

The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1864.

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.
The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

PREL. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.—NO. 94.

From the Morning Star.
I saw the 17th inst., at 2 P. M., in company with Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., Allen V. Lesley, M. D., of Delaware, and Levi Taylor, of Philadelphia, I set sail from Naples for Egypt, in the steamship Dalmation. Our passage was a delightful one. The weather glorious, "skies bright, seas calm." My old malady, sea-sickness, assailed me the first day; but since then I have suffered but little inconvenience. That first day must also be excepted when I speak of the bright skies, for it was rainy, and by its dense clouds, hid from our view two things we had desired to see—Stromboli and Atna; the former being the only constantly active volcano in Europe; the latter the highest and most interesting. But we saw neither the fires of the one nor the lofty top of the other. We did see Capri, however, and saw distinctly the very spot from which the Emperor Tiberius (who once made this rocky island his stronghold), used to throw headlong the victims of his Imperial wrath down a fearful precipice of 700 feet. One might easily imagine the moaning of the winds, as they break upon this rock, to be the wail of the ghosts which still haunt the spot.

We saw the rocks of Scylla, at the entrance of the straits of Messina, and have reason to be thankful that we had no more intimate acquaintance with this old terror of the mariners. A kind Providence saved us; and yet we came so near it as to be inspired with a deeper gratitude than we could have known otherwise. A little before reaching the point, a danger the chains which held our helms, was way. A feeble link parted, and the accident occurred but half an hour later, or in the night time instead of by day, as it probably would, had not our starting been delayed five hours beyond the time expected, the results might have been sadly disastrous. But no accident occurred in God's government. A wise hand is over all. The rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis are equally harmless to us, if we be followers of that which is good. The sleepless eye was upon that frail link; and the same eye of paternal watchfulness, and love is over us ever. "Man is immortal till his work is done," and when it is, he ought not to wish for longer life.

Passing through the straits of Messina, we saw on our left the old Rhegium—now called Reggio. This is the point mentioned in Acts xxvii. 13. "And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium; and after one day the south wind blew, and came the next day to Puteoli." This last day was a prosperous one for sailing in those days—for our steamer was sixteen hours in making an equal distance.

tal and capital, is 98 feet 9 inches. And yet, although this pillar is the admiration of the world, the foundation upon which it stands is allowed to crumble, and a part of it, extending under the body of the shaft, has already fallen off.

"Cleopatra's Needle" is the name given to an obelisk covered with hieroglyphics; but inferior in size to some which are now found in Rome. Indeed, other nations have long been making a prey of Egypt—robbing her of some of her choicest relics. Rome has no less than thirteen of these Egyptian obelisks, Paris I know not how many—while Alexandria has only one, and Cairo not any!

The old church, which has been discovered in making some excavations within a few years, has nothing of special interest about it, aside from the fact of its having been so long unknown. It was built in the volcanic lava, and served as a catacomb as well as church. A considerable number of prepared burying places are found within it, and below it.

hinder you, nor will I inquire further as to a precious charge. Farewell!"

"Farewell, noble one! May every blessing attend you!"

So they separated. Then upward still darted the angel, straight towards the heaven of heavens. As he entered the golden gates, all made way for him, for they saw that he had brought something very precious. No one stayed him to ask a question. Through the ranks of glorious ones he passed, till he stood before the great white throne, where was light, greater than a thousand suns would emit. As he bowed in awe and love, a voice came forth, "Good servant hast thou done thy errand?" Carefully and gently the angel took from his bosom a beautiful thing. It seemed lighter than air, sweeter than the breath of morning, and seemed to float like music. The everlasting arms were stretched out to receive it. "It was the soul of a little child."

The beautiful little thing uttered to sound, but it seemed to thrill with joy unutterable. Then ten thousand voices broke forth into songs of praise, and all the harps of heaven seemed to awake, and the daughters of music came forth from every quarter, and uttered his praise. For through all the courts the tidings spread that another jewel had come to shine in the eternal crown of Christ.

in the State Prison in Maine was 80; for several years after it was 60. The number of convicts diminished one fourth. In Vermont the reduction was greater still. In the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania the average number of convicts for six years previous was 387, for three years subsequent, 338, while the population increased nearly one-third.

Similar results have been observed in other countries. The closing of public houses on the Sabbath in England in 1849 was followed by a reduction in the average arrests in Bristol, from 4063 for the three years preceding, to 2903 for three years subsequent; and by a similar reduction in Manchester, from 2609 to 1950, or nearly 50 per cent.

