

# New Brunswick Baptist,

## AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

### The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

VOLUME XV.

ST. JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1862.

NO. 24

#### Poetry.

##### A Friend for Ever.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory."  
Let me find thee, O my Saviour!  
Let me know thy wondrous grace,  
See the love and tenderness  
That are beaming on thy face:  
And let me love, by thine enkindled,  
Now inflame this hardened heart;  
Never more  
Will I be o'er  
May that love from me depart.  
Let me find thee, O my Saviour!  
Let me trust thy love and power,  
On thy simplest word relying,  
E'en when dangers darkly lower,  
Through the world be thou my leader,  
From its snares and perils save,  
And at last,  
Its troubles past,  
Guide me through the silent grave.  
And when light is round me breaking,  
And I hear the pealing song,  
And I stand confounded, bewildered,  
With the countless shining throng;  
Then do thou be there to meet me,  
Thou thyself and not another,  
Thou below  
The Man of woe,  
Thou on high our royal Brother.  
At thy feet then would I lay me,  
Gazing upward on thy face,  
And with tears of joy adoring  
That strange love and manifold grace,  
That could bring a wretch so hardened,  
Full like me of hate and sin,  
To realms above,  
Or light and love,  
Heaven's eternal gate within.  
For thou wilt be still my leader,  
And thou wilt from perils bring,  
And thou wilt preserve me faultless,  
In the palace of the King.  
Not to die, and not to mourn,  
Be the glory and the praise:  
With love unthought,  
Uncared, unthought,  
Thou'lt love me from the first of days.

##### A PART.

The homeless wind sweeps up the track  
From the waste of a ruined sea—  
I shudder to think that usual waste  
Lies 'neath the trees and me—  
Lies 'neath the trees and me,  
And the dark earth sighs thy breath;  
But I know the verdant grass and flowers  
Are tender of thy rest.  
Heavily down on the Erie wind  
Beats the frozen win of rain—  
It throbs, in the deep, dark forest depths,  
Like a human heart in pain—  
Like a human heart in pain;  
As my own throbs on to-night,  
Thinking of thee in the cold and dark,  
And I in the warmth and light.  
Never a message cometh to me—  
Oh! how cruel it seems!  
Never a word from the lost, lost one,  
Not even in midnight dreams—  
Not even in midnight dreams!  
Oh! could it only be!  
Send me a token! waken a thrill  
Of the old time ecstasy!  
Vain it is! wild it is! I will be still!  
Dead feet never come back!  
Why should they haste to the world again,  
Out of the Heavenly track—  
Out of the Heavenly track!  
Ah! sinks my heart like a stone—  
Thou art resting in Paradise,  
I am wandering alone!

#### Miscellaneous.

##### The International Exhibition.

No. II.—THE COUP D'ETAT.  
Who does not remember the crystal fountain in the transept of the old Exhibition? It was the resting-place of friends, the spot to which visitors returned again and again with ever new admiration, and to which they revert in memory as to a glimpse of fairy land—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The great Majolica fountain under the eastern dome of the present edifice occupies the corresponding post of honour. Standing near it the visitor enjoys incomparably the finest view in the whole building. Looking westward toward the opposite dome, the eye ranges along the great central nave which forms the favourite promenade, and which is enriched with the choicest contents of the Exhibition. Though somewhat heavy in design and glaring in colour, the effect is very fine. The prevailing tint of the dome is maroon, of the roof a pearly grey or lavender, the gigantic columns bronze and gold. The ribs and spandrels which rise from the columns to support the dome and roof interlace their lines down the long vista with something of the effect of the aisles of a Gothic cathedral. The bright blue and red, which predominate in some part of the decorations, would be too glaring in tone, and too violent in contrast, were they not relieved by the richness and grandeur of the scene. The picture is brilliant enough to save the frame from appearing gaudy. Whatever critics may say, and whatever faults of detail may be

