With rounded horn, and overflowing hands,
And words of thankfulness and hopeful cheer,
To grace the feasts which usher the New Year.

Our busy streets with happy faces throng;
Maidens fair and gentle, young men brave and strong,
Our merchants prosper, our mechanics thrive,
Successfully for growth and wealth we strive.

Bright are our hearth-fires; dear each happy home;
From them our zeal and loving hearts ne'er roam;
And justice rules with kind and clement hand
Over the people of this peaceful land.

Oh, ever while a single heart-throb beats,
A single footstep press our city streets,
We pledge our lives, our future, and our sod,
Unto our QUEEN, our COUNTRY, and our GOD!

From the Morning Star.
FRIE, FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.—No. 7.
Berlin, Prussia, Oct. 31, 1864.

NEW SERIES,
Vol. II., No. 1.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

tural beauty. The location was a bad one—flat, and nothing but sand. It is the general wonder of all who come here that such a city as this should have gone up in so unpropitious a location.

It was originally a walled town. The wall for the most part still stands. And many of these walled towns present an odd appearance when you look down upon them from some height which enables you to discover the old wall in the midst of the present city. A twelve year old boy, with arms and legs protruding from the clothes made for him when he was six, would look about as queer.

It is said that Frederick the Great determined to have a city built worthy of his fame and his conquests, and accordingly built the wall, and ordered it to be filled with houses. So to fulfill the command with as much facility as possible, the houses were extended over a large space, making the streets wide, and the buildings low. The comfort of the wide streets is very obvious now; and the buildings are gradually growing to a respectable height.

The public buildings are located in the same part of the city, and appear to good advantage. The palace, the arsenal, the hospital, the university, the royal library, and the museum, are the chief.

The Library is one of the largest in Europe—over a half million books. The University Library has eighty thousand more. In the Royal Library is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed—a venerable and really magnificent book. It is printed on parchment, is about equal in size to the largest printed Bibles which are now printed, and is said to be the first book on which movable type was used.

Among the curiosities which are shown here are Luther's Hebrew Bible—the copy from which he made his translation, with marginal notes in his own hand—and the manuscript of his translation of the Psalms, with his corrections in red ink. Also, the Bible and Prayer book which Charles I. carried to the scaffold.

The Museum is in many respects superior to the British Museum in London. The different parts of the building itself are finished in splendid style—especially what is called the "new museum"—and it has an air of cheerfulness and beauty which the London building has not. It is, however, greatly inferior to that in its collection of antiquities. There are many things preserved here interesting for their association—such as, for example, Luther's beer jug, which is certainly rather large measure for a reformer, and the hat which Napoleon wore when, pursued by Blucher, he himself made his escape, but so narrowly that his hat was left behind, and Blucher preserved it as a trophy.

The collection of paintings is very fine—including, however, a few which, without being prudent or hypocritical, it is a great shame to common decency and morality, to exhibit in a public gallery. It is not that they represent simply the "in puris naturalibus," for on this ground half of all the pictures and statues one sees in Europe must be condemned. But when the painter represents those whom he paints "in impuris naturalibus," we think common morality would everywhere indict them as a nuisance.

Several of the Palaces are open to visitors. But I will not waste my rhetoric in a vain attempt to describe the magnificence of these apartments, floors, walls, ceilings, furniture, paintings, and statuary. All vie with each other for the palm of superiority in beauty and splendor. Wall paper at \$15 a yard, is only a single scale from which your readers may construct the whole fish. Their skill in comparative anatomy will enable them to do it.

At Potsdam are other palatial residences, several of which I visited on my way to Berlin. Near the "Sans Souci," which is the place where Frederick the Great died, and where Voltaire was entertained by his Majesty, stands a windmill, which I had as much interest in seeing as anything else about the premises. You remember that this windmill has a history, which is peculiarly its own. The King thought his grounds quite confined on that side (as indeed they are), and wished to buy the property and include it in his own garden, especially also as a windmill did not seem to be a suitable ornament for a palace. He made the owner an offer for the property. But he, wishing to make as much as he could out of his desirable location, asked more than the king offered. The king thought the price exorbitant, and refused to pay it; and finally after some unsuccessful haggling, took forcible possession. The miller only coolly said: "There are laws in Prussia," and proceeded to prosecute his Majesty before the courts, gained his case, and the king was compelled to rebuild the mill. This he magnanimously did, on a larger scale than the original one. The property has since remained in the same family. Some years since the owner, who had received it as an inheritance, being embarrassed in his circumstances, offered to sell it to the late king. His Majesty declined the offer, saying that the mill belonged to Prussia history, and was a kind of national monument. He relieved the owner's embarrassment, however, by settling upon him an ample pension.

