

# Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### "BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

REV. 21: 5.

Blessed promise! Gracious Lord, 2 Cor. 1: 20.  
In our souls fulfil this word; Luke 1: 38.  
Work in us to will, to do, Philip. 2: 13.  
And in truth make all things new. 5 Cor. 5: 17.

Give us hearts by thee renewed, Ezek. 36: 26.  
Give us wills by grace subdued, Ezek. 36: 27.  
New desires for things above, 2 Col. 3: 2.  
New obedience, and new love. Rom. 7: 6.

Thou new comfort canst impart, Zech. 1: 17.  
Send new joy to every breast, Neh. 8: 10.  
Speak new peace to every breast, John 14: 27.  
New refreshment and new rest. Matt. 11: 28.

Take from us our sin and shame, Ezek. 36: 25.  
Write upon us thy new name; Rev. 3: 12.  
Cause thy love new hope to bring, Heb. 6: 19.  
Teach us the new song to sing. Rev. 14: 3.

Entrance, Lord, to us be given 2 Pet. 1: 11.  
Into thy new earth and heaven; Rev. 21: 1.  
There, when death our souls shall free Philip. 1: 23.  
We shall live and reign with thee. Rev. 22: 5.

## Miscellany.

### THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI.

On a brilliant morning in July I left Zurich with a friend to ascend the Rigi, a well-known mountain standing between the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. We were quite aware that it is no uncommon thing for a certain class of travellers in Switzerland to sneer at the crowd which, day after day during the tourist season, ascends this mountain; but we knew also that in favourable weather there is a view from the summit well worth seeing. Moreover, as we were commencing a pedestrian tour amongst the Alps, we could have no better opportunity of bringing our muscles into play for the first time. So we resolved to join the crowd, and share the ridicule. When the train reached Zug the steamer on the lake was ready to start. A delightful sail of an hour and a quarter brought us to Arth. Landing here, we went at once to Goldau, where we remained during the hottest hours of the day, and in the afternoon began our mountain walk. The sun was scorching, and for a time the heat and exertion were almost too much for me, and I was seized with a distressing sickness, but as I neared the end of the journey I felt neither sickness nor fatigue. The exhilarating atmosphere had acted like a charm. As we ascended we had some fine views of the valley and mountains that we were leaving behind, especially of the Rossberg and the scene of the destructive landslide that took place in 1806. A magnificent prospect suddenly opened before us as we reached the Rigi Staffel. While we lingered to look at it the landlord of the hotel accosted us in English, offered us good accommodation on moderate terms, and as we saw a nice company gathered there we turned in to the Staffel instead of going to the Kulm Hotel on the summit of the mountain. We had every reason to be satisfied with our decision.

The arrival of tourists as the evening advanced was a singular sight. From different points they came (there are five paths up the mountain, and all meet at the Staffel), party after party, men and boys, young ladies and ladies not young; some walking, some on mules, some carried in chairs made for the purpose; here a solitary traveller, there pater-familias with his "better half" and a certain portion of their domestic responsibilities, and the inevitable luggage; yonder a tutor with his charge—people of all nations, in all kinds of garb and equipment, the most motley gathering I ever saw save at the International Exhibition. By scores they came, until the hotels were crammed. All this, as the reader may know, is in the hope of seeing the sun set or rise; but it often happens that there is universal disappointment, and no small amount of grumbling. Fortunately this was not our experience. The sun-

set was glorious. The highest and most distant peaks of the Bernese Oberland were, indeed, concealed by clouds, but the less distant range was full in view. As the sun sank in the west, the whole country in that line of vision became bathed in the rich evening light. The lakes (Sempach and others) appeared like sheets of molten gold, and the rivers glistened like streams of the precious metal. Gradually the shadows fell upon the plain, and filled the valleys, but the mountaintops were still bright, and we watched the line of shade steadily advancing upwards, until at length the last beams of the sun lingered on the snowy peaks, then disappeared, and this giant form of the Alps stood out in their dazzling vesture against the darkening sky. The group of spectators speedily retired, and I stood alone on the preceptious spur of the mountain, the Rigi Rothstock, from which this evening view is best seen. A strange stillness crept around me. The air was motionless as death, yet was it filled with balmy life. One by one the peaceful stars came out and shone, oh, how brightly! upon the restful earth; and a deep and sacred calm overspread both earth and sky. The only sounds I heard were the tinkling bells of the cattle that grazed on the mountain, the song of the herdsmen, and the evening chimes which came up from the churches in the valley. After a brief but almost rapturous communion with the all-pervading spirit of Nature, I, too, retired.