detected, the general verdict as to the coup d'oeil from this point cannot fail to be favourable. As the unsightly trophies which hitherto have encumbered the nave and obstructed the view are removed, and replaced by statuary, shrubs, and flowers, the effect is marvellously improved. Only invincible prejudice can deny to it the merit of possessing great richness and beauty.  
In passing forward along the nave from the grand entrance beneath the dome, the first impression on the mind of most visitors will be that of wonder at the infinite variety of objects brought together for exhibition. Here is a case of jewels valued at a million sterling, and close by it a pile of scrubbing-brushes or door-mats. Porcelain and crystal so delicate and fairy-like that Titania may fittingly have drunk from it morning dew, or the nectar of flowers, is flanked by masses of steel and iron at which the Cyclops might have laboured in the forges of Etna. Armstrong and Whitworth guns, piles of shot and shell, iron plates for the Warrior, or chain cables stout enough to hold a three-decker through a hurricane, are surrounded by silks glowing in all the colours of the rainbow, or glass with which the old Venetian furnaces could not vie, or gold and silver filigree fine as the finest gossamer. Gems of wondrous beauty, pearls of great price, cloth of gold, and tissues worth more than their weight in gold, find an admirable foil in cheap calicoes and coarse pottery, blocks of coal and lumps of iron-ore.

"Harvest toil and husbandry,  
Loom, and wheel, and engine-ry,  
Secrets of the sullen mine,  
Steel, and gold, and corn, and wine,  
Fabric rough, or fairy fine,  
Sunny tokens of the line,  
Polar marvels, and a host  
Of wonder, out of the West and East,  
And shapes and hues of Art divine  
All of beauty, all of use produce,  
That one fair planet can produce,  
Brought from under every star,  
Blown from over every main,  
And mixed, as life is mixed with pain,  
The works of peace with works of war."

The production of the grand and multifarious results thus offered to our view depends on the combination of two elements—the inexhaustible resources of nature in the production of raw material, and the skill and industry of man in its discovery, development, and application. For 6,000 years man has been in existence on this earth of ours, and is only now beginning to appropriate the treasures stored up for his use during preceding ages. During vast eras and cycles prior to his creation, primeval forests formed the hair of huge saurians and batrachians crouching in the gloom or wallowing in the slime. But those forests, now turned to coal, were to be grand storehouses of latent heat, awaiting employment in these latter days in propelling our steamships, driving our locomotives, or moving our machinery. Electric currents and subterranean fires were busy with their mysterious alchemy, transmuting common earth into metals more precious than gold, which should construct that machinery. Tullurian convulsions contorted the strata, and with resistless force upheaved those mineral deposits towards the surface, that they should be within the reach of man. For centuries and millenniums they lay disregarded and unknown. Now, having put these to their designed use, having applied coal and iron to the production of force which increases our power a thousandfold, we are proceeding to lay under contribution all the other elements of nature, and compel them in their turn into service. In walking through

"The long laborious miles  
Of Peace and the giant steels,"  
one knows not which most to admire—the exhaustless wealth of nature here displayed, or the marvellous skill and indomitable energy exerted in its appropriation and employment. The works of God and the works of man lie here side by side—and both are wonderful. A devout and thoughtful mind, however, will see God in both. The same Divine Master who laid up in store for His creatures these "hid treasures," gave to man the intellect to discern, the skill to work up the crude raw products of the earth. "For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh wisdom and understanding." Admiration must here give place to adoration, ronder to gratitude. If "an undevout astronomer is mad," he must be more than mad who can walk amid those marvellous displays of benevolent Power and prescient Wisdom, which, anticipating the future wants and capabilities of mankind, laid up beforehand such ample supplies to be developed in utero ages, without acknowledging and adoring the Divine All-Worker. Considered in this aspect, each new

discovery of science or achievement of industry is a fresh chapter of natural theology, a fresh claim to our grateful adoration, a fresh revelation of God to man. The thoughtful Christian, surveying the contents of this great Exhibition, may find ever-growing impulses to heavenward aspirations, and new suggestions to—  
"Worthy thoughts of that unweaned Love,  
Which planned and built, and still upholds this world,  
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man."