The Maine law went into effect in that State in 1851. At the March term of the police court in Portland for that year 17 indictments were found. At the corresponding term the following year but one indictment was found, and that proved to be a case of malicious prosecution. During the nine months preceding the operation of the law 279 persons were committed to the jail in Portland; during the nine months subsequent to its operation there were but 63 committed, besides liquor dealers.

These are convincing facts; would that they might also have a converting power.

On earth there was a funeral. That night the mother dreamed that her little one was with her, and stretched out her arms to take it, and it was not there, as she awoke in tears. The little coffin held the beautiful body. Friends laid out white flowers in the waxen hands, as they lay folded on its bosom. The whole house was in deep mourning, for the sunbeam had been quenched. The mother sobbed and kissed the cold face of her child, and called it dead. And she thought of it as dead. She could not realize that Christ could love her child more than she did; or that anybody could take care of it as she could; or that any other world would be as good a place to educate and train it as this; or that any bosom could shield it as could hers; or that it was far better off than to be here. Will she ever meet it again? Will she know it among the angels of day when she next sees it? Will it have anything about it by which any one would know that it was earth-born? Will it be her child to fondle and love? Who can tell? Ah! mother, if you are a Christian, when you come to see as you are seen, and to know as you are known, you will see and feel that this removal of your child was all right, and just as you are glad to have it. Dry up your tears, then, and trust all to the wisdom and goodness of your blessed Redeemer.—Sunday School Times.

Family Reading.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves and the fallen pines
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all its tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night bird's lay, through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and fountains I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brow,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Where forth, O ye children of gladness come!
Come the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly
With the lyre, and wreath, and the joyous ray,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

POWER OF PRAYER.

In descending by one of the passes of the Alps into the lovely valley of the Saanen, the traveller may notice on the right hand of the path a pine tree, growing in extraordinary circumstances. Enormous masses of heavy rock lie scattered in the bottom of the ravine; they have fallen from the crags which form its stupendous walls; and it is on the top of one of these, a bare, naked block, that the pine-tree stands. No dwarf, misshapen thing, like the birch or mountain ash on an old castle wall, where the wind or passing bird had dropped the seed; it is a forest giant, with rugged trunk, and top that shoots a green pyramid to the skies. At first sight one wonders how a tree, seated on the summit of a huge stone, raised above the soil, with no apparent means of living, could live at all; still more, grow with such vigour as to defy the storms that sweep the pass, and the severe long winters that reign over these lofty solitudes.

A nearer approach explains the mystery. Finding soil enough on the summit, where lichens had grown and decayed, to sustain its early age it had thrown out roots which, while the top stretched itself up to the light, lowered themselves down the naked stone—feeling for the earth and food. Touching the ground at length they buried themselves in it, drew nourishment from its unseen but inexhaustible supplies, to feed the feeble sapling into a giant tree. So we thought, as we stood looking on this natural wonder, the believer grows. Tempest-tossed by many storms, but like the pine-tree with its gnarled roots, grown into mighty cables, firmly moored to the Rock of Ages, he also raises his head to the skies, and through his prayers draws spiritual nourishment and growth in grace from the inexhaustible supplies which lie hidden in Jesus Christ, and are provided for all such as love him. Often placed in circumstances not less unfavorable to his growth than that naked stone to the growth of the pine perched on its summit, his prayers, like the roots that descended to the soil, and penetrating it, brought up its riches to feed the tree, form a living communication between him and God. Thus his life is sustained; thus he grows in grace—green and fruitful while others wither, and living where others die.—Dr. Guthrie.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Emma C., an earnest young Christian had returned from school, where much religious interest existed, to her country home to spend a summer vacation. It was a sultry Sabbath in August, and the long dusty walk to church was very wearisome.

Toiling up the hill before her, she saw Mrs. D., a young woman about her own age, who was far more weary than herself—wary of her life of toil and hardship, weary of her cares and trials, but above all, weary of her own sinful heart—wary without any hope or prospect of rest in this life, or that which is to come. Arrived at the small church they found it closed. It was the pastor's summer vacation, and no supply had been obtained. Numbers turned away, sadly to pursue their walk homeward under the rays of the fierce noontide sun, and Emma, as she turned, caught a glimpse of Mrs. D.'s sad, careworn face, and thought she detected more than ordinary regret at the disappointment. In an instant she was by her side. Their way home was the same, and Emma resolved that Mrs. D. should not return without a friendly invitation to come to Jests.

GREAT PARKS OF THE WORLD.