Such were the sunset and the evening but what shall I say of the morning and of sunrise on the Rigi? I awoke about three o'clock as the first streak of day appeared, and I instantly arose. Soon all the visitors at the Staffel were astir, and we proceeded, in a broken procession of pilgrims, with staff or alpenstock in hand, to the Kulm, whence the finest morning view is to be obtained. We found a large group of persons already assembled, and eagerly watching for the sun's appearance. Not being particular about their costume—for all of them had just turned out of bed, and many intended turning in again—there was much to amuse in observing them. It used to be the custom for lazy visitors at the Kulm Hotel to rush out at the last moment before sunrise wrapped in their blankets or other bed covering, but now the practice is strictly prohibited. The morning air was chill and biting. The sky was beautifully clear. The valleys were filled with a sea of vapour. It was most interesting to mark the changing aspect of the earth and sky as the darkness decreased and the light spread. But the grand object on which attention was fixed was the magnificent panorama of mountains that extend along half the circumference of the horizon from the East to the South and West. A few minutes before the sun arose a rough mountaineer blew on an equally rough horn a discordant blast to rouse all sleepers in the inn. He was a most unworthy herald of the monarch whose arrival we were expecting. All eyes turned to the East, across the comparatively level country to where the great Alpine chain begins. Soon the snowy summit of the Glarniseh caught the rising beam, and then, in swift succession, peak after peak, until the whole range was transfigured.—Each mountain stood out in the celestial vision with marvellous distinctness—Todi, Titlis, Mouch, Jung-frau, and a host beside—a chain extending over 120 miles. The varied and changing tints, crimson, gold, rose-colour, pearly-white, purest snow-white, were of unearthly radiance. Here at one point you could see the bare, storm-stripped crags of the mountain in the native colour of the rock; there a broad field of freshly-fallen snow shone dazzling; there again you saw the ancient glacier, the slow moving river of ice glistening with many hues; yonder a dome of polished marble caught your eye, the beautiful but perilous Silverhorn; yonder a dark, jagged crest, the terrible Schreckhorn, since then stained with Elliott's blood; yonder again, a sharp pyramid, the Finsteraarhorn, pierced the sky. Rapidly the sun advanced above the horizon, and his light crept down the mountain sides into the lowlands beneath, and

the distinguishing glories of the vision vanished. The incense fires that had been lighted on these high altars in God's great temple were absorbed in the day's full glow—rather the holy flames spread downward from the lofty heights, touching and consecrating the whole land, and making mountain and hill, and plain one great altar of incense. Even so is it that from the scenes and seasons of our highest communion with God, the spirit of our fellowship and its moral influence should descend into, consecrate, and beautify every detail of our common daily life.

Such, as I saw it, is the sight that attracts men and women of every civilised nation on the earth. To see it once is to long to see it again and again. My friend and I were exceedingly fortunate. The sight could not be seen to greater advantage. It was perfect. It has given me a loftier conception than I ever had of what God can do, of what He has done, to glorify this lower world. It was a vision of splendour and beauty worthy of Himself.

The spectacle past we returned to our hotel, and immediately after breakfast strapped on our knapsaks, and went down the mountain to Weggis, on the Lake of Lucerne. The magnificent panorama was still before us. The lake was calmly sleeping at our feet, and we bore with us a treasure of priceless value and a spring of the purest delight in our remembrance, of sunset and sunrise on the Rigi.—*Christian World.*

### HORRIBLE DISCOVERY IN A CONVENT AT CRACOW.

A few days ago an anonymous letter, apparently written by a woman's hands, reached the Court of Correction, at Cracow, stating that in the Carmelite Convent a nun named Barbara Abryk had been kept for years walled up in a dark cell. Accordingly the Vice-President of the court placed the information in the hands of an officer, who went to the Bishop and requested an admission to the convent. The Bishop represented that it was sure to be all an invention, but that since the Court pressed it he would allow it, and thereupon handed over the officer to a priest.

The nunnery of the Carmelites stands prettily situated in a suburb of the town, and close by are the botanical gardens and the promenade of the Observatory—a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Cracow; and often and often on fine summer evenings have they passed beneath these gloomy walls, without ever dreaming of the sad and terrible tragedy that has been silently passing there for the last twenty-one years.