As the vast and multifarious collection begins to gather shape in the mind of the visitor, it is probable that his next impression will be that of gratification at the noble position which Great Britain maintains in almost every department of manufacturing enterprise. A few figures will set this in a striking light. Claims for space were sent in by 9,862 British exhibitors. These were reduced by the Commissioners to about 5,500 successful applicants, to whom was allotted 336,700 square feet of flooring. We need hardly say that this enormous space is quite filled. Our colonies and dependencies take about 13,000 square feet more, being in round numbers 400,000 square feet of space covered with specimens of our industry, wealth, and skill. France, which comes nearest to us, has 156,000 feet; the Zollverein, 84,000; Austria, with her vast territories, 50,000; Belgium, 48,000; Italy, 20,000; Rome (which of course stands aloof from the rest of Italy), 3,500. These statistical details, instructive and suggestive as they are, give but a feeble and imperfect conception of the pre-eminent position which British industry and art hold in the great International Exhibition. What prodigious wealth! What inexhaustible resources! What indomitable energy and versatile talent! Other nations may approach, or equal, or perhaps surpass us in single departments—but as a whole we may triumphantly challenge the world united to the competition. The glass of Bohemia, the china of Sevres and Dresden, the bijouterie of Paris, the silks of Lyons, the velvets of Genoa, the lace of Brussels, may perhaps surpass anything which our manufacturers have been able to contribute in those specific departments: but Copeland, Pellatt, Osler, and Defries, exhibit glass which only a connoisseur would think inferior to that of Bohemia; Minton, Kerr, and Copeland, send china which may fairly compete with that of Sevres; the electroplate of Sheffield, and the jewellery of London will in popular estimation be not inferior to those of Paris; Spitalfields is scarcely second to Genoa and Lyons; nor need Nottingham and Hoxton shrink from competition with Brussels. We can meet each district in its production on terms of all but absolute equality; in not a few of those departments we have recently changed our inferiority; in price we can command the markets of the world; and as respects quantity of production, we, in what is to us but a single department, far exceed the total products of nations who are restricted to the manufacture of that article only. There are, too, many branches of manufacture, in which we have almost a monopoly, or where the rivalry is so feeble as to make our supremacy only the more conspicuous. Agricultural implements furnish an instance of this. Great as have been the improvements in the machinery employed in manufactures, it may be doubted whether that devoted to agriculture has not witnessed an even greater progress. And this department is almost exclusively our own. So too, is the whole range of steam machinery, whether for manufactures or locomotion, by land or by sea. The French and Belgians, indeed, have sent some very creditable engines; but, for the most part, foreign competitors have only supplied a foil to set off by contrast the unsurpassed perfection to which our machinists and engineers have attained. In all forms of mineral wealth, in the working of metals, in the building and fitting of ships, in the construction of harbours, docks, and railroads, our supremacy is unquestioned, and the evidences of it crowd upon the spectator on all sides.

Closely connected with this is the grandeur and magnitude of our colonial empire as illustrated by the Exhibition. Many of our dependencies display a power of production and richness of resources far in advance of the second-rate kingdoms of Europe. India, with her 10,000 feet of space, contributes a collection far more interesting and valuable than Russia with her 13,000. And India finds worthy rivals in our North American and Australian colonies. The productions of our various colonies and dependencies alone would furnish forth a deeply interesting Exhibition, extending as they do into every quarter of the globe, and being found in all climes from the

Arctic to the Antarctic pole. The list of colonies to which separate space for exhibiting produce has been allotted, is as follows—Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island, Nova Scotia; Bermuda, Newfoundland, Ceylon, Malta, Jamaica, Barbados, St. Vincent, Trinidad, Barbados, British Guiana, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, Western Australia, Bahamas, Natal, New Zealand, Ionian Islands, St. Helena, Ceylon, and Hong Kong. Did ever nation possess dependencies so vast, so various, or so valuable? Australia sends wool, copper, precious stones, coal, wool, amber, oil, wine, and cereals; the West Indies, sugar, rum, arrowroot, coffee, and spices; Canada, with the other North American colonies, contributes corn, timber, iron, copper, fish, and minerals; Ceylon has her coffee, spices, pearls, drugs, and gums. Each colony, safe beneath the protection of the mother country, is developing its resources under the stimulus of British capital and enterprise. The whole forms a collection through which every Englishman must walk with pride, and which our continental rivals may envy, but with which they cannot compete.