One of the most marked signs of a high order of civilization in a country is the purchase by the government of large tracts of land, to be laid out in parks or pleasure-grounds for the people. The first English parks were royal grants of extensive wooded grounds to favourite noblemen, for the preservation of deer; but as civilization advanced, great public parks were prepared for the common people, who quickly became so tenacious of their rights therein that royalty dared not encroach upon them. The present largest park in the world is Queen Victoria's Royal Windsor Park, which covers an area of no less than three thousand eight hundred acres. The public are admitted to it; but it belongs to the Crown, not to the people. Next in size is the great park at Richmond, with two thousand four hundred and sixty eight acres. Then comes Bois de Cologne, in the suburbs of Paris, two thousand acres, and a magnificent carriage road, thirty-six miles in length. After this the Phoenix Park, of Dublin, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two acres. The English Park at Hampton Court is about the same size, perhaps larger. Next comes the famous Central Park, of which the New Yorkers are justly boastful, and which possesses a total area of nearly 856 acres, and a carriage road nine miles in length. The celebrated Kew Gardens, in England, cover 688 acres. The city of London has a large number of parks. The largest of these is the Regent's Park, of 478 acres; next Hyde Park with 289; next Victoria Park, with 248; next Green Park, with 188; next Battersea, with 175. Green Park and St. James' Park have little short of sixty acres each; Kensington has 35; and a multitude of other minor parks, covering altogether about 12,000 acres.

The principal park in Prussia is the Thiergarten, at Berlin, possessing two hundred and ten acres. In Russia, the Royal Park, or Garden of Tsarskoe Selo, has an area of three hundred and fifty acres. In Southern Europe, the most notable public resort of the kind is Villa Real, of Naples. In fact, all the civilized countries of the world abound in splendid parks, while they are unknown among the deserts and barbarous nations of Asia and Africa. In proportion as modern increases with a people, their parks multiply, and there is no surer means of rightly judging the proportionate liberty enjoyed by the subjects of England, France, Germany, and Russia, than by reckoning the number of parks each land possesses. It is with liberty as with learning, the more people obtain it the more they want, and a little liberty, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. But for the numerous parks of London, more than one revolution would have broken out in that city during the last seventy-five years. If the poorer masses of a vast city like London had no parks to resort to in their leisure hours, it would not take long for a morbid sense of restraint to work upon them, as the iron bars of a cage do upon the imprisoned tiger, urging them to frequent turbulence and disorder.

A TRUTHFUL STORY.

"At a town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question once came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when, all at once, there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thin and old, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said, relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true; all practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking of Alcoholic poison, as a beverage, in health, is excess. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the township. You all know too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them! BLESSED BE GOD'S GRAVE!"

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Some little girls were singing together in a beautiful yard, full of shrubbery and flowers, "There is no place like home."

"Well," said Susan A., "I declare I don't believe that there is any place like my home. It is nothing but work, work, all the time. The moment that I get inside of the door, mother says, 'Here, Susan, tend the baby—or here Susan, set the table—or here, Susan, do something else; and I can't get a chance to play at all, unless I slip away when mother is busy, and does not notice me.'"

"And I believe that my home is worse even than yours," said Clara B., "for it's nothing but scold, scold, from morning to night. As soon as I open the door, it is, 'Clara, bless me! what has kept you so long? Why, Clara, where on earth have you been? And then in a minute it is, 'Clara, you are always in the way! I wish you would stay out of the house, if you can't behave yourself!'"

THE CONFESSION OF A CONVERT.

Not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.—I Peter 1: 14.

A converted South African was once asked:—"How did you feel in your savage state, before the Gospel reached you? How did you feel when after secret or open sin you laid your head upon the silent pillow? Did you experience no fear in your heart? Did no startling visions come to visit your eyes? Was there no movement of conscience reproving you for your evil deeds?" "None," was the answer. "How could we feel, or how experience fear? It never entered our minds that an unseen eye beheld us, and an unseen ear heard us. What could we know of ourselves or of another world before life and immortality were brought to us by the Word of God?" It was amid a flood of tears that the converted heathen laid down the testimony, and added, "You found us beasts, not men."

A GEN FOR THE YOUNG.—Boast not in thy youth, nor fancy thyself secure from death. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the day is overcast with darkness; and thou shalt hide thee in the clouds. Carefully avoid the follies of youth, and let not vice rule over thy heart; so shalt thou establish thy empire in thy breast, and thy dominion shall be fixed forever. Show the temptations that war against themselves unto thee; and thy days shall be long and happy.