

Christian

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Visitor

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"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

{Rev. E. D. VERY, Editor

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THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary are at rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Where billows round me play,
Knowest thou not some favored spot,
Some island far away—
Where weary man can find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, "Yes,
in Heaven."

The Heroism of the Knight's Errand and of the Female Missionaries of America.

BY RUFUS WILMOT CHISWOLD.

"FANNY FORRESTER."

The last name in this group is that of a friend still living—a friend with whose mind and heart the readers of the *Lady's Book* are familiar by her contribution to its pages—"Fanny Forester." Emily E. Chubbuck, who under this graceful pseudonyme became known as one of the most ingenious and brilliant female writers of the country, is a native of central New York; and after being thoroughly educated in the sciences suitable to her sex, and making herself familiar with the best literature by a loving and critical study of those authors who are the standards of thought and diction, she became a teacher in a female seminary at Utica, where she was residing when she made her first essays as a writer—some poetical contributions to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and several small volumes illustrative of practical religion, issued by the American Baptist Publication Society. Early in June, 1844, while visiting the city of New York, she wrote a hasty bagatelle for the *New Mirror*, then recently established by Morris and Willis, scarcely thinking or caring that it would for a moment receive their attention. But Mr. Willis's perception of beauty is instinctive; he saw at a glance that his correspondent was possessed of extreme cleverness—perhaps of genius—and his liberal but perfectly sincere applause led Miss Chubbuck to that career of literature which soon made her *won de plume* as familiar as the names of the most popular authors. The first paper under the signature of "Fanny Forester" was published on the 20th of June in the *New York Mirror*, and it was followed rapidly by all those sketches, essays, and poems which, two years afterward, when she was on the eve of sailing for India,

were reprinted under the title of "Alderbrook."

In 1846, the missionary Judson—after a long career of usefulness and true glory in the East—returned to America where he was received by the churches in a manner worthy of the greatness of his services to religion and civilization. "Fanny Forrester," on account of impaired health, sought the genial climate of Philadelphia for the succeeding winter, and here he came to visit her and persuade her to write the mortal history of one who had joined the angels, leaving him alone in the ship in which they had started together to revisit their native country. When the apostle of the Burmans described in sentences glowing with his fine enthusiasm the condition of the missionary field, white with the harvest which so few are reaping, she kindled at the recital, and forgetting the brilliant prospects of success in letters, the dearest ties of home affections, determined to twine for the laurel which she had cast aside a wreath from these fields in the orient, the grains in which should be stars to circle her brow forever, and by their radiance to make more glorious the looked for triumph of the Harvester of the World.

Early in the spring she returned to the home of her childhood, to bid a last farewell to all its inmates. Then she wrote—"My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lips is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age dimmed eyes are dimmer with tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye, and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms they nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here, to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the weaver's shuttle is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the space is almost measured; the tale is nearly told; the dark valley is close before us—tread we with care! My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eyes, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—difficult the path may be, but very bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly furnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip, and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother and ye loved ones of the same hearth stone!"

She was married to Dr. Judson, and in July sailed with him on his return to India, where she is now occupied with the duties of her mission. Soon after her arrival, the barbarians robbed her of all the gifts and souvenirs—all the dresses, and all the cherished books, that she carried from America; and other trials of her faith came—but none will ever make it look back with regret from the task set before her, and her life yet to be lived, it is trusted, will sometime, many years from now, fill the brightest pages in our missionary history.

It is by such heroic labors as they have performed whose lives are here sketched thus briefly that the time is to be accomplished which is foretold in prophecy—the time which one of the most illustrious of our religious authors has described as that "When in every other land shall be offered to God a pure offering, when from the closet and the sanctuary, the hill top, the field and the forest side, where the children of God, shall, like Isaac, walk forth at eventide to meditate, the voice of pious supplication shall ascend in one continuous stream, until our globe as it rolls along its orbit, shall seem but a censor in the hands of the Great High Priest, and pouring out at every aperture a cloud, dense and rich, of incense, fragrant and grateful to God."—*Godley's Lady's Book.*

A Quick Sixpence better than a Slow Shilling.

I have known a country merchant to avow this is the best motto in trade, and grow rich, while his fellow-merchants across the way dragged along slowly. I believe it is generally found that those who sell for small profits and make quick sales, are the most prosperous in the trade, provided they are the most honest.—Your slow-shilling man, in his desire to get the larger per centage, makes fewer sales—spends much of his time in waiting upon them—has many old and unsalable goods lying on his shelves; and though, by prudence and strict economy he keeps along, he would probably succeed far better if he would exchange the slow shilling for a quick sixpence.