A glance at the foreign courts as once suggested many thoughts about the nations exhibiting in them. In 1851 Italy was only a geographical expression. There was no Italian Court, for there was no Italian nation. Milan and Lombardy exhibited in the Austrian department, Piedmont, Tuscany, and Naples, each sent a small and separate contribution, but a united Italy seemed an impossibility. Now, after so short an interval, Italy has not only a Court of her own, but one of unusual extent and value. Excluding Rome, she occupies 20,000 feet of space, nearly one-third more than Russia. In raw material she was a splendid display of raw silk, metals, marbles; in manufactured goods, silks, velvets, straw platts, wrought metals, bronzes, saddlery and harness, furniture, wood carvings, &c., &c.; in agricultural produce, corn, wine, and oil, those old symbols of national wealth and prosperity. She is even represented in the machinery department; one ponderous locomotive attracts special attention; though rough in finish, it is full of promise for the future, and indicates an immense advance upon the trivialities and dilettanteisms which of late years have formed the staple productions of Italy. No less suggestive of recent political changes is the condition of the American Court. In the Exhibition of 1851 no department possessed more interest or value than that of the United States. In almost every branch of industry and enterprise it held a prominent position, and in some the Yankee boast was allowable that they could "whip Creation." In 1862 they only poorly occupy an obscure corner near the south-east tower. Against the 5,500 British exhibitors they have only seventy, and not a few of these are Americans only in part, the firms they represent having large establishments in England. There are, however, in this court, some interesting and ingenious pieces of mechanism, and one or two striking pictures, to which we may hereafter advert. It is no less suggestive of the present state of American politics, to observe that the absence of raw cotton from this department is compensated for by its exhibition amongst the products of almost every tropical and semi-tropical country. An examination of the quantity and quality of the specimens displayed by nearly every parallel of latitude, from Algiers in the north to Natal in the south, may serve to convince us that only time is needed to free us from our perilous dependence upon America for our supply of this essential material of our manufacturing industry. Is it significant of progress, or merely a casual coincidence, that in a Greek Court we have more than a score pieces of very meritorious statuary exhibited in place of the huge block of Pentelican marble which formed the chief object sent by Greece ten years ago? Lord Eng'n's mission and treaty bear fruit in the deeply-interesting Japanese Court. Even in its present incomplete state this department affords a striking illustration of the resources of that island-empire of the far East, and the versatility and skill of its strange population. A large number of cases are as yet unpacked for want of space to display their contents. Mr. Alcock brings with him yet larger consignments, and Dr. Lindley has promised to afford as much more space as shall be necessary for their exhibition. Our readers will find here very much to engage and reward their attention.

Strikingly suggestive too of the present state of Europe, is the painful prominence

