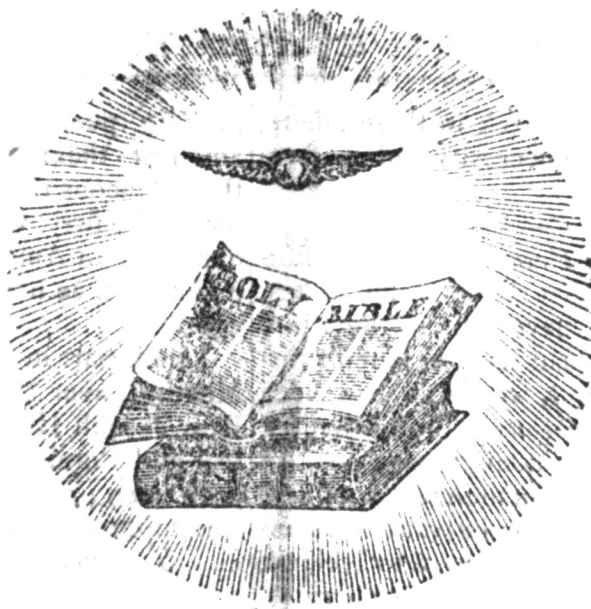


CHRISTIAN



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REV. E. D. VERY,

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

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[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

A GLANCE WITHIN THE VEIL.

"What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—
JEREMIAH xii. 5.

My soul, thou'st past thy three score years
And to life's winter come,
Earth's joys and honours now recede
And thou art nearing home.

Soon must thy feeble body fall
Into its parent dust;
What hast thou then beyond the grave
That's worthy of thy trust?

Canst thou look back on life well spent,
And pious deeds performed?
And wrapt in thine own righteousness
Dare venture through the storm?

Can these embolden thee to stand
Before his awful face,
From whom the heavens and earth shall flee
And nowhere find a place?

My God, how dreadful were my case!
Had I no better ground
Whereon to stand before thy face
Than in myself is found!

What is it then shall stay my soul
And banish slavish fear?
Nought but the righteousness of God,†
And by himself brought near.

A guilty, hopeless, bankrupt soul,
Devoid of every good,
I cast myself upon free grace,
Flowing through Jesus' blood.

No other way do I desire
To approach the living God
Than cloth'd in Jesus' righteousness
And purchased with his blood.
Over against Jericho. D. P.

* Revelation xx. 11.

Isaiah lxvi. 13.

[From the London City Mission Magazine.]

Progress of the efforts made to benefit the condition of the poorer classes of London by means of Ragged Schools and improved dwelling-houses.

The following two extracts are taken from the "Ragged School Magazine" of last month. The first refers to Ragged Schools, and the second to improved lodging-houses. It would appear, from the first extract, that during the few years that Ragged Schools have been founded in London their number has increased to 80, that of their voluntary teachers to 900, and that of their scholars to 15,000. "It is needless here to discuss what was the origin of Ragged Schools; the fact is, that they have now acquired so much favor, that people and places contend for their origin, just as the seven cities disputed the birth-place of Homer. We cannot tell where they were born; by God's blessing they exist—by that blessing they will still go forward; but whenever you enter a Ragged School, remember this—we are indebted for nine-tenths of them to the humble, the pious, the earnest City Missionary."*—The extract we subjoin is translated from the French "La Reforme," is entitled *Les Ecoles en Haillons*, and brings vividly before the mind the reality of an Institution of that character. It is beautifully described, although our readers will trace here and there a word not so entirely in accordance with the doctrines of the Protestant faith, which teach man's entire depravity and his recovery through our Lord Jesus Christ alone, as might have been desired.

* Speech of Lord Ashley at the Thirtieth Anniversary of the London City Mission.