Will not this hold true in more important matters? I refer to the duties of *Christian Stewardship*. Multitudes of Professing Christians act as if they considered a slow shilling better than a quick sixpence. Many who have five or ten talents entrusted to them, are more slothful and unprofitable servants than others who have but one talent. They wait for great occasions. When they do anything, they wish to do something that will "tell"—i. e., something that will attract notice. All their religious movements are slow. They are slow in getting to the prayer meeting; and when there they seldom take an active part. Once in a great while they get up, and then they make a very long or a very ardent prayer or exhortation, and when they sit down you can almost hear them say, "There's a shilling for you." Alas! those shillings are so far between, and so often turn out to be of no more value than bogus money, they are spurious coin.

Their contributions are made in the same way. While they are getting ready to give a slow shilling, their more diligent neighbors give sixpences by the handfull. But, you know, when they drop a shilling into the box, it sounds twice as large as a sixpence, and they are well satisfied. It makes a noise. They have seldom anything to say on the subject of religion. But once in a great while, on special and extraordinary occasions, they speak to an impenitent sinner, or converse with a Christian brother.—"Then speaks Sir Oracle." They calculate to speak with weight. Meanwhile, their industrious brethren, in a noiseless way, have addressed scores to their one, and if not with so much weight, with more effect.

The truly efficient and useful man, is the one who does not despise the day of small things. Whatsoever his hands find to do, not whatsoever is brought to him to do, he does it with his might and when it is done, he tries to find something more to do. There are many humble farmers, poor mechanics, and even poor widows and sempstresses, who give more in their quick six-

pences than their rich neighbors give in their slow shillings. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," is the noble motto of those who abound most in the work of the Lord. "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the coney is but a feeble folk, yet make their houses in rocks; the locusts have nothing, yet go they forth all of them by bands; the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces.—*New York Evangelist.*

CANTON.

As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of the empire so densely populated as Canton. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and in many places hardly sufficient to allow the crowded population to pass. There are no wheel carriages in use. The passenger walking rough the town is constantly jostled by the chair bearers of the Mandarins, or wealthy merchants.—Recovered from such a shock a coolie, or porter, bearing a burden, knocks him against the wall with a sort of grunt, while he is shuffled in an opposite direction by a second. Peculiarly curious to English eyes are the number and variety of the live stock which are exposed for sale in these narrow streets, puppy dogs yelping in bamboo cages, kittens mewing, rats squeaking, fowls chuckling, ducks quacking, geese cackling, and pigs grunting. Fish swimming, and earth worms, slugs, &c. &c. variously disposed, are exhibited in tubs and earthen pans. A barber close by twangs his iron tweezers to call his customers near him; another operates upon a patient customer, seated on a tripod stand—plaiting his tail, cleaning his ears, shaving his head and face, extricating all long and superfluous hair from his eyelashes, eyebrows and nose, and finishing off by a good thumping of his back, and cracking his joints. Hard by is an itinerant vender of cooked food, with an enormous reed umbrella, dispensing rice, fat pork, and stews, swimming in oil and soy, which he serves out in small bowls and basins to his hungry customers, who devour the mess with an epicure's gout. Beside this merchant is seated a brother itinerant, the vender of sweetmeats. A little further on stands a bookseller, exposing his library, the contents of two boxes, which he hawks about. In his vicinity is a fortune teller, in the act of unfolding the future to an anxious dupe, and a doctor decorated with a string of human teeth around his neck, extending below his waist, while his box of drugs hangs before him. Then an aged woman may be seen, with feet three inches long, seated under an umbrella, mending old clothes, while a passer-by wanting a button sewed on, repairs to her, and remunerates her with a 'cash.' Not far distant a leprous beggar exhibits his disgusting sores, and rattles two pieces of bamboo to attract attention. Suppose the air filled with the noises, cries, and vociferations of these various vendors, and of the constantly changing throng of human beings, and some slight conception may be formed of Canton on approaching to Hog-lane. Going through this thoroughfare, which is occupied by spirit shops, and stores of all kinds, announcements such as the following meet the eye: "Ingl is ore spok;" "Jaek, all ting ere fin will;" with others of a similar orthography. This street is frequented by sailors, and being the resort of the very lowest and most depraved, Jaek often gets robbed, and becoming rusty, uses his fists, when a general scrimmage takes place.—*Dublin University Magazine.*