The present king is not so popular a man with the people as some of his ancestors have been. And just now the political waters are much disturbed. The king has wished to strengthen the military, and some time ago asked the grant of a large sum of money for that purpose. His House of Commons refused it. The king then assumed to expend the money without authority, and referred the matter back to the Parliament for approval. Again they refused to approve. He then dissolved the House, and called for a new election. That election has just been held, and the opposition party have triumphed by a very large majority. What course the king will take in the future remains to be seen; but an arbitrary course of procedure on his part may possibly prevent this—first, the people are disposed to avoid war; secondly, the Prince Royal is a popular man, of liberal views, and does not support the measure of his father, whose crown he will soon take, according to the ordinary course of human events; the present king being upwards of sixty years of age.

Berlin has various interesting monuments; of Frederick the Great, a splendid equestrian monument, surrounded by the chief of his officers, some also being on horseback; of Blucher, known to every reader from the prominent part which he was called to act in the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo; of the Great Elector, Frederick William, and many others.

The Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, containing two most beautiful relictment figures of Frederick William III. and his wife, is one of the sweetest spots I have seen in Europe. The queen died at the age of 34; the king lived to be 70. On the first anniversary of the queen's death, her seven children went to visit the mausoleum in which the relictment figures were laid, and visited with them each a week. Those visited

wreaths, hung up there fifty years ago, hang there yet—a touching memorial of the vanity of earth, as well as of filial love.

Over the great Brandenburg gate, which is said to be one of the most magnificent gateways on the Continent, stands a splendid figure of a "Victory," driving her car and four gracing steeds. It is a fine piece of statuary in itself, but it has a history that adds to it additional interest. It was once carried to Paris by Napoleon as a trophy of victory, but after the battle of Waterloo the Prussians recovered it, restored it to its place, and bestowed upon the goddess the eagle and iron cross which she now bears.

One meets ever and anon in European travel with similar illustrations of the vicissitudes of war. An amusing one fell under my observation at Coblenz, that great Gibraltar of the Rhine. On a small open square in front of the old church of St. Castor—the very church, by the way, in which the grandsons of Charlemagne met in A.D. 836, to divide his vast empire in Germany, France, and Italy—stands a monument, erected by the French in 1813. This monument is a fountain bearing an inscription which reads thus: "This commemorates the memorable campaign against the Russians under Julius Doornan, Prefect." Not many months had this monument stood when the Russians, in pursuit of the scattered army of Napoleon flying from Moscow, arrived here on their way to Paris. Their commander, St. Priest, most coolly and wittily caused the following words to be engraved below the first: "Seen and approved by us, the Russian commander of the village of Coblenz, January 1, 1814."—And thus it stands to this present.

The University of Berlin is the great centre of interest with me, of course. But what can I say in one letter of a University employing nearly a hundred and fifty Professors, and having almost two thousand students in the different departments of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy. Nothing to the purpose. I reserve the whole subject for some other time.

Hold fast the form of sound words.—2d Timothy, i. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1864.

could not be concealed, instinctively rushed to him; took him by the arm, and in a gentle, subdued tone, said, "My dear brother, stop! one moment, and hear me. Jesus can and will save you. Only give up all to him. On me he looked in pity; he heard my prayer, and he will return you away. Remember, he has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Come, dear brother, just as you are. It is not too late. He will receive you. Remember, O remember how many prayers have gone up to God from our dear parents that 'we might be saved, and meet them in heaven.'"

But all this was in vain, as amid the flowing tears and urgent entreaties of his now praying sister he said, "I—my sister, it is too late for you. My doom is sealed, and I am lost. You must tell father and mother it is all over with me." Few words were added, when he tore away from her embrace, and was gone. Any attempt to describe the feelings that pervaded the meeting must fall far below the reality. Prayer, fervent, importunate prayer, as if it could not be denied, went up to God for that young man though to all human appearance there was little or no hope in his case.