The passages in which this is most apparent are omitted:—

It is a Sunday night. You are sad, under the influence of a fit of misanthropy, and you are walking slowly in one of the muddy streets of London. * * * It rains—the street is lonely and dark. You go along damp and blackened walls, seeking a shelter. On a sudden, a door is opened not far from you, and a ragged child comes out. You stop, for you have heard voices singing, and you ask yourself—Whence do they come? It is not a chapel, the entrance is too wretched; it is not a school, for there are the voices of adults. You wish to know what it is, and you go in. You ascend a narrow staircase, at the top of which you see before you all the miseries, all the sufferings, and all the virtues which you can imagine.—There you see vagrants, prostitutes, orphans, thieves, and a few devoted young men, some sweet girls, who consecrate their leisure, to the education of these wretched beings, disinherited by nature and by man! It is a *Ragged School*! It is *l'ecole des haillons*! Many tears, many prayers, and many volumes of morals and philosophy are contained in these words. Well, you proceed—the room is divided in two by a wooden partition, with a platform at one end, from which the Superintendent can watch over all his pupils. On this platform there are about fifty children, under six years of age. You are overwhelmed with a strange feeling of sadness, while beholding these poor little creatures, whose delicate limbs are scarcely clothed with rags, and you think you see flowers covered with mud! You feel your heart stirred within you, when you see these rosy faces, here these pure voices, and think that the greater part of these children have the street for bed and abode, and that they do not know a mother's love! They are the fruits of debauch—that spume of great cities. They awoke one morning with a smiling face under the pale sun of London, and since that day God alone knows what has been their food.—"When they have no bread they sleep."

Yet a little while, and those bright cheeks will lose their bloom; those angelic smiles will disappear, and premature depravity will fade those tender flowers, to break them soon after; or, perhaps, to-morrow, hunger and misery will put an end to their existence. What matters it? It will be one human being less, and that is all! No one will know it, except the young female teacher of the *Ragged School*, who will see one place vacant in the circle—and who will weep! These thoughts pain you and you turn your eyes from these children, and direct your steps elsewhere. There are the girls. You see six circles of them, and in the centre of each a female teacher. The first is composed of little girls from seven to ten years of age; those of the second are from ten to twelve; and so on. You stop again near the last circle—those are prostitutes! You can trace on those faces of fifteen to twenty the most foul debauch. You understand that gin alone could thus wither those lips, deaden and stupefy those eyes which stare at you.—And what hoarse voices, what obscene words, what idiot laughs, strike your ears! And the oldest of those girls is twenty! Some of them hold little babes on their knees. Are they their own? You dare not ask—and you pass on. You get in the other part of the room.—Here the teacher comes to you, to advise you to take care of your pockets; you have left vice for crime. You stop near one of those circles, and listen. A teacher is explaining the Gospel to those understandings, obliterated by misery and vice; some are laughing, others are knocking each other down, and a few are attentive. By dint of patience, the teacher often obtains from those uncultivated minds some strange words, which show that his ef-

forts are not in vain. "One night" says the Report of one of these schools, "we were reading that passage of the New Testament, where a woman fell at the feet of Christ, beseeching that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. When we came to the prayer which she addressed to Jesus, 'Lord, help me!' a young boy, who had many times let his head fall on the shoulder of his neighbour, exclaimed, 'Teacher, I will repeat that prayer when I have returned home, for I am in need of help. My father is almost blind, my mother is dead, I have no means of earning my subsistence, and I have eat nothing since yesterday?'"

The teacher's heart heaves, and his eyes fill with tears, when he hears such words. He asks the child where he lives; then, when the school is over, he follows him to the damp vault, where his father is stretched on a little straw. He inquires about their situation, endeavors to give them some consolation, and does not leave without affording relief. Sometimes, however, the teacher cannot even help a sickly scholar whom he visits; for he finds sitting near the bed a female, intoxicated, whom the child calls his mother, and to whom the generous youth durst not give anything, lest with it she should get more drink.

In the midst of the youths, from 18 to 20 years old, (all of them clothed in rags,) composing one of the next circles, you behold with astonishment a man who may be from 45 to 50, with a sinister countenance, oblique looks, and huge form—he is one of the most assiduous scholars—he is one of the most dexterous thieves of London.

When the clock strikes 8, the superintendent requires silence. It is difficult to obtain this from an assemblage of from 100 to 150 scholars of this description. He patiently waits until the last cry has ceased—the last voice has hushed; then he gives out a hymn, which they sing; he addresses a few parting words to his pupils, of whom a great number will perhaps never come again; he pronounces aloud a prayer, which they repeat in a whisper, and the scholars return home, (those who have one) some to the crowded hovels, where they will sleep all night—the greater number to the streets, seeking a stone step where they can rest their heads. Others go to their business. Their business? What can be the business of vagrant children? It is this. On Sunday, religious services are concluded about 8 o'clock; well, leaving the *Ragged School*, they sometimes flock to the doors of churches and chapels, and there * * * they steal what they can.