The officer came to the door with the commission, knocked, and was answered by a portress, to whom he said he had come there to see and to speak to the nun Barbara. The portress drew her breath with astonishment, fell back a step or two, and said it was impossible; but while she was turning herself about to go away, the officer put his hand on her and forbade her, in the name of the law, to stir from the spot. The party then entered and was shown through a long corridor to the room of Sister Barbara. It was a cell 8ft. by 6ft. in size, next the sink; the window had been walled up, and a narrow plank furnished the only aperture through which, now and then, a ray of light fell upon that gloomy prison. I go on in the words of a Vienna paper:—

"In a dark, stinking hole, on a heap of straw, sat, or rather cowered, a naked, wild-grown, half-witted woman, who, at the unusual appearance of light and human beings, dropped her hands and implored piteously, 'I am hungry; pity me, give me meat; I will be obedient.' This dun geon, with its little straw and much filth, and a dish of mouldy potatoes, without fire, bed, table, or even chair, which no sunstreak cheers, or fire-blaze ever warmed, had the inhuman 'sisters' chosen as the dwelling-place for their should-be companion; there had they imprisoned her year after year since 1848. For twenty-one years did those dreadful sisters pass

that cell, and to none of them had it ever entered to take compassion on their poor victim. And now, half human, half beast, with her body covered with dirt, with her legs shrunk and withered, with her head squalid, diseased, year-upon-year-long unwashed, a terrible being revealed herself such as Dante himself, with all his powers, could not have depicted or imagined. So kneeled there that woful victim in the convent of the Carmelites."

The officer immediately ordered a chemise to be given the wretched creature, and himself went to fetch the Bishop. At the sight of the poor sufferer the Bishop was deeply moved, called the nuns together, said, "Is this your sisterly love? Is this the way you think to come to heaven? Furies, not women." And when they would have excused, "Silence, miserable ones! you who disgrace religion, away from my sight."

He suspended them, and then the Confessor and the Lady Superior talked of breaking up the nunnery, and sent Barbara to be clothed and fed. While she was being led away, she asked, anxiously, "Won't they take me back again to my grave?" and inquired why she was shut up there. "I have broken my vows, but these, these," darting wildly round, and glaring furiously on the Sisters, "are no angels." Then, springing at the Confessor, she shrieked, "You beast!"

On examination the Lady Superior said she had shut up Barbara on the doctor's recommendation in 1848. The present doctor, who has held the position seven years, stated that he had never ever seen Barbara once.

In the evening the poor creature became wilder, and it was settled to move her next day to the mad-house. On Friday, therefore, the 23rd, the Commission came again to take her away. On seeing the sunlight and green grass of the convent garden she was convulsed with extreme joy, and when one of the sisters who accompanied her to the gate ran out, when the others turned back, embraced and kissed her, she was so touched with the strange sympathy that she implored the author of it to come away with her, and incessantly called for her afterwards on the road. The fresh air was too much for her, and during the journey she fainted.

In her new home Sister Barbara was provided with every thing comfortable; but at first she kept frequently rising from her bed to lie on the bare floor, as she had been used. Since being properly washed and dressed the wildness has quieted down, and the doctors have hopes of eventually restoring her to her senses.

In the meanwhile, from the time of the first visit of the officer, the knowledge of this awful revelation began to spread abroad and create a sensation of indignant horror throughout the whole town. On Friday morning hundreds of people had assembled before the convent, smashed all the windows, and crying, "Away with the nuns," had already broken into the interior, when a body of soldiers arrived in time to protect them. On Saturday the thing was repeated, in spite of adjurations of the papers to the people to wait calmly. By the evening two detachments of soldiers had been called out, for the mob, which had swelled to 4,000 people, after doing what more mischief it could to the Carmelite convent, went off to attack that of the Jesuits and that of the Franciscans. It was a critical hour for the whole monastic orders of Cracow. The Jesuit rector was insulted, many Jesuits wounded with stones, and every pane of glass in the monastic house was broken to pieces. For these manifestations of their indignation an immense number of people have been arrested, but a large petition has been sent up to the Town Council to remove the Jesuits and the Carmelites out of Cracow.

The *Chas* of Cracow announces the sudden death of the Confessor of the Carmelite nunnery, by whom indirectly the barbarous imprisonment of the nun was revealed. This man, who is called Father Lewkowicz, lately visited the parish priest of Trzebinia, in a state of intoxication, and betrayed the