of artillery and other implements of war. One of the first objects upon which the eye of the catering visitor rests, is an armory of the Armstrong guns, in which we have displayed the whole process of manufacture, from the scrap-iron which forms the raw material, the bands of metal which are welded together round a core, and the strengthening coils sprung on over each other, up to the finished guns of every calibre, from the light piece for mountain warfare, scarcely larger than an old-fashioned musket, to the enormous 110 pounder. Here too are parts of the 600 pounder, and a bolt weighing 1,000 pounds, which has been fired from one of them. Shells, too, of every kind of destructiveness are here, some of which can be made to ricochet from the water unburnt, bury themselves in the vessel's side, and there explode like the explosion of a mine, and some constructed so as to burst into a hundred fragments which radiate with death in each fragment in every direction. Blakeley, and Whitworth, and Lancaster, and Henry, and Westley, Richards, and many more contribute, their implements of destruction. Near these terrible artillery, the Thames Iron Works Company place a model of the "Warrior," so graceful and yacht-like in her lines, so invulnerable in her armour, so irresistible in her armament. Close by are massive plates of iron smashed through and through and given asunder by forces undreamt of ten years ago. Nor is it England alone which contributes this warlike display. In almost all the foreign courts we come upon these grim memorials of the fact that Europe is but a smouldering volcano—the flow-ers of peace upon the surface beneath which are smouldering fires which may leap forth any day to lay waste the fair and lovely scene.

many centuries no Christian foot has been suffered to intrude into this sanctum by the jealous Mahomedans, who have built a mosque over it, as they have over the Temple of Solomon in the Holy City itself. The sheikhs and pachas here and at other places seem to have been struck with surprise, approaching to consternation, at their discovery, of so mighty a potentate as they supposed the Prince to be. Before his return the Prince has to visit Greece. In this country there is a lesson to be learned which it is fitting that the rulers of people that are still in the full sunshine of prosperity should take well to heart. It is that the decline of a great country is a far easier process than its restoration to greatness.  
The Prince has been for removed from all but the distant echo of that uproar in the West-ern hemisphere which has so moved us in England. He has been absent from the opening of that great peace festival which his father founded. He is engaged in the great work of developing and maturing a character which will some day be of importance to England.—By the aid of steamship and rail road he will have gained in months a knowledge of men and countries which in older times it would have taken half a lifetime to acquire—an amount of experience which years of reading could not have given. We may not unreasonably hope that the education designed for him by his lamented father will yield the wished-for results.  
(Morning Herald.)  
WHEN the father was dead to fulfil his wish became a pious duty that could not be long delayed. Since the middle of February last the Young Prince has been absent on this tour.—His programme comprehended an inspection of all the historic sites on the banks of that great sea whose tideless waters lap the graves of a hundred dead empires. Many of those empires have left no trace behind them. Assyria is but a heap; Carthage is gone, but its site is pointed out near Tunis; Troy not a brick is left, and the Scamander is dry; Tyre and Sidon are but fishing villages. The relics of Egypt and of the Holy Land have borne the brunt of time. His tour may be expected to develop a firm belief in the character of a Prince, but we are glad to learn that he has produced the most favourable impressions on those with whom the heir to the throne has been brought familiarly in contact, and done, perhaps, almost as much as fleets and armies could do to cement and extend our friendships in the Mediterranean.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(Standard)  
[The Prince's travels recorded.]  
The Prince of Wales will be off on the 9th of November in this year. By that time he will have visited and seen for himself a much larger part of the world of the East and West than can have come within the ken of most men at that time of life. Before the death of his father he had visited Italy and America. He had looked upon Rome, the seat of the greatest of heaven's empires, the capital of a modern theocracy which overshadowed the world—that Rome of the Emperors in ruins around the Coliseum; that Rome of the Popes still gorgeous in its living death. He had been to America, had seen Niagara and the Hudson, the great St. Lawrence, and the thousand isles, the tomb of the most successful of the enemies of England, and the scene of the triumph of a hero who died doing battle for her. He had studied the crude institutions of a republic that was hastening to its downfall, and been welcomed with the loyal acclamations of Americans who still can boast their British citizenship. But the scheme of the Prince, his father, had not yet been carried out in its fulness. The East, after all, is the true land of travel. The Americans are only an indifferent imitation of Englishmen; and even at Rome people dress and talk very much as at London and Paris. In the East one is in another world altogether. Since the time when the knights thronged from Europe to fight the battles of the Cross, the towns and cities, the men and women of Syria and Turkey, have scarcely changed in appearance. Except for the mosque of Omar, Jerusalem and the Holy Places have scarcely altered since Helena, the mother of Constantine, made her pilgrimage there. The hand of man has left untouched those shores of the Dead Sea and the Lake of Tiberias where the founder of religion walked and preached to billions. Mount Sinai and the Desert, with its awful monuments and mystic inscriptions, are the same as they were in the time of Moses and the Pharaohs.  
The Royal yacht Osborne, which carried the Prince of Wales into the Mediterranean, landed him at Malta, Corfu and Alexandria, at Jaffa, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The heir to the throne was reminded of the power of his country, and of her commanding position in the inland sea of the East, by the sight of the two great fortresses, by means of which, acting as supports to the navy, that position is maintained and communication with India secured. From Corfu he would have proceeded to Greece, but at that time, the last week in February, the popular movement at Nauplia had thrown the country in commotion, and the moment was not opportune for the visit of a Royal Prince, although travelling incognito. On his way towards the Holy Land he touched at Alexandria, and visited Cairo and the Pyramids.  
At the beginning of April he landed at Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. In this pilgrimage to the sacred scenes of Christian history the Prince could not possibly have been provided with a better guide than the learned and eloquent divine whose work on Mount Sinai and Palestine has already become classic. Canon Stanley has given us interesting accounts of some of the leading incidents of the journey of the Prince and his party. Famous among these is the visit to the reputed tomb of the patriarch Abraham, at Hebron, near Jerusalem. For