But, perhaps you ask, what allurements can there be for such beings in that school? What are the means employed to secure their regular attendance at these *Ragged Schools*? Indeed, no other than meekness and patience. It is by the sole power of charity, of love that those *parias* are induced to be assiduous and attentive. The generous teachers, who devote themselves to this work of humility, consecrate, most of them, that time which they would otherwise give to rest; then they act with so much meekness—they answer by so much kindness and patience to the words, so often vulgar, of these wretches, that they succeed in securing their affections. A young female teacher was speaking of God and his providence to her class, when she was interrupted by a little girl, who said, "I don't care for God; I don't love him; I don't love Christ; and I don't love you!" A murmur of disapprobation arose among her companions; they said that they loved their mistress, and that they were willing to share their bread with her. "And would not you do the same?" asked the young female to the child. "No," answered she. "Well," added the teacher, with tenderness, "I should be happy to share my bread with you, and if

you don't love me, I love you, for I come every day a long distance to teach you!" The child could not resist words so tender—she threw herself in the arms of her whom she had offended, covering her with tears and kisses.

This is one example of the power of kindness; we could give a thousand, but the strongest proof that we can adduce as to the excellency of this system is, that, during the few years these *Ragged Schools* have been founded in London, their number has increased to 80; and that of the voluntary teachers to 900, and the number of scholars to 15,000.

Now, you may ask, what can be the object of these schools? Their object is to open those dark minds to the reflection, if not to the light itself, of whatever is beautiful and good. These poor beings are the disinherited of nature and of man; we repeat it, most of them were born in the streets—they know no other home. Their mothers only gave them life—a sad present, which they only know through hunger and cold! They feed on the crumbs which fall into the mire through which they drag themselves. They learn nothing but evil; they respect nothing, love nothing, believe nothing. They are as ignorant of God as they are of their mother. Ah! they are indeed disinherited; for all in them is left to any influence and impulse, whether the body, the mind, or the heart. Well, they enter the *Ragged School*; they hear hymns sung—that is already something for the heart. Then they are spoken to with kindness; perhaps for the first time do they hear a tender voice, and see a smile; perhaps for the first time do they feel that they have a heart, and understand that they can love! And do you think they will not come again? Do you think they can stop their ears against those voices which say, "Come unto us, you whom the world drives back, and we will love you?" Ay, and they do come again! Then they are taught to read, and they understand they can know something—so much for the mind. Then, if they have been attentive and studious, they receive a blue ticket; when they have 12 of these they change them for a white; and when they have twelve white tickets they receive an article of clothing; so much for the body. This is surely a very small result; it is slender comfort for so many wants; but, nevertheless, it shows to those unhappy beings, that somebody in the wide world cares for them; it is a proof that they are not entirely forgotten. And besides, these are not the only fruits of such devotedness, of so generous efforts. Often some of these wretched women have come, with their faces bathed in tears, and asked the mild and kind young females who were teaching them, by what means they could become again respectable and respected as they? They have then been encouraged; they have been placed in asylums; care has been bestowed upon them, and some years after, they, in their turn, have come to these *Ragged Schools*, with a book in their hands, to impart to others the benefits which they had received.

NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—The naval force of the United States, including sailing and steam vessels of all sizes, in and out of commission, consists of 75 vessels, mounting 2048 guns. The naval force of England in commission, consists of 61 sailing vessels, mounting 2047 guns, and 78 steamers, of 16,626 horse power. Reserved force, 36 sailing vessels, ships of the line and frigates, and 43 steamers. The French navy consists of 55 sailing vessels in commission, mounting 2,100 guns, and 64 steamers of 12,870 horse power. Reserved force 25 line of battle ships and 22 steamers. The Russian navy is next to that of France, and close upon it in strength; that of Austria ranks next; and the navies of Turkey and Denmark follow. The navy of Spain,