It was amid the gentle shades of a summer's evening that I—sought for rest, but found none for his sinking soul. As he wended his way towards his quiet home, nearly four miles distant, he began to reason with himself: "Shall I go home and tell my father, my mother, that my doom is sealed? No, never. Rather let me die away from that paternal roof, than rend their hearts with words so fearful and sad. Overcome with the anguish that pervaded his inmost soul, he sat down by the wayside, expecting to die there. But while there alone amid the quiet hush of the midnight hour, and with none but God to hear his bitter lamentations and agonizing prayers, he made this last resolve: 'I will, if die I must, cry, 'Lord, save me, I perish, I yield myself to thee, O Lord, I yield, I yield.'"

There, like poor blind Bartimeus, he sat and begged and prayed until Jesus passed that way. He caught a view of him hanging on the tree, bleeding and dying to save the chief of sinners. He felt that Jesus in dying really fixed his pitying eye upon his own guilty soul, and could say, "Sure, never to my latest breath, I will not forget that look which he cast upon me. It seemed to charge me with his death."

"A second look he gave, which said, 'I yield, I yield, I yield.'"

"I die that thou mayest live."

"I—S—now saw that the only way to heaven was by the way of the Cross. He hastened to his welcome home to tell his anxious parents that he had found the pearl of great price."

From this time on he was ready to bear his grateful testimony. "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

THE YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." (Psalm 108.)

Every word here is significant. "O." This touches us that the prayer is to be earnest. I will suppose that I have led some of you young people here now to breathe this prayer to God. Am I so unhappy as to suppose that none of you will do it? Are there not some who now say, "I will with my whole heart, God the Holy Spirit, helping me, now in my prayer offer this supplication to heaven. It begins with 'O.' 'Dull prayers will never reach God's throne. What comes from our heart coldly, can never get to God's heart. Dull, dead prayers, ask God to deny them. We must pray out of our very souls. The soul of our prayer must be the prayer of our souls. 'O satisfy us, O young man, the Lord is willing to open the door to those who knock, but you must knock hard. He is fully prepared to give to those who ask, but you must ask earnestly. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence. It is not a gentle grasp which will avail; you must wrestle with the angel. Give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids; till you have found the Saviour. Remember, if you do but find him, it will purify you, though you shed drops of blood in the way. If instead of tears you had given your heart's gore, and if instead of sighs you were to give the shrieks of a martyr, it would recompense you, if you did but find Jesus; therefore, be earnest. If you find him not, remember you perish with a great destruction; the wrath of God abideth on you, and hell must be your portion; therefore, as one that pleadeth for his life so plead for mercy. Throw your whole spirit into it, and let that spirit be heated to a glowing heat. Be not satisfied to stand at the foot of the throne, and say, 'Let God save me if he will.' No; but put it thus, 'Lord, I cannot take a denial; O satisfy me; O save me!' Such a prayer is sure to be accepted."

Again, make it a generous prayer, when you say, "O satisfy us early." I am glad to see among our young sisters in the catechism class, such a spirit of love for one another, so that when one is converted she is sure to look round for another. The scores in that class who have found the Lord are always searching out some stray young woman in the street, or some hopeful soul in the congregation, whom they try to bring in, that Jesus may be glorified. The very first day of conversion is to labour for the conversion of others, and surely it will not spoil thy prayer, young man, if when thou art praying for thyself, thou wilt put it in the plural—"O satisfy us; if thou hast brought in the eldest, Lord, stay not till the youngest be converted; if my brother preaches the Word; if my sister rejoices in thy feet, then let other sisters know and taste of thy love. You young people in shops, in warehouses, in factories, pray this prayer, and do not exclude even those who have begun to blaspheme, but even in their early youth pray for them—"O satisfy us with thy mercy."

See to it, dear friends, in the next place, that your prayer be thoroughly evangelical. "O satisfy us early with thy mercy." The prayer of the publican is the model for us all. No matter how abject or how excellent we may be, we must all come together and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Do not come with any hereditary goodness; do not approach the Lord with the fact of your infant sprinkling; do not come before him to plead your mother's covenant. Come as a sinner, as a black, foul, filthy sinner, having nothing to rely on or to trust to but the merit of God in Christ Jesus; and let the prayer be just such a thief might offer or a prostitute might present—"O satisfy us early with thy mercy."

Let the prayer be put up now, and once, the text says, "O satisfy us early." Why not to-day? Oh that it had been done years ago! But there was time enough you thought. There is time enough, but there is none to spare. Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at present. To-day is the accepted time; to-day is the day

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

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