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HOLY LAND.  
The Prince of Wales and his suite left Jerusalem on Thursday, April 10, at 3 p. m., en-camping at Beth-el, and proceeding the following day by Shich to Nablous, arriving on the eve of the Samaritan Passover. After visiting Jacob's Well in the morning, the whole party ascended Mount Gerizim in the evening, and there witnessed this ancient ceremony, the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover. The whole Samaritan community were assembled on a terrace just short of the summit. About an hour before sunset the prayers began, and six sheep, tended by young men in white garments, appeared among the crowd. As the sun sank behind the western ridge the young men burst into a wild chant, drew their long bright knives, and brandished them in the air. In a moment the sheep were thrown on their backs and the knives drawn across their throats. In the stream of blood which poured from them the young men dipped their fingers, and marked the foreheads and noses of all the children.  
Next came the skinning and roasting, the first in a trough, the second in a hole prepared for the purpose. The Prince and most of his suite returned to the tents, one or two remaining through the night on the mountain top to witness the "feast," which was eaten in haste in the early morning by the Samaritans, girded and shod and with staves in their hands.  
Sunday, April 13, the Royal party remained at Nablous, and Divine service was performed in the tents by Professor Stanley, who preached on the epistle for the day.  
From Nablous they descended from the hills of Samaria to the plain of Esdræon and Megiddo, and encamped on the 16th of April at the foot of Mount Carmel, crossing the plains to Acre on the following day. Here the Prince was received by the Governor of Acre, the sea-shore being lined with troops. Proceeding over the hills of Galilee, they reached Nazareth by Gadfryd, Professor Stanley performing Divine service and preaching.  
On Saturday, April 19, half way between Mount Tabor and Tiberias, his Royal Highness was entertained by a famous Bedouin Chief, Argyll-Agh, who had protected the Christians during the massacres of 1860. The report was much gratified by the Prince's visit.  
At sunset on Easter eve the first view of the Sea of Galilee broke upon the party. The tents were pitched by the old wall of Tiberias, in the very edge of the lake, and here, on Easter Day, Professor Stanley, after the usual service and sermon on St. John xxi., administered the Holy Communion to all the party.  
On Monday, April 21, they explored the shores of the lake northwards, and then mounted to Safed, where they passed the night. The following day they reached Kadesh-Naplith, whence they came down into the valley of the Lake of Neron, and halted at Midday on the hill of Dan at the first source of the Jordan.  
The rest of the week was spent in crossing the plain of Abel-Bethnacch to the great surrounding Castle of Belport, and exploring the banks of the Litany.  
On Sunday, April 27, Divine service was at